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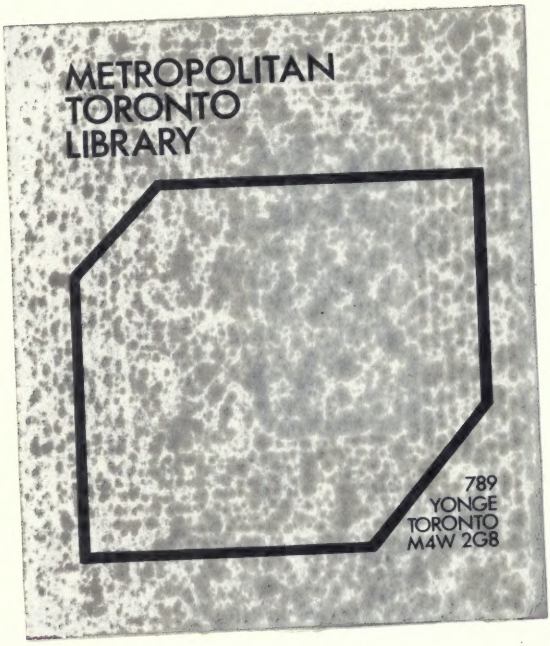
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# THE CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE TORONTO

VOLUME VI.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

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ADAM, STEVENSON & CO.
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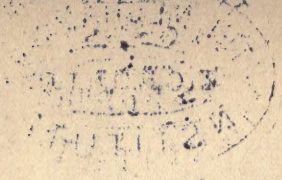

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TORONTO. INSTITUTE

THE

# CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 6.] JULY, 1874. [NO. 1.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THOSE readers who have followed with interest, in the pages of "For King and Country," the course of the War of 1812 up to the battle of Queenston Heights, may be further interested in a rapid *resumé* of the succeeding events of a war which, independently of its special interest for every Canadian, is as full of heroic deeds, brilliant exploits, thrilling adventures and picturesque situations, as many a more celebrated campaign. Being out of the stream of European history, and dwarfed by the gigantic proportions of the then European conflict, it has hardly attracted the attention it deserves; but those who have leisure and opportunity to study its details as presented in the various histories of Canada, and more fully in Colonel Coffin's interesting Chronicle of the War, will find themselves amply rewarded. In the meantime, those who have no very definite knowledge of the course of its events may find a sketch of them, in outline, both interesting and profitable. To give continuity and completeness to the sketch, it is necessary rapidly to glance briefly back to the beginning of the war, and to the complications in which it originated. These latter are naturally traceable to events which occurred in the preceding century; to the smouldering sparks of hostility left between England and her revolted colonies when the flames of the War of Independence had been quenched in the blood of so many of her children. The mother country had not yet, perhaps, forgiven her vigorous but somewhat insubordinate scion for the rough repudiation of her authority, nor had the revolted child got over the acrimony of the separation. The Americans did not know, or could not appreciate the fact, that the Government of the day *was not England*—that a large portion of the British people had thought them ill-used, and had sympathized with them in their struggle for constitutional liberty; and so there existed among them a latent and too-easily excited hatred of everything British. In Canada, on the other hand, the

settlers, being chiefly composed of old British soldiers, and of United Empire Loyalists, who had left their homes in the United States and come to make new ones in Canada, under the shelter of their dearly loved Union Jack, reflected the British feeling to an intensified degree. An animosity, more bitter because the neighbourhood was so close, had sprung up between the two countries.

To this train of inflammable material the great disturber of Europe indirectly applied the torch. Not only did his stormy career excite the most opposite sympathies in the two nations, but his arbitrary "Decree," declaring all British ports in a state of blockade, led to the British retaliation of the celebrated "Orders in Council," which became, at least, the ostensible *casus belli*. This declaration, asserting the constructive blockade of all French ports, and declaring all products of countries under French rule liable to be seized under any flag, bore very hard upon neutrals, especially upon the Americans, whose merchant marine had, during the engrossment of Europe in war, almost monopolised the carrying trade of the world. On every sea American merchantmen, bound to or from French or British ports, were encountered and captured by cruisers of the hostile nation, but as the British cruisers were by far the more numerous, they did by far the greater damage. To the exasperation occasioned by these events was added, through the self-willed action of a British commander, the "last straw" which seemed to make war, sooner or later, almost inevitable.

It was an affair very similar to that known about a dozen years ago, as the "Trent Affair," which, had not Britain been more forbearing than America was in similar circumstances, might have provoked another war. The "right of search" for contraband goods or deserters, which England claimed on principle, and America on principle denied, was rudely asserted. By command of Vice-Admiral Berkeley, of the North American station, Captain Humphries, of the *Leopard*, overhauled the American frigate *Chesapeake*, and made a demand for deserters whom he knew to be on board. The demand, being refused, was enforced by a broadside, which compelled the *Chesapeake* to strike her colours and surrender the deserters, who were afterwards tried and convicted of piracy at Halifax, and one of them executed.

This unauthorized act was officially disavowed by the British Government at once, before a word of remonstrance from America could reach them. Both Admiral and Captain were recalled, and it was further explained that "the right of search, when applied to vessels of war, extended only to a *requisition*, and could not be carried into effect by force."

But the echoes of the *Leopard's* guns had awakened a storm in America not easily appeased, and still further stirred up by the inflammatory appeals of demagogues and journalists. The cry "To arms!" seemed to be the cry of the nation. Even clerical dignitaries wrote to the President, Jefferson, asserting that forbearance would be cowardice. Jefferson afterwards claimed the credit of having averted actual hostilities at a time when no other man in the Republic could have held in leash the "dogs of war." Yet, notwithstanding, he did not exercise the forbearance of waiting for the reparation and disavowal which came so promptly and spontaneously. Without even asking for reparation, he resorted to the proclamation of the celebrated "embargo," excluding British ships from all American ports. In doing this, he declares that he wished to avert war; to introduce into the disputes of nations "another umpire than that of arms;" and it is to be presumed that he was sincere.*

* Yet the permission, without disavowal or reparation, of such acts as the attack and capture, by the garrison of Fort Niagara, of seven merchant vessels quietly passing on the Niagara River, did not *look* like a desire to avoid hostilities, and led Brock and other

Certainly the embargo exercised a most injurious effect on the trade and commerce of America, depreciating property and paralysing industry, especially in New England, where a war with England and a French connection were equally deprecated, and where the feeling, stirred up by the embargo, excited one of the earliest poetic efforts of Lowell, then a boy of thirteen. But there was, undoubtedly, among a large section of the American people, a strong hatred of England and desire to humiliate, especially, her maritime power; and succeeding events indicated, clearly enough, that with many the real object was—in the words of Alison—"to wrest from Britain the Canadas, and, in conjunction with Napoleon, extinguish its maritime and colonial empire." In the meantime the situation was sad enough; on the one side, the artisan population of Great Britain starving for lack of the corn of which their American brethren had such a superabundance, while, on the other side, American planters were half ruined, and American industry crippled, by the refusal to admit British manufactures and merchandise, or permit the exportation of the cotton which was glutting the home market.

In 1809, Jefferson was succeeded by Madison, who repealed the embargo, substituting a non-intercourse Act with England and France. An attempt at negotiating the existing difficulties failed, owing to diplomatic complications; and President Madison, far from inaugurating a more pacific policy, proceeded to keep up and exasperate the warlike sentiments of the people; and, by his treating with Bonaparte, and other actions, showed an evident desire to distinguish his presidency by the conquest of Canada.

In May, 1811, existing ill-feeling was aggravated by another maritime encounter, in which Britain was certainly *not* the aggressor. The American 44-gun frigate *President*, in defiance of the avowed principle that vessels of war were not liable to right of search, provoked an encounter with the *Little Belt*, a small sloop of 18 guns, and shot the latter to pieces. The American captain was tried by court-martial and acquitted amid national exultation; but Great Britain at once forbearingly accepted the official disavowal of hostile instructions.

Notwithstanding this forbearance, however, President Madison, in November, 1811, appealed to the nation for the "sinews of war," and they responded by large votes of money and men, warlike armaments being prepared during the winter. The people were full of sanguine hopes of an easy conquest of Canada. It was presumed that political troubles and transient dissatisfaction, caused by grievances connected with the Executive, had so far weakened Canadian loyalty that the colonists would interpose but a slight resistance, if they did not even welcome the idea of American connection. And England, her hands full, and her attention engrossed by the affairs of Europe, where Wellington was engaged in the struggle with Spain, and Napoleon was pressing on to Moscow at the head of his gigantic army, would, it was believed, have neither leisure nor power effectually to defend her distant colony. Succeeding events showed how far these calculations were correct.

As a preparation for war the American Government imposed a close blockade of all their ports, allowing no vessels whatever to enter or leave. Their aim was to cut off all communication with England, and attack at an advantage the homeward-bound West India fleet, which was accordingly done by Commodore Rogers, the hero of the *Little Belt* encounter. The frigate *Belvidere*, however, single-handed, defended the merchantmen against a pursuing squadron of three frigates and two sloops, and brought her charge safely home.

Canadians to conclude that the U. S. Government, while avoiding the declaration of war, were desirous of bringing it on by provocation.

This was the prelude to a more decisive step. War was declared by Congress on the 18th of June, 1812, President Madison, though morally responsible for much of the hostile feeling, eluding the formal personal responsibility, which was assumed by the Legislature.* The step was not, however, unopposed. Honourable and high-minded Americans, such as Quincey, Sheffey, and Randolph of Virginia, strongly denounced the proposed invasion of a peaceful and unoffending Province, and especially the idea, openly expressed, of endeavouring to seduce the Canadians from their loyalty, and as Randolph expressed it, "converting them into traitors, as a preparation for making them good American citizens." A heart generous enough so to speak would, it may be believed, be generous enough to rejoice when the Canadian people proved themselves incapable of being "converted into traitors." Despite, however, such nobly expressed opposition, the declaration of war was carried by seventy-nine votes against forty-nine—its supporters being chiefly representatives of Southern and Western States, while its opponents represented the East and North. In New England, indeed, the opposition to war was intense; and Boston, foremost before in defending American liberty, displayed her flags half-mast high in token of mourning, while a mass-meeting of the inhabitants passed resolutions protesting to the utmost against a war so ruinous, so unnatural, and so threatening, from its connexion with Imperial France, to American liberty and independence. The protestors deserve the grateful remembrance of Canadians, and these facts should not have been forgotten by Great Britain during the late unhappy contest between the North and South.

Canada, the destined victim of these complicated misunderstandings, had of course full warning of the impending storm. The President's message in 1811, and the report made to Congress by its Committee on the Foreign affairs of the United States, conveying sentiments of the most decided hostility to England, had been a presage of what might, ere long, be expected. General Brock, who was at that time acting not only as Commander in Upper Canada, but as administrator of the Government, was not slow to take the alarm, and inaugurate, so far as possible, preparations for defence. In opening the Session of the Legislature at York, in February, 1812, while expressing his hope "that cool reflection and the dictates of justice may yet avert the calamities of war," he impressed the importance of early adopting "such measures as will best secure the internal peace of the country, and defeat every hostile aggression." It was, indeed, to this wise, energetic, and brave commander, that the country looked as its stay and its hope, at a time when Great Britain, worried and harassed by European complications, listened to the representations of the colonists with an incredulous and what seemed an inconceivable apathy.

General Brock, who, though still comparatively a young man, had already distinguished himself with his brave 49th regiment in Europe and the West Indies, had been detained in Canada long beyond the time

* The extravagant hopes and expectations entertained by the Americans as to the easy conquest of Canada, will be best seen from the following extracts from speeches delivered upon the floor of Congress previous to the declaration of war. Dr. Eustis, United States Secretary of War, said: "*We can take Canada without soldiers;* we have only to send officers into the Provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own Government, will rally round our standard." The Hon. Henry Clay, who, in 1814, signed the treaty of peace as one of the Commissioners, expressed himself still more strongly: "It is absurd to suppose we shall not succeed in our enterprise against the enemy's provinces. We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the ocean, and the way to conquer her on the ocean is to drive her from the land. *We must take the Continent from them. I wish never to see a peace till we do. God has given us the power and the means; we are to blame if we do not use them.* If we get the Continent, she must allow us the freedom of the sea."

TORONTO



when he had reasonably hoped to return to European service, then full of fascination to one who was at once so ardent a patriot and so enthusiastic a soldier. The accomplishment of this hope, delayed by the circumstances of the country, seemed to be just within his grasp, when, in the beginning of 1812, Sir George Prevost received a letter from the Home Office, authorizing him to permit General Brock's return to England for the purpose of being employed on the Continent, this permission arising solely from a desire to promote his wishes and advantage. But Brock, feeling the critical position of Canadian affairs, and acting in accordance with his own sense of duty, as well as with the desire of those associated with him in their management, magnanimously sacrificed his own preferences to remain in Canada, to meet, indeed, a too early death on a comparatively obscure battle-field, but to be also a chief instrument in saving Canada to Great Britain, and to become, no less than his like-minded predecessor, General Wolfe, an honoured and unforgotten hero among the Canadian people.

The actual declaration of war could not but spread a thrill of dismay in a comparatively defenceless and sparsely populated colony. The population of Upper Canada was only about 80,000—that of the whole colony did not exceed 300,000. To defend a frontier of 1,700 miles, threatened by several powerful armies, they had but 4,450 regular troops of all arms, only about 1,500 of whom were in Upper Canada. It is little wonder if the task of resisting so powerful a neighbour seemed at first almost a hopeless one, and if, for a short time, some despondency prevailed. But the spirit of the old Spartans lived in the breasts of the hardy Canadian yeomen, many of whom had already sacrificed so much to their loyal love for the British flag; and the confidence of the people in their brave General acted as a rallying point of hope and courage. The militia justified the expectations General Brock had expressed of "the sons of a loyal and brave band of veterans;" and troops of volunteers poured into all the garrison-towns, ready "to do—and die" if necessary, rather than yield to the invader.

As soon as the declaration of war was ascertained beyond a doubt, General Brock's measures were prompt and energetic. He called a meeting of the Legislature, established his head-quarters at Fort George, requested reinforcements from the Lower Province, which—however, could not be granted till the arrival of more troops from England; appointed a day of fasting and prayer in recognition of the great ever-present "Help in time of trouble;"—looked to the condition of the frontier-forts and outposts, and paid especial attention to the securing of the allegiance of the Indians, and the equipping, drilling, and organizing the militia. Of arms, however, there was a great scarcity, and many brave volunteers, who poured into York, Kingston, and other places, had to retire, disappointed, for lack of weapons—some indeed supplying the deficiency from their implements of husbandry.

On the 12th of July, General Hull, with an army of 2,500 men, crossed to Canada from Detroit, issuing from Sandwich a proclamation, doubtless emanating from Washington, in which he informed the Canadians that he did not ask their aid, because he came with a force that must overpower all opposition, and which was, moreover, only the van-guard of a far greater one. He offered the Canadians, in exchange for the tyranny under which they were supposed to groan, "the invaluable blessings of civil, political, and religious liberty;"—(it is to be remembered that the *slave-holding States* were the chief instigators and supporters of the war!) He ended his proclamation by expressing the hope that "He who holds in His hand the fate of nations, may guide you to a result the most compatible with your rights and interests, your peace and prosperity." This hope the Canadians, at least, deemed fulfilled in

their being led to refuse the bribe of a personal ease and security purchased by the sacrifice of their sense of right and duty—of their loyalty to the country whose noble traditions they claimed as their own—to the flag which, notwithstanding the occasional shortcomings of its standard-bearers, they still regarded as the time-honoured defender of "civil, political, and religious liberty."

From Fort George General Brock issued a counter-proclamation to the Canadians, in which he reminded them of the prosperity which the colony had attained under British rule, assured them of the determination of the mother country to defend Canada to the utmost, impressed upon them the sacred duty of keeping inviolate their deliberate and voluntary oaths of allegiance to the British Government, exposed the inconsistency of the American professions with their alliance with tyrannical France, and pointed out the injustice of their threat of refusing quarter in battle should Indians be permitted to fight, side by side with their British allies, in defence of their rights and their lands against those who had, on almost every occasion, overreached and oppressed them. The feeling of depression and hopelessness which had been caused, to some extent, by the invasion and the proclamation, he set himself to eradicate by every means in his power. On July 27th he opened the extra Session of the Legislature, which he had convened at York, by an address in which he adverted with pleasure to the promptitude and loyalty with which the militia had answered the call of danger, and closed his spirited and earnest appeal with the assurance, amply justified by the event, that "by unanimity and despatch in our Councils, and by vigour in our operations, we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by *freemen* enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and Constitution, can never be conquered!" The Legislature sustained him in its replies and in its address to the country, and thus, cheered and rallied by its leaders, and inspired by its own brave heart, the country went gallantly on to a defence which, considering the fearful odds against which it was maintained, may well excite surprise and admiration, and remain as a bright example to future generations of Canadians.

In the meantime, hostilities had actually commenced. The preceding May, General Brock had sent a detachment of the 41st Regiment to Amherstburg or Fort Malden, some eighteen miles from Sandwich, to be in readiness to defend that frontier. On hearing of the landing of General Hull, he despatched Colonel Proctor thither with a further reinforcement of the 41st. It was time to take energetic measures, for the fact that the enemy had been able to establish a footing in the country had excited alarm and gloom, and endangered the adherence of the Indians of that region. Even General Brock could hardly resist the feeling that without speedy reinforcements, and unless the enemy could be speedily driven from Sandwich, the ruin of the country was imminent. Indeed had Hull pressed on at once, it is impossible to say what the result might have been. Happily for Canada, however, he delayed his advance till there were troops enough on the spot to embarrass him, with the assistance of the militia and Indians, until Brock himself could arrive.

The tidings of the capture of the American trading-post of Michilimacinac, with its garrison, stores and furs, by Captain Roberts, with some thirty regular soldiers and a band of French voyageurs and Indians, came as a gleam of brightness to relieve the gloom. Then came the gallant encounter at Tarontee in the western marshes, where a small British force held a strong American one at bay, and two privates of the 41st "kept the bridge" with a valour and tenacity worthy of the "brave days of old." At the same time, the capture of a provision convoy of Hull's, by the

Shawnee chief Tecumseh, with his Indians, seriously embarrassing the American General, (who had to draw his supplies from distant Ohio, over roads which were no roads,) induced him to "change his base of operations," and, recrossing the river, to retire to Detroit. Proctor followed him up, and endeavoured to intercept another convoy escorted by a stronger force, but this attempt was unsuccessful, and in an action at Brownstown the Americans were the victors. But Brock was at hand. On the 13th of August he arrived at Amherstburg at the head of a small force of regulars and militia,—about 700 in all; of these, 400 were militia-men disguised in red-coats. The journey had been a most fatiguing one,—a toilsome march through the wilderness from Burlington Heights to Long Point, and then four days and nights of hard rowing along the dangerous coast of Lake Erie, through rainy and tempestuous weather, in such clumsy open boats as the neighbouring farmers could supply. To the cheerfulness and endurance of the troops during the trying journey, Brock bore most honourable testimony. Their mettle deserved the success they so honourably achieved.

Arrived at Amherstburg, General Brock met Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief already referred to,—one of the heroes of the war. Quickly recognising in Brock the characteristics of a brave and noble leader, Tecumseh and his Indians were at his service at once, and together they concerted plans against Hull and Fort Detroit. By a happy inspiration, General Brock saw that promptitude and resolution were the qualities to gain the day, and General Hull was startled, first by a summons for the immediate surrender of Fort Detroit, and next by the crossing of the British force—General Brock, "erect in his canoe, leading the way to battle." Tecumseh and his Indians were disposed in readiness to attack in flank and rear, while the British force first drove the Americans from a favourable position back on the fort, and then prepared to assault it. To their surprise, however, a flag of truce anticipated the attack, and the garrison capitulated, surrendering to the British the Michigan territory, Fort Detroit, 33 pieces of cannon, a vessel of war, the military chest, a very large quantity of stores, and about 2,500 troops with their arms, which latter were a much appreciated boon for arming the Canadian militia. General Brock was himself surprised at the ease of this brilliant success, which, at one stroke, revived the drooping spirits of the Canadians, rallied the hesitating, fixed the adhesion of wavering Indian tribes, encouraged the militia, who had now tried their strength in action, and made Brock deservedly the idol of the people. On his return to York he was greeted with the warmest acclamations, as befitted a leader who in such trying circumstances, had organized the military protection of the Province, met and advised with the Legislature, accomplished a trying journey of 300 miles in pursuit of a force more than double his own—had gone, had seen, and had conquered!

It was now his ardent desire to proceed, amid the *prestige* of victory and in the first flush of success, to sweep the Niagara frontier of the last vestige of the invading enemy. It seems most probable that he could have done so, and thus might, at this early stage of the war, have nipped the invasion in the bud, and saved both countries a protracted and harassing struggle. But his hands were, at this critical moment, fatally tied by an armistice, agreed to by the Governor-General, Sir George Prevost, probably in the hope that the revocation of the British "Orders in Council," which took place almost simultaneously with the American declaration of war, would evoke a more pacific spirit. This was not the case, however; things had gone too far; the people were too eager for conquest to be easily persuaded to recede. The sole effect of this most ill-timed armistice was to give the

Americans time to recover from the effect of their reverses, to increase their forces, and to prepare for subsequent successes on the lakes, by building vessels on Lake Erie, under the very eyes of General Brock, who, eager to act, had to remain passively watching the augmentation of the enemy's force, and the equipment of their boats, without being able to fire a shot to prevent it.

The first fruits of this enforced passiveness was the surprise and capture, on the 9th of October, of the brig-of-war *Detroit* and the private brig *Caledonia*, both laden with arms and spoils from Detroit. The former, however, grounded, and was destroyed by its captor, Captain Elliott, who was then fitting out an armed schooner at Black Rock, with a strong force of American seamen under his command.

This stroke of success greatly stimulated the eagerness of the American force under Van Ranselaer—now increased to 6,000 men—to engage in action. General Brock expected this, and issued particular directions to all the outposts where landing might be effected. On the 11th of October a crossing at Queenston was attempted, but failed through unfavourable weather and lack of boats. Before daybreak on the 13th, however, a crossing was effected, and the advance-guard of the American force, protected by a battery commanding every spot where they could be opposed by musketry, had gained the Canadian shore. On landing, they were gallantly opposed by the small outpost force of militia and regulars, aided by the fire of an eighteen-pounder on the heights, and another gun a mile below—a part of the defending force meeting the enemy as they landed, the remainder firing down from the heights above. Both assault and resistance were resolute and brave.

General Brock, at Fort George, having risen, as usual, before daylight, heard the cannonade, and galloped up to the scene of action, where he found himself at once in the midst of a desperate hand-to-hand combat, a detachment of the enemy, who had landed higher up, having gained unobserved a spur of the heights by a secluded and circuitous path. Brock led his men with his usual unflinching valour, unmindful of the circumstance that his height, dress, and bearing made him too conspicuous a mark for the American riflemen. A ball, well and deliberately aimed, struck him down, with the words: "Push on the brave York Volunteers," on his lips. Stung by their loss, his regiment raised a shout of "Avenge the General!" and by a desperate onset, the regulars and militia drove the enemy from the vantage-ground they had gained. But the latter, being strongly reinforced—the little British force of about 300 was compelled to retire towards the village while awaiting the reinforcements that were on their way, hastened by the tidings of the calamity that had befallen the nation. General Sheaffe, Brock's old comrade in arms in other fields, ere long came up, with all the available troops, volunteers and Indians, eager to avenge the death of their commander. By an admirable arrangement of his forces he outflanked the enemy and surrounded them in their dangerous position, from which a determined and successful onset forced them to a headlong and fearful retreat—many being dashed to pieces in descending the precipitous rocks, or drowned in attempting to cross the river. The surviving remnant of the invading force, which had numbered about 1,500 to 800 on the British side, mustered on the brink of the river, and surrendered themselves unconditionally, with their General, Wadsworth, as prisoners of war.*

* It may be noted that two of those who distinguished themselves on their respective sides in this engagement were the late Sir John Beverly Robinson and Colonel Scott, afterwards so well known as General Scott. He it was who carried the flag of truce on this occasion, and of course was one of the prisoners taken. He was subsequently paroled, but broke his parole, as did other American officers.

The day had been won, indeed, and won gallantly, but the sacrifice of Brock's valuable life took away all the exultation from the victory, and turned gratulation into mourning. It was a blow which the enemy might well consider almost a fatal one to the Canadian people, and which gave some colour of truth to the American representation of the battle of Queenston Heights as *a success!* Three days after the engagement the deceased General was interred—temporarily, at Fort George—in a bastion just finished under his own superintendence, amid the tears of his soldiers, the mourning of the nation, while the minute-guns of the American Fort Niagara fired shot for shot with those of Fort George, "as a mark of respect due to a brave enemy." He died Sir Isaac Brock, though he knew it not, having been knighted in England for his brilliant services at Detroit. But he had a higher tribute in the love and mourning of the Canadian people, who have gratefully preserved and done honour to his memory as one of the heroes of its history. Queenston Heights, where his death occurred, and where his memorial column stands, is, no less than the Plains of Abraham, one of Canada's sacred places, where memories akin to those of Thermopylæ and Marathon may well move every Canadian who has a heart to feel them.

After the battle of Queenston Heights it seemed that General Sheaffe might have effectually followed up the advantage he had gained, as General Brock would assuredly have done if he had survived, by crossing the Niagara and driving back the American forces from the frontier. Fort Niagara was abandoned by the enemy, and would have been an easy prey, while the American army, discouraged and demoralized by their recent repulse, would have been dispersed with the greatest ease. There were, however, great risks to be considered. Opposed to his total available force of 1,500, was an American force of 6,000, and a defeat would have been a fatal misfortune, placing the frontier at the enemy's mercy and enabling them to attack Proctor in the rear. Brock would have risked it, and would not have been defeated, so far as human calculations can go; but perhaps Sheaffe was right to hesitate. But more unfortunate than this hesitation was the armistice to which Sheaffe agreed, disapproved even by Sir George Prevost, though it met with more favour at home. This armistice, liable to be broken off at thirty hours' notice, gave no real repose to the country and the harassed and suffering militia, while it gave the enemy time to recruit and reorganize, as well as to collect a large flotilla at the lower end of Lake Erie. General Sheaffe must have been influenced by hopes of a more pacific turn of affairs; but recent naval successes over Britain had excited the national vanity of the Americans to the highest degree, and filled the people with greater ardour for conquest and unbounded hopes of success.

The American navy had been so wonderfully improved during the last few years that, though still, of course, vastly smaller than the British, its first-class men-of-war were individually much better equipped. In the naval engagements of 1812 this was speedily seen. The British frigates *Guerriere* and *Macedonian*, and the sloop-of-war *Frolic*, were successively attacked and taken by the American *Constitution*, *United States*, and *Wasp*, of equal nominal, but much greater actual strength. Then the guns of the *Constitution* took a second prize in the *Java*, a fine frigate commanded by a promising young officer, Captain Lambert, who fell, with all her crew. And, as the final disaster of the year, the "American *Hornet*," as Col. Coffin has it, "stung to death the British *Peacock*." The tide was not turned till the following June, when Captain Broke, of the *Shannon*, took a splendid prize in the *Chesapeake*, of unfortunate memory.

In the meantime, of course, these successes kept up the warlike spirit of the Americans;

and as the autumn passed into winter, a few skirmishes of varying success took place on the St. Lawrence and the eastern frontier—ineffectual attempts at aggression on the American side, followed by prompt reprisals on the Canadian. The militia of the Montreal district rose *en masse* against the threatening demonstrations of Dearborn from Lake Champlain, with such enthusiasm and effect as to convince the American General of the fruitlessness of attempting to accomplish anything, for the present, with his sickly and enfeebled troops, and to induce him to retire to winter quarters.

The inland American fleet was less successful than the Atlantic one, as, though the *St. George* and the *Simcoe* were both chased into Kingston Harbour in November, they escaped from their pursuers, a small schooner the *Elizabeth*, being the only prize captured. Kingston was cannonaded, and returned the attention with interest, doing more damage than it received. At the termination of the armistice between Sheaffe and Gen. Smyth, who had succeeded Van Ranselaer in command on the American frontier, the latter made an ineffectual demonstration against Fort Erie, and then went into winter quarters, so closing the campaign of 1812.

As the year ended, the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada was formed, to provide comfort, succour, and compensation for the brave men and helpless families on whom had fallen the chief brunt of the war, the losses of fields left untilled or laid waste, and property destroyed or plundered. It was generously supported in Canada; and from the West Indies, from Nova Scotia, from London, under the patronage of the Duke of Kent, contributions liberally flowed in, relieving much immediate distress, and testifying a much appreciated sympathy.

By the Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada, which met in the end of 1812 and the beginning of 1813, large votes were passed for equipping and embodying a strong force of militia, and recruiting went on diligently with such success that the defensive force of the province for the campaign of 1813 amounted—including regulars and militia—to about 8,000, opposed, however, by an American army of about 23,000.

Early in 1813 hostilities recommenced with a Canadian success in the Far West. There General Harrison, who had succeeded Hull,—as brave and formidable as the latter had showed himself weak and cowardly,—still threatened Proctor with a formidable army of sturdy Kentucky forest rangers and Ohio sharpshooters, and sent on Winchester with a brigade of his army to drive the British and Indians from Frenchtown, one of their outposts. The latter had to retire upon Brownstown, but Proctor pushed forward, attacked Winchester, and with the assistance of his Indian allies, completely routed him and captured all his surviving force, with stores and ammunition. For this success—securing Detroit for the present, — Proctor was made a Brigadier-General, and received the thanks of the Legislature.

In the St. Lawrence, while the ice still held the river, a brilliant demonstration was made at Ogdensburg, or Oswegatchie, against Fort La Presentation, by the gallant Highland Glengarries, under Colonel Macdonnell. They took the enemy by surprise, drove them from each successive position, stormed and carried the battery, burned four armed vessels in the harbour, and captured eleven pieces of cannon and a large amount of military stores. The achievement was an important one, putting a stop to border forays from the American side on that frontier during the rest of the winter.

Hardly any reinforcements had as yet been received from the mother country, a deficiency, however, made up by the gallant conduct of the militia, worthy of the best regular troops. A formidable campaign was now opening before them. The American plan of operations was, that Harrison and his army should recover Michigan and threaten

the west; that Commodore Chauncey, aided by Gen. Pike's land force, should invest York and the Niagara frontier; and that, after succeeding in Western Canada, the two armies should combine with the large force under Dearborn, and make a descent upon Kingston and Montreal.

Sir George Prevost had, in the meantime, arrived at Kingston, and was endeavouring to hasten the equipment of two vessels in preparation there and at York, but men and stores were lacking, Sir James Yeo and his English seamen only arriving in May. Before anything of importance could be done, Chauncey had made his memorable descent upon York, now Toronto,—then, as now, the capital of the Upper Province,—with only too much success. The attack was not unexpected, but the town was defenceless so far as military works were concerned, owing, it is said, to the negligence of Sheaffe. On the evening of the 26th of April, the ominous sound of the alarm-gun was heard, startling the citizens with the dreaded signal of the enemy's approach. Such defence as could be made was made. Sheaffe was there on his way from Newark to Kingston with two companies of the 8th, and the enemy, on landing a little west of the town, met with a brave but ineffectual resistance from both regulars and volunteers. After a sharp contest the British troops were obliged to retire from the unequal struggle,—doubly unequal since the fleet was about to attack the town in front. Sheaffe accordingly retired towards Kingston, and the defenceless town fell into the hands of the enemy, whose advance column, on reaching the Fort, was nearly destroyed by the explosion of the powder magazine, fired by an artillery sergeant named Marshall. The American general, Pike, lost his life in the catastrophe. The ship then building, the dock-yard, and a quantity of marine stores, had been destroyed or removed by the British before deserting the town, and the Americans, previous to evacuating it on the 2nd of May, completed the work of destruction by burning the public buildings, and plundering the church and the library.

Newark, defended by General Vincent with scarcely 1,400 men, opposed to an American force of 6,000 under Generals Dearborn, Lewis, Boyd, Winder, and Chandler, was the next point of attack. Contrary winds retarded the squadron of 11 vessels of war, with a fighting broadside of 52 guns, till the 8th of May, and then the expedition lingered off the Niagara coast for nearly three weeks, preparatory to the attack on Fort George. The inequality of numbers made the contest almost a hopeless one; but Vincent would not give way without a fight. A cannonade was opened on the 26th, and next day a landing was effected, which was severely contested; but the guns of the men-of-war overpowered the most strenuous efforts of the defenders. Even after landing, however, the American troops were three times driven back at the point of the bayonet; and every mounted officer, save one, had been struck, and every gunner killed or disabled, before Vincent, after a desperate struggle of three hours duration, against a force numbering ten times his own, reluctantly abandoned the defence, spiked his guns, blew up his magazine, and retreated in good order on the strong position of the Beaver Dam, twelve miles from Niagara, on the road to Burlington Heights. Fort George, of course, fell into the hands of the enemy, and, saddest of all, on the sharply-contested field were left the bodies of 445 brave men, only too sorely needed at that juncture to supplement the country's most inadequate defence.

On the same day on which the American squadron landed at Niagara, a small British squadron, consisting of seven armed vessels, sailed from Kingston under the command of Sir George Prevost and Commodore Yeo, to attack the naval post of Sackett's Harbour, which had sheltered and equipped the fleet which Commodore Chauncey had

used to such good purpose. Irresolution and delay in landing prevented the easy capture which might have been made had the right moment been seized, and gave time for the militia to collect in large numbers. Notwithstanding this, however, the British troops put to flight the American force, and the General commanding, after firing his store-houses, was on the point of capitulating, when Sir George Prevost, who is supposed to have been terrified by the dust raised by the retreating militia,—which he took to signify advancing reinforcements, —gave the command to re-embark. The order was most reluctantly obeyed by the mortified and indignant troops, who saw, with bitter mortification, their hardly won success thrown away; while Sir George Prevost's reputation is said to have sustained, by his action on this occasion, a shock which it never recovered, the unfortunate Plattsburgh expedition of the following year giving it the *coup de grâce.*

Gen. Dearborn, after the advantage gained by the capture of York and Fort George, had made no very vigorous efforts to follow up General Vincent on his retreat towards Burlington Heights. In the beginning of June, however, he sent on a force of about 3,000 strong, including 250 cavalry and nine field-pieces, which came up with Vincent's advanced pickets at Stony Creek, where the Americans took up their quarters for the night. Having reconnoitred the position of the enemy, and discovered its weak points, Col. Harvey proposed to General Vincent a night attack, which, led by him, proved entirely successful. The sleeping troops were surprised and surrounded before they could organize for effective resistance, and Generals Winder and Chandler, with 120 officers and men, and four guns, were captured; the rest of the enemy, who had been fighting on confusedly, being compelled to disperse after a sanguinary contest, the loss on the British side being about 160 men. The Americans, when morning fully revealed the situation, retreated precipitately towards Fort George, destroying tents and burning stores, accompanied by their flotilla of boats and batteaux, with a valuable cargo of supplies, most of which Sir James Yeo intercepted on the way—securing also a large quantity of spoil from a deserted encampment, suddenly evacuated at his approach. These gallant combined efforts freed the Peninsula from present occupation by the enemy, and threw him back on the edge of the frontier at Fort George. An attempted surprise of Vincent's outpost at the Beaver Dam, a *dépôt* for stores under the charge of Colonel Fitzgibbon, was baffled through the intrepidity and energy of a noble Canadian woman, Mary Secord, who undertook a walk of twenty miles through tangled wilderness, haunted by wolves and rattle-snakes, braving hostile sentries and Indian encampments, in order to warn Fitzgibbon of the intended surprise.

Her warning came just in time. The handful of British troops was prepared, and by a judicious disposition of the thirty regulars, assisted by a few Indians and militiamen, *captured the 542 Americans*, two field-guns, with ammunition waggons, and the colours of the 14th U. S. Regiment—the enemy surrendering under the impression that he was surrounded by a superior force. This exploit, though on a small scale, was one of the most brilliant exploits of the war, hardly less so than the descent of Bishopp and Clark upon Black Rock, near Buffalo, which soon followed it. With a force of 200 regulars and 40 militia, Colonel Bishopp and his friend, Colonel Clark, of the Lincoln militia dashed down upon Black Rock, as the latter had done, a few days before, upon Fort Schlosser, dispersed the American troops there, under General Porter, destroyed the block-house, the barracks, the naval arsenal and a fine schooner, and removed all the stores that could be carried away, scrupulously respecting, however, all private property. The expedition cost the life of

the gallant young Bishopp, who fell, it is said, more regretted than any other officer save only Brock himself.

If this harassing war is, comparatively, little known to fame, it certainly extended over an area far wider than that of many a world-renowned European campaign. Along a frontier 1,700 miles in length, border frays of varying importance and success were harassing the country. Far to the west, among the rich alluvial forests and tangled jungles of the Detroit district, Proctor, aided by Tecumseh and his Indians, was waging an unequal and somewhat ineffectual struggle with Harrison and his "army of the west," while near him, on the waters of Lake Erie, Captain Barclay was doing all he could to aid him in naval encounters with Commodore Perry. On the Niagara frontier, within sight of the spray of the Falls, attacks and reprisals were going on as just described. On the broad bosom of Lake Ontario, Chauncey and Yeo were fighting a naval duel, with some success to the latter, while the former made a second descent upon York, just then undefended, and completed the devastation previously begun, demolishing barracks and boats, throwing open the gaol, and ill-treating and plundering a number of the inhabitants. Among the picturesque windings of the Thousand Islands, in the mazes of the blue St. Lawrence, American attacking parties were intercepting convoys of batteaux, carrying provisions for western garrisons—a serious misfortune in days when, in our now rich and fertile Canada, not only the regular troops, but the militia and the Indian allies, had to be fed on the Irish mess-pork, and "hard-tack" from Portsmouth, all stores having to be laboriously carried westward from Montreal. Amid the land-locked, mountain-girdled bays of the beautiful Lake Champlain, hostilities, chiefly in the shape of naval encounters, were proceeding, an American fleet attempting to surprise Isle-aux-Noix; and in return, destructive reprisals being made by the British upon Plattsburgh, Burlington, Scranton, and Champlain town. While, far out on the misty Atlantic, British and American men-of-war were "storming with shot and shell," the British *Pelican* taking the American *Argus*, and the American *Enterprise* and *Decatur*—with great advantage of guns and numbers—taking respectively the *Dominica* and the *Boxer*. In the early part of the year, Sir John Borlase, as a prudential measure, had established a vigilant blockade of the American coast, which hemmed in most of the American frigates in their ports, sending their officers and crews to the service of the lakes, harassed the maritime towns and naval arsenals, and, by keeping the merchantmen idle in the harbours, intercepted the coasting trade, ruined the commerce, and diminished the national revenue by two-thirds.

As the autumn of 1813 approached, the American leaders began to make more urgently threatening movements, apparently determined to make some decisive use of their masses of collected troops. Hampton, on the eastern frontier, at the head of nearly 5,000 men, crossed Lake Champlain to Plattsburgh, in advance on Montreal. At Sackett's Harbour, Wilkinson threatened Kingston with a force of 10,000 men. And General Harrison, in the west, was only awaiting the naval success of Commodore Perry, on Lake Erie, an order to advance upon Proctor with an army of 6,000 men.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of procuring facilities for ship-building in that far inland region, Captain Barclay had been doing his utmost, by fitting out the *Detroit*, a larger vessel than his little squadron had hitherto possessed, to keep from Perry the command of the lake. But Perry was well armed and well supplied, while Barclay was driven to the greatest straits for lack of the supplies which it was impossible for him to procure. He succeeded, however, in blockading Perry for a time in the harbour of Presqu'ile, where the water on the bar was

too shallow to allow his ships to float out with heavy guns on board. But, a gale driving Barclay away, Perry got out, and established his position between the land-force and the vessels acting as their store-ships. It became absolutely necessary, at last, to fight the enemy in order to enable the fleet to get supplies, there being, in Barclay's own words, "not a day's flour in the store, and the squadron being on half allowance of many things." A desperate engagement took place, in the course of which Barclay reduced the *Lawrence*, Perry's flag-ship, to an unmanageable hulk; and the mixed crews of seamen, militia and soldiers, in the proportion of *one* of the first to *six* of the last, fought as true Britons fight, till, overpowered by superior numbers and heavier metal; aided by a favouring breeze, Barclay's squadron was forced to surrender, only however, when every vessel had become unmanageable, every officer had been killed or wounded, and a third of the crews put *hors-de-combat.* Barclay himself, when, some months later, mutilated and maimed, he appeared before the Admiralty, presented a spectacle which moved stern warriors to tears, and drew forth a just tribute to his patriotism and courage.

But that defeat was a fatal one for General Proctor. It destroyed his last hope, and retreat or ruin lay before him. Without supplies, deprived of the arms and ammunition of which Fort Malden had been stripped in order to supply the fleet, his prospects seemed gloomy indeed. Retreat across the wilderness behind him in rainy autumn weather might be arduous and ruinous enough, yet it seemed the only escape from hopeless surrender. And so, despite the earnest and eloquent remonstrances of Tecumseh,* who thought he should have held his ground, and who, doubtless, remembered the bold and victorious advance of General Brock at the head of his little force one year before, he abandoned and dismantled Fort Detroit, crossed over to Sandwich, whither he transported his guns, and commenced his retreat upon Burlington Heights with a force of 830 men. The faithful Tecumseh, grieved and indignant as he was at the General's determination to retreat, adhered to the fortunes of his British allies with noble constancy, and accompanied Proctor with his band of 300 Indian followers. The English General did not expect to be immediately followed up by Harrison, knowing the difficulties in the way of his progress. But the Kentucky "mounted infantry," or forest rangers,—each carrying, wherever practicable, a foot soldier behind him,—proved capital bush warriors. Harrison's army of 3,500 men came up with the little retreating force before it could have been supposed possible, surprised Proctor's rear-guard, captured his stores and ammunition, and 100 prisoners. Thus brought to bay, the British General, apparently stunned and bewildered by accumulated misfortunes, felt compelled to risk an almost hopeless fight. His little band of footsore and weary men—dejected, hopeless, exhausted by a harassing and depressing retreat, weakened by the effects of exposure and fatigue, and by the ravages of fever and ague, insufficiently clothed, scantily fed, and further disintegrated by the want of harmony

* Extract from Tecumseh's despairing appeal to General Proctor :—"We are astonished to see our Father giving up everything and preparing to run away without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You alwyas told us you would never draw your foot off British ground. But now, Father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our Father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our Father's conduct to a fat dog that carries his tail upon his back, but when affrighted it drops it between its legs and runs off. Father! you have got the arms and ammunition which our great Father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be His will we wish to leave our bones upon them."

and the relaxed discipline which unfortunately characterized Proctor's command—were faced about to strike one last despairing blow. The position taken by Proctor at Moravian Town, on the Thames, seems to have been a good one, but the General seems to have lost all energy and foresight. No protective breastwork was thrown up,—no sharp watch kept on the enemy's advance. The latter, having reconnoitred carefully the British position, opened a skilful and vigorous attack, and in a very short time, the exhausted and hopeless troops were totally routed, Proctor and a remnant of his troops effecting a wretched retreat to Burlington Heights, while a number of the captured British soldiers were taken in triumph to "grace a Roman holiday," some of them, instead of being treated honourably as prisoners of war, being consigned to Penitentiary cells.

Tecumseh, with his band of Indians, had taken up a position in the swamp, to the right of the British force. His last words, as he shook hands with Proctor before the engagement, were, "*Father, have a big heart!*" It was indeed the thing that Proctor most needed and most lacked just then. Tecumseh was to make his onset on the discharge of a signal gun. But the gun was never fired, and Tecumseh found himself deserted by his English allies and surrounded by the enemy. Attacked by the dismounted riflemen in the swamp, like a lion in the toils, Tecumseh and his "braves" fought on till the noble chieftain fell—as courageous a warrior and faithful an ally as ever fought under the Union Jack. Proctor survived, but his military career was closed for ever, and the dishonour of its termination fatally tarnishes the glory of his earlier success. The catastrophe of Moravian Town, giving the Americans complete possession of Lakes Erie and Huron, and undisturbed range of the western frontier, striking a blow at the British ascendency, and giving renewed hopes of success to the Americans, though it awoke a spirit of more intense and dogged resolution in the Canadians, was the saddest reverse of the war, and is said to be "unparalleled in the annals of the British army."

But it did not come singly. On the very day of Proctor's defeat, a body of 250 soldiers, proceeding from York to Kingston in two schooners, without convoy, were captured on Lake Ontario. These accumulated disasters, added to the knowledge that the Americans were concentrating their forces on Montreal and Kingston, with the probability of the advance of Harrison's army towards the Niagara frontier, compelled General Vincent to raise the blockade of Fort George, on which Prevost had made another of his undecided and ineffectual demonstrations, and retire to Burlington Heights. The unfavourable aspect of affairs, indeed, spread such consternation at headquarters that Prevost issued orders to abandon the Upper Province west of Kingston. In the face of this order, however, a council of war, held at Burlington Heights, decided at all hazards to maintain the defence of the Western Peninsula. The American Government, sure apparently that the British forces would make good their retreat, recalled their victorious General to Detroit just at the time when his advance would have been most disastrous to the small British force on the Niagara frontier.

The force with which it was now expected, under Wilkinson and Hampton, to make an easy conquest of Lower Canada, amounted to 21,000 men, opposed to 3,000 British regulars in Lower Canada—strongly supported, however, by a gallant and enthusiastic French Canadian Militia, who proved themselves in the day of trial no less loyal and unflinching than their Upper Canadian brothers. Wilkinson's concerted attack upon Kingston from Sackett's Harbour was averted by the timely throwing of 2,000 troops into the Kingston garrison, which changed Wilkinson's plans, and sent him down the St. Lawrence to join Hampton—

followed, however, by British schooners and gun-boats, and by a corps of observation, under Colonel Morrison, which made a descent upon him at Chrysler's Farm on the Canadian shore of the river—midway between Kingston and Montreal—and forced him to retreat, completely routed, though numbering two to one of the British force, the scattered American force precipitately taking to their boats and hastening down the river. Notwithstanding its completeness, this defeat was claimed by Wilkinson, and subsequently by American historians, as a victory!

Meantime, Colonel de Salaberry was ready with his gallant Canadian Voltigeurs and Fencibles to receive Hampton's advance on the Chateauguay. Taking up an excellent position, he defended it by a breastwork of logs and a line of *abattis*, broke down the bridges in front, and guarded the ford by an advanced picket and breastwork to obstruct the progress of the enemy's artillery. On the 26th of October, Hampton, with the American force of 3,500 strong, advanced against this position, defended by less than 400 Canadians. As the advanced pickets of the latter fell back on those next in rear, the Canadian force opened fire on the enemy's column, and held him in check till the retreat of some of the skirmishers in the centre encouraged him to advance. By a clever disposition of his buglers, however, sounding the advance at great distances apart, De Salaberry induced the foe to believe that a much greater force was advancing upon him. The American detachment under Colonel Purdy attempting to cross the Chateauguay to join Hampton's body, was defeated and forced to retreat, and, after a hot engagement of four hours, imagining the opposing force to be much more numerous than it really was, Hampton withdrew discomfited, leaving the 400 Canadians masters of the field, and having sustained a loss of only two killed and sixteen wounded, while the American loss had been about 100—the repulse of the Chateauguay being as notable and effectual as that of the preceding year at Queenston Heights.

In Upper Canada the tidings of these reverses terrified General McClure, who was in command at Fort George and Twenty-mile Creek, and was harrassing the neighbourhood by plundering foraging parties. Driven in upon Fort George by Colonel Murray, he determined, as the winter set in, to retreat to the American side. But he was apprehensive lest, even then, Vincent's army, finding shelter in Newark, should endanger his safety. So, in the bitter winter weather of a dark and stormy December, *by order of the American Government, expressed through President Madison*, he drove out the helpless inhabitants of 150 dwellings, including 400 women and children—from their peaceful homes, which he fired at thirty minutes' notice, and departed, leaving the unhappy people exposed to the inclemency of the wintry weather, to lament over the smouldering ruins of their homes and their property.

That this barbarous act was the prelude to a course of signal reverses, is scarcely matter for surprise. Strange to say, McClure's eagerness to destroy defenceless Newark so engrossed him that he left Fort George with its stores and barracks uninjured, for the benefit of the British, who quickly succeeded him in its occupation, and accomplished the surprise and capture of Fort Niagara a few days later,—Colonel Murray taking it with a force of 500 men. General Riall speedily followed to Murray's support, and made prompt reprisals for the destruction of Newark, by consigning Youngstown, Lewiston, and Manchester to the flames. The militia were called out with all speed, but General Drummond, the British Commander on the frontier, was bent on further vengeance, and pushed on to Black Rock, which he took in conjunction with Riall, and drove the American troops back on Buffalo. Thither, too, he followed in pursuit, overpowered all resist-

ance, took Buffalo, which, with Black Rock, was given to the flames, captured three vessels of Perry's squadron, and retired, leaving the American frontier from Ontario to Erie one desolate scene of ruin—a terrible retribution for the smoking ashes of Newark. These reprisals, terrible as they were, were considered justifiable by the sufferers themselves, who blamed their own Government for having initiated such a system of border warfare. But it is one of the most terrible evils of war that it so upsets the ordinary rules of justice and humanity as to make justifiable, in the eyes of brave men, retributive measures which fall not upon the original offenders, but upon sufferers individually innocent.

Amid these scenes of devastation closed the campaign of 1813,—the conquest of Canada, so sanguinely anticipated, seeming at the end of the second year of the war as remote as ever, since the invaders had not yet gained a single position on Canadian soil, with the exception of the one point of Amherstburg in the far west, for the loss of which more than an equivalent had been gained in the British possession of Fort Niagara. On the other hand, the Americans,—in their blockaded seaboard, their paralyzed commerce, and their terribly heavy taxation,—felt the war they had evoked press severely on themselves, and the peace party in the Union found in this pressure a powerful argument to induce their people to consider the desirableness of overtures of pacification.

During the winter the militia of the far west, notwithstanding Proctor's disastrous defeat, were, with some assistance from General Drummond, more or less successfully resisting the progress and occupation of the invaders. The latter seemed determined to retrieve the failures of the preceding year by dint of better drilled troops and more efficient officers, among whom Scott now figured as a brigadier-general. Hostilities commenced on the Champlain frontier, by Wilkinson's force taking possession of the village of Phillipsburg on Lake Champlain, and proceeding thence, on the 26th March, with a force of 5,000 infantry, 100 cavalry, and 11 guns, against Lacolle Mill, ten miles from Rouse's Point, defended by a slender force of 500 men, composed of regular troops and Canadian Fencibles and Volunteers. It might have seemed that an ordinary mill, with a common shingle roof, would have fallen an easy prey to a force numbering ten times its defence. But the brave little garrison, somewhat assisted by the fire of two sloops and two gunboats at a distance, not only held its assailants at bay, but even made two gallant charges with intent to capture the enemy's guns—a feat hardly possible against such overwhelming numbers. For four hours the unequal combat went on, and though the ammunition of the besieged ran short, not a word was uttered of surrender. At six, p.m., hopeless of overcoming such obstinate defenders, the besiegers retired, ingloriously defeated, without attempting to carry the poor little fortress by storm.

This gallantly given check put a stop to further operations on Lake Champlain, and Wilkinson's army was transferred to the shores of Lake Ontario, where occurred the next military event of the year—another British success. The British inland squadron, which, by the addition of two new ships, had gained the ascendency of the lake, was now at Kingston. Under the command of Commodore Yeo and General Drummond, the fleet made a descent upon Oswego with 1080 troops, put the American force to flight after a sharp action, dismantled the fort, burned barracks and bridges, removed several guns and schooners and a large quantity of provisions, and retired with small loss. Chauncey was next blockaded in Sackett's Harbour, and part of his expected supplies intercepted.

While these events were transpiring, a large American force, under General Brown,

was harassing the Niagara frontier. An incursion on Port Dover had taken place, and the entire village was burned down without the slightest provocation. In July, Fort Erie surrendered, without firing a shot, to two strong brigades under Generals Scott and Ripley, Major Buck, then in command, thinking it would be a useless sacrifice of life to hold out with a garrison of 170 against 4,000 assailants. On the whole frontier there were only 1,780 British troops, opposed to a strong American force. General Riall, however, the British commander on the frontier, was determined to check the enemy's advance by a vigorous resistance.

A strong American force, led by General Brown, marched down the river to Chippawa, the extreme right of the British position. Notwithstanding the greatly superior numbers of the Americans,—double those of the British troops,—and the strong position which Brown had taken up, Riall, having received reinforcements from Toronto, resolved to attack the enemy. Again and again his columns gallantly charged against the solid American line, but were forced back by their formidable fire; and Riall, after suffering severe loss, had to order a retreat towards Niagara. The unsuccessful attempt was, at least, sufficiently demonstrative of British and Canadian pluck, and seems to have had the effect of deterring the enemy from following up his success even so far as to molest the retreating force. His army, however, advanced leisurely, and occupied Queenston—his light infantry and Indians making marauding incursions in every direction, burning the village of St. David's, and plundering and destroying the property of the unhappy colonists whom the Americans had been so benevolently desirous to free from British tyranny. These sometimes, however, when plundered and oppressed beyond endurance, turned on the marauders, some of whom expiated their violence with their lives.

General Brown, disappointed in his expectation of being assisted to take Fort George and Fort Niagara by Chauncey's fleet,—now effectually held in check by Commodore Yeo, and finding the garrison on the *qui vive*, —retreated to Chippawa, followed by Riall, who took up a position close to the American force at Lundy's Lane. Gen. Drummond having heard at Kingston of Brown's advance and the defeat of Chippawa, hastened to Niagara, where, finding that Riall had gone on before him, he sent Colonel Tucker, on the American side of the river, against a detachment at Lewiston, while he himself pushed on to Queenston. From thence, the enemy having disappeared from Lewiston, he sent Tucker back to Niagara, and moved on with 800 regulars to Lundy's Lane, where he found that Riall had commenced a retreat, Scott, who had advanced to the Falls, having sent for Brown to come on with the rest of his force to join him. The retreat was speedily countermanded by Drummond, who, with 1600 men, found himself confronted with an American force of 5,000, part of which had already arrived within 600 yards when the British General arrived—the engagement commencing almost before he had completed his formation—and established a battery on the slight eminence now crowned by an observatory. From thence, on a summer's day, the eye can take in a large expanse of sunny, peaceful country, rich green woods, peach orchards and vineyards, tranquil homesteads, and fields of the richest, softest green. But on that July afternoon, as evening drew on, the peaceful landscape was clouded by heavy sulphurous smoke, the sweet summer air was filled with the dull boom of artillery, the rattle of volleys of musketry, the sharp crack of the rifle, the shout of the charge, and the groans of the dying,—all blending strangely with the solemn, unceasing roar of the great cataract close by. The combat—the most sanguinary and most fiercely contested of the war —raged with terrible carnage and desperate

obstinacy till the summer darkness closed over the scene, and the moon arose to cast a dim and uncertain light over the bloody field. At one time the enemy had captured several of the British cannon, but they were speedily recovered, with one of the enemy's guns in addition. In the darkness strange mi stakes occurred, pieces of artillery being exchanged during the charges made after nightfall. About nine a brief lull in the fighting occurred, while the rear-guard of the American force under General Brown took the place of Scott's brigade, which had suffered severely. Riall's retiring division now came up—with 2 guns and 400 militia—1,200 strong, and between the two forces thus strengthened, the fierce contest was renewed. "Nothing," says an onlooker, "could have been more terrible, nor yet more solemn, than this midnight contest." The desperate charges of the enemy were succeeded by a deathlike silence, interrupted only by the groans of the dying and the dull sound of the Falls of Niagara, while the adverse lines were now and then dimly discerned through the moonlight by the gleam of their arms. These anxious pauses were succeeded by a blaze of musketry along the lines, and by a repetition of the most desperate charges from the enemy, which the British regulars and militia received with the most unshaken firmness." At midnight, Brown, having unsuccessfully tried for six hours, with his force of 5,000 against half that number, to force the British from their position, retreated to Chippawa with a loss of 930,—that on the British side amounting to 870. Generals Scott and Brown were severely wounded, as was also General Drummond, though he retained his command, notwithstanding, to the end of the action. Next day a fresh demonstration was planned but abandoned, and Brown, on the 27th, having burned Street's mills, destroyed the Bridge over the Chippawa Creek, and thrown his *impedimenta* and provisions into the river, retired on Fort Erie, Drummond's light infantry, cavalry, and Indians following in pursuit.

The battle of Lundy's Lane has been, strangely enough, claimed as a victory by Americans, the only ostensible colour for such a claim being the circumstance that they had possession, for a very short time, of some of the British guns. An able and entertaining American author of the present day, who should be better informed, speaks of a Canadian militia-man as "helping his countrymen to be beaten," and of General Scott as gaining his first laurels in this action. Such a *façon de parler* is either very careless or very uncandid. It is difficult to see how a general can be supposed to have gained laurels when he is obliged to retreat before a foe numbering only half his own strength. Nor does a victorious army in general retreat forthwith to a fortified position, harassed in its retreat, and besieged in its position, by the defeated foe! As these were the facts, it would be more honourable frankly to admit that the battle of Lundy's Lane was, for the Americans, a defeat, not a victory, and a defeat, too, with the numerical odds largely in their favour.

General Drummond having followed up and invested the American troops in Fort Erie, daringly attempted to storm the Fort, and nearly succeeded; indeed, on the American principle just noticed, he might be considered victorious, as a portion of his columns succeeded in penetrating the Fort—the centre of the entrenched camp—but were driven thence by the accidental explosion of a powder magazine, which made the assailants retreat in dismay. This disastrous repulse cost the British and Canadians some 500 men,—the American loss being scarcely 100; and a simultaneous attack by Colonel Tucker on Black Rock was not more successful. Notwithstanding this, however, Drummond, being reinforced by the 6th and 82nd Regiments, was able to maintain his position and keep the American force blockaded in Fort Erie.

In the far west the British arms had not been idle. In the spring, a force of 650 Canadians and Indians, under Colonel McKay, captured the American post of Prairie-du-Chien, on the Mississippi. The re-capture of Macinaw was attempted in July by the Americans with a force of 1,000 men, which first signalized itself by a raid on the totally undefended fur *dépôt* at St. Mary's, where they carried off the furs, burned the buildings, killed the cattle and horses of the settlers, and destroyed their property. Holmes, the commanding officer in this raid, soon after lost his life in the attempt upon Macinaw, which was thoroughly repulsed by its little garrison, Macinaw thus remaining in the British possession till the end of the war.

The cessation of the general war in Europe, early in 1814, had left Britain free to turn her chief attention to America, and the effects of this were soon felt. The whole American seaboard, from Maine to Mexico, was subject to the inroads of British squadrons, supplied with troops, whose descents at various points forced the recall of much of the land force sent to Canada. In Maine, Sir John Sherbrooke, Lt.-Governor of Nova Scotia, made successful inroads on the frontier of Maine, carrying one place after another, till the whole border, from Penobscot to New Brunswick, was under British rule, and so continued till the ratification of peace. Further south, General Ross landed at Benedict, ascended the Patuxent to Washington, dispersed its defenders and burned the Capitol, the arsenal, the treasury, the war-office, the President's palace, and the great bridge across the Potomac, the conflagration being aided by the explosion of magazines fired by the retreating Americans. The devastation at Washington was a severe, though unexpected retribution for York, left in ashes by the Americans during the preceding year.

An attempt on Baltimore did not terminate so successfully for the Americans, General Ross being killed, and the British force, finally giving up the attempt, returned to their ships. In Florida the British forces established themselves for some time, and the army of General Packenham assaulted New Orleans with about 8,000 men, but was repulsed by a vigorous defence, and compelled to retreat. This repulse was, however, favourable to a treaty for peace, restoring the national equanimity, and making the nation more favourable to the representations of the strong peace party, which now included nearly all New England, and almost all Federalists. In August of this year of 1814, British and American envoys met at Ghent to consider terms of pacification.

In this same month of August, however, occurred an unfortunate British reverse in Canada. Sixteen hundred men of the Duke of Wellington's army had arrived at Quebec, and Sir George Prevost sent a portion of this body to Upper Canada, directed against Sackett's Harbour, while he concentrated 11,000 on the Richelieu frontier, to attack the American position on Lake Champlain, aided by a small and very badly equipped naval force.

General Izzard's departure with 4,000 men to assist the still blockaded American troops at Fort Erie, left the American force on Lake Champlain very inadequate, and Prevost's army, meeting with no opposition, advanced against Plattsburgh, defended by two blockhouses and a chain of field works, and garrisoned by 1,500 troops and militia under General Macomb. Three successive days were employed in bringing up the heavy artillery, and Prevost waited for the advance of the fleet, still in a very backward state of preparation, before proceeding to the attack. The result, however, was a repetition of the inglorious affair of the preceding summer at Sackett's Harbour. Prevost allowed the right moment for the joint attack to pass, and instead of moving his columns at once to joint action with the

fleet, he waited till the fleet had been defeated by the greatly superior squadron opposed to them, and then irresolutely put his troops in motion. But, meeting with some discouragement, he immediately ordered a retreat, without even attempting to carry works which it seemed were quite within his power to capture. The indignation of the disappointed troops, thus compelled to an inglorious retreat, was uncontrollable, and many of the officers broke their swords, declaring that they would never serve again. The retiring force withdrew unmolested. Opinions seemed to differ as to whether Prevost's conduct was pusillanimity or prudence. Taking into consideration the events of the preceding year, appearances seem to favour the former view. Yet Prevost was said to be personally brave in action, his chief lack seeming to be that of decision in command. He was to have been tried by court-martial, but died before this could take place, so that his military reputation still rests under a cloud.

At Fort Erie the disaster on Lake Champlain encouraged the blockaded garrison to make a vigorous sortie on the 17th of September. At first partially successful, they were soon driven back, and pursued to the very *glacis* of the fort, with a loss of 500; the British having lost 600, half of these being made prisoners in the trenches at the beginning of the *sortie*. Hearing of Izzard's advance, Drummond thought it prudent to withdraw to Chippawa his small force, thus reduced and much enfeebled by sickness.

On Lake Ontario, however, Yeo, having constructed a flag-ship carrying 100 guns, effectually vindicated the British supremacy. In October, Chauncey withdrew into Sackett's Harbour, and was blockaded therein. This secured abundant facility for conveying troops and provisions to the Niagara frontier, and though Izzard had now 8,000 men at Fort Erie, he saw the fruitlessness of prosecuting the invasion any farther, blew up the works, and re-crossed with his troops to American territory, leaving the long-disturbed frontier to repose. With the exception of a western border foray by some mounted Kentucky brigands, this concluded the hostilities of the long and harassing war, and "burst the bubble of the invasion of Canada." The peace ratified by the treaty of Ghent, concluded Dec. 24, 1814, terminated the protracted war, which had been so unjustifiable, so disastrous, and so absolutely fruitless to both countries—a war which had desolated large tracts of fertile territory, sacrificed many valuable lives, and kept up a spirit of hatred between two Christian nations, which should have been endeavouring in unison to advance the liberty and the highest interests of the human race.

To the Union, indeed, the war brought neither glory nor substantial benefit, but, on the contrary, heavy loss. Her merchantmen had been captured to the number of nearly three thousand, her foreign trade almost annihilated, her revenues immensely decreased, direct taxation increased fifty per cent., and the credit of the country so impaired that the Government found it impossible to negotiate a loan—a state of things which must have convinced the keenest advocates of war that they had made a fatal mistake. The original sources of dispute—the right of search, and neutral immunity in time of war—remained untouched by the treaty, which concerned itself chiefly with the restitution of the territory taken in the war to its former owners, the boundaries of Maine and New Brunswick being left for adjustment to a Commission. One article, however, securing the extinction of the American oceanic slave-trade, conferred at least one material boon upon humanity.

To Canada the war was, materially, an almost unqualified misfortune. Devastated territory, neglected farms, sacrificed lives, depredations of plundering expeditions, desolated homes, were the too evident and ineffaceable marks of the invasion. A Cana-

dian historian says that, notwithstanding these things, the war was a real benefit to the country, as giving a vast impulse to its general prosperity. Howison, however, in his "Sketches of Upper Canada," published within ten years after the war, gives a very different account. According to him, the temporarily lavish expenditure of money produced only a fictitious prosperity, which collapsed, and caused serious embarassment, when the circulation of British money gradually decreased, and the people had to depend once more on their ravaged and neglected farms, almost all the live stock which the country contained having been either carried away by the enemy or consumed by the requirements of the troops and the militia.

But if, materially, the war was injurious to the country, there can be no doubt that, morally, it was highly beneficial. It united and gave *esprit-de-corps* to its incongruous and heterogeneous elements. French Canadian and British Canadian fought side by side, and vied with each other in their devotion to their common country. The very Indians proved unflinchingly steadfast, and a large number of emigrants from the United States to Canada willingly joined their fellow subjects in brave and loyal endeavours to repel the invasion. The opening national life of the country was ennobled by its sufferings, and its devotion to the cause it deemed the right, and, strengthened, elevated, and purified by its sacrifices in resisting an unrighteous invasion, it emerged from its "baptism of fire" all the more fitted to become a noble and vigorous nation.

The loss of life, if small compared with that of modern battle-fields, was large compared with the scanty population on whom, for the first two years, fell the brunt of repelling the invasion. It is, indeed, wonderful, when we look at the immense force that closed around Canada, and at the small numbers of Canadian militia, the mere sprinkling of regular troops in the country, the distance of the mother-country, and the great resources of the foe, so close at hand, that so threatening an invasion was repelled and kept at bay so long by the small bands of Canadians, assisted by a few regular soldiers. Again and again we read of engagements and sieges in which a small Canadian force encountered a foe of twice, three times, sometimes ten times its own strength, and defeated them with heavy loss. Again and again, on the other hand, we find the Americans hesitating to follow up an advantage, till the favourable opportunity had passed, and the tide had turned. One consideration may partially account for this. The Canadians were fighting on their own ground—fighting in self-defence, or rather, in defence of their homes,—of their country, of their loyal allegiance,—of all they held dear and sacred. But the Americans were venturing over unknown ground, into hostile territory, and on an errand that they could not at heart feel to be a justifiable one. Was not a bad cause the secret of their hesitation, as well as of their non-success?

The Canadian people fought, indeed, wholly on the defensive. There were some terrible reprisals, indeed, such as are thought justifiable in war, which is a terrible thing in all its aspects; but for these the British troops—not the Canadians—were almost entirely responsible. On the whole, the war on the British side was conducted in Canada as moderately as war can be, though American historians have objected to Indians having been permitted to participate in the campaign. But the Indians had a right to be allowed to fight for their lands and liberties too,—every General, from Brock onward, restraining them as far as possible from acts of cruelty. And if their hatred of the American people* occasionally led them to overpass

* Americans, at least, need not say much about the Indian tomahawk, when the *National Intelligencer*, the American Government paper of that day, stated that "when the Americans returned to Detroit from the battle of Brownstown, they bore triumphantly on

the bounds of humanity, it was the fault of those who, through ages of unrighteous oppression, had awakened this inextinguishable hatred.

The bravery of the Canadian militia was thought by Howison to have been insufficiently appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic, where the regular troops usurped the glory of the war. Certainly no people could have more gallantly defended their country against a powerful invader—many passages of the campaign recalling the Swiss struggle for independence, or the noble defence of the Greeks against the Persians, which has embalmed for ever such names as Salamis, Thermopylæ, and Marathon. All over the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, by Lower Canadian river and winding creek —on the broad-ocean lakes—amid the peach orchards and fertile valleys of the west, where the inhabitants now sit peacefully under their own vines,—and even under the spray of the mighty Niagara,—are scattered our Canadian battle-fields, where our fathers fought and fell, or gained a hardly won and bloody victory. The least that their descendants can do is to keep their memories green—to let "the brave days of old" come in contact with the living present, instead of keeping them shut up in little-used volumes of history. Probably as these days recede more and more into the misty past, and are crowned with its ideal halo, they will more and more furnish subjects from which the poet and painter will kindle the patriotism of the future from the patriotism of the past.*

the points of their bayonets between thirty and forty fresh scalps, which they had taken on the field." It is not said, however, how they had "taken" them, or whose they were. A "human scalp," reported to have been found "suspended from the chair of the Speaker of the House of Assembly" when York was taken by the Americans, turned out to be—*an official peruke*—one of the periwigs of those formal days!

* "As yet, these bloody and obscure conflicts are little known beyond the locality, and excite but little interest when read cursorily in the dry chronicles of the time. But let some eloquent historian arise to throw over these events the light of a philosophical mind, and all the picturesque and romantic interest of which they are capable; to trace the results which have already arisen, and must in future arise, from this collision between two great nations, though fought out on a remote and half-barbarous stage, with little sympathy and less applause, we shall then have these far-off shores converted into classic ground, and the names of Pontiac, Tecumseh, Isaac Brock, become classic names, familiar on all lips as household words—such at least they will become *here*."—Mrs. Jameson's "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," in 1837.

The veterans of 1812—a more stalwart race, it is said, than their descendants—have nearly all passed away. But the spirit that animated them is living still, as has been repeatedly proved;—first, in the so-called "Rebellion" of 1837, and then in the crisis of the threatened Fenian raid, when the unanimous and loyal enthusiasm of the Canadian volunteers reduced the threatened invasion to a fruitless *fiasco*.

It is as unlikely as it is undesirable that Canadian patriotism will ever have to pass again through the same ordeal. The United States are not likely again to attempt a forcible annexation of Canada, and many Americans are sensible that two neighbouring nations, living in peaceful rivalry, may be better than one unwieldy and incoherent power, even were such an annexation possible. The war of 1812–14 ought to have left a salutary lesson of the misery and wrong of such fratricidal encounters between nations owning the same origin, the same high traditions, the same noble literature, the same religion of love and peace. Our common Christianity alone, a bond which has been strengthening of late, should bar the way to war; and in any future dispute it may be hoped that both nations will be willing to accept "another umpire than that of arms." The proposed Reciprocity Treaty, if it takes place, will, it may be expected, add another link to the amity and kindly feeling growing up between the two nations.

But though the Canadians of the present and future generations are not likely to be called upon to "fight as their fathers fought against their fellow-men in battle," there are more subtle and dangerous enemies of their country to be encountered in less sanguinary though not less arduous combats. A prominent English writer declares that, in the England of the present, there is to be feared "a distinct and unmistakable lowering of the level of national life; a slack and lethargic quality about public opinion; a growing predominance of material, temporary, and selfish aims over those which are generous, far-reaching, and spiritual; a deadly weakening of intellectual conclusiveness, of clear-shining moral illumination, and lastly, *of a certain stoutness of self-respect*, for which England was once especially famous." Are there no such evils to be dreaded in Canada? And there are others, even more conspicuous and urgent, which are only too distinctly visible in every column of our newspapers, at every corner of our streets. Against these ruinous, destructive, intangible enemies, Canada expects every man to do his duty! A higher than Canada expects it, and will give strength for the warfare, and victory, in the end, to the honest warrior.

"So,—forward—and farewell!"

FIDELIS.

NOTE.—The following authorities have been made use of in compiling the above sketch:—"Garneau's History of Canada," "McMullen's History of Canada," "Colonel Coffin's Chronicle of the War of 1812," "Tupper's Life of Brock," Howison's "Sketches in Upper Canada," Mrs. Jameson's "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," Mr. Croil's "Dundas, a Sketch of Canadian History," and Parton's "Jefferson."

## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY REV. G. CROLY.

WHITE bud! that in meek beauty so dost lean,
The cloister'd cheek, as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st, beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
An eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing—
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

# CLARICE:

## AN OLD STORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

ON a bright October evening in the year 1690, a group of officers stood clustered around the tall flag-staff which rose from the highest point of the lofty citadel of Quebec, bearing upon its summit the national emblem of *la belle France*. The last rays of the setting sun kissed its silken folds, as, lifted by the freshening breeze, they streamed proudly out upon the golden air, as in defiance of the bold invader who would pluck the lilied banner from the rock on which, nearly a century before, the hand of the adventurous Champlain had planted it.

Very beautiful was the scene presented to the gazer's eye from the pinnacle of that lofty rock, over which bent serene and cloudless the blue arch of heaven; an infinite depth of ether, its cerulean hue deepened in contrast to the glowing horizon which burned beneath it with the gorgeous hues of sunset; violet, gold, and purple, mingling and flashing out their splendours with a magical change of form and colour peculiar to the brilliant twilights of the north.

Robed in purple mist stood the grand Laurentian chain of mountains that guard like sentinels the lovely valley of St. Charles, their proud heads already crowned with the early falling snows of Canada; and still beyond gleamed, like some fair gem in the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, the beautiful Isle of Orleans. Directly opposite the rocky height appeared the precipitous shore of Point Levi, rising abruptly from the noble Bay of Quebec, and stretching out to a point in the broad river whose waves washed the base of the wooded promontory. It formed a lovely object in the landscape, with its high swelling hills and long undulating stretch of woods resting against the vivid back-ground of the evening sky, while here and there, hanging like the eyrie of the mountain eagle among its craggy ledges, peeped out the whitewashed walls of a peasant's cottage shining through the autumnal foliage, and adding beauty and completeness to the picture.

The evening air was loaded with fragrance stolen from the hardy wild flowers that still lingered in many a sheltered dingle, and which mingled their fainter perfume with the rich odours of foreign plants wafted from the stately gardens of the château, in whose gay parterres bloomed the rarer flowers of European climates, each in its season—the rich rose of Provençe, the Frenchman's darling mignonette, and the blue balmy violets of England.

But although in this sweet autumn night the heavens above were glorious in their silent beauty, and the earth beneath was fair and radiant as a poet's dream, there were sounds abroad that marred the harmony of nature by a tale of human strife and passion. In the distance was heard at intervals the tramp of soldiers, the rattling of arms, the hurrying to and fro of multitudes, all jarring harshly upon the holy silence of the hour, yet at intervals relieved by the music of the military band, playing before the Governor's château the spirit-stirring national airs of France.

The group of officers who stood around the flag-staff were too much absorbed in discussing the engrossing topic of the hour, to be touched by the beauty of the evening, or disturbed by the discord so ill in keeping with its peace, for danger menaced them in their stronghold; nay, even now they stood in its very presence, and, ignoring the illuminated sky, and the earth bathed in sunset glories, they levelled their glasses, pointing

with significant word and gesture towards an armed fleet of no contemptible force which lay at anchor in the waters of their own majestic river, its white canvas bellying in the breeze, and the Royal Ensign of England flinging defiance from the mast-head of the Admiral's vessel.

This warlike expedition, as all readers of early Canadian history will remember, was set on foot by the British colonists of Massachusetts—its command entrusted to Sir William Phipps, a man whose humble birth had not prevented his rising to the highest posts of power and honour in the gift of his countrymen. Previous to the appearance of the gallant little armament before Quebec, it had, almost without opposition, captured several French posts on the shores of Newfoundland and the Lower St. Lawrence, and had actually reached Tadoussac, on the Saguenay, before any authentic tidings of impending danger were received at the Canadian capital. Rumours, it is true, concerning its movements, were rife, and preparations for defence had been, and still were being made by order of Comte de Frontenac, the vigilant Governor of the Province; for though nature had rendered the place well nigh impregnable, it was deemed prudent to strengthen the weaker points against sudden and insidious attack; for not then, as at the present day, was the lofty summit of Cape Diamond crowned with works of solid masonry, the citadel being at that period only a quadrangular fort with flanking defences at each corner, protected by a wall on the inner side; while some weak field-works with redoubts strengthened the works towards the Plains of Abraham. The Lower Town, too, had its battery, and the precipitous passage ascending from it to the upper part of the city was protected by flanking loop-hole walls, and embarrassed by entrenchments and rows of *chevaux-de-frise*.

Though inferior by birth to his noble adversary the Comte de Frontenac, Sir William Phipps was his equal in high chivalric courage, and his superior in the possession of those noble attributes of character which constitute the true hero. Burning with a desire to add this northern jewel to the crown of his Sovereign, he set at nought every discouragement, and after reconnoitring the position, he discussed his plans with his officers, when it was unanimously resolved to demand an immediate surrender of the garrison, and in case of refusal to land the troops and at once commence an attack upon the city.

Speculating upon the audacity which brought this British armament before the walls of their city, the knot of officers remained upon the heights till only the white shrouds and gleaming lights of the hostile vessels were visible through the gathering darkness, and then all save two dispersed. Of these two, each seemed intent upon his own thoughts, and for many minutes after their companions left them, the silence remained unbroken. Far below them, the illuminated windows of the château cast their splendour into the surrounding darkness, gay figures came in and out upon the balconies, and woman's silvery laughter mingled with the strains of music that floated upward on the air. Suddenly one of the young officers started from his reverie.

"Come," he said, addressing his companion, "let us descend from this breezy height. Who knows, Léon, but to some of us this may prove our last night of life. Yonder the fair Clarice is dispensing the favour of her smiles, and why should not we too hasten to bask in their radiance?"

"Your light tone, D'Esperon, is in ill keeping with my graver mood," said the other, with a gesture of impatience. "Yet go, if you will, and join the cloud of silly moths that flutter round to be scorched by her disdain. But as for me," he added, with a deep-drawn sigh and a desponding tone, which his companion hastily interrupted—

"Yes, but for me!" he said mockingly. "For heaven's sake, St. Ours, explain to me

the secret of that despairing accent, and that look of dismal gloom which you assume whenever the name of Madame de Levasseur is spoken between us. It is in vain that you strive to conceal your love for her; and that it is reciprocated who can doubt that marks her conscious blush at your approach, and hears, when she addresses you, the softened tones that fall in such liquid sweetness from her lips—and such lips! Cupid be merciful! for, by my troth, the honey of Hybla was vinegar to the dew that bathes those living roses in beauty."

St. Ours sighed deeply, but was still silent. He had not even a smile to return for the absurd rhapsody of his friend, who, somewhat annoyed by his silence and emotion, exclaimed, with the impetuosity natural to him—

"In the name of all the saints, St. Ours, prithee explain to me, your truest friend, the secret of this dark mystery in which you shroud yourself—just at the very moment, too, when love and beauty wait, amidst a score of hapless aspirants, to crown you with triumph. Yes you, and you alone! for would not Montressor, D'Aubigny, De Lorme, barter all their hopes of fame in these northern wars for one little token of the favour lavished upon you by the fair Clarice?"

"Oh, that is it, D'Esperon! If she looked coldly upon me, I would nerve myself to suffer. But it is a cruel destiny to know that the treasure may be won, and yet feel myself forbidden by cruel destiny to possess it."

"I do not comprehend you, Léon," said his friend, "you speak in riddles, and, as one deeply interested in your happiness, I think I have a right to demand their explanation."

"Forgive me, Louis, I know I must have greatly tried your patience, but till lately, when the certainty was forced upon me that the happiness of another was in my keeping, I resolved to bury in my own breast a secret which is the haunting skeleton of my life. D'Esperon, you will understand all when I tell you that I am a married man!"

"Married! You jest surely!" ejaculated the other in a tone of utter astonishment.

"Would to God it were an idle jest!" exclaimed St. Ours, as he paced with rapid step the narrow parapet; "an idle jest," he repeated, "or else a frightful dream to be dispelled at waking. But no; the tale is true, and in sad and sober earnest I have told it."

"Married!" re-echoed his friend, unable to recover from his amazement. "How can I believe you, since no word of this strange confession has ever before passed your lips—not even to me have you breathed it—to me your comrade in arms, your brother in affection, for years your almost daily companion: our hearts knit together in no common bond of friendship."

"Even so, dear D'Esperon, and many times I have purposed to speak of it to you, but the very thought of it was odious to me, though indeed I scarcely realized my bondage, so much was it a thing of the past, till I saw the beautiful Clarice, and woke to the full consciousness of my unhappy destiny."

"But when and where was this fatal marriage contracted, and to whom in heaven's name, St. Ours, are you sacrificed?"

"Sacrificed, yes!" repeated St. Ours, bitterly. "She was but a child of twelve, I a boy of fifteen—she had many names, I only heard her called one. Her father was the Count de Lancey, my father's bosom friend, and they had made a compact, when their children were babies, to unite them at a suitable age in marriage, as a seal to their life-long friendship, and in order to bind in one their two estates. The dangerous illness of the Count de Lancey hastened the period intended for our marriage, and as he wished to see it ratified before he died, the ceremony was performed beside his death-bed, neither of us, children as we were, realizing the solemnity of the act in which we were principals. I only remember that I felt a kind of aversion to her even then, but as it was stipulated that I should not claim my child-

wife till she had completed her fifteenth year, I gave myself no thought or concern about the matter. Since then I have only once seen her, and it was then by my father's desire that I accompanied him to the convent where she was placed to complete her education. But when I spoke to her she replied briefly, and with averted look, as though my presence filled her with disgust, as hers had certainly kindled in me a feeling of strong aversion. For, young as I then was, I had a keen sense of the beautiful in woman; and when I saw her thin, childish face, her large meaningless eyes, and undeveloped figure, I turned loathingly away, secretly hoping that I might never again behold her."

"And you never have?" questioned his friend.

"No, never! and God grant I never may. Shortly after this period my father died, and as I had embraced a military life, I was soon after sent on foreign service, and for eight years remained absent from France, till recalled by the appointment which transferred me to this western world, in the suite of the Comte de Frontenac."

"And have you had no knowledge recently of this child-wife of yours?" questioned D'Esperon.

"None whatever. I heard only on my return to Paris, that she spoke with bitterness of her early marriage, denouncing it as the misfortune of her life, and declaring that she would sooner become a veiled nun in the convent of Ste. Marie, than recognize the enforced tie at which her very heart revolted. For aught I know, she may have fulfilled this menace, and so released me from the cruel vow by which my father bound me, never voluntarily to break the tie which had united me to the daughter of his friend."

"But, recollect, St. Ours, that this child to whom you were wedded has, through the lapse of all these years, become a woman—a woman-angel, it may be, who might now fill your whole being with the joy of her ripened loveliness."

"Impossible!" returned St. Ours, "and, had you seen her in her childish ugliness, you could never suggest a thing so improbable. Besides, she is not Clarice, and so could win no portion of my love. Yet, though I have studied to be forgotten by her, to be considered as one dead even—yet holding sacred, as I do, the promise made to my father never voluntarily to dissolve that ill-starred union—I would, should she demand it of me, fulfil the vows I made to her at the altar, even though my heart is irrevocably given to another. But as yet I am spared that dreaded claim, and I interpret her reticence as the expression of a personal repugnance not less bitter than my own."

The night-breeze had freshened during this conversation, and St. Ours, drawing his cloak closely about him, walked rapidly up and down, then turned quickly as his friend said to him:

"Do you not remember, Léon, that this is her birth-night, and we but ill honour it by loitering here."

"Let us begone then, and join yonder crowd of her worshippers! In the face of to-morrow's threatened conflict, it may be, as you say, for the last time, and I at least would link these parting moments with the brightness of her smile."

"Courage! St. Ours, and remember your family motto," said D'Esperon gaily, as arm in arm the friends descended the Rock, and bent their steps towards the château, from whence issued sounds of music and of laughter, ill in keeping with Léon St. Ours' despairing mind, but exhilarating to his mirth-loving companion, who with quickened step pressed on, impatient to join in the revelry.

It was the birth-night of the Governor's favourite niece, the beautiful and fascinating Madame de Levasseur, and the grand salon was thronged with a brillant assemblage of the most distinguished residents, civil and military, of the city. M. de Frontenac would not permit the threatening aspect of public affairs to interfere with the arrangements of

this occasion, and thus the festivities at the château presented a scene of gay magnificence that would have been in better keeping with the celebration of victory than with that which was in all probability the eve of a deadly encounter of two hostile forces.

Yet who could think of impending danger in the midst of sights and sounds that spoke only of joy and gladness—in the presence, too, of the radiant queen of the evening, the cynosure of attraction to every eye—charming in her simplicity, her exquisite grace, her touching beauty, less dazzling though it might be than that of some others who, in the imposing splendour of rich robes and jewels of countless value, lent *éclat* to the birthnight of the lovely Clarice. Her toilet was by far the simplest worn that gala evening, for, as if conscious that beauty needs not the aid of ornament, she wore only a superb diamond cross, her uncle's gift on this day, with a few natural flowers wreathed among the rich folds of her shining hair. Her robes were of the purest white, for the weeds of widowhood, if indeed she had ever worn them for a husband to whom her affections had not been given, were long since laid aside, and on this, her twentieth birthday, she resembled rather a youthful bride than the widow of a departed lord.

With a calm step, but a beating heart, Léon St. Ours entered the salon, and, not daring by a single glance to seek the object which filled his every thought, he paused for one moment amid the throng of her admirers to pay her the silent homage of his greetings; and then, no word exchanged between them, passed on to join the group of officers who, gathered around the person of the Governor, were busily discussing the all-engrossing topic of the day. Yet, while apparently listening to the discourse, his eye sought out, and, spell-bound, followed every movement of the beautiful Clarice; and it was easy to see, by the furtive glances which occasionally met his, that the interest was reciprocated: and when by some happy chance her eyes once or twice encountered his, and then were as quickly withdrawn, the glad light that filled them, and the bright flushing of the fair cheek, told a tale too sweet and clear for the despairing lover's peace.

And so, though seeming still to lend an ear to the discourse around him, he stood in reality deaf and indifferent to it, conscious only of the presence of his enchantress, while her silver laugh, or the low, sweet tones of her voice, came to him mingled with, yet to his ear separated from, all other sounds—her lightest tone penetrating, like some divine harmony, the secret chambers of his soul.

She was dancing with the young Count St. Cyr, and she moved through the mazes of the figure with a grace and lightness that scarcely suffered her airy step to touch the floor. St. Ours envied her handsome partner, as he looked down admiringly upon her sweet animated face upturned to his, bright with a beaming expression that told of some indwelling joy, whose source Léon would have given almost his life to discover. What could it mean? he asked himself. Was it possible that the devotion so long manifested towards her by the young Count was at length meeting a response of tenderness from her? Could it be this subtle magic which so glorified her speaking face, and lent a diviner charm to every graceful movement?

And as this surmise for a brief moment crossed the thought of St. Ours, a jealous pang wrung his heart, but instantly it was dissipated, when—in answer to his stolen glance—her beaming eyes met his, fraught with such tender sweetness as never shone in any eyes that have not their loving message from the heart. No, it was not the softly wooing words her handsome partner was whispering in her ear which called it forth. St. Ours felt that for him alone was that lovely smile, that eloquent blush. No longer striving to resist their fascination, he advanced towards her, and as she

turned to greet him her whole face became radiant with pleasurable emotion.

The young Count St. Cyr, at the approach of his rival, drew back mortified and offended; but heedless of his annoyance, the happy St. Ours, following the guidance of the fair Clarice, threaded the long suite of rooms towards an open balcony, which, flooded now with moonlight, ran along the eastern wall of the château. High as the eyrie of the eagle hung this lofty terrace, overlooking the old town which, with its precipitous and narrow streets, lay hundreds of feet below. Beyond it gleamed the glorious St. Lawrence, broad as an ocean, in its majestic flow through the landscape, now only discernible by its dim and misty outline, its localities marked by twinkling lights which shone through the surrounding darkness, "as shines a good deed in a wicked world."

It was October, but the weather was soft and balmy as a night in June. The late autumn flowers, which still bloomed profusely in the gardens of the château, freighted the air with their odours, while the rossignol, the Canadian nightingale, at intervals poured forth her liquid song from the coverts of lilacs and acacias where she sat concealed. The moon was over its full, yet it seemed not to dim the brilliant host of stars that sparkled in the heavens; though more glorious than either moon or stars appeared just now the resplendent coruscations of the majestic aurora, often so magnificent in the autumnal skies of northern latitudes.

St. Ours and Clarice, moved by the grandeur of the spectacle, bent in silence over the stone parapet, watching its shooting splendours as they now darted in luminous shafts athwart the heavens, then broadened and reddened into sheets of flame, that moved to and fro like blood-red banners above the battle-field. Then again paling to a silver radiance, it seemed to shoot forth a thousand arrows of light up to the very zenith, which there uniting in a central point, formed a vast tent of inconceivable splendour, that seemed to inclose the universe within its folds.

Attracted by the report of the brilliant phenomenon, many of the guests had come from the lighted salons to observe it from the balcony, when suddenly the strange brightness became more intense, the vast tent shook out its luminous folds, waving and shimmering till the heavens were one blaze of light, in the radiance of which every feature of the surrounding landscape became distinctly revealed—the rocky summit of Cape Diamond, the wooded promontory of Point Levi, the fair valley of St. Charles, with its guardian barrier of mountains, the little village of Beauport, and near its shores the dark ships of the invaders lying silently at their anchorage. Their tall masts stood clearly out against the glowing sky, and, as St. Ours pointed them out to Clarice, he felt her hand tremble as it rested on his arm, while, as if shrinking from the sight, she half whispered—

"I cannot look upon it—that hostile armament! for to-morrow—to-morrow, perhaps"—she could say no more, but paused suddenly, bending down her face to hide its emotion. It was sweet to feel for whose safety she so much feared, and yet what would it avail him! An impassable barrier separated them, and he must steel his heart to the softness which threatened to unman him.

He put aside his grave mood, and spoke carelessly, as in answer to her half-uttered fear: "There is small chance that these bold invaders will venture an attack against such mighty odds," he said, "but even should they, and some of us pay with life the price of our loyalty, what would it greatly matter? There is compensation in that wise saying of the ancients, 'whom the gods love die young.'"

She cast on him a look of soft reproach, and in that momentary glance, so full of deep unspoken love, he read how wholly her heart was his, and how untruthful had been his con-

duct in not having before this revealed to her his true position. He would delay it no longer, but he could not speak it—that very night, before he slept, he would write her a full confession, and then, yes, if need be, go unregretfully to death. Clarice saw the sudden cloud upon his face, but she felt that she was beloved, and in the deep joy of her heart her voice assumed a tenderer tone, and her eyes, so beautiful always, shone with a radiance that told more eloquently than words the fulness of the heart's content.

St. Ours could not understand her serenity, for though love had grown up between them, and they both knew it—for its expression will crop out in looks, and words, and acts, not noticeable by all—yet Léon had never formally declared his passion, nor yet appealed to her guardian, the Comte de Frontenac, for his sanction ; and therefore, why, instead of doubting him, did she seem so assured, so satisfied, so ready to yield heart and love before a demand for it had been formally made? It was a mystery to him, a covert mystery, though it enhanced his unhappiness, and fixed him in the resolve to declare all and resign her for ever.

While these two stood apart, going through all this heart-experience, yet uttering but few words, crowds had gathered on the balcony, eager to watch the mysterious coruscations of the aurora ; and there were many among them who saw in its mystic streams of light a shadowing forth of hosts engaged in battle, and drew ill auguries from the omens, of defeat to the loyal cause. But no such fear filled the hearts of the brave garrison, and, staunchest among them, and of firmest resolve to maintain against all odds the rocky stronghold, was the Governor himself, the Comte de Frontenac, a gallant old noble, bred in the warlike school of Louis the Fourteenth, and a true follower of Henry of Navarre.

Possessing the entire confidence of his Sovereign, it was his constant endeavour to advance the interests of the Canadian colony, and, by a wise administration and judicious policy, to render it a worthy appendage to the crown of France. But though just, generous and brave, the Comte's imperious temper often baulked his good purposes, and to those who in any way ventured to thwart his views, he often became so irascible and vindictive as to deter them from approaching him.

In his dark and stormy moods, Madame de Levasseur was the only one who possessed the power to drive away the evil spirit. She was never daunted by his wildest displays of passion; in her presence they lost at once their power. An atmosphere of peace and love, whose influence was felt by all, seemed ever to surround her ; and over M. de Frontenac its power was magical. He loved to have her near him, for she was dear to him as a daughter, and amid the harassing cares of his arduous position he turned to her as the weary pilgrim in the desert turns to the sparkling fountain for rest and refreshment.

In truth, like most persons in power, the stately old Comte loved to have favourites about him, and to none of them did he evince so decided a partiality as to young Léon St. Ours, who seemed to share his favour almost equally with Clarice. He held a post immediately about the person of his chief, and thus, occupying apartments in the château, and forming one of the household, he was constantly thrown into dangerous proximity with the fair Clarice. It was a perilous position for the enamoured Léon, and the more so as the Comte seemed in no way displeased by the intimacy which he saw growing up between them, and each day knitting them more closely together.

It was late on that gala night before the birthday revels ended. The dancing, indeed, had long ago ceased, and the sound of music was heard only faintly and at intervals. Over the wine-cup some still sat discussing, and others gathered in knots in the almost

deserted rooms, or lingered on the balcony. But all were engrossed by an exciting topic. Abroad, the whole city seemed astir ; lights glanced in every direction, a ceaseless hum of voices filled the air, and blazing watch-fires on the heights brightened with their red glare the darkness of the night. It was long past midnight when St. Ours left the castle, charged with a private despatch from M. de Frontenac to the Intendant.

And the first yellow streak of dawn was tinging the horizon when, his duty done, he found himself at last alone in the privacy of his chamber. Too much excited to feel the want of sleep, he opened his cabinet, intending to occupy the short time which would be his before the sound of the morning *reveillé*, in writing to Madame de Levasseur—his last words, they might be, his most eloquent they must be, coming as they did from the deepest fountain of true love and grief.

Full, indeed, of manly tenderness was this touching letter, and of sad, heart-rending regret at the inexorable fate which forbade him to devote to her his life. All was told, all mystery dispelled—his heart laid bare to her gaze; its anguish and its deathless affection touchingly depicted; and its earnest prayer for her happiness uttered in words of pathos which only love and despair like his could dictate.

The letter was sealed and addressed, and the half hour which remained to him before the active duties of the day commenced, he employed in looking over the drawers which held his private papers. Letter after letter was given to the flames, but one or two brief notes, sent on returning a book, or acknowledging some trifling act of courtesy, and bearing the delicate signature of "Clarice," were gazed upon till the letters became dim, and then placed—a hoarded treasure—in the most secret drawer of the cabinet.

Unclosing one of these, Léon started on seeing a miniature, which had been there quite forgotten through months and years, though the gold of its setting was undimmed by time, and the gems that mounted it remained as brilliant as when first placed there by the hand of the artificer. It was the picture of his child-wife, upon which he had never looked since the day of his fatal marriage, when he received it from the hand of her father. Involuntarily, and with a shudder of aversion, he closed the drawer, then a sudden impulse urged him to re-open it, and look upon the semblance of the girl, the memory of whose face had faded from his mind. As he did so, a pair of soft dark eyes looked full upon him—eyes that seemed to him strangely familiar, and which he might have thought beautiful had there been any other expression in them than the bashful innocence of childhood.

He forgot that with the lapse of years the child had ripened to maturity, and that, doubtless, those eyes, so exquisite in form and colour, were now radiant with the tender light and aroused sensibilities of a woman's loving soul; and that the childish face might now be rounded into loveliness, and irradiated with sweetness and intelligence. But Léon could not imagine such a development, nor did he desire to do so. He regarded the picture as that of his evil genius, and, as in contrast to it rose before him the beaming smile and tender eyes of the beautiful and beloved Clarice, he cast the miniature from him with a feeling of aversion and disgust. As it fell, the spring opened, and revealed a ringlet of soft chestnut hair fastened within the case, but, compared with the dark and lustrous tresses of his heart's idol, this child's fair curl possessed for him no beauty, and, returning the despised picture to the silence and darkness of the secret drawer, he locked the cabinet, and went out to breathe the fresh morning air upon the terrace.

The early dawn was struggling through a heavy mist that shrouded every object, but as the sun arose it rolled gradually upward, hanging in fleecy folds over the majestic St.

Lawrence, and wrapping in soft aerial robes the summits of the grand Laurentian chain of mountains that stood, dark and still, pencilled against the hazy morning sky. As the fog lifted from the river, the first object which caught the eye of St. Ours was the enemy's fleet, lying quietly at its anchorage. Every stitch of canvas was furled, but from the tall mast of the Admiral's ship the Red Cross flag of England flaunted menace and defiance to the loyal lieges of the French king, while the threatening array of guns that bristled through the port-holes declared its temporary quiet to be only that of the couchant lion waiting for its prey.

The Comte de Frontenac chafed at the audacity of the invader, but thanks to the perfect discipline of the garrison under his veteran command, every point was strongly guarded, and the most efficient preparations made to repel the enemy's attack. Thousands of Argus eyes had watched from the earliest dawn to catch the first movement of the squadron, but noon approached and all remained quiet; the meridian came, and then a boat, bearing the white flag of truce, was seen to leave the side of the Admiral's ship and row towards the city. Speedily it touched the pier at St. Rochs, when an officer sprang on shore, and, courteously saluting the detachment drawn up to receive him, announced himself as the bearer of a message from his Commander, Sir William Phipps, to His Excellency the Comte de Frontenac, to whose presence he requested safe and speedy conduct.

Yielding to the customary precaution of being blindfolded, he was forthwith escorted up through the steep ascents of the Lower Town, past formidable batteries and threatening rows of *chevaux-de-frise*, to the lofty point crowned by the castle of St. Louis, the vice-regal residence of the Governor. Admitted within its portals, the English envoy was then conducted to the council-chamber, where the Comte de Frontenac, in presence of many officers of rank, civil and military, and surrounded by his brilliant suite, waited to give him audience! An imposing assemblage! thought the Englishman, when the bandage was removed, and with uncovered eyes he stood face to face with the silent and dignified persons who composed it.

The stern countenance of the haughty old Comte was in itself sufficient to daunt the courage of any ordinary man, but Sir William Phipps had chosen well his messenger, who was not one to flinch before the proud glance of any mortal man. With a bearing not less bold and lofty than that of the aristocratic noble whom he confronted, the English officer advanced towards M. de Frontenac, and, saluting him with frigid courtesy, awaited his permission to unfold the purpose of his visit. Slightly acknowledging the greeting, the Governor said, in a brief and peremptory tone:

"With whatsoever message you come charged from your presumptuous commander, let us hear it. Read on, Sir."

At this permission the Englishman coolly drew forth his document, and read, in a tone as calm and unmoved as though the words he uttered were of the most agreeable import, the summons of his Admiral, demanding in the name of William, King of England, an immediate and unconditional surrender of the city and fortress of Quebec, and concluding in a tone slightly imperious:

"Your answer, Comte de Frontenac, positive, in an hour, is required upon the peril that will ensue;" and imperturbably laying his watch upon the table, he added: "It is now twelve, I await your Excellency's reply till the time named has expired."

By a simultaneous impulse the whole assembly started to their feet, surprised out of their dignity by the audacity of the message and its bearer. Rage and astonishment were depicted on the livid countenance of M. de Frontenac, and a fire blazed in his keen, dark eyes, that seemed as if it would consume the object of his wrath. For a few

moments excessive anger prevented his utterance, and when at last his white lips parted to speak, a torrent of scorn and defiance flowed fiercely from them. Shaking his clenched hand with a menacing gesture:

"I do not recognize the supremacy of William of England," he said. "I know him only as the Prince of Orange—a usurper, who to gratify his selfish ambition has outraged the most sacred claims of blood and religion; striving to persuade the nation that he is its saviour and the defender of its faith, even while he has violated law and right, and overturned the Church itself. These offences the Divine Justice will not long delay to punish as they merit."

Perfectly unmoved by this hurricane of wrath stood the messenger of Sir William Phipps, only that a haughtier light glanced in his clear blue eye, and a scarcely perceptible curl of the lip shewed his contempt for the accusations flung against his Sovereign. He merely asked:

"This, then, is your Excellency's reply?"

M. de Frontenac deigned no audible answer to the questioner; but, with a look of frigid determination, bent his head in token of assent.

"May it please your Excellency then," resumed the English officer, in the most imperturbable tone, "to cause this your answer to be rendered in writing for the satisfaction of my commander, to whom I would not willingly bear back a false interpretation thereof."

"I will answer your master, Sir, by the mouth of my cannon," thundered the enraged Governor, whose scarcely smothered wrath leaped into flame at the audacious coolness of the envoy. "Thus, and thus only will I hold parley with him," he continued, "and that too ere long, for it is time to teach him that the Comte de Frontenac, the vicegerent of the greatest Sovereign in Europe, is not to be dealt with in this summary manner, even though it were by his peers," and with a haughty wave of his hand the Governor arose, and, attended by his suite, quitted the hall.

The council, of course, broke up, the bandage was replaced over the eyes of the officer, and, attended by the military escort, he was conducted to his boat. The hostilities which commenced immediately on the conclusion of this conference are a matter of history on which it is unnecessary to dwell. Exasperated by the menacing and contemptuous reply of M. de Frontenac, Sir William Phipps, in accordance with the advice of his officers, resolved to commence immediate hostilities. The assault was made at various points of the city simultaneously, and maintained bravely, even desperately, but yet without any prospect of success. For the assailed were not less brave and determined than the assailants, and had besides the advantage of a stronger force and a more commanding position; though at that period weak in artificial barriers. Nature had made the Canadian stronghold an almost impregnable fortress.

Yet, hour after hour, the terrible cannonading continued unceasingly; but, directed as it chiefly was against the heights of the Upper Town, the balls fell harmless to the ground, while the numerous guns of the fort replied with a true and deadly aim that told fearfully upon the enemy's ships, and stilled the beating of many a gallant heart upon their decks. And so the strife continued till the weary day declined, and night spread her friendly curtain over the scene of strife, when for a while the desperate combat ceased.

Léon St. Ours welcomed the transient respite from the fearful sound of battle. Through the whole day he had been among the foremost where danger was rifest, but had escaped all peril unhurt. Would another evening still find him among the living, still living, still despairing—as he must ever be—of the right to seek and win the one treasure that he coveted! To-morrow might end for him all hope and all despair for this

brief life, since there lay the black hulks of the enemy's ships awaiting morning to renew the unequal strife, and among the victims marked for death might not he be numbered?

At this thought of coming doom an intense desire seized him to see Clarice, to look upon her if only for one moment, but he was in command of a battery in the Lower Town, and could not leave his post. It was a cruel destiny he thought, as he stood dreamily gazing at the distant turrets of the château, which rose dark against the sky, and picturing to himself that one fair image within those walls, which had followed him through all the duties and perils of that eventful day, and chafing at the necessity that withheld him from her; when, as though some unseen agency was at hand to aid his secret wish, a messenger came in sudden haste from the castle, requiring his immediate attendance upon the Governor.

Secretly hoping that this summons would forward his cherished wish, and give him a short interview with Clarice, he obeyed it with alacrity, not unwillingly resigning his important post to another. He found M. de Frontenac in his cabinet with some of his principal officers, and soon learned that the service required of him was to carry a secret message to the Commandant of a distant redoubt. The Governor detained him but a few minutes, and as he departed by a private entrance on his embassy, his way led through a corridor in which were situated the apartments of Madame de Levasseur. It seemed to him enchanted ground, and with quickened heart-beats he found the door of her boudoir. It stood partially open, and involuntarily he paused for an instant opposite to it.

But not a sound reached his quickened ear from within—all there was dark and silent, but a faint odour of her favourite flowers stole balmily, like her own sweet presence, upon his sense. A glass door at the end of the passage stood open, and stepping through it upon the balcony, with a hope undefined even to himself, he started at the sight of a reclining figure that lay motionless, as if in death, upon a cushioned seat. Shrinking at the sound of his own cautious step, St. Ours stole towards her—for at a glance he recognized the object of his thought—drawing still nearer and nearer, till his enamoured eye took in all her loveliness, and even her measured breathing fell softly upon his ear.

The moonbeams quivered over her as she lay unconscious in that quiet sleep, lending in his fond fancy a celestial character to her beauty. The folds of her white garments fell gracefully around her, and over the arm on which her head rested, her dark hair, escaped from its fastening, fell, sweeping the floor with its rich abundance.

Closely clasped in the other hand, and pressed against her heart, he spied the glittering case of a miniature, and at the sight a jealous pang shot through his heart, for though it might be that of a brother, or even of the husband so lately lost, he could not bear—selfish even in his hopeless love—to think that her thought of him could be divided with another. What would he not have given for one glimpse of the features hidden in that case; but vain the wish, for the small fingers held the treasure with a jealous clasp; and, fearful of longer delay, he was about to retreat when a low murmur from the sweet sleeper arrested him; he paused—he bent to listen, and caught his own name upon her lips.

It was a moment of ecstasy to the impassioned lover, which sent the warm blood bounding joyously through his veins. He filled her thoughts and was present in her dreams—it was enough—he dared no longer linger, and turning swiftly to go, the sudden motion broke her light slumber, and she sprang terrified to her feet. The moon had passed into a cloud, and in her fright she failed to recognize him; she saw only the retreating figure of a man, and with a rapid

bound she sprang away; but before she effected her escape, a furtive glance had revealed to her something familiar in the figure, which she could not fail to recognize. For an instant surprise and joy arrested her flight, but at the opening of a distant door, she disappeared like a startled bird within the corridor. Thus suddenly aroused to a recollection of the duty assigned him, and a regretful sense of his momentary infidelity to it, he crushed down all softening influences, and departed to fulfil it.

The brief truce of the night was broken at early dawn by the sound of the enemy's guns, who, nothing daunted by the repulse of the preceding day, renewed the assault with a pertinacious courage which should have rewarded them with success. But they contended against fearful odds, and though for six continuous hours they maintained a vigorous assault against the rocky fortress of the north, they were finally compelled to yield to the superior force and position of the assailed, and withdrew defeated from the combat. There were many on the decks of that valiant little flotilla who opposed the mortifying retreat, but Sir William Phipps, no less humane than he was brave, seeing no chance of victory, sought to avoid a useless waste of life by a discontinuance of the desperate fight.

So the anchors were weighed, and the defeated armament floated slowly down the stream, crippled by the guns of the fortress, and its decks reeking with the blood of its brave and manly hearts.

Fast and continuous, as the ill-fated fleet retired, poured upon it from the lofty heights of the citadel the deadly fire of cannon, scarcely a ball of which sped through the air in vain; one among them, on its fatal errand, struck the mast of the Rear-Admiral's ship, which, shivered by the blow, trembled, and with the proud flag of England at its summit, fell headlong into the St. Lawrence. Then, what humiliation crushed down the hearts of its vanquished defenders, and what proud, exulting joy swelled the triumph of the victors!

Borne up by its silken folds, the glittering ensign floated slowly on towards the conquerors—a token of surrender which they hailed with shouts that shook to their foundation the rocky bulwarks of the city. On it came, watched by the multitude with eager eyes, till, saturated by the waves, it became submerged, the remnants of the splintered staff floating on the surface alone designating its position. The breathless hush which followed its disappearance was in an instant broken by the commanding voice of M. de Frontenac impetuously exclaiming:

"Shall it be lost to us? that Red Cross trophy of our victory! Lost to us? and not an arm among the hundreds here stretched out to rescue it for posterity."

"Not lost! so help me God!" shouted in reply the manly tones of Léon St. Ours, and with the utterance of the words he cast aside his coat and sword, sprang from the high bank on which he stood, and dashed boldly out into the stream. The welkin rang with enthusiastic cheers, and many a one who shrank from the danger now envied the gallant fellow who dared it, and coveted the glory of his fearless act. The retiring foe were still near enough to mark the proceeding, and, hoping to preserve their fallen flag from the grasp of the victors, they vigorously renewed their slackened fire. But regardless of the peril, St. Ours pressed fearlessly on towards the prize, bravely breasting the resisting tide, heedless of the enemy's balls which fell fast around him, seething the surface of the water, or plunging beneath it directly in his track. But, as though he bore a charmed life, he cut swiftly through the liquid element, nearing each instant the object to be won.

A profound silence enchained the multitude which thronged the shore, watching with trembling anxiety for his safety and success, but when at last he fairly grasped the broken flag-staff and drew the proud ensign from

the water, holding it up and shaking from its drooping folds a shower of glittering drops, a burst of gratulation, prolonged and deafening, greeted his triumph as he swam back to the shore and laid the rescued trophy at the feet of his commander.

Surrounded by his brilliant staff, the old soldier stood upon the highest point of the elevated bank, his eagle eye watching the scene with intense interest, a smile at its triumphant issue lighting up and softening the stern expression of his face. Bending courteously towards St. Ours, as with graceful bearing the young man laid down the rescued prize before him, he said, and a glow of pleasure flushed his veteran cheek as he spoke :

" Well and bravely done, young sir, well and bravely ! And I thank you for this, the crowning act of an heroic day, which on this spot shall receive the guerdon due to your valorous achievement. Kneel down, Léon St. Ours!" Drawing his sword from its scabbard, the glittering blade flashed in the sun as he held it for a moment over the young man's head, then laying it upon his shoulder : —" Rise Baron de Mornay," he said, " and be thou fortunate in love as thou hast this day proved thyself valiant in arms, and loyal in the service of thy sovereign."

At these words the new-made baron arose, flushed and excited, pleased with the approbation of his commander and the flattering distinction conferred on him, yet not a little mystified at being accosted as Baron de Mornay, the paternal name which he had long since disused, partly because he had given it to his child-wife, which made it hateful to him, and partly that, in assuming the name of his maternal grandfather, he came into possession of the valuable estates that accompanied it. As he now stood bending in grateful acknowledgment to the Governor, the young and handsome hero was the envy and admiration of all the gallants in the army.

" He casts us into the shade on all occasions," said D'Esperon laughingly to a comrade, " and after this grand exploit you may be sure the women will deify him, so we stand small chances of success, De Lorme, in either games of love or war."

A good-humoured nod and smile were the reply, for St. Ours was such a universal favourite that all rejoiced in his good fortune.

The eventful day closed with a ball and banquet at the castle, and conspicuous among the adornments of the *grand salon* floated the captured flag, dividing the attention of the guests with the youthful hero who had perilled his life to save it. On this night of general joy and triumph, the delicate cheek of Clarice de Levasseur wore a brighter rose-hue than usual ; in her beaming eye there shone unwonted light, and a gladness in her very step and in her voice, which, since his last letter—unfolding to her the barrier which prevented his seeking her—he dared not interpret in his favour.

This feeling lent a constraint to his manner which she was quick to perceive, but it only gave a more charming *abandon* to hers, and lent to every look and tone an eloquent avowal of the love she no longer strove to conceal. Never before had she so decidedly manifested it ; but, even while yielding to the sweet intoxication, came the bitter thought, of what avail to him could be the surrender of that tender heart, bound as he was, like the fabled Ixion, to a relentless fate. Again he would tell her so ; even now, amidst the gladness and music of these festal rooms, he would seek a moment to implore her forgiveness, and end at once this hapless strife.

Just at that moment he saw her cross the salon and go towards a small apartment which opened into a conservatory, and, half believing that some unseen agency approved his purpose, he instantly followed her. A single lamp hung suspended from the ceiling ; at this late hour its light burned low, but still with sufficient clearness for him to perceive, which he did with actual dismay,

the martial figure of the Comte de Frontenac seated in a high-backed chair, grimly surmounted by his own arms, and beside him, smiling, yet in tears, stood Clarice, her arm thrown caressingly round his neck, and her face half-hidden on his shoulder.

Confused and mortified at his uncalled-for intrusion, Léon, with some inarticulate words of apology, turned hastily to retreat, when the voice of the Governor arrested him.

"Come hither, Baron de Mornay," he said, in a tone of unwonted gaiety; "there doubtless is an unseen power which directs our actions, or your presence would not have shone upon us at so auspicious a moment. Come, and tell me what shall be done to the man whom we delight to honour? I feel that I have but poorly acknowledged my appreciation of your chivalrous conduct by the empty title conferred on you this morning. My wish now is to express my individual gratitude by enriching you with a gift, priceless above rubies, if—as the young believe—the heart's affection is more to be coveted than the world's wealth and honours. Clarice!"

She heard her name called, but made no response. She was kneeling before M. de Frontenac, striving with her small hands to cover her face as it rested on his knee. The Comte turned from her with a smile.

"Young man," he resumed, again addressing Léon, "I honoured your father and loved him, and I rejoice that he has left such a son to honour his memory and bear up his ancient name. Being such an one, I willingly entrust to your keeping the most precious of my treasures, the happiness of my child—my child by adoption—the bequest of a cherished sister, whose death I remember among the great sorrows of my life."

There was a pause when he ceased to speak, for Léon's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; in the shame and agony of that moment the very pulsations of his heart became painfully audible. A few moments of silence intervened, in which, with desperate effort, he struggled for utterance. Then, with assumed courage he turned towards M. de Frontenac, prepared to read a sentence of wrath and banishment in that terrible face, but great was his relief when on looking up to brave the expected lightning, he saw the eagle glance of the veteran softened by an expression of kindness such as he had rarely met there before.

A mist seemed suddenly to obscure his sight, but yet through it he saw the still kneeling figure of Clarice, her face bowed down and hidden in her hands, when, breaking through all restraint, he cast himself on his knees beside her, and in broken accents gave utterance to his love and his despair. With breathless rapidity he recounted the history of his early marriage, and the vow which forbade him to cancel it, and which had wrenched forever from his heart the one hope dearest to him on earth.

"A strange story this, upon my faith, Sir Baron," said the Comte in a tone that sounded mockingly to the ears of the wretched and sensitive lover. "Clarice, my child, heard you ever the like of it?"

"Aye, darling uncle, so like, so very like, I would say it was the same," responded her silver voice, and as she spoke she lifted up her lovely face, so radiant with joy that Léon sprang indignantly to his feet, believing himself to be the victim of some preconcerted jest.

"The *same*, little one? did you say the *same?*" questioned the Comte, in the half mocking tone so irritating to the ear of Léon.

"Listen, doubting uncle, and believe," she answered, "for my tale, too, is of a maiden wedded in her childhood, left unclaimed in womanhood, forsaken by her liege lord, whose painted semblance only kept true her faith, and sustained her affection even until now," and unclasping the chain of gold from her neck, she detached the miniature which had awakened Léon's jealousy, and held it silently towards him,

again bending down her blushing face to hide it from his gaze.

A feeling of strange, undefined expectation impelled him to take it eagerly from her hand and press open the case, which disclosed a likeness that startled him with its familiar look. Moving towards the lamp, he held the picture up in the light, and recognized at once his own boyish face, though he might still almost have doubted it, had he not read his own name, Lêon de Mornay, engraved upon the golden case.

Then, almost frantic with surprise and joy, and quite regardless of the presence of M. de Frontenac, he threw himself beside Clarice, and drew her passionately towards him.

"Rosyne! Marie! Clarice! Can it be that they are one? the same to whom I plighted such unwilling vows. The same, my Clarice—the same—angel of my life, for whom I would have given up that life, and whom I deserve not now to win—wronging her as I have done, and in so wronging, shut myself out from a paradise of joy."

The broken sentence was uttered almost inarticulately, through the strong emotion which overpowered him, but, unheeding his rhapsody, the Comte said quietly—

"Yes, young man, through the weak indulgence of a groundless prejudice you have made for yourself years of unhappiness, that have taught you a lesson I trust you will not soon forget. But we have no time for moralizing. You have suffered enough to expiate your fault, and now that the prize is fairly won, take her, and make good amends to her for the wrongs of the past. She has been my precious charge for many years, and for her sake I have marked your course and brought you to my side, that if I found you worthy, the romance might issue in a happy *dénouement*. The name she has borne was her mother's, and with that marriage symbol on her finger, it was not meet to deprive her of her matronly dignity. Make to each other all necessary explanations; be persuaded that you are mutually satisfied with this re-union; and when we have driven these bold invaders from our shores, and shouted a *Te Deum* for our deliverance, your nuptials shall be celebrated among the rejoicings with which we signalize the return of peace."

He rose and left the room as he ceased speaking, and the door which he closed on retiring we dare not presume to open.

The lapse of a few days saw the waters of the St. Lawrence free from the presence of the hostile squadron, when great rejoicings took place in the valiant City of Quebec on the restoration of peace, and amidst the festivities of the occasion the marriage of Léon and Clarice was solemnized with a pomp and circumstance more in keeping with the Comte de Frontenac's magnificent tastes than with the quiet and simple wishes of the happy lovers.

It was in the old church of Notre Dame, surrounded by holy symbols, and with the flag which Léon had rescued floating above their heads, that the youthful pair plighted anew their willing vows, and with grateful hearts gave thanks to Him who had guided them along their separate paths to this final and happy re-union.

## A GAGE D'AMOUR.

*From "Vignettes in Rhyme."*

"Martiis cælebs quid agam Kalendis,
——miraris?"—HOR. iii. 8.

I.

CHARLES,—for it seems you wish to know,—
You wonder what could scare me so,
And why, in this long-locked bureau,
With trembling fingers,—
With tragic air I now replace
This ancient web of yellow lace,
Among whose faded folds the trace
Of perfume lingers.

II.

Friend of my youth, severe as true,
I guess the train your thoughts pursue;
But this my state is nowise due
To indigestion;
I had forgotten it was there,
A scarf that Some-one used to wear.
*Hinc illæ lachrymæ*,—so spare
Your cynic question.

III.

Some one who is not girlish now,
And wed long since. We meet and bow;
I don't suppose our broken vow
Affects us keenly;
Yet, trifling though my act appears,
Your Sternes would make it ground for tears;—
One can't disturb the dust of years
And smile serenely.

IV.

"My golden locks" are gray and chill,
For hers,—let them be sacred still;
But yet, I own, a boyish thrill
Went dancing through me,

Charles, when I held yon yellow lace ;
For, from its dusty hiding-place,
Peeped out an arch, ingenuous face
That beckoned to me.

V.

We shut our heart up, now-a-days,
Like some old music-box that plays
Unfashionable airs that raise
Derisive pity ;
Alas,—a nothing starts the spring ;
And lo, the sentimental thing
At once commences quavering
Its lover's ditty.

VI.

Laugh, if you like. The boy in me,—
The boy that was,—revived to see
The fresh young smile that shone when she,
Of old, was tender.
Once more we trod the Golden Way,—
That mother you saw yesterday,
And I, whom none can well portray
As young or slender.

VII.

She twirled the flimsy scarf about
Her pretty head, and stepping out,
Slipped arm in mine, with half a pout
Of childish pleasure.
Where we were bound no mortal knows,
For then you plunged in Ireland's woes,
And brought me blankly back to prose
And Gladstone's measure.

VIII.

Well, well, the wisest bend to Fate.
My brown old books around me wait,
My pipe still holds, unconfiscate,
Its wonted station.
Pass me the wine. To Those that keep
The bachelor's secluded sleep
Peaceful, inviolate, and deep,
I pour libation.

## THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

IT has frequently been remarked of late that the love of the picturesque, as we understand it, seems hardly to date farther back than a century or two. The classic idea of beauty wanted the subjectiveness which gives the charm to natural scenery in the eye of the modern poet. With the Greeks, beauty of form, whether in humanity or in the broad outlines of nature, was almost a religion. Æstheticism served to tone down the rugged features of the mythology, entirely anthropomorphic, which they had inherited from ruder ancestors. Even their art, in its palmiest times, retained something of the fetishism of earlier days. The Fauns, the Dryads, the Nereids, and the great Pan himself, were only the incarnations of the diverse manifestations of nature on land or sea. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the Greek poets were heedless of the wonderful richness of nature; they simply saw it with less cultivated eyes, and with ruder conceptions of the imagination. No reader of Homer, especially in the Odyssey, can fail to be struck with the keen and accurate observation of the beautiful in nature which marks distinctively the great Ionian poet. The Tragedians of the later age were not less remarkable for this ardent attachment to the picturesque in the lands where their scenes were laid. It has been remarked that from the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, a complete topography of Greece and the Isles might be constructed. For "word-painting," so far as epithets were concerned, no language has ever approached the Greek in power; witness such suggestive epithets as "the rosy-fingered dawn," and that unequalled example of onomatopœia, "polu phlosboio thalasses," applied to the roll of the tide up the beach on the sea. The Romans, on the other hand, cared little for nature or its beauties. Where the lyric poets, such as Horace, speak of rural life, it is seldom that they go into raptures about it. The country is to them a place of ease, of relief from the court or the forum, a retreat for social intercourse, at which a due proportion of the Falernian was not an unwelcome disperser of the tedium of country life. In almost all ancient writers, Nature, except where it is exalted to worship by fetishism, occupies the background. Man alone forms the main subject of poesy and prose; the grandeur of rock and valley, sea and shore, had not yet made its inarticulate voice known to human minds. For them it was almost a sealed book, and it seems almost as of yesterday when the poets who ushered in the dawn of the century drew men's thoughts and quickened their imaginations into communion with the great heart of Nature. How much in our day we owe to the Lake poets, and to the writings of John Ruskin, can hardly be estimated.

Certain it is, that æsthetic taste *has* increased to a very great extent. People now undertake long and fatiguing journeys to see beauties of natural scenery, rugged mountain passes, and sombre stony valleys lying at the foot of barren rocks and glaciers, which, a century ago, they would not have thought worth the trouble; and that, not because it is the *fashion*, but because they really find pleasure in so doing. Nay, they even find beauties in home scenery, to which, some fifty years ago, they would have been almost blind. How many tourists now take the round of our upper lakes, or explore the smaller lakes of Muskoka and similar districts, compared with the few who knew or cared for Canadian scenery some thirty years ago! *Then*, people as a rule travelled only when obliged to do so, and hardly took the trouble to appreciate the natural beauties that

came in their way. Of course this is partially owing to increased facilities for travel, yet it is still more largely due to the wide diffusion of the appreciative sense. Such books as those of Captain Butler, with their graphic and exquisite descriptions, could hardly have been the production of the last century.

Among our American neighbours, this increased love of the picturesque is also very marked, not only in their constant pilgrimages to the widely-renowned scenery of the Old World, but in the manner in which "Picturesque America" is being explored and described, from north to south and from east to west. We are bewildered indeed, and almost surfeited, with the multitude of grand mountain-gorges, dark cañons, waterfalls and winding streams, set in emerald foliage, and dashing in white foam over intercepting rocks, of which we are constantly hearing for the first time. Doubtless, in course of time, many of these will gather associations around them, as some of them indeed have done, in the late war; and become as world-renowned as the far-famed scenery of Europe. Yet, in many cases much of the beauty must, perforce, disappear with advancing civilization. This is painfully apparent in many places, both in the United States and in Canada, where picturesque villages are being transformed into prosaic towns, and foliage-clad streams and dashing cascades disfigured by mills and factories, and set to work for their living—sentiment giving way to utility, as it always has to do, when the picturesqueness of nature stands in the way of human necessities, real or fictitious.

Feeling that this change must necessarily, in the course of years, overtake much that is now beautiful and picturesque in their country, our American neighbours, whom we are wont sometimes to designate, rather contemptuously, as utilitarian, have set apart a gigantic national pleasure-ground, a reserve of grand and picturesque beauty, called the "Yellow-stone Reservation." This tract of country, comprising many square miles of territory, and much natural beauty and sublimity, is to belong inalienably to the American people; not to be settled and cultivated, but to remain for all generations, left as nature has left it, to be a reserve of healthful and pleasurable enjoyment of natural influences, after other places, now as wild and beautiful, have become civilized out of their beauty, or passed into the hands of individual owners. When that vast country begins to be filled up with its rapidly-increasing population, when its villages have become cities, and its cities have stretched out for long miles into the surrounding country, this Reservation will be more and more appreciated—a little Alps, full of unspoiled beauty, pure air, and refreshing breezes, where exhausted minds and bodies may be rested and invigorated, and from whence they may return, with refreshed spirits and renewed vigour, to their daily toil: this, wisely and liberally done, our Government should do while there is yet time. Canada, at least that part of it to which the name has hitherto been applied, is filling up rapidly, and is likely to fill up still more rapidly in the future. While it is still possible then, it would be well that our Government should set apart—not one gigantic reservation, as the Americans have done, but several, within easy distances of our great centres of population—such as are now favourite haunts of tourists, and might easily be preserved, if proper precautions are taken in their present state. Such are some of the most frequented camping-grounds of the Torontonians about our remoter lakes; and such, *par excellence*, is the fairy archipelago known all over the world as "The Thousand Islands."

There has been a proposition made of late, it is said, to the Government, which has called forth—and most naturally—a good deal of indignant comment from the papers of Central Canada—journalists of the most opposite shades of politics uniting in strong depreca-

tion of such a procedure as the sale of this national possession and national glory, to any individuals whatsoever. It seems difficult, indeed, to believe that a Government so trusted by the Canadian people as the present one, could bring itself to listen to such a proposition. For, to sell the Islands to private individuals would be practically sacrificing this national privilege, and jeopardizing its very existence as one of the natural glories of Canada. Every traveller in Canada has tried in some measure to describe the beauty of the mazy windings of these fairy islets, which in most places are still as secluded from all traces of human habitation—as unmarred in their wild, lonely beauty, as when the canoe of the Iroquois alone disturbed their glassy ripples, and broke the reflection in their still waters of the overhanging birch and hemlock. But it is only the "camper out," who can pitch his tent, first on one island and then on another, who can fully appreciate their sylvan beauty, as he alone can fully explore their picturesque rocks and windings. Many a tourist, both American and Canadian—many a diligent worker unable to take a longer journey, gathers precious stores of health and recrea tion, and innocent, elevating enjoyment, among these islands, amid whose wildness he can feel free for a time from the bondage and prosaic materialism of ordinary civilized life. And, as the country grows more and more thickly settled, such a privilege must necessarily be more and more highly valued, more and more needed. But let the islands—even any large number of them—be transferred to private hands, and the seclusion and the freedom of them would be practically almost destroyed for the general public. On the islands that were private property, tourists and "camping out" parties would be trespassers, and even if the possessors were good-natured and indulgent, non-possessors could feel no freedom in the enjoyment of them. Then, undoubtedly, many of them would be bought up by American speculators, who would sell them at a large profit, in many cases to rich Americans, who are very much inclined to appreciate such country quarters. Villas would spring up everywhere among them, possibly such as one enterprising American has already built, in the form of a—Pullman car; and, from a wild secluded bit of nature, our Thousand Islands would become transformed into a cockney suburb, into which the artificial, ostentatious life of our neighbours would introduce the follies and extravagances of Newport and Saratoga, *absit omen*. Let us cordially hope that such an undesirable and atrocious consummation may be averted! No amount of pecuniary consideration or material prosperity could make up to us as a people for the spoliation of this unique national possession, whose undestroyed beauty and seclusion, once marred, could never be restored!

Every owner, moreover, would be at liberty to follow his own peculiar pleasure or taste with regard to his particular island. If it suited him to "clear" it, and use its wood for timber or firewood, to build on it a hotel, or a tavern, or turn it to any other ignoble use, no one could prevent him. And good taste does not so preponderate among mankind as to afford us any security that utter disfiguration would not result in many cases from the sale of our beautiful islands. Let our Government, then, far from entertaining any question of selling, proceed to take measures for securing the privileges of the Thousand Islands to all future generations of Canadians. Let them not only do this, but let them, by appointing an efficient staff of keepers, provide for guarding their present beauty of luxuriant foliage from the hands of such base and reckless depredators as have already in some cases made considerable havoc among them. We ought to be able to protect them without the desperate resource of selling them, which has been proposed as a remedy! As in some other cases, the remedy, if adopted, would be worse than the disease.

On some of the larger islands "squatters" have settled themselves, and it would be quite right and proper that with such, Government should come to some understanding with regard to terms and title. But let the idea of sale extend no further! Quite enough of the islands are private property already, as is rather too visible in going down the American channel. We do not want our Thousand Islands Americanized, or even civilized. Let us keep, amid our fast-spreading civilization, at least one little fresh characteristic bit of the old-time scenery of Canada, one spot to link the dreamy traditionary past to the busy, matter-of-fact present—one free, unsophisticated breathing-place, apart from all vulgarizing associations, where our weary toilers with hand and brain may snatch a brief delightful holiday; where, amid woodland sights and fragrant breezes, they may gain a stock of health and strength of body and mind to serve for the rest of the year. There, too, they may become nobler men, as well as more useful citizens, by being reminded by the silent purifying influences of Nature, the great teacher, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;" that there are higher considerations than those of wealth and worldly advancement; and there may be led to feel, more deeply than is possible for them when surrounded by the despotic press and hurry of our outward life,—

> "The presence that disturbs us with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things—all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

## A BIRTHDAY SONG.

FOR DOMINION DAY.

METHOUGHT—in visions of the night—
I saw, as in a dream Elysian,
Our fair Dominion spread in sight,
As from a prophet's mount of vision.
From east to west it seemed to be
Across the continent extended,
And mighty stream and inland sea
Gleamed in the sun—a vision splendid.

Full oft the strong young eagle might
Exhausted furl his weary pinion,
Who fain would measure in his flight,
The circuit of our wide Dominion.

From far snow-girdled Hudson's Bay,
O'er many a winding creek and river,
To where, beneath her shadowy spray,
Niagara thunders on for ever.

From where the long, low "Banks" advance
Their barriers to the wild Atlantic,
While o'er them snowy surges prance,
Like foaming steeds of war gigantic—
To where the mild Pacific breaks
'Mid land-locked fiord and misty mountain,
Within whose caverned cañons wakes—
In darkness—many a river-fountain.

There lies Columbia's coast, rock-bound,
With rugged isle and mountain hoary,
Seamed with dark pass, and *cache* profound,
Haunted with dreams of golden glory.
Then eastward, o'er a tract serene—
Pine-dotted steppe and rolling prairie,
Where rivers wind 'mid copses green,
And lakes lie gemmed with isles of faëry.

On, where in state Superior sleeps
Beneath her purple-tinted highlands,
On, where our proud St. Lawrence sweeps
Amid her maze of tufted islands;
By many a homestead, nestled down
'Mid orchard trees and dimpled meadow,
Where, 'neath the linden's leafy crown,
The kine are lying, deep in shadow:

By many an inland pine-girt lake
And glassy creek, in secret faring,
'Mid shadowy glade and woodland brake,
Its crown of water-lilies wearing.
Then onward, past Mount Royal's domes,
By many a gleaming roof and steeple;
Past narrow fields and bowery homes
Of quiet French-Canadian people.

To where, upon its rocky throne,
St. Louis' castle—warder hoary—
Keeps guard above the quaint old town,
All haloed with Canadian story.

Still on—where Orleans' woodlands sleep,
And snowy sails are seaward flashing,
Where Montmorency, from the steep,
Her snowy, foam-flecked sheet is dashing.

And onward still—in mighty tide—
The Gulf, its way to ocean taking,
'Twixt pine-crowned hills in circuit wide,
Upon Acadia's shore is breaking;
Where fishers roam—a hardy race,
The spoils of ocean homeward bringing,
And sea-pinks deck the rock's dark face,
All dank with sea-weed moistly clinging.

Fair heritage and fruitful soil,
This land—our own—we fondly cherish,
Kept for us by the blood and toil
Of those whose memory ne'er should perish!
A land where Nature's forces teach
A lesson stern, of bravely bearing
Danger and ill—and youth may reach
A prime of right and noble daring:

A land where Nature's beauty, too—
A higher beauty still revealing,
In sunset glory, autumn hue—
May waken high, poetic feeling.
A land, we fain would hope, where Right
Shall rule o'er interest's baser measure,
And Christian love and Freedom's might,
Together be its dearest treasure!

Long, long may Britain's banner be
Above our country's youth extended—
The honoured ensign of the free—
By brave Canadian hearts defended!
But life is short and thought is long,
And fancy, wearied, furled her pinion,
And sought to frame a birthday song,
In honour of our young Dominion!

FIDELIS.

# A GLANCE WITHIN THE FOREST.

BY MRS. C. P. TRAILL,

*Author of the "Backwoods of Canada," &c.*

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows thou wouldst fain forget;
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods—no pale-faced fears
Dim the sweet face that nature wears."

—LONGFELLOW.

ON entering a thickly-clad tract of woodland, the first impression made on the traveller is not so much surprise at the height and bulk of the trees as at the dense and crowded mass of vegetation that everywhere meets the eye, mingled with the confused trunks of fallen trees, broken branches, and every sort of decaying *débris*.

He looks upward and around for the ancient monarchs of the wood, with hoary rifted trunks, wide-spread arms bleached by centuries of wintry snows, and scathed by the tempests that have passed over their heads—such trees as were familiar to him among the ancient oaks and beeches of England, and which he had imaged to himself as existing on a grander scale in the primeval forests of the new world. These he does not see in the Canadian woods. The impression is conveyed that rapid growth tends to rapid development and swift decay.

The younger growth screens the few that have withstood the effects of time; the oldest lie prostrate at his feet, hidden by rank herbage, or covered by a thick coating of variegated mosses. It seems indeed marvellous how mother earth can support so vast an amount of vegetation, since all her numerous vegetable family alike demand nourishment and a suitable space within her bosom. Ample as we know her resources to be, at first glance they would seem unequal to the demand, so great is the drain upon them; yet in nothing is the wise economy of the Great Creator more manifestly shown than in the consumption and renewal of the soil, and the supplies for the support of plant-life. But let us continue our survey of the forest, simply as such. Here we behold trees in every stage of progress, from the tiny seedling of a few leaves, just pushing forth its tender head from the sheltering bed of moss or decaying foliage, to the aspiring sapling which seems in haste to rival its loftier companions in the race of life; while others, further advanced to maturity, have gained the higher regions, and, lifting their leafy heads above their fellows, are revelling in light and air. Straight upward and onward has been their growth. The few sparsely-scattered lateral branches that had been developed during their early career have fallen away, and even the scars where they had been are scarcely discernible on the smooth trunk of the oldest trees. It is not till they gain space and a full exposure to the effects of the sunlight and atmospheric influences, that they make a full and leafy head. It is this which gives the forest trees that straight, pillar-like trunk which is their grand characteristic. The young trees are drawn up like seedlings in a hotbed. These saplings remind one of the overtasked children in a factory, toiling on in heat and steam and dust, the vigour of their frames, like the young operatives, destroyed and weakened through lack of free circulation of air and sunshine.

Beneath the living lie the prostrate dead in every stage of decay—a mass of vegeta-

ble matter returning to its original elements, and slowly giving back to the soil what it had gathered during the long period of its existence, in the form of fertilizing gases and organic matter, again to act their parts in nourishing a new and rising generation. In this great chemical laboratory the work of decomposition is ever going forward,—unseen, silent influences are ever at work; no idlers are here.

Let us for a few minutes pause to consider some of the labourers that God has appointed to reduce those mighty fallen trunks that encumber the ground. There lies one—it has been a giant in its day; but look upon it now. Its round, pillar-like form is all that is left to tell us of its former fair proportions, and this is merely a crumbling shell. Touch that deep velvet clothing of verdure that covers the surface, and the foot or the hand sinks into the decaying mass—the fabric falls into ruin beneath the pressure. What has destroyed that hard vegetable tissue that, when in health and vigor, required the sharp axe and nervous arm of the chopper, or the rending teeth of the saw to separate its parts. Those soft plumy masses and grey coating lichens, and, more powerful than either, those large hoof-like fungi of the genus *Polyporus*, have been the unresisting forces—the wedges that have divided the woody fibre; those myriads of tiny insects that have found a home and nursery below the forest of mosses—the axes and saws that, in conjunction with the rain and snows of heaven, have effected the work of destruction.

Take now a little of the soil that lies below the roots of the mosses in your hand, and you will find a rich black mould, fit for your most delicate green-house plants to grow in. Years pass on; return again and seek for the tree-trunk and its destroyers. Where are they? A few spadefuls of fine fertilizing mould, over which rank herbage now grows, is all that marks the spot. The woody fibre is changed, the mosses having done their part, and no longer find occupation. The insect tribes, no longer sheltered, also are gone. The Master's work has been accomplished; and it is marvellous in our eyes—that is, if we will reflect upon the work, the labourers employed, and the consequences, as we ought to do. These obedient labourers of the forest-world, under the Great Director, have been preparing a field and soil for man's use countless ages before the ships of Cabot or Columbus had furrowed the waters that girdle the forest-clad shores of the western hemisphere. Should we not "Praise the Lord for his goodness, and for the wonders which he doeth for the children of men."

Beside the mosses and fungi that take possession of the fallen trees, as soon as a little soil has been prepared for their reception, a variety of seedlings spring up—a tiny forest nursery, ready to supply the waste of their predecessors.

Here you may see a seedling pine not exceeding two inches in stature, a miniature resemblance of yonder lofty tree, the top of which reaches nearly fifty feet above the heads of the tallest oak, maple, or elm; and there are some of these last that will give a straight trunk, free of the branches, of fifty feet from the root upwards.

That tiny seedling, with its few delicate thready leaves and soft green stem, and that majestic, pillar-like trunk, with deeply rifted bark, and twisted, cable-like roots, whose top is hidden by the lower growth of hardwood trees—are they not both vegetable wonders, proclaiming the glory and power of their Creator, who formed the things that be out of nothing? Do they not equally bear witness to His care for man, to whom He has given power alike over the parent tree and the little seedling—to save or to destroy, as may seem best to him—to plant or to root up, as he may choose?

On a first journey through the forest, the traveller is impressed by the deep unbroken silence that reigns around him, and also of

the absence of animal life, if we except the insect world, but even these (with the exception of the mosquitoes and other winged tribes) are seen only in the Spring and Summer months; the rest, working in secret, or among the leafy tree-tops, are not perceived. During the winter this stillness is most remarkable; it is a silence that may be felt—if I may so express the profound stillness—where the sound of your own steps or the monotonous creaking of some tree, loosened at the root, swaying to and fro, alone breaks the almost unearthly repose of the scene.

The deer lie mostly concealed in the tangled covert of the most lonely parts of the forest, in thick cedar swamps along the margins of lake and stream; and, as civilization increases, these wild denizens of the woods and wilds retreat further from man and his improvements.

Towards the early spring, a solitary chipmunk may be seen on warm sunny days sporting on the mossy logs, or you may hear the saucy, chattering note of the red squirrel, as he hurries up the rugged bark of a forked pine to his nest. Or, during a long day's journey, you may sometimes, even in midwinter, be cheered by the whispering note of the little chickadee (the small blue titmouse) greeting you from among the hemlock boughs, or the rapping of the little midland (downy woodpecker) may be heard at long intervals awakening the echoes of the vast unpeopled solitude, but even these sounds are of rare occurrence.

There is a solemn grandeur in those old pine woods that insensibly inclines the mind to musings inspiring the soul with high and holy thoughts of Him whose wisdom and mighty power originated and sustains those noble vegetable pillars that support the leafy roof of the forest aisles above your head, where the wind, sweeping among a thousand ærial harp-strings, makes music that seems more of heaven than earth.

The soul needs such moments of tranquillity to recover from the toil, the wear and tear of busy life, with all its daily vexations and disappointments. It is repose to the careworn spirit to withdraw itself from man and live a brief space among the trees, the flowers, the ferns, and the lowly mosses, and to consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, cared for by Him who clothes the grass of the field, and weaves His rays of gorgeous light into their glorious tissues, giving them a stamp of grace and loveliness whereby to gladden and refresh the overburdened hearts of the children of men.

In the contemplation of these things all worldly care and strife is forgotten, and peace, and joy, and love, with holy reverence, steal into the heart, and there light up upon its altar a pure flame of spiritual adoration and thanksgiving to God, and of peace and good-will to his fellow-creatures, and to all that the Creator has called into being.

Surely it is well if in the lonely churchless wilderness the poor settler, oppressed with many cares, can look around him through the leafy aisles of those huge forest trees that wall in his path, and can find in them something to interest and enlighten his mind. Such teachings have ere now been drawn from this source, proving a consolation and pleasure to the lonely sojourner in the woods, and who shall say that they have been without profit to his soul?

Beside the living trees, bushes, and rank herbage that meets the eye in the thick uncleared forest, there is a mass of fallen timber, broken limbs, and decaying branches heaped across each other in wild confusion, through which young saplings are thrusting up their plumy heads, while many a graceful wood-fern and flower is flourishing, all green and bright, beneath surrounding decay.

The confusion is still more remarkable if it be the precincts of a cedar swamp—here indeed it would puzzle the most adventurous hunter to explore the tangled desolation. Trunks of great size lean one above the other, the intervening trees forming a wall of support so strong that the falling are

upheld; we thus see the living and dead mingle together in an impenetrable mass; if a spark should by chance fall within that thicket, how great a matter would it kindle, and this accident often happens. What volumes of smoke during the daylight! what magnificent jets of flame shoot up at night, casting a red glare upon the murky veil of smoke-cloud above! Now behold the fire quickened by the rising wind which accompanies fire, springing from heap to heap of the fallen brushwood, darting up the shreddy bark to the very tops of the tallest trees, sending abroad fiery showers of sparks, which, seizing on the dry twigs and long waving moss of other trees, continue to spread the work of destruction. Sometimes such conflagrations have been known to rage for many weeks together during the prevalence of a long, dry, hot season.

Such was the dry summer of 1826, in which an extensive district in New Brunswick was made desolate. Whole villages were reduced to ashes, rivers and streams were dried up, and thousands of settlers in Miramichi were rendered homeless and childless. During that awful conflagration a cry of despair went up from the miserable inhabitants that the day of fiery wrath had begun, and that the vials of God's anger were being poured out upon the earth—beginning with the people of New Brunswick.

A modern writer—Burton on Emigration—gives the following fearful picture of this terrible catastrophe: "The clearing unfortunately formed only a strip about half a mile wide along the banks of the Miramichi, and the great amphitheatre of flame spreading over the surface of several thousand square miles, filled it with a fiery air which ignited the wooden houses of the settlers.

"Anything more frightful than the devastation caused by this fire has never been known save in the earthquakes of Portugal and Southern America. The towns or villages, of which Newcastle was one, (containing 1,000 inhabitants,) were almost entirely reduced to ashes. The burned bodies lay putrifying in the ruined streets, mingled with those of the wild beasts which had been driven among the haunts of men by the progress of the devouring flames. So intense was the heat of the air, that those miserable wretches who sought for safety and refuge in open boats and rafts on the river and its tributary streams, died from suffocation. In many places the streams were dried up, or the sparks communicated by the high wind brought the very danger to them from which they were fleeing. Famine, too, followed in the wake of the fire. The harvest was destroyed, the cattle perished, and the land became for a time a howling wilderness, on which had settled the blackness of desolation."

Nor is man benefited by these impromptu fires running through the forest. The land becomes very much more difficult to clear. The charred pines and hemlocks especially, become almost indestructible, and encumber the ground for a long succession of years.

It is indeed a grand and exciting thing to watch the progress of a forest on fire, but when it ceases to burn we look with regret upon the scene; instead of the bright, refreshing verdure that once delighted the eye, there remain blackened trunks, withered foliage, reddened and blasted by the fire, and a blot for years to come upon the face of the land, till nature once more renovates the scorched ground with a new race of herbs, and shrubs, and forest trees, which in course of years shut out the charred trunks that strew the earth; but more than a quarter of a century must pass before the scene of ruin assumes its former cheerful aspect. The tall burnt spars often remain for a much longer period, while the stumps of the larger pines will continue uninjured by time for nearly a century. It is long before the usual process of decomposition by means of the mosses and fungi can have any effect upon them; even the moisture of the atmosphere

is scarcely felt, the charred surface resists the water, and offers no nourishment for the roots of the succulent parasites. Instead of mosses, grey lichens in the course of time effect a lodgment within the crevices of the slowly crumbling charcoal, but the process of decay goes on for years almost imperceptibly.

Among the new race of vegetables that spring upon the burned soil, the first and most luxuriant in growth is the fireweed (*Erechthites hieracifolia*) a tall rank weed with the aspect of the common sowthistle. This plant seems to delight in the newly burned soil; like many other Canadian weeds, it comes, we know not from whence; and disappears, we know not wherefore. It must, as we suppose, be borne upon the wings of the wind to seize upon its inheritance; it comes up, flourishes luxuriantly—a thick crop as if sown by some careful hand; it blossoms, perfects its silken winged fruit, is cut down by the earliest autumnal frosts, goes hence, and is seen no more. No second crop appears the ensuing year. We can only form the conjecture that the soil has been exhausted of the principle that fed the parent plant, and no suitable nourishment is left for the young crop that should now succeed to it. It is a mystery, nevertheless, that the soil prepared by accidental cause, should receive so bountifully seed hitherto foreign to it—that the winds (if the winds be the agent employed) should waft the seed, and drop it upon this particular soil. What has become of the newly perfected seed—has it gone forth to reappear in some distant locality under circumstances more suitable to its growth?

But, while we note the disorderly appearrance of the forest, the unsightly decay of its fallen timbers, and the desolation exhibited after the fire has scathed it, we must not omit to take a glance at it in its wintry aspect.

Snow, like Christian charity, covers a multitude of defects. Go forth into the dense forest after a heavy snow storm, and behold how marvellously beautiful has every object there become, touched as by the wand of an enchanter; the trees are gleaming as with diamonds and pearls. A glistening mantle, unrivalled by any other object in Nature, is upon everything that meets our sight. The eye is no longer offended with the aspect of ruin and decay. All now is fresh, pure, and unsullied. No earthly stain has yet dimmed its lustre; like the robe of its Creator when He was beheld by the chosen disciples upon the Mount, it is white and glistening as no fuller on earth could white it.

Of these unseemly heaps of dry withering branches, every twig is now laden with spotless snow. Those slender, attenuated saplings that looked so weak, and drawn upward, are now bent down and converted into bowers of beauty bending in graceful arches over the paths, and, if the keen breath of frost have touched them, changing them to crystal till they glitter like gems of price: even the stumps, those unsightly objects, are now capped with turbans in whiteness surpassing the far-famed muslins of Dacca.

The young evergreens, the spruces, hemlocks, and cedars, have caught, and sustain the snowflakes on their fan-like branches, till they look as if they were laden with flowers of shining whiteness; even the rugged trunks of the forest trees have been whitened by the new-fallen snow, and for a brief space look like columns of purest marble.

Where the swamp is the thickest, and the confusion of fallen trees the greatest, there the effect is the more striking, from the fantastic forms produced by the lodgment of the masses of snow among the branches. When the full moon is shining down among these snowy glades, the coldest and most apathetic of men must acknowledge that there are beauties in a Canadian forest scene, even if he have failed to perceive it during the leafy months of spring and summer.

Of such a scene, may we not say with the homely poet Bloomfield, "A glorious

THE MUSEUM TORONTO STITUTE

sight—if glory dwells below, where Heaven's magnificence makes all the show." Although the snow lingers longer within the forest than on the open clearings to which sunbeams have more ready access, yet vegetation is more rapid within the boundaries of the former. No cold biting winds or searching frost penetrates the woods to nip and chill the early buds as on the more open exposures; within all is quiet and warmth, when without the air is cold and blustering.

It is among the low bushes and sapling trees that we find the first green tints of early spring. It is in the forest that the hungry cattle hasten to browze on the tender shoots and swelling buds of the sugar maple and basswood, or search out the oily succulent blades of the wild garlic.

Go to the woods as soon as the snow has melted, and you will see the seedlings of many plants springing up from beneath the thick carpeting of dead leaves that strew the earth. There is the wood ruffe (*Galium stellata*) and the creeping veronica, matting the ground bright and verdant; the winter greens, (*Pyrola eliptica* and *Pyrola rotundifolia*) fresh and green as when the feathery snow first hid them from our view. The graceful fronds of the wood-fern, (*Aspidium spinulosum*) though lying prostrate upon the soil, are fresh and bright, no withering frost having blighted them. The shining parsley-like leaves of the Sweet Cicely (*Osmorhiza ciliata*) are there too, looking so fresh and tempting that you wish it were, what it greatly resembles, English parsley.

While the garden shrubs and border flowers are hardly visible in the warm shelter of the moist woods, we find already bursting forth the leaf-buds of the Bush Honeysuckle (*Zyloxteum ciliata*). The swamp gooseberry and currants of many species are putting forth their leaves, while the brown, downy buds of the Leather-wood or Moose-wood (*Dirca palustre*) are ready to open, and shew the pale yellow, funnel-shaped blossoms that they had so carefully sheltered on the grey leafless branches, and here are trailing garlands of nature's own weaving. The elegant *Linnæ Borealis*, the sweet flower so dear to the great father of botany whose name it bears; and there, covering that little mound of forest mould, is the dark-leaved, graceful *Mitchella repens*, the twin-berry of the Squaw—a lovely, fragrant flower it is, loving deep shade, and shrinking from the withering glance of the hot sunbeams. There are evergreen wood-ferns of rare grace of leafage and of verdure, and club mosses like miniature forest trees, all evergreens. A kindly nursing mother is the forest to these her lowly offspring; the earth their cradle, the snow their coverlet—warm, soft and light.

To those who love the forest and its productions, the continual destruction of the native trees will ever be a source of regret, even while acknowledging its necessity, for with the removal of the sheltering woods must also disappear most of the rare plants, indigenous to the soil, that derive their nurture from them, some indeed so entirely dependent on the decaying vegetation of the trees beneath which they grow that they perish directly they are deprived of it. Exposed to the effects of drying winds and hot sunshine they wither away and are seen no more. Soon may we say, in the words of the old Scotch song—

"The flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

## CURRENT EVENTS.

IF Canada and British Columbia were two independent nations, separate and distinct from one another, it would be sufficient to say that a rupture of their diplomatic relations had taken place; that Canada admitted a prospective breach of treaty engagements, involuntary but unavoidable on her part, and had offered to make such amends as would satisfy the other party to the international contract; and that the negotiations having this object in view had been broken off by Canada, resenting the act of the Pacific State in raising a doubt about the sufficiency of the powers of the Canadian ambassador. It is difficult to understand why the question of fulfilling our engagement with British Columbia was raised at all at this time, several years before she could have a right to make any complaint on that score. She had a right to insist that the Pacific Railway be commenced without delay; but as it is not certain what point on the Pacific ought to be the terminus, this demand could not at once be satisfied. The universal rule of diplomacy, when there is a mutual desire to settle some irritating question, is to raise as few points as possible; to anticipate no difficulties that may possibly crop up at some future time, but to leave them, if they must come, to be dealt with when time and circumstances shall have fully developed them. Nations sometimes go to war about a question of which, when all is over, no notice is taken in the Treaty of Peace. Seeming difficulties, which look serious as viewed in the uncertain light of the distant future, may prove to be no difficulties at all. Many Englishmen believed, during the Presidency of Napoleon III., and the early days of the Empire, that he would certainly seek an opportunity to avenge Waterloo. To assume that, eight years hence, Canada will find herself at loggerheads with British Columbia, unless we purchase peace now, is to meet trouble a good deal more than half way, if it be not needlessly to create it out of what may prove to be nothing.

When the present Government assumed office, the Premier was strongly penetrated with the conviction that the Pacific Railway could not be completed in eight years. That he was right in taking this view is beyond question; that any thing was to be gained by proclaiming the fact, and making the contingency a basis of negotiation, is exceedingly doubtful; but he believed that candour and fair-dealing required him to take this line, and an agent was sent to British Columbia to bargain for an extension of time. Mr. Edgar, on whom the choice of the Government fell, was authorized to offer very substantial equivalents, such as ought to have more than satisfied the Province to be dealt with. They included the continuance of the railroad across Vancouver Island, the immediate opening of a common road across the Province, the construction of a telegraph across the continent, and the guarantee of a yearly expenditure on the works west of the Rocky Mountains, of not less than one million five hundred thousand dollars. If a right to complain of those terms rested anywhere, it rested with the nation at large: British Columbia, if wise, would have closed with them at once. It is true that if she did not accept she did not refuse them; but the negotiations were broken off on a question of form involving the sufficiency of the agent's powers.

No doubt Mr. Edgar's credentials were altogether informal; and it was evidently thought that there was no necessity for formalities which would have been indispensable between two independent nations. The

Premier simply gave the agent a letter of introduction to Mr. Walkem, Attorney-General of British Columbia, which, as it began with "Dear Sir," was evidently intended to have a private and friendly side. The agent took no formal instructions from the Governor-General or the Secretary of State; and it is probable that, when he set out, Government had not decided upon the terms which it afterwards authorized Mr. Edgar to offer. The letter of introduction merely made the Attorney-General aware that the agent would confer with him and other members of the Government, "on the questions lately agitating the public mind in Columbia," and learn their views regarding the declared policy of the Government on the Pacific Railway. It was not till after the lapse of two months, during which many opportunities for such conferences must have occurred, that the agent received from the Canadian Government, in cipher, by telegraph, authority to make definite proposals. At this point in the proceedings the Government of British Columbia demanded from Mr. Edgar the production of formal powers. But as he had none to produce, he relied on the sufficiency of the notification conveyed in the letter of Mr. Mackenzie to Mr. Walkem, that he was acting as the agent of the Canadian Government, and the assurance which he had himself given the Columbia Government, that his instructions had come in cipher over the wires. Mr. Edgar protested with some warmth against the refusal to accept Mr. Mackenzie's letter as sufficient; but as that document did not state that the bearer was authorized to conclude anything, the loophole was quite large enough to allow the Columbia Government to escape from negotiations which might have involved an appeal to the electors. It would have been better if Mr. Edgar had, at this stage, asked for formal instructions. They might have been sent by telegraph; and if the Provincial Government had refused to receive them in that shape, its decision would have been tantamount to a refusal to negotiate on the basis of the proposals made. Mr. Walkem might have been more courteous in the choice of terms in which he asked Mr. Edgar to produce his authority to bind the Canadian Government. It would not have been unreasonable for him to say that, while he did not in the least doubt the word of Mr. Edgar, it would be more regular and more satisfactory if he could present his authority to act in an official and regular form. As a week elapsed between the receipt of Mr. Walkem's demand and Mr. Edgar's reply, there was plenty of time to communicate with the Government at Ottawa, and it is probable that such communication was actually made. If so, Mr. Edgar would probably convey some of the resentment he felt and expressed in a letter to Mr. Walkem, at what he regarded as an imputation on his honour, contained in the assumption that he might be making proposals without authority. But as the objection of Mr. Walkem would bear another construction, it would have been better to assume that the only object in asking for full credentials was, that the negotiations might assume a regular official form. If Mr. Edgar had taken this view of the matter, and obtained what the British Columbia Government asked for, the latter would then have been reduced to the alternative of refusing to negotiate, or reject the proposals, if that were its object; and in either case it would have been obliged to state the grounds of its action. But, from the turn matters took, it escaped the responsibility of taking any decided line of action.

One day before Mr. Edgar replied to Mr. Walkem's demand, Governor Trutch, at the instance of the Executive Council, had telegraphed to the Secretary of State at Ottawa, the enquiry, "whether Mr. Edgar is empowered to negotiate with this Government, and whether propositions purporting to be made by him on behalf of the Dominion, will be considered binding by that Government?" Mr. Mackenzie replied, that his letter suffi-

ciently indicated the nature of Mr. Edgar's mission, and that the capacity in which he had been sent had previously been recognized by the Provincial Government. The Columbia Government, in addressing its enquiry directly to Ottawa before receiving Mr. Edgar's reply, committed an offensive breach of etiquette. Mr. Walkem and his colleagues were bound to await Mr. Edgar's reply; and if it had conceded what was asked on the point of form, as it ought to have done, the obstacle which they regarded as standing in way of negotiation would have been removed. But having asked that Mr. Edgar's powers be produced, there is no doubt they were entitled to have them. In any case they should have come through Mr. Edgar: to him they should have been communicated, and it would have been sufficient, in reply to the enquiry of Lieutenant-Governor Trutch, to refer for the answer to Mr. Edgar, by whom the required document could have been produced. The telegram in which Mr. Mackenzie answered the enquiry of the Governor, informed him of Mr. Edgar's recall. The mere demand that Mr. Edgar should show that he had power to do something more than hold a conversation, and exchange views with the Columbia Government, does not appear a sufficient reason for breaking off the negotiations; and it is difficult, in seeking an explanation, not to take refuge in the conjecture that there is something more than appears on the surface. The correspondence is certainly deficient, in failing to give any glimpse of the exchange of views between the Local Government and Ottawa agent during a period of two months, in which there must have been frequent conferences. Mr. Walkem and his colleagues do not appear to have been prepared for the sudden breaking off of the proposed negotiations and the recall of Mr. Edgar, for, the day after receiving Mr. Mackenzie's telegram, he telegraphed the Premier for a categorical reply to Governor Trutch's enquiry, but got no answer.

Since the correspondence was published, the divergence between the two Governments has been getting wider. An Ottawa journal, well known to be in the confidence of that Government, intimates that the favourable terms which have been offered to British Columbia would not now be repeated; while the Provincial Government, on its part, has sent Mr. Walkem to England to inform the Disraeli Government that the conditions of the Union have not been carried out by Canada. The next thing we may expect to hear is the reappearance of American intrigue in the Pacific Province. The British Columbia Government has by no means the unanimous support of the population. Its proceedings in this business, from first to last, are sharply criticized by the Opposition press, by which it is charged with a covert desire to avoid any new arrangement with Canada that would necessitate an appeal to the constituencies. When the tumultuous proceedings took place over the alleged design to depart from the terms of the Union, the local Legislature came to a resolution that no such change should be made without the sanction of the constituencies. It is easy to conceive that Mr. Walkem's Government is not anxious to give the Opposition that chance of obtaining power. The very liberal terms offered by the Ottawa Government would, if accepted, probably have been represented by the Opposition, in British Columbia, as entirely inadequate. With this objection in prospective, Mr. Walkem, if the negotiations had gone on, would have been tempted to bid as high as his rivals, and to meet the proposals offered with extravagant and impossible demands. It is almost impossible that Mr. Edgar should not have learned something, during the two months he was in communication with the local Government, of what these demands would be; and if the impossibility of an accommodation had become manifest, that circumstance would go far to account for the abrupt ter-

mination of the negotiations, which is otherwise somewhat inexplicable.

The appeal of the British Columbia Government to England is difficult to understand. Mr. Walkem may have found the impression gaining ground that the rupture of the negotiations was due to his handling of the subject; and this may be an attempt to recover his ground by an appeal which he fancies may somehow lead to the reopening of the negotiations. We shall not entertain the thought that he intends this notification to be made the preliminary to an anti-national and disintegrating movement. With the terms Canada was prepared to offer, and did offer through Mr. Edgar, there ought not to have been any difficulty in arriving at an accommodation; and a misunderstanding which, so far as appears on the surface, had no better cause than a question of form, ought not to be difficult to get over, if the two parties be actuated by ordinary good feeling, and a mutual desire to remove the difficulty that has arisen.

The appointment of Mr. Dorion to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Appeal, Quebec, takes from the House of Commons one of its chief ornaments. During the greater part of his public career, extending over twenty years, it has been Mr. Dorion's fortune to be in opposition; the short periods during which he has been in office were separated by long intervals of time. Opposition, when it comes to assume a chronic form, tends to extinguish the hope of success, and generally sours the temper and warps the judgment. Mr. Dorion is one of the few men who have gone through the severe trial unscathed. The training of the advocate—which, while it assists the politician in one way, deteriorates him in another—was visible in his style of debating; but from vices of temper and narrowness of view he was remarkably free. He well deserves the distinguished position on the Bench to which he has been appointed. Though few appointments have ever given more general satisfaction, this has not passed without criticism. It is remarkable that an English journal, published at Montreal, should have objected to the selection of Mr. Dorion on the ground of his nationality and on the existing distribution of judicial offices between French and English, which it is alleged required—as a means of maintaining an equipoise assumed to be necessary—the appointment of an English-speaking barrister to the Chief Justiceship. The objection is not sustained by the constitution of the Superior Courts at Quebec. The Court of Appeal consists of two English and three French Judges, while the Superior Court at Montreal is equally divided between the two origins. Some of the French journals remind the objectors that the proportion of French to English in that Province is as three and a half to one; and they ask what would happen if the distribution of judicial offices bore the same proportion. They do not forget to state that a Quebec judge requires to possess an almost equal knowledge of the French and English languages, and to have made a profound study of the French civil law, which is the basis of the civil law of Quebec. English advocates, for the most part, they add, speak French indifferently or not at all, and their knowledge of the French civil law is very superficial; while in French advocates corresponding defects do not exist. The case, as thus put, is no doubt overstated; but the unwisdom of raising objections to Mr. Dorion's appointment on account of his nationality is, under the circumstances, sufficiently evident.

There never was a time when raising of questions of nationality between the inhabitants of the Province of Quebec of English and French origin was likely to do any good. The cry of French domination, which was piped in the shrillest tones in Upper Canada under the late Legislative Union, is being replaced in Quebec by ill-founded

complaints of the domination of Ontario. The unreasonableness of a cry will always prevent it from obtaining a dangerous potency; but, whether true or not, its effect is pretty much the same in proportion to the extent in which it obtains credence. The burthen of the complaint of the French Opposition journals is the overshadowing power of Ontario in the Union. To it they attribute the absence of an amnesty for Riel —which the whole French population of Quebec regard as eminently just and necessary—and they think it a grievance that Quebec cannot impose Separate Schools on the majority of New Brunswick. The influence of Quebec counted for much when the same question was agitated in Upper Canada; and there is a disposition in that Province to chafe over the loss of power, when she no longer finds herself the arbiter of the destinies of the country. But the truth is, Quebec herself has gained largely through the change by which Confederation superseded Legislative Union. She has applied herself vigorously to open a system of internal communication, in the shape of railways of one kind or another; and instead of indulging the old jealousy of a system of immigration which was sure to increase the population, and augment the relative importance of Upper Canada, she herself makes no difficulty of inviting immigrants to her borders to enable her to keep pace with the other provinces; and we witness the spectacle of an ancient colony of France, which, for a whole century after the separation did not draw ten families from the parent stock, now able to point to a new stream of population from the ancient mother country. But if the political ills of Quebec are imaginary, it is better to try to dispel the illusion than to irritate the exaggerated Gallico-Canadian patriotism in which it originates.

The critics have not forgotten to recall the fact that Mr. Dorion denied during last Session that he was about to be appointed Chief Justice. The only explanation that would cover the ground of this reproach would be that, at the time, the question of his appointment had not come up; and as any other state of facts would be entirely inconsistent with the character of the late Minister of Justice, we have no difficulty in adopting this view of the matter. The fact of the denial is patent and indisputable; and we do not see that the enigma admits of any other solution than that the resolution to accept the Chief Justiceship was afterwards suddenly taken. Some journals profess to know that the whole thing was pre-arranged long before; that Mr. Dorion prevented the acceptance of the resignation of Chief Justice Duval, and forced upon him six months' leave of absence, besides delaying the reorganization of the Court of Appeal, and all for the purpose of bringing things to a climax at the end of the Session, when he would be in a position to go on the Bench. But no proof of the charge has been offered, and it has much the appearance of malignant imputation or random guess-work.

The retirement of Mr. Dorion from public life is a loss to the Government which it cannot wholly recover. The recognized leaders of the two parties into which the French Canadians are divided, have both, within a short time, disappeared from their places, Sir George Cartier being removed by death, and Mr. Dorion going to occupy a post in another sphere of utility, which it has probably been the object of his life to attain. Among the French-Canadian journalists there are some who sigh for a return to that unity of action which, under Mr. Lafontaine, was scarcely broken by a dissentient voice. But the man under whom they could unite, and the questions which might make union a necessity, are alike wanting. The forces of disunion—antagonisms and rivalries, personal and political—have acquired a momentum which cannot at once be arrested; and they have lost nothing of the vigour which forms their motive power. The phe-

nomenon of an union among the French-Canadians, from 1848 to 1851, which would have been perfect if Mr. Papineau's temperament would have allowed him to follow any leader, was due to their exclusion from office under the previous administration. If the proposals made in the Caron correspondence of 1846 had been carried out, and a representative Canadian element been introduced into the Draper Cabinet, the French Canadians would never have been an united body. Neither the circumstance of their exclusion nor its result can ever be reproduced.

If the selection of judges for the new Court of Appeal, created last Session of the Ontario Legislature, is not specially open to criticism, it is at least very different from what was generally expected. The prevailing opinion, arising out of an idea of the fitness of things, was that the Chief Justices of the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, and the Chancellor, with the Chief Justice of the old Court of Appeal, would form the new Court. It was thought that the Judges, whose chief business it will be to review the judgments of the other courts, should be men of great experience, who have long occupied leading positions in the other courts; and that it was due to the distinguished functionaries named that they should have the refusal of these offices. What has happened is, that Chief Justice Draper has been retained; that Mr. Strong has been translated from the Vice-Chancellorship to the new Court, and that the Court has been completed by the appointment of two barristers, Mr. Christopher Patterson and Mr. Burton. Against these appointments there is nothing to be said, except that two of the judges, who are entirely without judicial training, will have to pass in review the judgments of men who have been some twenty years on the Bench. They may not fail in the duties required of them, but they can hardly be as well prepared for the discharge of their duties as they would have been if the exercise of the judicial function were not new to them.

A question of salary may have had something to do with the Chief Justices being passed over. The pay of the judges in the new court will be less than in the old courts; and it is believed the Chief Justices would have been reluctant to submit to a diminution of their remuneration, and a postponement of the time when they would be entitled to the same amount of retiring allowance that they could now claim. Last Session of Parliament it was understood there would be a question of removing this inequality, but the jealousy of the smaller Provinces, which refused to take any note of differences in the amount of work or the cost of living in different parts of the country, blocked the way. If this be the real cause—if the Government found itself unable to make the remuneration of the Appellate judges equal to that of the judges in the other courts—the country has been deprived of the services, in this capacity, of men whose experience points them out as presumably the fittest, because the Legislature grudged granting adequate remuneration. A judiciary of whom this could be said would already be in a state of decline. But the Court of Appeal, as actually constituted, may prove equal to the duties required of it. Chief Justice Draper and Mr. Strong, senior justice, will satisfactorily discharge any duties that may fall to them; and the two new good appointments have fallen to lawyers likely to develop into unexceptionable judges. It would have been desirable, however, that they should have passed to the Appellate jurisdiction through a probationary term of service in the older courts.

Farmers' Unions, under the name of Granges, of which so much has been heard in the Western States, have obtained a footing on Canadian soil. A circular informs us that delegates from different Canadian granges met at London on the 2nd June, appointed officers, and issued a "declaration of principles." The officers, male

and female, appear to be all residents of towns and villages. The "principles" consist of good resolutions, involving questions of personal deportment and domestic economy; of economic maxims, good, bad, indifferent, doubtful and impossible: a confused jumble of good intentions and ignorant assertion. The farmer and the manufacturer are to come together, without the intervention of the trader. This is possible only to a limited extent; and where it is possible, a Farmers' Union may lead to economy of purchases. When the manufacturer is in England or Germany the direct contact will be impossible. It is conceivable that agricultural implements and many other things, by being bought in quantities from the manufacturer, may be got much cheaper than when they are surcharged with two additional profits—one of the wholesale and the other of the retail dealer. By this species of co-operation the farmers may save money. We do not derive much instruction from the statement that "transportation companies of every kind are necessary" to the success of the farmer; or from a declared hostility to such management of corporations—railway companies being presumably alluded to—as "tends to oppress and rob the people of their just profits." These things cannot, any more than "the tyranny of monopolies," be understood without a bill of particulars. Many of the declarations, which are evidently intended to be expressions of the highest wisdom, are economical fallacies in their crudest form. We may be quite sure that a man who makes a public declaration that he is opposed to high rates of interest, has only a vague and inaccurate idea of the laws on which the rate of interest depends. And when high profits in trade are mentioned with the same abhorrence, it is plain that the writer fancies the remedy is to be found in something else than competition; that both can, in some occult way, be regulated by arbitrary control. To denounce mortgages and credit in general terms, which admit of no exceptions and take no account of the conditions under which credit may be obtained and borrowed money used, is no proof of the possession of superior wisdom, though the public is evidently expected to regard the denunciation in that light, and to accept as a revelation the information it assumes to convey.

Political discussion is interdicted by the grangers; but, as many of the questions on which the members take a stand have a political side, it is difficult to see how the interdict can be maintained. They are more likely to glide imperceptibly into politics, in which case existing political parties will bid for their support. If the farmers as a body could ever unite on a common political platform, they would carry all before them; but happily there are very formidable obstacles to the formation of a class interest so powerful and overwhelming as this would prove. No secret society, bound together by oaths and passwords, has ever yet, in this country, been able to maintain a political unity; and if the grangers should be linked together by the same ties, they would not be likely to present an unexampled instance of unity unless they had a definite political aim from the first. So far as the questions in which the organization is interested may become subjects of legislation, the members would be bound to select and support candidates willing to accept and advocate their views; and it is quite possible that many of them find themselves committed in advance, before they were well aware what they were doing. The members bind themselves "to maintain our [their] laws inviolate," an obligation which may easily cover the ground we have indicated, and perhaps a great deal more. There is always danger of organizations like this being controlled for the benefit of a few individuals, whose object in setting them up is fully known only to themselves; and there is the more ground for suspicion on this score when, as in the present instance, the

imitation of what has been done in a neighbouring country is more apparent than any ground of necessity for the movement in the circumstances under which it is set on foot.

Except during the heat of passion in which the Reciprocity Treaty of 1853 was abrogated, perhaps there never was a time when Canada could not have obtained a new treaty, if she would have consented to pay the price demanded: the introduction into the schedule of a long list of manufactures, which the Americans feel certain they could supply our market with. The former treaty was condemned, ostensibly, because it was confined to raw produce: it was on that account unreasonably denounced as one-sided; and whenever the question of Reciprocity has since come up, the Americans have always stated their readiness to enter into a new treaty, provided Canada would consent to admit their manufactures free of duty. The argument, intended to prove the partial character of the Treaty of 1853, was put in a shape which Canadians were asked to accept as a demonstration. Under that treaty, the Americans imported more from us than we took from them. This argument assumes that the importation of Canadian produce into the States was in some way disadvantageous to that country. But was this so? To a great extent the trade was one of convenience: each country imported at one point on the frontier the same description of articles that it exported at another. In this way local convenience was consulted, local wants were supplied. This convenience was the measure of the benefit of the treaty, and the benefit was mutual.

But the powerful rings of American manufacturers who had obtained the control of their own market by duties largely prohibitory, cast a longing eye on the Canadian market. Free access to that market would stand in lieu of impossible annexation. From them first came the objection that the former treaty was one-sided; they afterwards used their influence to prevent the negotiation of any new treaty from which their wares were excluded. They were not willing to enter the Canadian market on the same terms that the English manufacturer is obliged to enter it: they demanded for the textile fabrics of Lowell and the finished products of the Pennsylvania iron mines an advantage over Birmingham and Manchester: a discrimination in favour of the foreign over English manufactures. In every period of recurring commercial depression, they sent goods to the Canadian market, to be sold at prices which would barely reimburse their expenditure on them, sometimes at a positive loss. They were obliged to realize to maintain their credit; and they selected a neigbouring foreign market, because it would be ruinous to them to reduce the price in their own country. Under these circumstances they chafed over the barrier of duties, feeble as it was, which met them at the frontier. If they could get free access to this market, they would change in a day from implacable enemies to warm friends of Reciprocity.

If Canada gets a treaty now it will be because she is willing to pay the price for it which she never would pay before; because she is willing to permit a large class of American manufacturers free access to this market. There are three things that require to be well considered before this point is settled: How England will like to see Canada discriminate against her manufactures; what the probable effect on Canadian manufactures will be; how the inevitable deficit in the revenue which will result is to be made good. The negotiations are conducted in the name of England; and Imperial interests must be left to the care of Imperial functionaries. Any treaty that may be agreed upon will necessarily receive the sanction of the Imperial Government before it goes into operation. Mr. Disraeli must be left to answer the complaints of British manufacturers, if any be made. To Canadian manufacturers the Ottawa

Government must account. They are in no mood to welcome a treaty by which American manufactures will be admitted free of duty. Last session they appeared in force at Ottawa to demand an increase of the tariff, in which they had only a moderate degree of success. But, for the two and a half per cent. additional duty they must have felt inwardly thankful, though they treated it as too little to justify the audible expression of gratitude. From what they said on the introduction of the original draft of the new tariff, it will be possible to form some idea of the tone they will take if they find American manufactures being admitted free of duty. Some of these gentlemen may possibly find themselves caught in their own net. They have asked to be put on an equality with the Americans, and have volunteered the statement that, with a more extended market, they could manufacture cheaper: if they find the American market open to them, on the same terms that Americans can enter our market, where will be their right to complain? Manufactures that have already taken root ought to be able to bear this competition; for the cost of producing many articles must be less in Canada than in the States, where the entire scale of prices is higher. The deficit which must result from freeing a large list of American manufactures Mr. Cartwright may have the pleasure of dealing with. But he will be able to meet it in a prospective form; for the treaty could not go into effect till the commencement of the financial year 1875. It would be sheer waste of time to attempt to anticipate how he would perform that task.

The increase of the capacity of our canals forms one of the stipulations of the draft of the proposed treaty submitted by the British plenipotentiaries. The extent to which the St. Lawrence canals are capable of being deepened is not a settled point. Not even the most competent engineers are certain that a depth of fourteen feet is attainable; and we presume that no government would authorize a stipulation to be made in its name that the depth should be more than twelve feet. Of course, the Imperial Government, in whose name treaties are made, cannot undertake to stipulate that the Canadian canals shall be increased to any specific dimensions; all it can undertake to do is to recommend Canada to do the work in a particular way, and perhaps within a given time. A stipulation that Canada should build the Caughnawaga canal, for the use and benefit of Americans, would in itself be highly objectionable. It will be a canal for taking the trade from Canada. Its justification must be sought in the equivalents we are to get for the sacrifices we are called upon to make. To enable any one to judge of their relative value, it would be necessary that he should have the whole treaty before him; for it is only as a whole that its merits and demerits can be fairly balanced, and a definite judgment pronounced. Canada, it is certain, will be required to make many sacrifices; the first of which—the amount she would be entitled to receive under the Treaty of Washington for admitting Americans to her in-shore fisheries—will be measurable by a money standard. There has been no arbitration, as it was intended there should be, to determine the amount; but to arrive at some approximate figure would seem to be a preliminary step essential to anything like definiteness in the negotiations for a Reciprocity Treaty. The sacrifices which are demanded from us would require some very substantial equivalents, and these would not be complete without the reciprocal admission of the vessels of each country to register in the other, and the mutual throwing open of the coasting trade of the lakes. Without these concessions Canada would get nothing that could be called equivalents for the sacrifices she would be required to make; and if the Americans be not prepared to concede these points, the negotiations would not be worth the trouble they have cost.

There are some matters of minor importance, in which Canadian interests would require to be guarded. The proposed draft of treaty, as sent to the Senate by President Grant is represented as having come from the British plenipotentiaries. The President confines himself to recommending this document to the favourable consideration of the Senate, but even this advice has not been acted upon, and the question is postponed till the December Session. In the meantime, the cities will have ample opportunity to exercise their vocation, and it is quite impossible to foresee what course the Senate may take seven months hence.

England is semi-officially represented as having been passive throughout the entire negotiations. The whole responsibility of the proposed Treaty is assumed by the Canadian Government, and the negotiator whom it nominated, and the Imperial Government appointed. It is something to know that, despite the circumlocution to which it was necessary to resort, the fullest assumption of responsibility may be expected from the Ottawa Government. That will be a satisfactory element in the discussion of the projected Treaty, when its merits and demerits come under review.

The New Brunswick elections, as was foreseen, have gone largely in favour of the Government. There was but one question on which the ear of the electors could be got; and the decision has been an emphatic negative of the demand made by the Roman Catholics for Separate Schools. The issue involved much more than the simple question whether Separate Schools should be granted or refused. The partisans of Separate Schools had so mismanaged their case that the party of resistance found itself called upon to defend the constitutional rights of the Province. Repeated attempts had been made to take the question out of the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislature. The veto of the Governor-General had been involved. Parliament had been asked to intervene; and this last resource is confessedly not abandoned, but only postponed till the Privy Council shall have pronounced on the constitutionality of the Common School Law. The money necessary to prosecute this appeal was provided by Parliament, and is expended under the direction of the bishop. That the decision will be otherwise than adverse, the Roman Catholics do not appear to hope; and in that case Mr. Costigan, the mouthpiece in the House of Commons of the Bishop and Roman Catholic clergy of New Brunswick, will again invoke the interference of Parliament. He will do so, if the threat be carried out, with the opinion of the English Law officers of the Crown before him, that Parliament has no right to interfere; backed as it must then be by the judicial decision of the Privy Council. All this was known to the electors of New Brunswick, whose decision at the polls is in full accord with the Wedderburn resolutions, passed last Session of the Local Legisture, in which the interference of the Parliament of Canada or that of the Empire, unless on the requisition or consent of New Brunswick, was deprecated.

If a different policy had ruled the action of the Separate School advocates—if they had been content to leave the question to the operation of public opinion in the Province—the defeat they have encountered would not have been half so decisive as it has proved. It is quite conceivable that many who would be comparatively indifferent whether Separate Schools were conceded or not, would feel themselves bound to defend, to the last extremity, the menaced constitutional rights of the Province. The contest has been waged in a way that has unnecessarily created feelings of bitterness between classes of the population, which half the life-time of a generation will be required to remove. The Catholics have thrown away whatever chances of success they may have had; chances that were not very promising

at best, and which ill management was sure to make desperate.

The substantial loss of the vanquished party is, after all, much more apparent than real. Substantially, it appears the Catholics can get what they want, if they be willing to take it in the way it is offered. In three wards of the city of St. John, a local journal informs us, "Separate schools are established to all intents and purposes; bishop, priest, trustees, government, people, all consenting." The defeated party will now probably not disdain to accept the substance, even if it should continue to fight for what some regard as only a shadow and a name, though it is no doubt a great deal more. The way of getting round the law is not clearly described. But it is hinted that when a Christian Brother passes the ordinary examination and receives a license as teacher, the school over which he exercises control becomes by common consent a separate school, and he is allowed under certain regulations to impart religious teaching to the pupils. If this is done in St. John, it is assumed that it can be done equally well in other places, though that would seem to be a hasty conclusion. Separate schools established under these conditions would be merely tolerated schools. Unless Catholic trustees could be elected, there would be no certainty that anything like a separate school could be established. The example set in St. John, though it might not always be easy to follow, seems to point to the only practical compromise which can give the Catholics a large measure of what they claim without disturbing the legal basis on which the common school system rests.

A judgment has been pronounced by Judge Routhier, of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec, which is destined to become famous. It lays down the doctrine that a priest or bishop, no matter what injury he may inflict on individuals, in the assumed exercise of his ecclesiastical functions, cannot be called to account in the civil tribunals; that if the offender be a priest, the injured party must content himself by appealing to the bishop, and if he be a bishop, the only appeal is to Rome. The liberty of the pulpit is put on a level with the liberty of the press; but with a singular forgetfulness of the fact that the press is amenable to the law, and may be called on to answer a charge of libel, either in a civil or a criminal action. Divine right, no longer claimed for kings, is attributed to the priest; and while English law and the Gallican liberties are alike ignored, the syllabus is held up as containing the rules by which a Canadian court is to be guided. The Guibord appeal case is the only living sign of active opposition to ecclesiastical assumption in the Province of Quebec.

The political strength of sacerdotal authority in Quebec may be judged by the circumstance that *Le Pays*, a journal of decided national tendencies which was published many years in Montreal, came to the conclusion some two years ago, that its existence was a political mistake, and was succeeded by a new journal which was careful to avoid the error of coming into collision with the clergy. The new journal found it necessary to go much farther and counteract the principles of pronounced liberalism which it professed on questions of domestic politics, by setting up the Count de Chambord and Don Carlos as objects of admiration in Europe. This devotion was too artificial to last; but it is accounted a crime in a liberal journal of Quebec to speak otherwise than favourably of the pretender Don Carlos, *le Roi legitime et très catholique*, as the *Minerve* puts it. The truce between the Jesuits and Liberals of Quebec, which has many of the characteristics of an alliance, is among the most notable signs of the times. In the elections of 1867, every successive number of *Le Pays* was a continued indictment against the clergy for their alleged interference with the rights of electors. But in these more happy times, when the old battles have ceased, a

previous editor of *Le Pays* makes no difficulty of proposing, as a member of the Legislature of Quebec, the "restoration" of the Jesuit barracks at Quebec, to the Jesuits of to-day, though the order had been abolished by the Pope when the property was assumed by the State, and no legal succession could be established.

Whether the Currency Bill passed by the United States Congress will produce inflation, as its supporters hope, is a question on which opinion is much divided. The attempt to equalize the volume of currency in different parts of the country must fail: the fallacy of assuming that it can be made to bear any uniform relation to the population gives us a measure of the degree of financial wisdom which Congress brought to bear on the question. There cannot be an arbitrary redistribution of the currency; the only redistribution possible is what may result from the operation of natural laws. The legal right to redistribute to the amount of $25,000,000, has long remained inoperative, and the provision for a further redistribution cannot be more successful. The worst feature of the Bill, as it originally passed the Senate—the provision to substitute bonds for cash in payment of greenbacks—has been eliminated. That Congress intended to produce inflation is plain from the provision which increases the amount of legal tenders from $356,000,000 to $382,000,000, but as the bill abolishes what has been called a reserve of $18,000,000, the effect may not be what Congress intended.

The eight days' visit of the Emperor of all the Russias to England is not likely to affect the future destinies of Central Asia. The recollection of the repudiation of the Black Sea Treaty, and the still more recent violation by the Russian Government of its pledge in regard to the Khiva, made the reception of the royal visitor somewhat cold and languid, though it was studiously respectful. The front with which the Disraeli Government meets this act of Russian bad faith dispels the hope which had been indulged that the formation of the new Government would be coincident with the inauguration of a bold and vigorous foreign policy. The *Saturday Review* dismisses this unfounded expectation with a witticism. "The foreign policy of the present Government," it says, "is so exactly that of the last, that the great difficulty with Lord Granville and Lord Derby must be, to feel which of them is in office." A similar expectation of a change of colonial policy will probably meet a like disappointment, so far as it assumed that any great change was likely to take place.

The vote on Mr. Trevelyan's bill to extend household suffrage to the counties, shows that the Liberal party is far from being an unit on the question. Mr. Lowe voted against it, while Mr. Goschen and Sir Wm. Harcourt absented themselves. Disraeli took care not to make his opposition the expression of a final policy. In saying the time for the extension of the franchise had not come, he virtually admitted that it is coming. It may come the sooner for Joseph Arch having taught the labourer the secret and the power of association. Just now the labourer's attention is absorbed by the question of wages, which he begins to look at in connection with the alternative of emigration. Mr. Arch is expected to accompany a number of emigrants to Canada. In his struggle with his employer, the labourer gets a large measure of sympathy and assistance. The relation of employer and employed will henceforth be put on a new footing.

While church patronage goes by the board in Scotland, the House of Lords appoints a committee to enquire into the question of church patronage in England. The avowed object of the Bishop of Peterborough, by whom the committee was moved for, is to abolish the sale of next presentations to livings. The abolition of patronage as understood in Scotland, will not come in in England for

some time. The Ecclesiastical Discipline Bill has passed the House of Lords, but it is likely to be thrown out in the Commons. The central idea of the measure is to enforce some sort of uniformity; and the effect of putting it into force would almost certainly be to mature existing divergencies into an open rupture. Lingering privilege gives way slowly before the demands of justice, even in fiscal matters. Lands used for shooting have hitherto been free from assessment; but the exemption can no longer be maintained, even by a Conservative Government. Woodlands too will henceforth pay local rates.

France is again on the edge of a volcano. The discussion of the Constitutional Bills has been the occasion of exciting scenes in the French Assembly, which have been reproduced elsewhere; though the cause appears to have been an election in which the Bonapartists obtained an unexpected success. The partizans of the Empire, who have become very active, are as unscrupulous as ever, part of their policy being apparently to provoke their rivals to fight duels as a means of removing obstacles out of their way. This is very apparent in their treatment of Gambetta, the most formidable of their foes, and, as far as an individual can be, the chief hope of France at the present time. M. Gambetta, who generally shows himself to be under the discipline of complete self-control, appears for once to have been betrayed into something like an outburst of passion. The Government of September being charged by the Imperialists in the Assembly with having entered into fraudulent contracts and made improper appointments, Gambetta, amidst a storm of excitement, replied that he had answered the questions of the committee by whom the charges were investigated; but he denied the right of the Bonapartists in the Chamber, whom he contemptuously designated "wretches,"—*ces misérables* was the term used—to interrogate him. M. Rouher attempted to reply, but his voice was drowned in the general commotion. When the Chamber adjourned Gambetta and his friends were followed and assaulted by the infuriated Imperialists. On the arrival of the train at Paris, his pursuers tried to induce Gambetta to repeat the strong expression which he had used in the Assembly. The Imperialist journals caught up and echoed the tone of their leaders; and the evening after the scene described in the Assembly Gambetta was jostled at the Versailles railway station by creatures of the late Emperor, one of whom, an officer of the Imperial Guard, attempted to strike the Republican deputy. Next day this scene was reproduced, and Count St. Croix struck him with a stick across the face; but instead of provoking a duel and getting a chance to shoot the object of Imperial hate or run him through with a sword, he got six months' imprisonment with the addition of a fine. This, we are sorry to say, does not indicate any general decline in the passion for duelling in France; for though Gambetta has wisely refused to fight, a proposal was made that ten Republican deputies should fight as many Bonapartists. But M. Cassaneau, who was challenged by M. Clemençeau, replied that he would fight only Gambetta. If Gambetta were open to accept challenges, the swords of the Bonapartists, which were used to so little purpose in defending France, would cut the thread of his existence before a week passed. The policy of these Bonapartists is scarcely distinguishable from a calculated policy of assassination; for it is a mere calculation how many duels any one man, not a noted duellist, could fight without being killed. The Left found itself equally at war with the Government and the Imperialists. When the question of what treatment the conduct of the Bonapartists ought to receive was brought up in the Chamber, the Minister of the Interior distributed the blame about equally between the two parties; for which a vote of censure on him was pro-

posed, but it failed on a vote of 377 against 326. Still the Government did not find a a passive attitude possible, and *Le Pays* was visited with the penalty of suspension. In the bestowal of that species of favours the Government makes some show of impartiality; the prosecution of Republican journals having followed a few days after the suppression of *Le Pays*. The Government was defeated in its attempt to carry its measure for the disfranchisement of a large part of the population in the municipal elections. The proposal will accrue to the advantage of the Imperialists, with whom the advocacy of universal suffrage is a settled thing.

The policy of the Imperialists seems to be to take advantage of the demand for a dissolution to insist on making the claims of the son of the man of Sedan the subject of a plebiscite. M. de Bourgoing, whose Imperialism is avowed, has been able to carry the election in the Nièvre, which was thought to be strongly Republican. The Imperialists evidently consider their days of penance over, and instead of feeling contrition and shame for the pass to which their policy brought the country, they push their claims with an impudent boldness bordering on brutality. The return of the Empire begins to be spoken of by the Left Centre as a possible contingency; and to avoid so great a calamity it proposed an alliance with the Right Centre. The basis on which the Left Centre proposed to unite was the confirmation of McMahon's power's; the organization of a Second Chamber; the conferring on the President of the right of discharging both Chambers; the appointment of McMahon's successor by a joint vote of the two Houses. But the negotiations will probably come to nothing. There is always a question of dissolution; and though dissolution is the best way out of the difficulty, the Assembly shrink from insisting on it. At present it looks as if the Imperialists were the most likely to gain by delay; though if they could get a plebiscite in the shape that suited them they would welcome it any day. It is reported that McMahon will recommend the Assembly to confer on him the power of dissolution, before the adjournment; and if this be done the result of the elections would probably be to give the Republicans a commanding majority.

In Spain Carlism prolongs its lingering and criminal existence, and sometimes even snatches a petty triumph of arms, though it more frequently meets reverses. The late Government, weak from internal divisions, had hardly cohesive power enough to keep it together, while Serrano was absent relieving Bilbao; and on his return he decided between the Moderates and the Progressists of which it was composed by throwing his influence into the Conservative scale. The Progressists were not peremptorily excluded from the new Government; but when Zabala got the chief place and Sagasta was made Minister of the Interior, a very important post, the Progressists declined to have anything to do with it. The desire is attributed to Serrano to seek a prolongation of his authority on the model of the French Marshalate; and Marshal Concha is supposed to be favourable to Alfonso. Zabala's offer of an amnesty to the Carlists, on condition that they would lay down their arms, has been, as might have been expected, without effect; for in any event likely to happen, they may count on getting as good terms. In the Basque Provinces, Don Carlos has met with unexpected demands for peace, accompanied by what the telegrams describe as a "revolt," and he showed his humanity by ordering the complainants to be shot. When the Government has restored peace in Spain and Cuba, it assures the representatives of foreign powers its design is completely to establish representative institutions.—Whether they will be monarchical or republican the nation may or may not be allowed to determine, for military power is everything in Spain at present.

# SELECTIONS.

## FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

(*From Macmillan's Magazine.*)

MR. FORSYTH'S bill for removing the Electoral Disabilities of Women, the second reading of which is at hand, has received less attention than the subject deserves. The Residuum was enfranchised for the sake of its vote by the leaders of a party which for a series of years had been denouncing any extension of the suffrage, even to the most intelligent artisans, on the ground that it would place political power in unfit hands. An analogous stroke of strategy, it seems, is now meditated by the same tacticians in the case of Female Suffrage, the motion in favour of which is brought forward by one of their supporters, and has already received the adhesion of their chief. The very foundations of Society are touched when Party tampers with the relations of the sexes.

In England the proposal at present is to give the suffrage only to unmarried women being householders. But the drawing of this hard-and-fast line is at the outset contested by the champions of Woman's Rights; and it seems impossible that the distinction should be maintained. The lodger-franchise is evidently the vanishing point of the feudal connection between political privilege and the possession of houses or land. The suffrage will become personal in England, as it has elsewhere. If a property qualification remains, it will be one embracing all kinds of property: money settled on a married woman for her separate use, as well as the house or lodgings occupied by a widow or a spinster. In the counties already married women have qualifications in the form of land settled to their separate use; and the notion that a spinster in lodgings is specially entitled to the suffrage as the head of a household, is one of those pieces of metaphysics in which the politicians who affect to scorn anything metaphysical are apt themselves unwarily to indulge. If the present motion is carried, the votes of the female householders, with that system of election pledges which is now enabling minorities, and even small minorities, to control national legislation, will form the crowbar by which the next barrier will be speedily forced.

Marriage itself, as it raises the position of a woman in the eyes of all but the very radical section of the Woman's Rights party, could hardly be treated as politically penal. And yet an Act conferring the suffrage on married women would probably be the most momentous step that could be taken by any legislature, since it would declare the family not to be a political unit, and for the first time authorize a wife, and make it in certain cases her duty as a citizen, to act publicly in opposition to her husband. Those at least who hold the family to be worth as much as the state, will think twice before they concur in such a change.

With the right of electing must ultimately go the right of being elected. The contempt with which the candidature of Mrs. Victoria Woodhull for the Presidency was received by some of the advocates of Female Suffrage in America only showed that they had not considered the consequences of their own principles. Surely she who gives the mandate is competent herself to carry it. Under the parliamentary system, whatever the forms and phrases may be, the constituencies are the supreme arbiters of the national policy, and decide not only who shall be the legislators, but what shall be the course of legislation. They have long virtually appointed the Ministers, and now they appoint them actually. Twice the Government has been changed by a plebiscite, and on the second occasion the Budget was submitted to the constituencies as directly as ever it was to the House of Commons. There may be some repugnance, natural or traditional, to be overcome in admitting women to seats in parliament, but there is also some repugnance to be overcome in throwing them into the turmoil of contested elections, in which, as soon as Female Suffrage is carried, some ladies will unquestionably claim their part.

There are members of Parliament who shrink from the step which they are now urged to take, but who fancy that they have no choice

left them because the municipal franchise has already been conceded. The municipal franchise was no doubt intended to be the thin end of the wedge. Nevertheless there is a wide step between this and the national franchise; between allowing female influence to prevail in the disposition of school rates, or other local rates, and allowing it to prevail in the supreme government of the country. To see that it is so, we have only to imagine the foreign policy of England determined by the women, while that of other countries is determined by the men; and this in the age of Bismarck.

The writer of this paper himself once signed a petition for Female Household Suffrage got up by Mr. Mill. He has always been for enlarging the number of active citizens as much as possible, and widening the basis of government, in accordance with the maxim, which seems to him the sum of political philosophy, "That is the best form of government which doth most actuate and dispose all parts and members of the commonwealth to the common good." He had not, when he signed the petition, seen the public life of women in the United States. But he was led to reconsider what he had done, and prevented from going further, by finding that the movement was received with mistrust by some of the best and most sensible women of his acquaintance, who feared that their most valuable privileges, and the deepest sources of their happiness, were being jeopardized to gratify the political aspirations of a few of their sex. For the authority of Mr. Mill, in all cases where his judgment was unclouded, the writer felt, and still feels, great respect. But since that time, Mr. Mill's autobiography has appeared, and has revealed the history of his extraordinary and almost portentous education, the singular circumstances of his marriage, his hallucination (for it surely can be called nothing less) as to the unparalleled genius of his wife, and peculiarities of character and temperament such as could not fail to prevent him from fully appreciating the power of influences which, whatever our philosophy may say, reign and will continue to reign supreme over questions of this kind. To him marriage was a union of two philosophers in the pursuit of truth; and in his work on the position and destiny of women, not only does he scarcely think of children, but sex and its influences seem hardly to be present to his mind. Of the distinctive excellence and beauty of the female character it does not appear that he had formed any idea, though he dilates on the special qualities of the female mind.

Mr. Mill has allowed us to see that his opinions as to the political position of women were formed early in his life, probably before he had studied history rationally, perhaps before the rational study of history had even come into existence. The consequence, with all deference to his great name be it said, is that his historical presentment of the case is fundamentally unsound. He and his disciples represent the lot of the woman as having always been determined by the will of the man, who, according to them, has willed that she should be the slave, and that he should be her master and her tyrant. "Society, both in this (the case of marriage) and other cases, has preferred to attain its object by foul rather than by fair means; but this is the only case in which it has substantially persisted in them even to the present day." This is Mr. Mill's fundamental assumption; and from it, as every rational student of history is now aware, conclusions utterly erroneous as well as injurious to humanity must flow. The lot of the woman has not been dedermined by the will of the man, at least in any considerable degree. The lot both of the man and the woman has been determined from age to age by circumstances over which the will of neither of them had much control, and which neither could be blamed for accepting or failing to reverse. Mr. Mill, and those who with him assume that the man has always willed that he should himself enjoy political rights, and that the woman should be his slave, forget that it is only in a few countries that man does enjoy political rights; and that, even in those few countries, freedom is the birth almost of yesterday. It may probably be said that the number of men who have really and freely exercised the suffrage up to the present time is not much greater than the number of those who have in different ages, and in various ways, laid down their lives or made personal sacrifices of other kinds in bringing the suffrage into existence.

In the early stages of civilization the family was socially and legally, as well as politically, a unit. Its head represented the whole household before the tribe, the state, and all persons and

bodies without; while within he exercised absolute power over all the members, male as well as female, over his sons as well as over his wife and daughters. On the death of the head of a family, his eldest son stepped into his place, and became the representative and protector of the whole household, including the widow of the deceased chief. This system, long retained in conservative Rome, was there the source of the national respect for authority, and by an expansion of feeling from the family to the community, to the patriotism which produced and sustained Roman greatness. But its traces lingered far down in history. It was not male tyranny that authorized a Tudor queen to send members of the royal household to the Tower by her personal authority as the mistress of the family, without regard to the common law against arbitrary imprisonment. Such a constitution was essential to the existence of the family in primitive times; without it, the germs of nations and of humanity would have perished. To suppose that it was devised by the male sex for the gratification of their own tyrannical propensities would be most absurd. It was at least as much a necessity to the primitive woman as it was to the primitive man. It is still a necessity to woman in the countries where the primitive type of society remains. What would be the fate of a female Bedouin, if she were suddenly invested with Woman's Rights and emancipated from the protection of her husband?

That the present relation of women to their husbands literally has its origin in slavery, and is a hideous relic of that system, is a theory which Mr. Mill sets forth in language such as, if it could sink into the hearts of those to whom it is addressed, would turn all affection to bitterness, and divide every household against itself. Yet this theory is without historical foundation. It seems, indeed, like a figure of invective heedlessly converted into history. Even in the most primitive times, and those in which the subjection of the women was most complete, the wife was clearly distinguished from the slave. The lot of Sarah is different from that of Hagar; the authority of Hector over Andromache is absolute, yet no one can confound her position with that of her handmaidens. The Roman matron who sent her slave to be crucified, the Southern matron who was the fierce supporter of slavery, were not themselves slaves. Whatever may now be obsolete in the relations of husband and wife is not a relic of slavery, but of primitive marriage, and may be regarded as at worst an arrangement once indispensable which has survived its hour. Where real slavery has existed, it has extended to both sexes, and it has ceased for both at the same time. Even the Oriental seclusion of women, perhaps the worst condition in which the sex has ever been, has its root, not in the slave-owning propensity so much as in jealousy, a passion which, though extravagant and detestable in its excessive manifestation, is not without an element of affection. The most beautiful building in the East is that in which Shah Jehan rests by the side of Nourmahal.

If the calm and philosophic nature of Mr. Mill is ever betrayed into violence, it is in his denunciations of the present institution of marriage. He depicts it as a despotism full of mutual degradation, and fruitful of no virtues or affections except the debased virtues and the miserable affections of the master and the slave. The grossest and most degrading terms of Oriental slavery are used to designate the relations of husband and wife throughout the whole book. A husband who desires his wife's love is merely seeking "to have, in the woman most nearly connected with him, not a forced slave, but a willing one—not a slave merely, but a favourite." Husbands have therefore "put everything in practice to enslave the minds of their wives." If a wife is intensely attached to her husband, "exactly as may much be said of domestic slavery." "It is part of the irony of life that the strongest feelings of devoted gratitude of which human nature seems to be susceptible are called forth in human beings towards those who, having the power entirely to crush their earthly existence, voluntarily refrain from using their power." Even children are only links in the chain of bondage. By the affections of women "are meant the only ones they are allowed to have—those to the men with whom they are connected, or to the children who constitute an additional and indefeasible tie between them and a man." The Jesuit is an object of sympathy, because he is the enemy of the domestic tyrant, and it is assumed that the husband can have no motive but the love of undivided ty-

ranny for objecting to being superseded by an intriguing interloper in his wife's affections. As though a wife would regard with complacency, say a female spiritualist, installed beside her hearth. It is impossible to doubt that Mr. Mill's views, in writing such passages, were coloured by the incidents of his life. But it is by circulating his book and propagating his notions that the petitions in favour of Female Suffrage have been obtained.

The anomalies in the property law affecting married women, to which remedial legislation has recently been directed, are like whatever is obsolete in relations between the sexes generally—not deliberate iniquities, but survivals. They are relics of feudalism, or of still more primitive institutions incorporated by feudalism; and while the system to which they belonged existed, they were indispensable parts of it, and must have been so regarded by both sexes alike. Any one who is tolerably well informed ought to be ashamed to represent them as the contrivances of male injustice. It is not on one sex only that the relics of feudalism have borne hard.

The exclusion of women from professions is cited as another proof of constant and immemorial injustice. But what woman asked or wished to be admitted to a profession fifty or even five and twenty years ago? What woman, till quite recently, would have been ready to renounce marriage and maternity in order that she might devote herself to law, medicine, or commercial pursuits? The fact is, the demand is connected with an abnormal and possibly transient state of things. The expensiveness of living, in a country where the fashion is set by millionaires, combined with the overcrowded condition of the very callings to which women are demanding admission, has put extraordinary difficulties in the way of marriage. Many women are thus left without an object in life, and they naturally try to open for themselves some new career. The utmost sympathy is due to them, and every facility ought in justice to be afforded them; though unhappily the addition of fresh competitors for subsistence to a crowd in which literally famine has already been at work, will be as far as possible from removing the real root of the evil; to say nothing of the risk which a woman must run in committing herself irrevocably to a precarious calling and closing against herself the gate of domestic life. But the demand, as has been already said, is of yesterday, and probably in its serious form is as yet confined to the countries in which the special impediments to early marriages exist. In the United States it is not easy to distinguish the serious demand from a passion for emulating the male sex, which has undoubtedly taken possession of some of the women there, as it took possession of women under the Roman empire, who began to play the gladiator when other excitements were exhausted. With regard to the profession of law, indeed, so far as it is concerned with the administration of justice, there is, and, while human emotions retain their force, always will be, a reason, independent of the question of demand, for excluding women, at least for excluding one of the two sexes. The influence of a pretty advocate appealing to a jury, perhaps in behalf of a client of her own sex, would not have seemed to Mr. Mill at all dangerous to the integrity of public justice; but most people, and especially those who have seen anything of sentimental causes in the United States, will probably be of a different opinion.

What has been said as to the professions is equally true of the universities, which, in fact, were schools of the professions. A few years ago, what English girl would have consented to leave her home and mingle with male students? What English girl would have thought it possible that she could go through the whole of the medical course with male companions of her studies? Even now, what is the amount of settled belief in the right, as it is termed, of "co-education?" What would be said to a young man if he presented himself in the name of that right at the door of Vassar, or any female college? Without arraigning the past, those whose duty it is may consider, with the deliberation which they deserve, the two distinct questions, whether it is desirable that the education of both sexes shall be the same, and whether it is desirable that the young men and the young women of the wealthier classes shall be educated together in the same universities. Beneath the first probably lies the still deeper question, whether it is good for humanity that woman, who has hitherto been the helpmate and the complement, should become, as the leaders in the Woman's Right movement in the United States evidently desire, the rival

and competitor of man. Both she cannot be; and it is by no means clear that, in deciding which she shall be, the aspirations of the leaders of this movement coincide with the interests of the sex.*

If the education of women has hitherto been defective, so has that of men. We are now going to do our best to improve both. Surely no accomplishment in the acquisition of which woman has been condemned to spend her time could well be less useful than that of writing Greek and Latin verses. That the comparative absence of works of creative genius among women is due entirely to the social tyranny which has excluded, or is supposed to have excluded, them from literary and scientific careers, cannot be said to be self-evident. The case of music, often cited, seems to suggest that there is another cause, and that the career of intellectual ambition is in most cases not likely to be happier than that of domestic affection, though this is no reason why the experiment should not be fairly tried. Perhaps the intellectual disabilities under which women have laboured, even in the past, have been somewhat exaggerated. If Shelley was a child to Mrs. Mill, as Mr. Mill says, no "sociable disabilities" hindered Mrs. Mill from publishing poems which would have eclipsed Shelley. The writer once heard an American lecturer of great eminence confidently ascribe the licentiousness of English fiction in the early part of the last century to the exclusion of women from literary life. The lecturer forgot that the most popular novelist of that period, and certainly not the least licentious, was Mrs. Aphra Behn. And this lady's name suggests the remark that as the relations of the sexes have been the most intimate conceivable, the action of character has been reciprocal, and the level of moral ideas and sentiments for both pretty much the same.

Mr. Mill, seeing that the man is the stronger, seems to assume that the relations between man and woman must always have been regulated simply by the law of the strongest. But strength is not tyranny. The protector must always be stronger than the person under his protection. A mother is overwhelmingly superior in strength to her infant child, and the child is completely at her mercy. The very highest conception that humanity has ever formed, whether it be founded in reality or not, is that of power losing itself in affection. This may be said without lapsing into what has been called the religion of inhumanity. St. Paul (who on an hypothesis is an authoritative expositor of the morality which became that of Christendom) preaches Fraternity plainly, and even passionately enough. He affirms with the utmost breadth the essential equality of the sexes, and their necessary relations to each other as the two halves of humanity. Yet he no less distinctly ratifies the unity of the family, the authority of its head, and the female need of personal government; a need which, when it is natural, has nothing in it more degrading than the need of protection.

The "Revolt of Woman" is the name given to the movement by a female writer in America, who, by the way, claims, in virtue of "superior complexity of organization," not only political equality, but absolute supremacy over man. But, in this revolt, to what do the insurgents appeal? To their own strength, or to the justice and affection of man?

The main factors of the relation between the sexes have hitherto been, and probably still are, natural affection—the man's need of a helpmate, the woman's need of a protector and provider, especially when she becomes a mother, and the common interest of parents in their children. One of these factors must be withdrawn, or greatly reduced in importance, to warrant us in concluding that a fundamental change in the relation is about to take place. Mr. Mill hardly notices any one of the four, and he treats the natural relation which arises from them as a purely artificial structure, like a paper constitution or an Act of Parliament, which legislatures can modify or abolish at their pleasure.

It has no doubt been far from a satisfactory world to either sex; but unless we attach a factitious value to public life and to the exercise of public professions, it will be very difficult to prove that it has been more unsatisfactory for one sex than the other. If the woman has had her

* The question of Female Education is not here discussed. But the arbiters of that question will do well to bear in mind that the happiness of most women materially depends on their having healthy children; and that children are not likely to be healthy if the brains of both parents are severely tasked.

sorrows at home, the man has had his wars and his rough struggles with nature abroad, and with the sweat of his brow he has reclaimed the earth, and made it a habitation for his partner as well as for himself. If the woman has had her disabilities, she has also had her privileges. War has spared her; for if in primitive times she was made a slave, this was better, in the days before sentiment at least, than being massacred. And her privileges have been connected with her disabilities. If she had made war by her vote, she could not have claimed special respect as a neutral, nor will she be able to claim special respect as a neutral if she makes war by her vote hereafter.

In the United States the privileges of women may be said to extend to immunity, not only for ordinary outrage, but for murder. A poisoner, whose guilt has been proved by overwhelming evidence, is let off because she is a woman; there is a sentimental scene between her and her advocate in court, and afterwards she appears as a public lecturer. The whiskey crusade shows that women are practically above the law. Rioting, and injury to the property of tradesmen, when committed by the privileged sex, are hailed as a new and beneficent agency in public life; and because the German population, being less sentimental, asserts the principles of legality and decency, the women are said to have suffered martyrdom. So far from the American family being the despotism which Mr. Mill describes, the want of domestic authority lies at the root of all that is worst in the politics of the United States. If the women ask for the suffrage, say some American publicists, they must have it; and in the same way, everything that a child cries for is apt to be given it, without reflection as to the consequences of the indulgence.

There is, therefore, no reason for setting the sexes by the ears, or giving to any change which it may be just and expedient to make, the aspect of a revolt. We may discuss on its own merits the question whether female suffrage would be a good thing for the whole community. The interest of the whole community must be the test. As to natural rights, they must be sought by those who desire them, not in communities, but in the primeval woods, where the available rights of women will be small.

The question whether female suffrage on an extended scale is good for the whole community is probably identical, practically speaking, with the question whether it is good for us to have free institutions or not. Absolute monarchy is founded on personal loyalty. Free institutions are founded on the love of liberty, or, to speak more properly, on the preference of legal to personal government. But the love of liberty and the desire of being governed by law alone appear to be characteristically male. The female need of protection, of which, so long as women remain physically weak, and so long as they are mothers, it will be impossible to get rid, is apparently accompanied by a preference for personal government, which finds its proper satisfaction in the family, but which gives an almost uniform bias to the political sentiments of women. The account commonly accepted of the reactionary tendency which all admit to be generally characteristic of the sex, is, that they are priest-ridden. No doubt many of them are priest-ridden, and female suffrage would give a vast increase of power to the clergy. But the cause is probably deeper and more permanent, being, in fact, the sentiment inherent in the female temperament, which again is formed by the normal functions and circumstances of the sex. And if this is the case, to give women the franchise is simply to give them the power of putting an end, actually and virtually, to all frachises together. It may not be easy to say beforehand exactly what course the demolition of free institutions by female suffrage would take. In the United States probably some woman's favourite would be elected President, and re-elected till his power became personal, and perhaps dynastic. But there can be little doubt that, in all cases, if power were put into the hands of the women, free government, and with it liberty of opinion, would fall.

In France, it is morally certain that at the present moment, if votes were given to the women, the first result would be the restoration to power of the Bourbons, with their reactionary priesthood, and the destruction of all that has been gained by the national agonies of the last century. The next result would be a religious crusade against German Protestantism and Italian freedom.

But would the men submit? Would they, in

compliance with the edict of the women, and in obedience to a woman's government, haul down the tricolor, hoist the white flag, bow their necks to the yoke of Reaction, and march against the victors of Sedan in a cause which they detest? This question points to another serious consideration. It is true that law is much stronger now than it was in primitive or feudal times, and a woman is more under its protection and less under the private protection of her husband and her kinsmen. But law, after all, though the fact may be rough and unwelcome, rests at bottom on the force of the community, and the force of the community is male. No woman can imagine that her sex can execute, or in case of rebellion re-assert, the law; for that they must look entirely to the men. The men would be conscious of this, and if any law were made exclusively in the interests of the women, and in contradiction to the male sense of justice, they would refuse to carry it into effect. In the United States there have been intimations, on the part of the women, of a desire to make a very lavish use of capital punishment, untrammelled by the technical rules of evidence, for offences or supposed offences against the sex. The men would, of course, refuse execution; law would be set at defiance, and government would be overturned. But the bad effects of the public consciousness that executive force—the rude but indispensable basis of law—had been partly removed, and that the law was being made by those who had not the power to carry it into effect, would not be limited to manifest instances of the influence of sex in legislation. In cases where, as in Jamaica, an elective government has rested on two races, equal, legally speaking, in political power, but of which one was evidently inferior in real force to the other, reverence for law has been weak, and the result has been disastrous. There can be little doubt that, as soon as the Federal bayonets are removed, there will be another case of the same kind in the Southern States; laws made by negro majorities will be set at defiance by the stronger race. To personal despotism or class domination civilization can put an end, but it cannot eliminate force.

It is very likely that in England, the women, to reform drunken husbands, would vote for extreme prohibitory measures against liquor; but the difficulty of carrying such legislation into effect, great as it is already, could hardly fail to be much increased by the feeling that it was the act of the women, and the consequence would probably be contempt, and perhaps open defiance, of the law. Female legislation with regard to education in the interest of clerical ascendency, would be apt to be attended by the same effects.

Elective government, with the liberty of opinion and the power of progress which are its concomitants, has been brought into existence by the most terrible throes of humanity. When perfected and firmly established, it will, as we hope, and have good grounds for believing, give to reason and justice an ascendency which they have never had before in human affairs, and increase the happiness of all by making private interest subordinate to the public good. But its condition, if we look at the world as a whole, is still exceedingly precarious. All the powers of class interest, of sybaritism, of superstition, are arrayed against it, and have vast forces at their command, including the great standing armies of Europe, while they find accomplices in the lassitude, the alarm, the discouragement caused by the revolutionary storms which, unhappily, are almost inevitable attendants upon the birth of a new order of things. Its existence having been so far a struggle, and an assertion at the sword's point, of principles, just in themselves, but needing qualification to make them available as the foundations of a polity, it is full of defects, to remedy which, so as to make it the deliberate expression of public reason, clear of sectional interest and passion, is now the great aim of political thought and effort. Those to whose hands it is committed at this crisis are trustees for posterity of a heritage bought by ages of effort and torrents of blood; and they are bound to allow neither their own ambition nor that of any one else, if they can help it, to imperil the safety of their trust. That women would be likely to vote for one set of aspirants to political office rather than for the opposite set, would be a very bad reason for withholding from them the suffrage even for a day; but that they would probably overturn the institutions on which the hopes of the world rest, is as good a reason as there can be for withholding anything from anybody. When free institutions are firmly established in

Europe, the question of Female Suffrage may, perhaps, be raised with less peril, so far as political interests are concerned; but to take a female vote on their fate at present would be as suicidal as it would have been to take a female vote on the issues between Charles the First and the Parliament in the middle of the Civil War.

So far as elective government has succeeded, women in general have fully reaped the benefit of the improvements, moral and material, which it has produced. They are mistaken if they imagine that they fared better under the form of government which, in France and elsewhere, if they had the power, their sentiment would lead them to restore. They were not exempt from the misery and starvation brought into every home by the ambitious wars and the general misrule of the monarchies or even from the cruelty of their criminal laws. Down to the last days of the monarchy in France, women as well as men were broken alive upon the wheel for theft.

It is needless to say that any discussion of the relative excellence, intellectual or moral, of the two moieties of humanity, would be equally barren and irrelevant. The only question is as to the proper spheres of the man and woman; and assuredly, by unsexing women, we should do no homage to their sex.

It is alleged that female influence would mitigate the violence of party politics. But what ground have we, in reason or experience, for believing that women, if introduced into the political arena, would be less violent than men? Hitherto they have been free from political vices, because they have generally taken no part in politics, just as home has been an asylum from political rancour because political division has not been introduced between man and wife. But the chances are that, being more excitable, and having, with more warmth and generosity of temperament, less power of self-control, women would, when once engaged in party struggles, be not less, but more, violent than men. All our experience, in fact, points this way. In the Reign of Terror, and in the revolt of the Commune, the women notoriously rivalled the men in fury and atrocity. The same was the case in the late American Civil War. What has been the effect of public life on the character of the women who have thrown themselves into it in the United States can be doubted by no human being; and our experience of female agitations in this country seems to tell pretty much the same tale. That party politics require mitigation, and perhaps something more, may be readily admitted; but we are not likely to make the cauldron boil less fiercely by flinging into it female character and Home.

That Home would escape disturbance it is surely difficult to believe. We are told that a difference of religion between man and wife does not produce unhappiness. The fact may be doubted when the difference is strong. But religion is an affair of the other world; and it does not, at all events it need not, bring people into direct, much less into public collision in this world. A man and his wife taking opposite sides in politics would be brought into direct and public collision, especially if they happened to be active politicians, about a subject of the most exciting kind. Would the harmony of most households bear the strain? Would not a husband who cared for his own happiness be apt to say that if his wife wanted it she might have the vote, but that there should be only one vote between them?

Men are not good housekeepers, and there need not be anything disparaging in saying that women, as a rule, are not likely to be good politicians. Most of them, after all, will be married, and their sphere will be one in which they do not directly feel the effects of good or bad government, which are directly felt by the man who goes forth to labour, and the practical sense of which, more than anything else, forms the political wisdom, such as it is, of the great mass of mankind. Nor would there be anything, generally speaking, to balance the judgment, as it is balanced in men by the variety of practical needs and considerations. Even with male constituencies, particular questions are apt to become too predominant, and to lead to the exaction of tyrannical pledges and to narrow ostracism of conscientious public men. But with Female Suffrage there would probably be always a woman's question, of a kind appealing to sentiment, such as the question of the Contagious Diseases Act, which demagogues would take care to provide, and which would swallow up every other question, and make a clean sweep of all public men who might refuse to take the

woman's pledge. With Female Suffrage, the question of the Contagious Diseases Act would probably have made a clean sweep at the last general election of all the best servants of the State.

Mr. Mill had persuaded himself that great capacity for government had been displayed by women, and that there was urgent necessity for bringing them into the management of the State. But he can hardly be serious when he cites as an instance of female rule a constitutional queen whose excellence consists in never doing any act of government except under the guidance of her Ministers. The queens regnant or consort, before our monarchy became constitutional, who may be said to have wielded power, are the Empress-Queen Matilda, Eleanor the wife of Henry II., Isabella the wife of Edward II., Margaret of Anjou, Mary, Elizabeth, and Henrietta Maria. Not much can be made of this list when it is considered that both Margaret of Anjou and Henrietta Maria were, by their temper, principal causes of civil wars, and that the statesmanship of Elizabeth has totally collapsed between Mr. Froude's first volume and his last, while her feminine relations with Leicester and other favourites have contracted a much more ominous complexion in a political as well as in a moral point of view. On the other hand, it is probable that Eleanor, the wife of Edward I., and certain that Caroline, the wife of George II., rendered, in a womanly way, high services to the State. Mr. Mill says, from his experience at the India Office, that the queens in India are better than the kings. But the reason is obvious. British protection has suspended the operation of the rude checks on the vices of Indian despots, and a woman brought up in the zenana, though she cannot possibly be a good ruler, may well be better than a hog or a tiger.

Neither the cases of queens, however, nor those of female regents of the Netherlands, to which Mr. Mill gives so strange a turn, (as though Charles V. and Philip II. had preferred females on account of their ability to male members of the house,) are in point. They all belong to the hereditary system, under which these ladies were called to power by birth or appointment, and surrounded by councillors from whose policy it is scarcely possible to distinguish that of the sovereign. Under the elective system women would have to make their own way to seats in Parliament and to office by the same means as male politicians, by canvassing, stumping, wrestling with competitors in debate; and the female character would be exposed to influences entirely different from those which operated on Isabella of Castile.

Without pressing the argument against "Premiers in the family way" too far, it may safely be said that the women who would best represent their sex, and whose opinions would be worth most, would be generally excluded from public life by conjugal and maternal duty. Success with popular constituencies would probably fall to the lot, not of the grave matrons and spinsters whom Mr. Mill evidently has in view, but of dashing adventuresses, whose methods of captivating their constituents would often be by no means identical with legislative wisdom, or calculated to increase our veneration for their sex.

Mr. Mill is the real father of the whole movement; the arguments of its other champions are mere reproductions of his. Whatever biased his mind, therefore, ought to be carefully noted; and again it must be said that he was possessed by an illusion—an illusion beautiful and touching, but still an illusion—as to the political genius of his wife. He has given us the means of judging of her speculative powers, and even they, it is evident, were not extraordinarily high.

That there are women eminently capable of understanding and discussing political questions nobody will deny. These will find a sphere in the press, through which many men exercise a power which makes it a matter of indifference whether they have a vote or not. But it by no means follows that it is expedient to put political power into the hands of the whole sex; much less that it is expedient to do so at a moment when it is morally certain that they would use their power to cancel a good deal of what has been done in their interest, as well as in that of their partners, by the efforts of the last two hundred years.

Some supporters of the movement flatter themselves that women would always vote for peace, and that Female Suffrage would consequently be a short method of ridding the world of war and standing armies. Such experience as we have hardly warrants this anticipation.

Female Sovereigns, as a rule, have not been eminently pacific. It would be difficult to find four contemporary male rulers who made more wars than Catherine the Second of Russia, Maria Theresa, Madame de Pompadour, (who ruled France in the name of her lover,) and the Termagant, as Carlyle calls her, of Spain. It is widely believed that the late Empress of the French, inspired by her Jesuits, was a principal mover in the attack on Germany. Those who know the Southern States say that the women there are far more ready to renew the Civil War than the men. The most effective check on war is, to use the American phrase, that every one should do his own fighting. But this check cannot be applied to women, who will be comparatively irresponsible in voting for war. A woman, in fact, can never be a full citizen in countries where, as in Germany, it is part of a citizen's duty to bear arms.

Finally, it is said that there are certain specific grievances under which women labour, and which call for immediate redress, but of which redress cannot be had unless women are empowered to extort it from their husbands and brothers at the polls. Of course if there is wrong, and wrong to half humanity, which cannot be righted in any other way, we must at once accept Female Suffrage, whatever perils it may entail.

In the United States the grievance of which most is heard is the tyrannical stringency of the marriage tie, which, it is alleged, gives a man property in a woman, and unduly interferes with the freedom and genuineness of affection. Some of the language used is more startling than this, and if reproduced might unfairly prejudice the case. But male legislatures in the United States have already carried the liberty of divorce so far, that the next step would be the total abolition of marriage and the destruction of the family. The women themselves have now, it is said, begun to draw back. They have probably become aware that liberty of divorce must be reciprocal, that marriage is pre-eminently a restraint placed on the passions of the man in the interest of the woman, that a woman loses her charms more easily than she loses her need of a protector, and that to the children divorce is moral and social ruin. Mr. Mill demands for the "slave" the privilege of changing her master; he forgets that he would at the same time give the master the privilege of changing his slave.

The question, of which more is heard here, as to the right of women to the control of their own property, was one the importance of which was not likely to be fully perceived while comparatively few women earned their own bread. However, now that it is perceived, the British legislature has at least gone so far in removing anomalies that it need not despair of seeing itself do complete justice. In the United States, male legislatures, so far from being unwilling, display almost an exaggerated propensity to sever the interest of the wife from that of the husband. An eminent American jurist told the writer that he knew a case in which a woman was compelling her husband to work for her as a hired labourer, and another in which a woman had accomplished a divorce by simply shutting the door of the house, which was her own property, in her husband's face. After all, it must be remembered that the man remains responsible for the maintenance of the woman and her children, and that the analogy of a commercial partnership, which is in vogue with the champions of Woman's Right in the United States, is very far from holding good: commercial justice between themselves and their husbands is not what the women really want. It must be remembered, too, that the male has by nature certain advantages over the female which no legislature on earth can annul; and that it is necessary in the interest of both sexes, but especially in the interest of women, to render the restraint of marriage acceptable, not only to persons of cultivated sensibility, but to ordinary men. If the ideal of marriage which floats in the pages of Mr. Mill were actually embodied in legislation, and the husband were stripped of all conjugal rights, and left with nothing but the responsibility of maintaining the family, it is at least possible that the result among the coarser masses of mankind might be the increase of license and the consequent degradation of women.

It is commonly said in the United States by the Woman's Right party, that women are underpaid for their labour, and a vague hope is held out that this might be set right by female legislation. In most fields of industry women are new-comers, and on all new-comers old custom is apt at first to bear hard. Female singers,

pianoforte players, novelists, painters, milliners, are not underpaid. If female clerks and school-mistresses are paid less than male clerks and school-masters, this may be partly because continuance in the calling is an element of value, and women are taken off by marriage. That a New-Yorker will persist, out of regard for the aristocracy of sex, in paying a man a high price for his labour when he can get the work done as well for less money by a woman, is not much to be apprehended. But that legislatures, male or female, could equalize wages, few will be credulous enough to believe, though it is possible that the attempt might be made.

As to domestic cruelty, if it can be stopped by any extension of the criminal law; there is surely not the slightest reason for believing that male legislatures are unwilling to perform that duty, though of course criminal legislation in this case, as in all others, to be effective, must keep terms with reason and justice. In fact, in this matter, women are probably better in the present hands than they would be in their own. The source of these infamies and horrors in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is drink; and if the member for Marylebone, instead of tampering with the relations between the sexes, will turn his mind to the improvement and extension of the legislation commenced under the late Government against intemperance, he will deserve in the highest degree the gratitude of woman in general, and especially of those who have the greatest claim to our sympathy.

The case of women is not that of an unenfranchised class, the interest of which is distinct from that of the enfranchised. The great mass of them are completely identified in interest with their husbands, while even those who are not married can hardly be said to form a class, or to have any common interest, other than mere sex, which is liable to be unfairly affected by class legislation. There is, therefore, no reason why Parliament should not do justice in any practical question relative to the rights of women which may be brought before it, as it has already done justice in several such questions, without invoking upon itself the coercion of Female Suffrage.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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## A COUNTRY WALK WITH THE POETS.

(*From the Victoria Magazine.*)

I have gathered a posy of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is my own.—MONTAIGNE.

IT is in the power of each one of us to find, as the Good Duke did in *As You Like It*—

> Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stone, and good in everything.

And true poetry consists in taking the "common round, the daily task," of human life; or in observing the treasures hid among hedgerows and by meadow streams, as well as the grander adjuncts of trees with autumn tints and soft hazy mountains melting off into the mysterious blue distance; and with these materials weaving a song that shall speak home to the hearts of the uninstructed countryman and innocent child.

There are people to whom poetry is simply a number of words strung like beads upon a string; people who may be classed as strictly anti-poets and painters; anti-lovers of nature and the beautiful; to whom Wordsworth's lines in *Peter Bell* may aptly be applied—

> A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

But to a real lover of nature every blade of grass speaks in an intelligible language. The rivers with "an inner voice," the sighing of the summer woods about them blowing, which "makes a murmur in the land," the song of birds, the hum of insects on the wing, are to them "so many voices, and not one of them is without signification."

We may divide the poets of nature into two schools—those who paint with the brush of a Rubens and those who use the more delicate touch of a Raphael. Milton and Spenser stand foremost among the first, while Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Tennyson belong to the latter.

In the 4th Book of *Paradise Lost* we have the following description of the bower :

——————— It was a place
Chosen by the Sov'ran Planter, when He fram'd
All things to man's delightful use ; the roof,
Of thickest covert, was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall : each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic ; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem.

Exquisite as this picture is, we lose sight of the individual flowers in it : it is the *Bower* that is the subject of Milton's word painting. I think that the metre in which this splendid poem is written is not suited for minute detail. It flows on in a deep, solemn current, now thundering forth in scenes of terror, and describing the arch-fiend's journey to hell's ninefold gates ; now changing into soft music, like the nestling of angels' wings far up in the blue heaven, to usher in that still small voice that Elijah heard after the tempest had passed.

In the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, both of which were written, as was the greater part of the *Paradise Lost*, at Horton, Milton gives us many beautiful pictures of pastoral scenes ; but nowhere do we find the minute description of the daisy, foxglove, or cowslip, which some of our great poets have given us.

Shelley, in his *Spirit of Solitude*, has described, in glowing language, a tropical forest, where—

Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starr'd with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The grey trunks ;
——————— Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute, yet beautiful.

Shelley has, however, shown us in his poem of the *Sensitive Plant* that he was also a miniature-painter. In the 2nd Book, Canto vii., of the *Faerie Queen*, Spenser gives us an account of the Garden of Proserpine—

The mournful cypress grew in greatest store
And trees of bitter gall, and ebon sad,
Dead sleeping poppy ; and black hellebore ;
Cold coloquintida, and tetra mad ;
Mortal samnitis, and cicuta bad ;
With which th' unjust Athenians made to die
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pour'd out his life and last philosophy
To the fair Cirtias, his dearest belamy.

Swinburne has given us, in his *Garden of Proserpine*, a stanza that resembles the above—

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine.
Pale beds of blowing rushes,
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this, whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

He also alludes to the *cicuta* or hemlock. *Tetra* was the old name for the deadly nightshade, and the *mortal samnitis* is the saim or juniper tree.

The above quotations will be sufficient to explain what I mean by the Rubens school of poetry. It is, however, with the Raphael school that I intend to deal.

Chaucer stands first as the poet who has given us the most minute description of his favourite flower, and of the manner in which he worshipped her. In the *Legend of Good Women* he tells us how he rose early in a spring morning before the sun had risen, so that he might rush out into the fields and see the daisy open, its *resurrection* as he quaintly calls it, and how—

Adown full softly I began to sink,
And leaning on my elbow and my side
The longë day I shope me to abide,
For nothing ellës, and I shall not lie,
But for to look upon the daisy ;
But men by reason well it callë may
The day's eye, or else the eye of day,
The empress and the flower of flowers all.

And then in the evening he again went to the fields—

To see the flower, how it will go to rest,
For fear of night, so hateth it the darkness.

The father of English poetry had not to wander far in those days to find his Empress of flowers—

——————— green fields and oaks,
With branches broad, laden with leavës new,
That sprangen out against the sunnë sheen,
Some very red, and some a glad light green

were to be met with in the very heart of our great city of London.

In none of his poems does Chaucer fail to mention the emblem of Innocence. In the *Flower and the Leaf* the fair lady with the branch of Agnus, castus (a kind of willow) in her hand, sings—

A bargeret, in praising the daisy,
For as me thought, among the notës sweet,
She saidë "Si douce est la Marguirite."

Chaucer was also the first to notice the manner in which the daisy opened at sunrise and closed at sunset. "This flower," says a quaint old English author, "is such a wanderer that it must have been one of the first flowers that strayed and grew outside the garden of Eden."

Passing from the father of English poetry I come to the prophet of humanity—the thousand-souled Shakespeare! His favourite flower appears to have been the violet, but he loved all the treasures of the fields and hedges, and the names he gives them are those by which little children and country folk still call them.

In *Cymbeline* he speaks of the "winking Mary-buds" which begin "to open their golden eyes." In some parts of England the hawthorn still bears the old name, and the month of May is still called "Mois de Marie" in France. The clover-flowers were called cocksheads and honeysuckle in olden days.

How exquisitely touching is that scene between Ophelia and Laertes :—

*Ophelia.* There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ; pray, love, remember ; and there are pansies, that's for thought. There's fennel for you, and columbines ; there's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays—you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.

The rosemary was said to comfort the brain and strengthen the memory, hence it was worn at weddings and at funerals. The fennel is also called Love-in-a-mist. Later on, when the Queen tells Laertes that his sister is drowned, she says—

There is a willow grows aslant a brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream,
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead-men's-fingers call them.

The crow-flower is the common campion. The long-purples belong to the orchis family, and are generally known by the name of Purple-loosestrife.

The *Midsummer Night's Dream* really takes place in May. There is no allusion in Shakespeare's play to the bonfires and pageantries which usually took place in England on the 24th of June, the Midsummer night of the olden days, when the country maidens gathered the magical St. John's wort, which was to foretell if their lover would prove constant. Old Stowe, the topographer, tells us that it was the custom of the people on May-day to walk "in the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind," and this is what Shakespeare's characters do throughout the Dream.

Oberon tells a beautiful story of the little Western flower, the heartsease, or pansy, sometimes called Kiss-me-behind-the-garden-gate and Herbe Trinity, which was—

Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wounds.
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.

It must not be confounded with the love-lies-bleeding, which belongs to the Amaranth family ; and here it may be as well to remark that the amaranth in poetry is often an imaginary flower, which was supposed never to fade.

In the *Winter's Tale* Perdita enumerates the flowers she "lacks to make a garland of"—

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and wake
The winds of March with beauty : violets dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength.

Bold oxslips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-luce being one.

In some parts of England the country folk still say "he died," or "she was married about primrose time ;" and in *Hamlet* the word is used as an adjective to describe the gay and flowery path to ruin—

The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

The fleur-de-luce is not, strictly speaking, a lily, but the Iris or flag-flower, and derives its name from Louis VII. of France, who chose it for his emblem before starting for the Crusades. The name is a corruption of Fleur-de-Louis, and is now called Fleur-de-lis. The crown-imperial is the Fritillary, and the daffodil or Lent lily is the Amaryllis, and is often called by Spenser and Michael Drayton "lily." The white narcissus of the poets was called "primrose peerless;" it was a great favourite with the Greek writers; the Anemone is by some called the white narcissus, and the French called it *l'herbe-au-vent*, which is a translation of the Greek name Anemos—wind-flower, from which our word of anemone is derived. The dark purple kind is sometimes called Pasque-flower. The red anemone is by some said to be the "lilies of the field" to which the Lord referred. It is a common flower in Palestine.

In "*Love's Labour Lost*" four of the most exquisite lines occur, lines unsurpassed in simplicity and music by any of Shakespeare's beautiful songs—

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

All those who are acquainted with fields and meadows know well the Cardamine, or meadow-bitter-cress, the lady-smock of our old poets. It is sometimes called cuckoo-flower; but it was a common practice to call all flowers that appeared about the end of April by the name of the bird of "wandering voice." Old Walton, a true lover of nature, says, "See here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culver-keys and cowslips, all to make garlands." I have been unable satisfactorily to make out what the culver-key really is. In Sheridan's Dictionary I found the word "culver-key, a species of flower"—a piece of information which left me as wise as I was before. I think, however, that it may be the old name for the wild geranium, sometimes called crane's-bill and dove's-bill, the word culver being the Anglo-Saxon name for dove. Isaac Walton again mentions them in a song—

Red hyacinth and yellow daffodils,
Purple narcissus, like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culver-keyes.

The French call the wild geranium *pied-de-pigeon*.

It has not been determined what "the cuckoo-buds of yellow hue" are. They are not the cuckoo-pints, which are arums, and often called by the children in the midlands "Lords and Ladies." How carefully do their little fingers pull off the hood and reveal the "parson-in-his-pulpit," as they call the tall spire in the centre. In Gloucestershire the children call it "Jack-in-the-box."

Shakespeare mentions the "crimson drops 'the bottom of the cowslip," which he also calls "cinque spotted"—

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Little children call these rubies "peeps." The cowslip was sometimes called paigle, petty-mullein, and palsywort. The French still call it "Herbe-de-la-paralysie."

As the pansy denotes thought, so does the blue violet signify remembrance. There are three lines in *Hamlet*—

Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets grow.

And in *In Memoriam*—

And from his ashes may be made
The violets of his native land.

which imply remembrance after death.

There was a quaint legend attached to the Mandragora, or mandrake. It is said that dogs were tied to pull the plant up, and so prevent the certain death of the person who dared to

attempt such a deed, and that the groans emitted by it when this was done were terrible: thus in Shakespeare—

And shrieks like mandrakes, torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, go mad.

Wordsworth's favourite flower was the Celandine, or swallow-wort—

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets
They shall have a place in story.
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.

I must pass over many poets, but I must not omit Tennyson. Trees are what he delights in most—

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
When rosy plumelets tuft the larch.
But here will sigh the alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river.
One willow over the river wept,
By the margin willow-veil'd.
———— Like satin shining palm
On sallows in the windy gleams of March.

In *Amphion* he gives us a long list of trees, among them "the birch tree swang her fragrant hair," and with wonderful skill has he brought out the characteristic of each tree—

The poplars in long order due
With cypress promenaded,
The shock head willows two and two,
By river gallopaded.

In the Garden Scene in *Maud* he has described the emotions of the different plants—

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
The white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The lark-spur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

The sorrow of the passion-flower, the flush of expectation on the red rose, the paleness of hope deferred in the white, the bright, hopeful exclamation of the wiry little larkspur, the gentle resignation of the lily—with what a loving tender hand has he painted each.

In the *May Queen* the following verse occurs:

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo flowers,
And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamp and hollow gray.

Here, by the "faint sweet cuckoo flower," Tennyson means the ladysmocks, or meadow bitter cress. The marsh marigold we all know. It is the "goldie" or "goolie" of Chaucer.

In the *Two Voices* he mentions the "tufts of rosy-tinted snow" on the thorn, and again—

The furry prickle fire the dells,
The fox-gloves cluster dappled bells.

But I have still to mention the birds of the poets, and so will conclude this part of my subject with the words of the greatest of poets—

Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

In Chaucer's *Nightingale and Cuckoo* the latter is called the bird of ill omen. I confess that I consider the poor bird is very badly treated in this poem. In the first place the nightingale requests him to "move off" and leave the place to birds that can sing. The cuckoo tries to defend her song, and in doing so uses rather unparliamentary language, and rails against love. The nightingale vindicates love, but is at last overcome with sorrow by the taunts and bitter words of the cuckoo, and calls on the God of Love for help, whereupon Chaucer tells us he—

———— started up anon,
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
And at the cuckoo heartily cast;
And for dread he flew away full fast,
And glad was I when he was gone.

In return for this most unprovoked assault, the

———— Cuckoo, as he flay,
He saidë, "farewell, farewell, popinjay,"
As though he scorned ————

The oldest sample of English secular music

which we possess is arranged to the oldest of our English songs—

Summer is ycumen in
Lhude sing cucu.
Groweth sed or bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu,
Sing cucu.

It was a favourite song in the time of Elizabeth, and Shakspeare has introduced it *Love's Labour Lost.*

In Denmark there is a curious legend regarding this bird:—"When in early spring-time the voice of the cuckoo is first heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand, and asks, 'Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?' And the old folks, borne down with age and rheumatism, enquire, 'When shall I be released from this world's cares?' The bird, in answer, continues saying 'cuckoo' as many times as the years will elapse before the object of their desires will come to pass. But as some old people live to an advanced age, and some girls never marry, the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her that she has no time to build her nest, and lays her eggs in that of the hedge sparrow."

Wordsworth has written the finest lines to this bird—

O blithe new comer! I have heard—
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

The lark and nightingale, the Attic bird of some poets, the Philomel of others, are however the rivals for fame. Shelley has given us some beautiful lines to the sky-lark, which are so well known that no quotation is needed. The poet Hogg has also written some verses so exquisite in their freshness and simplicity that I may be pardoned for giving them in full—

Bird of the wilderness, blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness, blest is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

Wild is thy lay, and loud, far on the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!
Where on thy dewy wing, where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen, o'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim, over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherubim, hie thee away.

Then when the gloaming comes, love in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be;
Bird of the wilderness, blest is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

But one line of Shakespeare's—

Hark! hark!! The lark at heaven's gate sings.

alone would have sufficed to immortalize the herald of the morning.

The nightingale's song has always been called sad. Milton pronounced it—

Most musical, most melancholy.

S. T. Coleridge has answered this accusation in the following manner:—

Most musical, most melancholy bird!
A melancholy bird! O idle thought.
In nature there is nothing melancholy;
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
And so, poor wretch, filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrows. He, and such as he,
First named thy notes a melancholy strain,
——— 'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant and disburden his full soul
Of all its music.

And Hartley Coleridge, in his verses to the nightingale, says that the song is a combination of fierce grief and wild joy—

Oh nightingale! what doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

Tennyson, however, has best described the song—

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden through the budded quicks,

O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passions clasp a secret joy.

And I—my harp would prelude woe,
I cannot all command the strings;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

Th two lines describe, not only the song of the nightingale, but also that of the poem *In Memoriam*. In both it is—

The glory of the sum of things.

which words and song are unable to express: and the same reason may be given for the nightingale's song that Tennyson gives for writing his poem—

I do but sing because I must.

Chaucer mentions the old superstition that the nightingale's* song enticed the leaves out of their buds—

The nightingale
That called forth the freshë leavës new.

And Tennyson also alludes to it when he says—

In whispers like the whispers of the leaves
That tremble round the nightingale.

And again in the line above quoted—

Rings Eden through the budded quicks.

The superstition attached to the robin has saved that little songster from an untimely death.

It was supposed that its red breast came from the Lord's blood which was sprinkled on it when the bird attended Him to the cross. And in the following lines by an American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, another legion is well told—

My old Welch neighbour over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson playing at marbles stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple tree.

Nay! said the grandmother; have you not heard
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor Bron-rhuddyn! My breast-burned bird!
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like him.

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth,
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well."
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do.

But I must finish my paper. All these beauties of flowers and birds are around us now, and will be for some time yet; and as we walk amid green fields and woods, now echoing to the song of countless visitors from far-off climes, shall we not say, with old Isaac Walton—

Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?

* The following song is said to be sung by the French peasantry, and supposed to be an imitation of the nightingale's:—

"Le bon Dieu m'a donné une femme,
Que j'ai tant, tant, tant, tant, tant, battue."
Que s'il m'en donne une autre,
Je ne la batterais plus, plus, plus, plus,
Qu'un petit, qu'un petit, qu'un petit."

# THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

THE recurrence of the Annual Exhibition of our two-year-old Art Union is an event of such importance to the social life of our young country as to call for an extended notice of it in these pages, devoted as they are and ever have been to the advancement of all that tends to elevate and refine the popular character.

The general impressions conveyed by the present exhibition, mixed as they are, cannot on the whole be otherwise than satisfactory, the improvement on former collections, Provincial and otherwise, being beyond question. The standard of excellence set by the Committee is undoubtedly considerably higher than any before known in our Art circles ; it is still, however, not high enough to make the distinction of being an exhibitor one of any great honour. If this Art Union is to be—as it should be—the nursing mother of painting as an art amongst us, it must be more chary of admittance to the honours of its walls ; and, while showing tender regard towards productions of promise in the future, even if their present be somewhat weak, should be rigidly exclusive towards abortions, products of Vanity and Incompetence upon whom her maternal care would be thrown away.

Of the subjects chosen by the artists exhibiting, it will be remarked that the majority are strictly landscapes, and those, in the main, national. Flowers and fruit in various forms and combinations are favourite studies. There are two or three portraits, and one treatment of an historical incident ; but of figure studies, conceptive composition, home life, the charming little bits of cottage interior and peasant life of the English type ; the exquisitely finished *genre* paintings of the French, we have no sample or suggestion. There is nothing of the idealistic, nothing but what is seen by the outside eye. This, while art is so young amongst us, is no matter of objection. Studying what they see, our artists will one day, and that soon, be able rightly to imagine and paint that which they think.

It is to be observed with divided satisfaction that certain of our artists have been seeking subject matter in the old world. It is clear that if we are to have High Art at home, Canadian painters—upon the principle that Mahomet *must* go the mountain—must visit the great European centres of art life, and educate hand, and eye, and mind, at the fountain head—the homes of the grand old-time life of which here we know nothing save by hearsay and at second-hand. Satisfaction is divided, because the outcome of their travel is represented merely by a few sketches of Welch moors, and an English meadow or two. Good as these are, it was scarcely worth while to go so far to bring back so little.

Another conclusion to which we are driven is, that the place is yet vacant for *the* Artist of Canada, he who, born and bred in her, sharer of her hardships and her successes, and *loving* her through all, shall paint with faithful hand the thousand charms of her primal forest days as a country—her unfolding life as a nation. For landscape, he would have the great still forest-bound lakes with their ever-varying aspect of sun and shade, summer green, and winter snow and ice ; the fresh young life of Spring, fairer and dearer to us Canadians—as colour-hungry through long months of a white world, and the rich glories of the Fall. For historical subjects, Canada has an unpainted, almost an unwritten, history of her own, as full of bloody incident and wrong as any artist could desire. The great historical incidents of these modern days have but little of dramatic or picturesque in their composition. The æsthetic in pictorial art shudders at the severe lines and dull colouring of 19th century costume, and though the poet still finds in humanity as wide a field as ever, the artist of these days is driven to nature or the past for his subjects. The past of Canada is picturesque enough, it only waits its artists.

One more point. Rising as we rapidly are to a position in which architectural features are of considerable moment, it is a matter of surprise and regret that the department of "architectural plans and drawings" is so scantily filled. Messrs. Smith and Gemmell, James and Conolly, J. Smith, R. C. Windeyer, and E. Burke, all local architects, being the sole exhibitors. We can only suppose that as long as painted wood and tin are allowed to humbug the eye by the semblance of stone, as in our new Post Office and the Parliament Library at Ottawa, where height places the imposition beyond chance of detection, architects of high artistic standing feel ashamed of submitting the delusive plans which misplaced parsimony, striving to be cheaply magnificent, compels them to design. True Art and falsity cannot live together.

It is only necessary to premise, in commencing our *critique*, that only those pictures have been noticed in

which merit, to a greater or less degree, is apparent, a very considerable section of the pictures on view being composed, despite the laudable exertions of a vigilant hanging committee, of pictures of which it is difficult to speak in praise.

Beginning with the Oil Paintings, which number some 86, we notice with satisfaction the large number of local and national subjects present. With but few exceptions, our artists have gone to the fountain head—Nature—for inspiration, and though the result on the whole, as an exhibition, cannot be considered as perfectly satisfactory, yet there is enough of promise to show that the time is not distant when, on our own ground, we shall be able to compete, at any rate with our neighbours, in the delineation of the features of our noble country. This, however, is more satisfactorily apparent in the water colour than in the oil section of the exhibition.

The industry of our local artists, during the past season, is shown by the number of canvases sent in, fifteen from the same hand being no uncommon number. It is possible, however, that fewer canvases might have brought better work, The first screen presents a number of Mr. Verner's productions, all dealing with native scenery and Indian life, and containing the same defect of hard, unsympathetic treatment, which characterises his works. It is certainly to be regretted that, with Mr. Verner's industry and evident affection for this class of subjects, he should be unable to enter into the poetry of the scenes he paints, or to transfer the sentiment to his canvas.

"The Insecure Retreat," (9,) by Mr. T. M. Martern, is an animal study of rats and a cat in conjunction with a green pail and an oil can. The cat, whose expression conveys somewhat too much of the sentiment of anxiety, is nervously watching a hole in the floor, strangely oblivious of the fact that a couple of bold buccaneers of rats are complacently licking the oil off the top of the can behind her, with a noble but abnormal disregard of their natural enemy. The execution is good, the fur of the deluded pussy being well rendered, and the rats evidently a "life" study.

A pretty little canvas is the "Stray Lamb," (16) by Allan Edson, the subject being a small but carefully worked up bit of forest hill-side, full of broken light and shade, the *motif* being supplied in the programme by the figure of a sheep supposed for the occasion to be lost, but which is browsing contentedly enough on the stray leaves of underbrush.

No. 17, "The Tidal Wave" is an attempt on the part of Mr. Forbes—not altogether unsuccessful—to delineate one of the most difficult of nature's "puzzles for artists"—a breaking wave; but the consequent foam, under Mr. Forbes' brush, is neither more nor less than smoke.

"Lady Helen Blackwood, eldest daughter of His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin," (18,) by J. C. Forbes, cannot be called either a flattering likeness or a successful portrait.

(22.) "Mount Madison, White Mountains," by Allan Edson, a big canvas, is monotonous in tone, and one is somewhat at a loss to account for the peculiar arrangement of the lights; the blues too are hardly satisfactory.

(25.) "The Locket," by J. C. Forbes, is a life-size bust of a lady regarding with a somewhat cynical look, a locket which she holds in her hand. The flesh colouring is here more satisfactory, but none of the portraits exhibited by Mr. Forbes this year, fulfil the promise held out by his former work "Beware," with the exception, perhaps of "Miss Ada," (77,) which is in better spirit.

(31.) "Beaver River," by the same artist, would seem to show that his forte may be found in landscape. It is a pretty little bit of waterfall and broken rock, with a picturesque foreground, composed of moss-overgrown tree trunks and bending birch; the hardness of the upper part of the picture, and the vivid greens employed, are detrimental to the effect of the whole.

(36.) "Mic-Mac Encampment, Gulf of St. Lawrence," by Henry Sandham, is a canvas of some pretension, full of very green and blue sea, and purple hills, with a would-be grassy foreground, too suggestive of paint.

(39.) "Big Trout Bay, Lake Superior," by T. M. Martern, despite a considerable degree of hardness and a heavy dull tone of colour, has points of great merit and excellence. The execution of the bit of foreground rock, lighted by a stray gleam of sun, is in its way all that could be desired, and the whole picture conveys to the full the impression of stern grandeur which the artist evidently felt.

"Toronto Harbour," (41,) is as creditable a work as Mr. Forbes has produced; the management of the shadows on the marsh, wharf, and steamer, and the haziness of the distance, are, with the general clearness of his work, strong points.

(40.) "Sioux Encampment on the Assiniboine," by F. A. Verner, strikes us as the most satisfactory of his works. The scene represents a group of Indian tents in the dull glow of the setting sun. As usual with this artist, the representation is of the most faithful character, while in this he has given way to a feeling for lights and shadows as they strike and fall from the queérly-shaped tents, which is a desideratum in his pictures.

(51.) "Valley of Pigeon River," Mr. Martern's big canvas, possesses two points of excellent execution. A foreground group of grey and moss-covered boulders, and a mountainous pine-clad range bathed in the soft warm mist of a setting sun. The

middle of the canvas is filled by a winding river rather too hard and cold to harmonise with the rest of the scene, while a strip of inexplicably dull green lies between the river and foreground. It is, however, a good piece of work.

(54) is an admirably painted study of huge limestone rocks, near Dundas, whose rugged cracks and fissures are boldly portrayed by the hand of the same artist.

(57.) "Looking On," also by Mr. Martern, follows the fortunes of the above-mentioned cat and rats. This time, the experiences of the oil-can having evidently brought increase of impudence, the rapacious rodents are engaged on the floor in an engrossing debauchery of broken eggs, regardless of Nemesis, who, in the shape of pussy, is preparing, with eyes strongly suggestive of strychnine or incipient insanity, to launch herself from an overhanging shelf upon the plunderers. It may be remarked that this eccentric quadruped wears her hind leg in a most uncomfortable fashion.

(63.) "Battle of Queenston Heights," by Mr. Matthews, is remarkable as being the only attempt on the part of our artists to idealise, or to portray other than the life of the present; for the rest, the present picture has no discernible qualification for its position.

(73.) "Becalmed," by J. C. Forbes, is a scene of water lilies, tall flags, a flapping sail, and a pair of "spoons" in a boat, of whom it is difficult to tell who is most uncomfortable, since the expression of the faces is not part of the intent of the picture; the perspective of the little scene is good.

(84.) "Thunder Bay," by F. A. Verner, is a pretty, quiet-toned bit of rock and water in the evening light, treated with considerable tenderness.

(83.) "Burnham Beeches," is a little study by Allan Edson, of the moss-covered trunks of some old beeches, the foreground of which is unsatisfactorily spotty and aimless, and damaging to what would otherwise be a good bit of colouring. Weakness of foreground is a constantly occurring drawback throughout the exhibition.

It is with a certain feeling of relief that we turn to the water-colour section of the exhibition, the general character of the pictures being decidedly good, while of several it may be said that little or nothing is left to be desired.

(91) and (95) are a couple of studies by G. Harlow White, soft and unobtrusive in tone, and careful in execution. Wales and Canada, respectively, supply the subjects.

"A Pioneer," (93,) by L. R. O'Brien, is a clever evening scene of backwoods' life. The day's work of the "pioneer" is done, and he is represented as leaning over a snake fence gazing into the purple depths of the "forest primeval" at his feet, and building who knows what—castles of independence and prosperity, all to be realised by those sturdy arms.

Allan Edson sends two large and ambitious views of harvest fields, (96) and (104,) whose technical treatment is rather exceptional, the whole surface being solidly covered with colour, while the employment of adventitious aids to effect in finishing off gives a result rather shocking to upholders of the "pure" school. The *impasto* style is, however, perfectly admissible, and infinitely to be preferred to the "scratched-paper" lights of the old treatment. Effective as his pictures are, Mr. Edson is not quite master of his material, as witness his skies, which are smudgy.

(100.) "Birches," by T. M. Martern, a pretty and effective study of birch trees, in which a couple of sturdy, many-tinted veterans stand out boldly against a woody background. "Mountain, Moor, Marsh, and Meadow," (106,) by C. S. Millard, is a frame containing four small sketches, whose subjects are sufficiently explained by their titles. Especially to be commended is the one at the upper right hand, the eye being carried over an infinite expanse of rich brown, cloud-shaded moorland, most artistically rendered. The same praise can scarcely be accorded to (105,) by the same artist, which is hard and confused, with ill-managed lights. In (109,) "An Autumn Evening, overlooking Owen Sound," Mr. O'Brien is again very happy in his evening sky, with whose tenderness he evidently has complete sympathy. A country road, bounded by the inevitable "snake fence," excellently treated, leads to the brow of a hill, beyond which the greens and the purples of a heavily-wooded country stand out against a clear sun-deserted sky. (108.) "On Mount Royal," by W. L. Fraser, is a bold study of grass and trees, treated very broadly, and in a style too merely suggestive to earn for it more than the title of "sketch." It is, however, a fairly good specimen of the "pure" school, the lights being all left, and the effects, such as they are, produced by the most vigorously "legitimate" of means. It has, however, no depth—no atmosphere.

In (116,) "Toronto, from the Marsh," by L. R. O'Brien, we have an admirable and delicately finished view of the city, full of sentiment and appreciation of the value of colour. The city, smoke-clouded from its many chimneys, lies in the distance, wrapped in a purple haze, while the foreground of marsh and still water, with a beached boat by way of contrast, is in harmony with the sky, though the last is, perhaps, a trifle too uniformly light.

(119.) "Moel Siabod, North Wales," C. S. Millard, a view of mountain and moor, sun-lighted

and cloud-shaded, is to be noted for some effective stone colouring. The sky, however, is scarcely happy. (123.) "The Village Green, Fifield, Oxon, England," by M. Matthews, is a careful and attractive picture of an English village scene. A turn in the road, overshadowed by a wide-spreading oak, the foliage of which is, by the way, somewhat too uniform in colour, is filled by a retreating cart, while the sunlight slants across the road upon a group of school children at play—a way-side wall, with its overtopping hollyhocks, throwing pleasant shadows across the foreground.

(124.) "Toronto, from the Kingston Road," is a careful little sketch, but the subject, from the point chosen, requires more artistic composition to make a taking picture than Mr. Jas. Hoch has been able to exhibit. "Ottawa, from the Rideau," (131,) by L. R. O'Brien, though possessing strong points, and evidencing vigour and good composition, is not altogether a satisfactory performance in its colouring, the excellence of the general effect being marred by mal-arrangement of lights, a brilliant streak of green in the middle distance for example. (133) and (148,) by Jas. Griffith, are large carefully-finished fruit and flower subjects, with the inevitable pineapple and melon, the invariable pear, peach, and plum, and the unavoidable gold fish, of course, strongly to the fore. The arrangement of the flowers, as to their colouring, is not harmonious, though their execution is good. Admirable indeed is (138,) "Prospect of Pigeon Pie," by D. Fowler, representing a triplet of undeniably defunct pigeons. The effect is highly artistic and natural, and the work bold, showing knowledge of the power of a little colour when properly located. Similar in subject and character, though not so satisfactory in execution, is (144,) "Canadian Partridges," by the same artist; while his group of Gladioli (140) shows the same features of good effect from simple work.

(136) and (142.) Two small frames, the one containing an artistic study of red, white, and yellow roses, carelessly but tastefully heaped together; the other a couple of apples, autumn-tinted, are worthy of Mr. Griffith's brush. The prominent frame on this screen is filled with a pretentious view of "Dolwyddelan Castle, North Wales," (141) chosen possibly in order to show the native mind that the old country has as jaw-twisting a nomenclature as even our Indians can boast of. This is an important picture, inasmuch as it is a first attempt to introduce here that later style of Turner which even his warmest admirers confess required the consummate knowledge of the power of colour his genius-guided hand alone showed, to make it admirable. In all *he* did, hazy, fanciful, lawless as it was, there was nothing *weak*, nothing without full reason, full motive. In its indecision, its hazy blending of mysterious tints, its etherealised rocks, if rocks they be, Mr. Millard's picture shows his *intention*—no more. No suggestion of light or colour is there in the dull, meaningless, leaden sky, to explain the mysterious lights of the middle distance; while the washy, weak foreground is as un-Turneresque as it possibly could be. Though feeling for the delicate sympathy with nature which Turner possessed is indeed to be desired for our Canadian artists as a point in which they are as a rule deficient, weak imitations of his mere mannerism are mischievous, and to be avoided.

A clean sketch of the ubiquitous Indian and his birch-bark afloat on a still island-dotted lake, is "Indian Summer," (143,) by L. R. O'Brien; and (146,) "The Woods' Midsummer," by the same artist, is another successful specimen, showing careful study and microscopical execution. The female figure with the sun-shade in the foreground is no addition to the strength of the composition. There is something refreshing and very true in Mr. Matthews' modest "English Hay Field," (147,) broad and bold, without being rough and sketchy. "Gibraltar Point, Lake Memphremagog, (145,) by W. L. Frazer, is a boldly treated bit of precipitous rock overhanging the lake, though somewhat sketchy. In (160,) "Ffos-y-noddyn, North Wales," Harlow White has portrayed a cool rock-girdled pool with big water-washed and moss-covered boulders, suggestive of days when the now dry water course was filled with foaming, tumbling waves. The rocks are the best part of the picture, the greens being weak and flat. A couple of good foreground figures of fishermen with boat and nets form the good points of (161), "Under the Cliff, Port Stanley," by L. R. O'Brien, the sky and water being unsatisfactory. (164.) "A partial view of the Eastern Block of the Parliament Building at Ottawa" is careful, and shares in the finish given to all his work by Mr. O'Brien. "Moorland," by C. S. Millard, has merit which would be greater were not the foreground so overbalanced by the hills in the distance. "September near Flesherton," (165,) by L. R. O'Brien, is a pretty little study of cattle, trees and sky. Queerly chosen as is the subject, "The Train from the West," (166,) by the same artist, must be commended for the accuracy of its execution; though it partakes too much of the real pump and washing-tub school to be considered as a valuable addition to our art stores. (168,) by James Griffith, is an excellent piece of work in the way of fruit and flowers, whilst the grouping is superior to that of similar subjects in the room. "Summer's Farewell," (167,) by Mr. Matthews, has some boldly handled foreground rocks, with a river flowing for indefinite miles through an extremely

green valley into misty distance, which, with the sky, forms the best part of the picture. Nos. (170,) (176,) and (181,) three studies from the Welch moors, by C. S. Millard, are of considerable merit, particularly the last, which is perhaps as good a little bit of quiet effective work as any in the room.

(171,) (175,) and (180,) are all good studies of flowers, by James Griffiths, indefatigable in this line of art. They contrast with the brilliant hues and bolder style of Mr. Fowler's well executed "Gladiolus," (182) and "Cactus," (177.) In 174, "November," a winter scene, by L. R. O'Brien, one cannot but regret that so much careful work has been bestowed on so little-repaying a subject. Mr. Martern's study of moss-covered pine trunks, (178,) with the sunlight falling amongst the prostrate trees, shows feeling and bold treatment.

"On Point Des Moines," (179,) by Henry Sandham, a view of rock and stony beach and sea, has some rather too lively colouring in the foreground, which gives it a spotty effect, but the bit of brown rock in the middle distance with the corresponding sea, are in good taste and tone. Nos. (183) and (172) are tenderly treated views of Loch Lomond, by G. Harlow White, well harmonized and pleasing in effect.

(184.) "Early Autumn on the Don," by James Hoch, has some close vigorous work, though the general effect is somewhat heavy.

"In Cleveland Harbour," (188,) by L. R. O'Brien, the last picture on the catalogue, is a charmingly clear little sketch of boats and barges, whose tapering masts stand out against a blue and white cloud sky. The whole, though not possessing any strong feeling, is in Mr. O'Brien's accurate and cleanly style.

With this our notice of the present year's exhibition concludes. The good effects of exhibition and criticism, provided the latter be but honest, and free from touch of partisanship, will before long be seen both in our artists and their public. The mere fact of people being led in their turn to criticise the critic, is satisfactory to the interests of art, and therefore artists. Once create the interest, the taste will follow; with the taste will come the want, and with the want will come the supply. Our new-born Art Union must make it its care that that taste be not directed to unworthy objects. The standard of popular taste will largely depend upon the standard set by this Institution; it is to be trusted that no other motive than the interests of the art it has undertaken to foster, will be allowed to decide the question of admittance or rejection of contributions. For arts, artists, and public, better twenty faithful *artists* than a cycle of self-satisfied daubers.

# BOOK REVIEWS.

MODERN DOUBT AND CHRISTIAN BELIEF. A series of Apologetic Lectures addressed to Earnest Seekers after Truth. By Theodore Christlieb, D.D., University Preacher and Professor of Theology at Bonn. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1874.

Those who followed with interest the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance at New York last year, will remember that the ablest and most exhaustive paper on Modern Scepticism was read by Professor Christlieb. A general wish was expressed that the author's Course of Lectures on the subject should be translated for the benefit of English and American readers. The work has thus been brought out simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Christlieb, in his preface, states that he has avoided entering in the present work upon the subject of Inspiration, believing that "the decided *separation* (and not mere *distinction*) now established between the idea of Revelation on the one hand, and that of Scriptural Inspiration on the other, to be a real gain for modern Dogmatic Theology; though by the popular mind the *terms* are still regarded as almost identical in meaning. Another motive for such omission was, that I have long determined and still hope to be able to deal with the general question of the Inspiration of the Scripture and special points connected therewith, (*e. g.* the *Genesis* and credibility of particular books), as well as the objections raised by the votaries of natural science to Scripture teaching on such points as the Creation, the Deluge, the Descent of Man, &c., in a second course of Apolegetic Lectures." The two series together will thus constitute together a complete course of Christian Evidences, so framed as to bring the entire subject in review down to the present time, with all the aspects modern doubt in its latest phases.

The volume before us consists of eight lectures, the comprehensive character of which may be judged from a brief summary of their contents. Lecture I. contains a consideration of the existing breach between modern culture and Christianity. In dealing with the causes of this breach, Dr. Christlieb does not conceal the ecclesiastical causes which have repelled scientific and literary inquirers. "It has been widened," he contends, "by the unhallowed labours of the Church herself," including under the word Protestant, as well as Catholic, Christendom. The analysis of the causes which have produced the divorce between culture and religion is conducted with great skill; the difficulties in the way of reconciliation are plainly indicated, and the method by which the breach may be filled up—the special vocation, as the author thinks, of the Teutonic nations—sketched in a hopeful spirit of faith in the future. Lecture II. is devoted to Reason and Revelation, in three sections, the province of Natural Theology, that of Supernatural or Revealed Theology, and lastly, the relation between them. In the Third Lecture we have an exhaustive statement of the prevailing non-Biblical conceptions of Deity—Atheism, Materialism, Pantheism, Deism, and Rationalism. This chapter is one of the most interesting in this valuable work; it possesses all the thoroughness of German scholarship, and all that candour in presenting the views of opponents which only consists with perfect confidence in the writer's ability to refute them. Lecture IV. is devoted to Biblical Theism, and an exposition, exegetical as well as argumentative, of the doctrine of the Trinity. The Fifth Lecture treats of the modern negation of Miracles, and undertakes a demonstration of the nature, possibility, and necessity of the miraculous, with an examination of its historical manifestations as recorded in Scripture. This subject, by an easy transition, leads to the modern anti-miraculous accounts of the life of Christ, whether they are rationalistic or mythical in form. We are first introduced to the old rationalistic theory of Paulus; next to Schenkel's combination of the rationalistic and mythical methods; and finally, in that section, to Keim's "Jesus of Nazara," which has lately been published in an English dress. In this writer the same confusion of theories exists, for while he contends that Christ is "only a man," yet singularly enough he resolves him into "a mystery." Strauss and Renan are examined at considerable length, and the account given of their Christology is much the clearest we have seen in any book on the subject. For Strauss, Dr. Christlieb has some respect; but for Renan's Parisian flippancy and irreverent *bavardage* he expresses much contempt. The Seventh Lecture treats of modern denials of the Resurrection of Christ, and the work concludes with a critical examination of the anti-miraculous conception of F. C. Baur and the Tübingen school founded by him.

It will be seen from this brief and imperfect synopsis of its contents, the valuable character of Dr. Christlieb's work. Differing as it does from any of the ordinary manuals of Christian Evidences published in England or America, it has the merit of thoroughness and solidity. It is the production of a scholar who is thoroughly acquainted with every phase of doubt in a country where free thought boasts its ablest and acutest disciples. Whether we regard the author's views of the great philosophical schools of Germany, or the varied phases of scepticism which have sprung from them, the entire survey of an intricate subject is of a masterly character.

In order to give some idea of Prof. Christlieb's method, we shall select the Seventh Lecture, that on the Resurrection, and give some account of it in detail. This dogma is the culmination of the miraculous narrative; "it is the proof of all other dogmas, the foundation of our Christian life and hope, the soul of the entire Apostolic preaching, the corner-stone on which the Christian Church is built." In the first division of the Lecture the theories of objectors are examined, one after the other. At the outset, those who deny the *bodily* resurrection of Christ "seek to diminish its importance by representing it as non-essential to the faith." To them the corporeal miracle is of no importance, and they prefer to speak of "a spiritual resurrection and glorification." To this our author replies by showing the stress laid upon the doctrine by the Apostles, and further objecting that "resurrection does not refer to the spirit, the continued existence of which Scripture takes as a matter of course, but only to the body and its issuing forth from the grave." Schenkel, who takes the spiritual view, endeavours to interpret St. Paul as proclaiming a faith which rests only on the outward fact of a bodily resurrection of Christ as entirely worthless, in defiance of the obvious drift of his entire argument in the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians. Baur and Keim adopt Schenkel's view with some modifications. Strauss was honest enough, on the other hand, to assign to the resurrection its full importance, styling it "the centre of the centre, the real heart of Christianity as it has been until now," and further, "that as regards the resurrection of Christ, it can scarcely be doubted that, with it, the truth of Christianity stands or falls." In fact having admitted the authenticity of St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans, the Corinthians, and Galatians, he could take no other view. Baur endeavoured to shirk the difficulty by representing it as not a fit subject of investigation. "What the resurrection *per se* is, it does not lie within the bounds of historical research to determine." . . . "For the disciples," he says again, "the resurrection was as real as any historical fact—whatever may have been the medium of this persuasion." Hence he sets about attempting to account for this belief amongst the disciples, and resolves it into "a certain inexplicable condition of human consciousness." On which Strauss remarked, "Baur, at least verbally, evaded the burning question."

Of the Rationalistic theories there were several, each of which was framed to account in a natural way for the belief entertained by the disciples. One of these was that held by Schleiermacher and the old

Rationalists, according to which the Saviour's death was only apparent—a state of trance or swoon. Another view confessed the reality of the death, but denied the resurrection as an outward fact, attributing it to visions experienced by the disciples. Schenkel has also recourse to the belief that the belief in the resurrection was the result of hallucination. The Church at Jerusalem, he thinks, regarded the fact that the grave of Jesus was found empty, as a miracle of Divine omnipotence, and supposed that "it had taken place by the help of angels. Hence the first tradition of an angelic appearance, which was supported by the utterances of deeply-excited women." Renan espouses the "visionary theory." He does not think that Christ, though he often spoke of resurrection and a new life, ever distinctly said that he would rise again in the flesh. Yet in another place he is constrained to admit that "several of the Master's words *might* be understood in the sense of his again issuing from the grave." In reference to the patriarchs, Renan makes the singular remark that "the belief began to gain ground that even the patriarchs and other Old Testament worthies of the first rank had not really died, and that their bodies were alive in their graves at Hebron!" On which Dr. Christlieb remarks: "How does Renan know this? It is simply a piece of his lively oriental imagination which plays such an important part in his *Vie de Jésus*. Nor can Renan adduce a single authority for this wild assertion." The French writer then proceeds, by the aid of this random invention, to connect the credulity of Mary Magdalene and the other women with the gradual growth of the resurrection myth. Strauss, of course, favours the visionary hypothesis, but his scheme is not quite so wild as Renan's. It has weak points of its own, however, and is demolished by our author without much difficulty. His first step is to marshall the historical testimonies and to submit them to a searching criticism, and then to take the various theories already enumerated, and expose the fallacies which they involve. Concluding his examination of Strauss, the author remarks:—"His explanatory attempts, as well as those of all other anti-miraculous critics, are entangled in an endless chain of enigmas and difficulties. Difficulties exegetical, for there is the clear testimony of St. Paul, and the distinction between visions and the narratives of our Lord's appearances. Difficulties psychological in the way of so many and so differently constituted persons having been simultaneously pre-disposed to see visions. Difficulties dogmatical, arising from the question, Whence should the idea of an isolated individual resurrection, hitherto foreign to their belief, arise in the minds of the disciples? Difficulties chronological: unanimous historical evidence points to "the third day" and this leaves no space for the gradual development of visions, or of the translocation of the first appearances to Galilee. Difficulties topographical: there, in a well-known spot, stands the empty tomb, with its loud question:—"Where is the body?" To which Dr. Christlieb adds finally, difficulties historical, such as the existence of the Christian Sunday, and difficulties moral—the entire regeneration of a world which proceeded from the preaching of the Apostles. "The critic," he concludes, "is not yet born who could overcome all these obstacles." It will be seen by the brief account we have given of the evidences of the Resurrection, as Dr. Christlieb has stated them, that he has omitted no argument which possesses any logical force, and that his positions are enforced by a certain originality in their presentation we do not often meet in modern English treatises on Apologetics.

There are two other chapters of great interest to which we should like to refer briefly, because we think the author, contrary to his usual practice, has been led into a false position in his anxiety to render the evidence cumulative in character. We refer to the lectures on Theism and on Miracles. The first section of the former is devoted, for the most part, to the views of Deity presented in the Old Testament. The solution of anthropomorphic and other difficulties, the distinction between the Elohistic and the Jehovistic portions of the Pentateuch borrowed by Bishop Colenso from German Rationalism, and the moral objections to the Old Testament theocracy are criticized at considerable length. Then comes the main purpose of the chapter, the development of the Trinitarian conception of the Divine Nature. The varied lights in which the theory is viewed are so many proofs of the author's extensive learning and polemical skill. It would be impossible to give here even an enumeration of the leading arguments employed by Dr. Christlieb. First, of course, the Scripture testimony of the Divinity of the Three Persons is expounded at considerable length—a distinction being clearly made between books of which the canonicity has been disputed and those which even Baur and Strauss admit to be authentic. In the course of this appeal to Holy Writ, the Arian, Sabellian, and kindred heresies are tested by the declarations of Scripture, and other objections to the Trinitarian view examined in order. We come now to the philosophical statement of the doctrine:—"The received dogmatic theology of the Church distinguishes between an essential (immanent Ontological) Trinity of persons in the Godhead, and an Economical Trinity, *i. e.* a three-fold manifestation or self-revelation of the God to us. The Church believes in and affirms both. But many in the present day, and amongst them not a few sincere believers in revelation, deny the scriptural authority of the former, while all receive and acknowledge the latter." In other words, there is a tendency to believe that there are three successive phases of development (Sabellianism) instead of three contemporaneous distinctions of the Divine Nature, as the Scriptures teach. The remainder of the lecture is occupied by an examination of the collateral proofs such as the existence of the Trinitarian conception in heathen religions. In the words of Schelling:—"The philosophy of mythology proves that a Trinity of Divine Potentialities is the root from which have grown the religious ideas of all nations of any importance that are known to us." Dr. Christlieb further contends that abstract Monotheism is utterly empty and lifeless, and leads, as it did with the Jews and Mohammedans, who denied that Christ was of the same Divine essence as the Father, to a cold and cheerless Deism. We cannot follow our author in the conclusions he draws upon this subject; to the English reader they will no doubt appear novel and original, and therefore their force will strike him perhaps with more effect than they intrinsically deserve. It appears to us, also, that Dr. Christlieb's position on the so-called Athanasian Creed is indefensible. It is not necessary to enter here into the metaphysical distinctions

of this symbol; its employment of such words as "person," "substance," or "essence," in an entirely different sense from that of ordinary language. Nor shall we refer at length to the "damnatory" clauses which are a stumbling-block to many. But we do think that Prof. Christlieb, who, after quoting the Creed as declaring that "he who would be saved must *thus* think of the Trinity" commends this stringency, was in duty bound to adhere to every clause of it. Instead of which he proceeds to show that although belief in *a* Trinity is an essential article of faith, one ought not to believe it as this symbol interprets and defines it. On the contrary, he maintains that there are some points in the teaching of this Creed, concerning the relations of the Divine Persons, which are not in full accord with those of Scripture. And still less do they satisfy the questions and requirements of speculative theology. And again,—"The Athanasian Creed is evidently too stiffly arithmetical in some of its definitions and antitheses, without attempt to reconcile their obvious contradictions," &c. Now if this be so—if the Creed be a mere bundle of paradoxes—why should any one who cannot possibly hold the doctrine of the Trinity as thus repulsively stated, be declared in danger of everlasting perdition? It is surely one thing to believe in the Scriptural doctrine and a totally different thing to embrace the metaphysical distinctions of an anonymous creed. It appears to us that Dr. Christlieb himself is obnoxious to its anathema.

The argument on Miracles is an excellent one in almost every particular. The author denies that they are in any sense "a rent in nature's harmony," or a violation of the laws of nature. On the contrary he contends that they are, for the most part, "an intensification of natural forces." Their aim is a redemptive one; and they are not an unnatural breach in nature, but "a supernatural interruption of the non-natural." Of course the objections of Hume and Spinoza are submitted to a critical examination. The last section of the chapter is an attempt to prove from the history of missionary and charitable effort, that there are still miraculous manifestations. This position is based upon a few apparently unexpected successes quite inadequate for the purpose; it opens the door, on the other hand, to the so-called miraculous appearances at Paray-le-Monial or Lourdes and the entire hagiology of mediæval Rome. When the opening is afforded for belief in prodigies there can be no limit to credulity and superstition.

Having thus endeavoured to give our readers some idea of the scope, learning, and ability of this book, we heartily commend it to their careful attention and study. We have seen no work, for years past, which so fully expounds and defends the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Certainly none of the numerous manuals and treatises on Evidences issued of late can compare with it in depth of learning, acuteness and solidity of argument, or in the spirit of earnestness and devotion which pervades the volume throughout.

# LITERARY NOTES.

THE commerce of literature has always partaken more of the character of a profession than of a trade, and this fact is amply illustrated in the biographies of the many author-publishers who have given to Book-craft much of its interest and importance. The typical bookseller is not a purveyor of literature merely—a trafficer in folios and duodecimos, as one might traffic in dry-goods and groceries—but he is often a creator in the art, and is always an ardent student, and a sympathetic friend of letters. The history of the Book-trade, to a great extent, would be the record of the growth of literature; while the narrative of its great publishing achievements would be the story of such enterprises as have given a powerful impetus to learning, and furnished a valuable incentive to the diffusion of useful knowledge. "A History of Booksellers" has just been published, which, in some degree, endeavours to do justice to these co-workers in literature. However inadequately it does this, the perusal of its interesting pages will bear out what we have said in regard to the character and qualifications of this class. In the volume we have the instructive story told of the rise and growth of such houses as Murray, Longman, Blackwood, Charles Knight, the Chambers, the Rivingtons, the Nelsons, and other notabilities of the publishing fraternity. While the incidents in the career of these publishers are of interest to the general reader, the literary student will find the study of the gossip and correspondence of the authors and their publishers of peculiar interest. Nothing brings the author more clearly out in relief, nor gives a better idea, to the public apprehension, of the manner of the man, than to note the concern a writer betrays in the birth and reception of his literary progeny. Whether the child is to live or to die in the public favour, and if the former, what is to be the place assigned for the offspring of his brain, are the living questions which author and publisher are often found discussing. Such topics of interest and like material in the way of literary and trade gossip, the reader will find profusely scattered throughout this History of Book-publishing. As a companion to the Manuals of English Literature, the student will not find the work destitute of service; and to such we particularly recommend it.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on Female Suffrage, in *Macmillan*, relates to a subject of great political importance in England, and has extensively attracted the notice of the press both there and here. We have accordingly included it among our selections, although, (as is duly acknowledged in a note in *Macmillan*,) a few paragraphs had already appeared in an article on Woman's Rights by the same author, in these columns.

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## A "POTLATCH" AMONG OUR WEST COAST INDIANS.

BY J. D. EDGAR.

SOME readers of a Canadian magazine may have become acquainted with the Red man as he appears upon his reserves of land throughout Ontario; but from that they can form no correct idea of his habits, polity, pastimes, and eccentric conduct generally, upon the Pacific coast of the Dominion. After being accustomed to see the Iroquois and kindred tribes, one cannot avoid contrasting their very form and appearance with the characteristics of the West Coast natives. The latter have broad, flat-heads, set upon rather undersized bodies, which in their turn are supported by apologies for legs. The art of distortion has given shape to the head by means of continued pressure; while the art of navigation has for generations lessened the necessity for using the legs wherever the paddle could be made to do their work.

The native American denizens of the wood, the plain, or the mountain, seem to possess a more gainly frame and countenance than their fellow savages whose home is among the countless islands of the North Pacific Coast. Deer and buffalo furnish a more substantial article of diet than clams and salmon; and the efforts employed in the capture and assimilation of the one class of provisions may be more conducive to a good physical development than the simpler methods of securing the other. In April of this year there was a most favourable opportunity for observing the characteristics of the "Flat-Heads of the Pacific Coast," while engaged in carrying out an ancient and laudable custom. The rank of Ty-ee, or Chief, is still an object of lofty ambition among these people, although the temporal power attached to the office seems to be fast waning under the light of civil government and British laws. There may be some sort of hereditary claim to the rank, such as will give a son the first right to show himself a

worthy successor of the paternal Ty-ee, but there are many other requisites to secure the acknowledgment of the dignity. The "claimant" must do more than prove that his mother had acknowledged him as the true heir. He must be a man of intelligence and eloquence. Formerly, he must also have been a proved and scalp-laden warrior. These accomplishments, however, would be all in vain, if the candidate neglected the greatest of all flat-head virtues, viz., the profuse giving away of gifts. Can there be in this rude custom or instinct of the poor savage—pagan and unbeliever though he be—something that may be held to emulate the highest and brightest of Christian virtues, and fill his simple soul with a sense of attempting to do at least his duty towards his neighbour? It may be nothing more than an ignorant following of old traditions, yet it remains as a fact that to-day, among the despised Western aborigines, not only the rank of chief, but all other subordinate social positions, can alone be achieved and maintained by lavish public "benevolences." At irregular intervals, and in uncertain places, great gatherings are held, sometimes of many tribes, for a "potlatch," or gift distribution.

These strange customs have had their origin in some dead past which no ray of historical light can ever penetrate; yet they are not without their lesson for those who, like Longfellow, when he sings his Indian legend,—

> —— "Have faith in God and Nature,
> Who believe that in all ages
> Every human heart is human:
> That in even savage bosoms,
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings
> For the good they comprehend not;
> That the feeble hands and helpless,
> Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
> And are lifted up and strengthened."

The grandest affair of the kind that has been held upon Vancouver Island for many years, came off in April last, at Victoria. Across the snug little harbour, at a point where it narrows to about 200 yards in width, opposite the busiest of the wharves, there is an Indian Reserve of considerable extent. The ordinary residents number only about three hundred, and have been reduced from several thousands by the proximity of civilization, which means to them—whiskey, demoralization, and death. A few weeks ago I was looking through a large lodge in this reserve, when an intelligent young Indian complained to me in his broken English, that "long time ago plenty Indians in this house —whiskey kill 'em—whiskey kill all my faders, all my modders, all my brodders, all my cousins." He also explained that liquor was sold every day by white men, and was very indignant about it, yet his zeal for temperance was somewhat questioned by me afterwards when he stood up, and turned out to be so very drunk himself that he could barely stagger along. The houses or lodges of the Coast Indians have been well described by Chief Justice Begbie, as "roomy and substantial, being a sort of one story card castle, (only firmly fastened,) of axe-hewn timber." They can accommodate a number of families, who sleep, cook, and live most harmoniously in the one large room. The different fires are lighted upon the floor of earth, and the smoke has to take its own chance of escaping from the domestic hearths through chinks or knot-holes. It serves effectually to dry and smoke the fish and venison hanging from the roof-tree, and does something to conceal the effluvia of varied repasts, and the indescribable "ancient and fish-like smell" that pervades the interior and vicinity of the lodges. The roofs are supported by strong posts, sometimes carved and painted most grotesquely. In the lodge of the Chief of the Songhees, at Victoria, there are a few curious carvings. This chief is known among whites as "Jim," and among his followers as "Skomiax," or fir tree. Tall wooden figures, ten feet in height, are found there,

with huge heads of superhuman aspect—the hair painted blue, the flesh red, and eyes white. In the arms of one monster, and crawling up his body, are huge black lizards or crocodiles. This animal does not certainly represent the crest, or totem, of Skomiax, but is probably a traditional symbol of stupendous import, which "Jim" delights to parade on rare and momentous occasions. The figures are set off by a coat of very fresh paint, and so much valued is this conglomeration of carving and sign-painting art by its proprietor, that the first time I saw it he had veiled the faces with pieces of calico. An incident occurred connected with these very calico curtains, that affords a curious illustration of the expansive and assimilating power of language. There is among the West Coast Indians a dialect of commerce that fills the place of interpreters between the white and red men, and even between the native tribes themselves. This is known as "Chinook," and is a jargon that would surprise philologists in its extraordinary power of expression, with an extremely limited vocabulary, and scarcely any grammatical inflections. It is neither Indian, French, nor English, but a curious combination of all—with an addition of eccentric words, that are probably the result of mere whim. I wish Max Müller had a good dictionary of it sent to him, and then heard the varied uses to which simple words are applied by changes of relative position and accentuation. He might be puzzled in reconciling this curious tongue with the latest theories of the origin of language. Few Indians understand English, and fewer whites understand the native languages, but almost every native can speak Chinook, and so can all the whites who meet or trade with him. The letter "r" is unknown in the language, and when they adopt a French or English word containing that letter, it is changed to "l." As for instance, "lalam" is "oar," evidently French, and "lope" is our "rope." Some of the words convey profound suggestions, and it can not be considered difficult to trace out the idea which led the framers of the tongue to indicate the habits of the dusky maids of the forest by calling a mirror "She-look-um." To return to the carved figures in the lodge of Skomiax, which suggested this digression — we were lifting up the curtains with our walking-sticks when a gentleman with me asked an Indian, in Chinook, why they covered up the figures. He answered with a laugh, "Hy-as ty-ee (great chief) putten-on-airs!" My friend admitted the entire novelty of the expression, but we felt its force.

The Indians gathered to this Potlatch to the number of over two thousand, and came from the East Coast of the Island, and a few even from Puget Sound, in American Territory. The latter are called in Chinook, "Boston" Indians, as distinguished from British or "King George" Indians. They all belong to the tribes who speak the Songhee tongue, or are their ancient allies. They arrived in canoes, which, to the number of several hundred, were drawn up on shore. Some of their canoes are forty feet long, hollowed each out of a single tree, and with about five feet beam. The larger ones are fearlessly taken out many miles in the Pacific Ocean, carry a sail very well, and can live in almost any sea. They are of an entirely different model from the birch-bark canoe of the East, running up quite high fore and aft, and with beautiful lines. They are built in a faultless way, and always without either drawings or measurement—simply by the eye. It seems as if the canoe were a result of the same kind of instinct that teaches the bird to build her nest.

There are intervals during the time of the festivities that are not employed in gift-making, and something of interest is always going on. The natives are inveterate gamblers, and although I have seen the Indians playing cards in Nebraska and Utah, near the railway stations, yet the west-coast tribes stick to their traditional game of "Lahal-

lam." It is played with ten flat circular pieces of wood, about two inches in diameter, seven of which are blanks, and three only are winning horses. The two players sit opposite each other upon neat mats pinned to the ground, often with silver skewers. The stakes are always planked out when the bet is made, and the I O U system is not recognized. The player who begins takes the pieces in his hands, and shakes them about a great deal under a mass that looks like oakum, but is really the fibre of the inner cedar bark. His object is to confuse the opponent as to the whereabouts of the king pieces, and he then divides his oakum into two parts, each having concealed in it five pieces. These two handfuls of tow he changes about from hand to hand, and, after any amount of thimble-rigging, the adversary is challenged to choose the hand in which the highest pieces are hidden. If the player wins he continues to play and score on the game, but loses his hand upon a successful guess by the opponent. Side bets are going on all round the "table," and a lucky player will sometimes be backed by all his tribe. There is continually to be seen, as stakes on one game, $40 or $50 in silver and gold coin, besides several rifles and fowling pieces. In betting guns, there are often a few half dollar pieces laid upon the one of less value, to make it a fair bet. The excitement is so intense that I have seen more than one pair of boots pulled off and put up as a side bet, when the "sport" had nothing else available; yet an absolutely immovable countenance, and an unconcerned demeanour, are preserved by winner as well as loser. It is not unusual for one of them to lose a hundred dollars at a sitting. To imagine that a West Coast Indian is poor, is a great mistake; he often has hoarded many hundred dollars of wealth in coin or kind, which he delights to gamble or give away. His wants are easily supplied, and if he be a good hunter, fisherman, or trapper, he can easily make a round sum each year above his actual needs.

While a crowd may be surrounding the gamblers' mats, the visitor will probably find, not far away, some very different and more solemn proceedings. When so many are together, there always have been recent deaths amongst them; and it is an interesting and sad thing to witness the custom of mourning for their dead. Women gather round a fire, and, squatted on the ground, pour forth their grief—real and assumed—in melancholy wailing, and monotonous chaunts. They recount, in simple words, the good qualities of the departed whom they mourn, and do not forget him even in the midst of their festivities. One poor old woman was weeping and singing alone over a fire, and I asked a gentleman, who has long been familiar with their language, to listen and interpret what she said. He told me she was mourning for her child, singing and repeating—"O my child, he was a chief, he was a chief; why did he leave me? O my child, O my child!" It is a curious thing about their notions of the dead, that it is not allowed among them to utter the name by which the deceased was known when living. I have tried to ascertain from many intelligent men, who have spent a great part of their lives with the West Coast Indians, what is the orthodox religion among them, but few can give any decided opinion. There seems to be a clear idea that good men have some future existence, and may be again incarnate. A boy has been pointed out as being an old chieftain of distinction re-born in the tribe, and it has been clearly proved to be so by the existence of a birth-mark upon the child's side, just such as (old men said) the chief had. As to the bad men, and all the ladies, I fear that small provision has been made for them in the Indian heaven; and I hope that none has been made for them in the other place. It is clearly understood that each one has a guardian spirit; or, at least, that every

respectable Indian ought to have one, and should be able to find, and speak with his "familiar." There are great ceremonies—in fact they are literally "mysteries," as far as white men are concerned—whereat young men are starved and worked upon until they are in a state of ecstacy, or *dementia*, perhaps, and are then driven off to the woods, to remain there night and day without food until their familiar spirits appear to them and tell them what occupations are lucky for them. They return and become hunters, fishermen, medicine-men, or canoe-builders, according to the result of their spiritual interview. There seems thus to be something sacred and honourable stamped upon all their occupations. If a young man should return from the woods, admitting (as strangely enough one occasionally does admit) that he has not found his familiar, he is ever after despised, and called "kultus," *i.e.* bad, good for nothing, contemptible in every way.

It was upon the arrival of a fleet of canoes to take part in the festival, that some of the most curious performances were to be witnessed. Skomiax called upon his followers to welcome the strangers. They rushed to the shore in a crowd, shouting and laughing, and bearing gifts. Blankets were tossed into the canoes, and both fowling pieces and rifles were flung into the sea, to be dived for by the young men. In return for this welcome, the newly arrived guests made speeches from the canoes, and sometimes they considered it appropriate to extend a platform of boards between two canoes, and to dance furiously upon it for half an hour. One family took that opportunity to distribute as gifts the entire personal property of one of their number who had recently died. His widow was making an oration from a canoe during the whole time of the distribution. She gesticulated and howled with a wild, frenzied enthusiasm; and when I received the explanation that she was recounting the virtues and prowess of the departed, it occurred to me that many of her fairer sisters, in the face of the same domestic affliction, would probably have spared their breath, and saved their blankets to furnish a second establishment.

The personal attractions of the flat-head maidens are not of a high order, and their complexions are often obscured by artificial means. They paint and powder, but not with good taste. There are some much fairer, and really rather handsome women among the Hydas, or tribes towards the north of Vancouver Island. They throng the streets of Victoria, yet their shameless lives do not render them at all less welcome, when they return home with gaudy dresses on their backs, and with English oaths upon their tongues.

A remarkable degree of skill is shewn in some of the carving in bone and stone, by the coast tribes. They can also work up pretty devices in silver and gold. Out of silver quarter and half dollar pieces, are made by them neat rings, and richly carved bracelets. In earrings they seem to appreciate size rather than grace; for many of these stately old savages take a strange delight in hanging strings of clam and oyster shells to their ears. When the more useful portion of their attire is examined, it is found to consist, in the main, of ready-made "store clothes," often surmounted by a red, blue, or green blanket. If a shirt be purchased of unusual brilliancy of pattern, it is generally considered a mistake to hide any part of it; and in such cases it is either worn outside of the nether garments, or the latter are for the time dispensed with, as I witnessed in some startling instances on the Frazer River.

Let us picture a couple of thousand of these curious people gathered together at the call of Skomiax to his great Potlatch. They are there, all ages and sizes, from the old medicine men to the one, two, three and more "little Ingins." The soft spring weather of April, in Vancouver Island, seems

to entice them out of their huts into the open air; neither is it possible that they can fail to feel the influence of the lovely spot where they are assembled. No place I have ever seen at all approaches in beauty the site of Victoria. On the picturesque shores of the Straits of Fuca, and possessing a beautiful little harbour of its own, it has every charm of a sea-side town. The slopes, the rocks, the trees, the drives, and the parks in the town and vicinity, are unequalled; but its greatest and unending charm is the view it commands of grand, majestic, snow-clad mountains. The archipelago of the Gulf of Georgia—including the unfortunate San Juan Island—is beautiful enough, but you must look over and beyond all that to see, far in the east, the glacier sides of Mount Baker, standing up silent and white against the sky, fourteen thousand feet above the blue waters of the Pacific. To the south—just across the narrow straits—and stretching along the coast for a hundred miles, is the mighty Olympian range, with summits always hid in snow and ice. When seen from a point of view about a mile inland, these mountains appear to overhang the town. You cannot step out into the street without feeling yourself in the presence of those sublime and rugged peaks, which thus seem to belong far more to Victoria than to the American Territory where they are. Skomiax does well to gather his tribe and people here.

For several days during the arrival of the strangers, there are a great many small potlatches. In fact, it seems impossible for any family to refrain from giving away all their spare movables. They mount upon the roof of one of the lodges, and gather about them their blankets, guns, and silver coins. Women and children beat time with sticks upon the wooden roof, to a monotonous chaunt sung by the whole family, and which serves the double purpose of attracting the crowd to the place, and exciting the singers to generous deeds. The father or mother then makes a speech—sometimes, as elsewhere, they both talk at once—and the great value of their gifts is dilated upon with a vehemence and volubility intended to be most impressive. To describe one blanket distribution will suffice for all. The donor holds up in his hands the article he is to give away, and calls by name the favoured individual who is to receive it. Unless the latter comes to the front at once, his name is echoed from a score of throats until he makes his appearance. There is never any unseemly haste on his part to receive the gift, but in a slow, stately, and almost sulky way, he walks up and takes it, without any pretence at saying "thank you." After this proceeding has been carried on until it has become monotonous, there is a call from the roof for the young men to come forward. Then begins a scene of savage delight. From all sides the young braves rush up, each bearing what looks like a long white spear, but is only a wooden pole ten or twelve feet long, with some spikes or nails driven in near its top, to assist them in catching the blankets. When the blanket is thrown from the roof of the lodge, far up into the air, there is an exciting scramble. The poles flash in the sun, and are all thrust forward to secure the prize, amidst a mighty tumult of shouting and laughter. When one seems to have secured it, and is bearing it away over the heads of the crowd, he is perhaps suddenly waylaid, and loses it to the bearer of another pole. Not until the prize is safely folded in the arms of a contestant, is he recognized as having won it. Several of these struggles are often going on simultaneously to secure blankets thrown out in quick succession. Even when guns and rifles are tossed from the roof, the poles are so closely serried that they often catch them before they reach the heads or hands below. I saw an interesting struggle for a rifle which had been first caught by a man, who was either unpopular or considered a good subject for trifling with. The young

men rushed upon him and laid as many dark hands upon his prize as it could accommodate with room. They pushed, and jostled, and teased him, until their horse-play resulted in depriving him of all clothing except his shirt. Even then he was allowed peaceable possession of the firearm only upon promising to pay a "bit," or 12½ cents, to each of the others who had "a hand in." I saw a clever plan adopted for giving interest to a scramble for coins. A number of half-dollar pieces were firmly nailed up between two long strips of half-inch boards. The strips were hurled down at the crowd, who seized and tore them apart, scattering the silver shower in all directions for the general good. It was difficult to ascertain the exact value of the whole of the gifts, but it was estimated by some people, whose information was very accurate, to have been from $8,000 to $10,000 during the week. This seems a large sum for "Lo" (the poor Indian) to squander, but I witnessed Skomiax distributing, in blankets alone, one thousand dollars' worth. In one day he opened and gave away twelve new bales of them, which had been bought in Victoria by him at about $90 per bale in hard cash.

The substantial competence of our West Coast aborigines is established beyond doubt, by watching them on such occasions as I have here attempted to describe. All they have they earn, as much as the white man earns his money. They are not one day butchered and another pauperized, on the American system, which is expensive, cruel, and inefficient. The thoughtful treatment of our Indians by the Hudson Bay Company, in the first instance, has tended to make them as peaceful and industrious as they are. It remains now for our Government to keep them strictly to an understanding that their rights will be secured to them as they are to the whites; but that in return for such treatment they must submit to the rule of life which the white man's law prescribes.

## MY OLD PET NAME.

Long years ago, and I a boy, it came—
My old pet name;
As though some tender birdling on my breast
Had flown to rest,
And stayed awhile, and sung—my heart to greet—
His song of "Sweet:"
"Sweet days, sweet hours,
"Sweet sun, sweet flowers,
"Sweet smiles, sweet youth,
"Sweet heart, sweet truth,
"Sweet face, sweet eyes,
"Sweet hopes, sweet sighs,
"Sweet friends, sweet throng,
"Sweet life, sweet song."
And all was "sweet" throughout my birdie's song.
It was not long;
Yet so, of all the joy and gladness of his trill,
My heart took fill;
I do, indeed, suppose it were not best
He so should rest
Through all my life; though I, in truth, were fain
He would remain.
Perhaps his songlet would but mock me now,
Ah me! I bow,
Tis better so, that he should fly away—
I've had my day.

LYD.

# GERMAN LOVE.*

## PREFACE.

WHO has not once in his life sat down at a desk where shortly before sat another who now rests in the grave? Who has not opened the drawers which for long years hid the secrets of that heart which now lies in the holy calm of the churchyard? Here are the letters which were loved by him, the loved one; here are drawings, and volumes, and books, with marks on every page! Who can now decipher them? Who can gather together the faded and scattered leaves of this rose, and endue them once more with living fragrance? The flame which among the Greeks received the body of the departed for fiery destruction—the flames into which the ancients threw everything that had been dear to the living, are still the safest depositories of these relics. With trembling emotion the bereaved friend reads those pages which no other eye has yet seen, save the one now closed for ever, and when a rapid glance has satisfied him that they contain nothing which the world calls important, he throws them hastily on the glowing coals: they flame and are gone.

From such flames the following pages are saved. They were intended at first only for the friends of the lost one, and yet they have found friends amongst strangers, and may therefore, as so it is to be, wander forth again into the world. The Editor would gladly have given more, but the pages are too much torn to be collected and pieced together again.

MAX. MÜLLER.

Oxford, 1874.

## FIRST RECOLLECTION.

CHILDHOOD has its mysteries and its wonders, but who can describe them—who can interpret them? We have all wandered through this silent enchanted forest; we have all at one time opened our eyes in a perplexity of happiness, and the fair reality of life has overflowed our souls. Then we knew not where we were, or who we were; the whole world then was ours, and we belonged to the whole world. That was an eternal life, without beginning and without end; without interruption; without pain. Our hearts were bright as the sky in spring, fresh as the scent of the violet, calm and holy as a Sunday morn.

Yet, it is so sweet to look back to the spring-time of life—to gaze into its sanctuary—to remember. Yes, even in the sultry summer, in the sad autumn, and cold winter of life, there comes now and then a spring day, and the heart says, "I, too, feel as if it were spring." Such a day it is to-day, and so I lie down on the soft moss in the fragrant forest, and stretch my weary limbs, and gaze upwards through the green leaves into the infinite blue sky, and think, how was it then in childhood?

All seems forgotten, and the first pages of memory are like an old family Bible. The opening leaves are quite faded, and somewhat crumpled and soiled. Only when we turn further on, and come to the chapters which tell how Adam and Eve were driven

* Translated from the third German edition.

out of Paradise, it all begins to be clear and legible. Yes, and if we could but find the title page, with the place and date of the printing! But that is entirely lost, and we only find instead a clean page of writing—the certificate of our baptism; and there it stands—when we were born, and how our parents and sponsors were called, so that we need not think of ourselves as "editions" *sine loco et anno.*

Yes, but the beginning—if there were only no beginning, for with the beginning all thought and memory cease! And when we thus dream back into childhood, and from childhood into eternity, it seems as if the dark beginning always receded, and the thoughts follow, yet never reach it—just as a child seeks the spot where the blue heaven rests on the earth, and runs and runs, and the heaven always recedes before him, yet always rests on the earth; and the child becomes tired, and never reaches it.

But I think I can still remember when I saw the stars for the first time. They may have often before seen me; but one evening it seemed to me that it was cold, though I lay in my mother's lap; and I shuddered, and was chilled or afraid—in short, something within me made me more than usually observant of my tiny self. Then my mother showed me the bright stars, and I wondered, and thought "how prettily mother has made all that." Then I felt warm again, and probably went to sleep.

Then I remember how I once lay on the grass, and everything round me waved and nodded, and hummed, and buzzed; and there came a whole swarm of small, many-footed, winged creatures, and they sat on my forehead and eyes, and said, "Good morning." Then my eyes hurt me, and I called my mother, and she said, "Poor boy, how the midges have stung him." I could not open my eyes, or see the blue sky any more; but my mother had a bunch of fresh violets in her hand, and I felt as if a dark blue, cool, aromatic fragrance passed through my brain; and even now, when I see the first violets, I recollect this, and feel as if I must shut my eyes that the dark blue sky of those days may again rise over my soul. Yes, and then I remember how again a new world opened to me, and it was more beautiful than the world of stars and the scent of violets. It was on an Easter morning. My mother woke me early, and before the window stood our old church. It was not beautiful, but it had a high roof, and a lofty tower, and on the tower a golden cross, and it looked far older and greyer than the other houses. Once I had wished to know who lived there; and I looked through the grated iron door. But inside it was quite empty, and cold, and awful—not one living being even in the whole house; and since then I had always shuddered as I passed by the door. Now this Easter day it had rained in the early morning, and then the sun had risen in full splendour, and the old church, with its grey slate roof, and the high windows, and the tower, with the golden cross, shone with marvellous brightness. Suddenly the light which streamed through the high windows began to wave, and seem alive. But it was far too bright to look inside, and, as I shut my eyes, the light still came into my soul, and everything there seemed to shine and be fragrant, and to sing and sound. I felt as if a new life began in me—as if I had become another being; and when I asked my mother what it was, she said it was an Easter hymn, which they were singing in the church. I have never been able to discover what was the pure, holy song which then sank into my soul. It must have been one of those old church songs such as often broke from the stern spirit of our Luther. I have never heard it again. But even now, if I hear an adagio of Beethoven, or a psalm of Marcello, or a chorus of Handel; yes, often, if in the Scotch Highlands, or the Tyrol, I hear a simple melody, I feel as if the lofty church windows were again sparkling—as if the organ notes

rang through my soul, and a new world opened, fairer than the world of stars and the fragrance of violets.

This is what I recollect of my earliest childhood, and amidst it floats a loving mother's face; a father's kind, earnest countenance, and gardens and a vine-covered arbour, and green soft turf, and a venerable old picture-book; and that is all I can still discern on the first faded pages of memory.

But then it becomes clearer and more distinct. Names and faces stand forth—not only father and mother, but brothers and sisters, and friends and teachers, and a crowd of strangers. Ah, yes! of those strangers how much is graven on my memory.

SECOND RECOLLECTION.

Not far from our house, and opposite the old church with its golden cross, stood a large building, much larger than the church, and with many towers. They looked very grey and old, but had no golden cross, only stone eagles were placed on the pinnacles, and a great white and blue flag waved from the highest tower, just over the lofty gateway where the steps went up, on each side of which two mounted soldiers kept guard. The house had many windows, and through the windows could be seen red silk curtains with golden tassels, and all round the court stood the old limetrees, which in summer overshadowed the grey stone walls with their green foliage, and strewed the grass with their fragrant white blossoms. I had often looked up there, and of an evening, when the limes smelt sweetly, and the windows were lighted up, I saw many forms float here and there like shadows, and music echoed from the palace above, and carriages drove in from which men and women stepped out, and hastened up the steps. And they all looked so kind and beautiful, and the men had stars on their breasts, and the women had fresh flowers in their hair,—and then I often thought "Why do not you go there also?"

But one day my father took me by the hand, and said, "We will go to the palace. You must be very good if the princess speaks to you, and kiss her hand."

I was about six years old, and rejoiced as one only can rejoice when six years old. I had already made many quiet reflections about the shadows that I saw of an evening at the lighted windows, and had at home heard so much of the prince and princess—how they were so gracious and brought help and comfort to the poor and suffering, and were chosen by God's mercy to defend the good and punish evil-doers—that I had long pictured to myself how everything must go on in the palace, and the prince and princess were already old acquaintances, whom I knew as well as my nutcracker and my leaden soldiers.

My heart beat as I went up the great steps with my father, and whilst he was still telling me to call the princess "Highness," and the prince "Serene Highness," the folding doors were opened, and I saw before me a tall figure, with bright, penetrating eyes. She seemed to come straight towards me, and to reach me her hand. There was an expression in her face—which I had long known—and a half-hidden smile played on her cheeks. I could no longer restrain myself, and whilst my father still stood at the door, and—I knew not why—made the deepest bow, my heart seemed to spring into my throat, and I ran to the beautiful lady and threw my arms round her neck and kissed her like my mother. The tall, lovely lady seemed to be pleased, and stroked my hair and laughed. But my father took me by the hand, and drew me away, and said I was very naughty, and he would never bring me there again. My head became quite confused, and the blood flew up into my cheeks, for I felt tha my father was unjust to me; and I looked to the princess that she might defend me, but her face bore an expression of gentle earnestness. Then I looked at the ladies and men who were in the room, thinking

they would take my part. But when I looked I saw they were all laughing. Then the tears rose in my eyes, and I ran out through the doorway, down the steps, past the limes in the palace yard, and home, till I found my mother, and threw myself in her arms, sobbing and crying.

"And what has happened to you?" she said.

"Ah! mother," I cried, "I was with the princess, and she was such a kind and beautiful lady, so just like you, my dear mother, that I could not help throwing my arms round her, and kissing her."

"Yes," said my mother, "you should not have done so, for they are strangers, and great people."

"And what then are strangers?" I asked, "May I not love everybody who looks at me with kind and loving eyes?"

"You may love them, my boy," replied my mother, "but you must not show it."

"Then, is it something wrong," I asked, "for me to love people, and why may I not show it?"

"Ah! you are right," she said, "but you must do as your father tells you, and when you are older you will understand why you cannot throw your arms round the neck of every beautiful lady, with kind, friendly, eyes."

That was a sad day. My father came home and maintained that I had behaved badly. In the evening my mother put me to bed, and I said my prayers, but I could not sleep, and kept thinking who those strangers could be that one might not love.

Alas! poor human heart! Even in springtime thy leaves are blighted, and the feathers torn from thy wings. If the dawn of life unfolds the hidden calix of the soul, all within is fragrant of love. We learn to stand and walk, to speak and read, but no one teaches us to love. This belongs to us as our life—yes, some say it is the deepest foundation of our being. As the heavenly bodies attract, and incline to one another, and are held together by the eternal law of gravitation, so heavenly souls lean to and attract each other, and are bound together by the eternal law of love. A flower cannot blossom without sunshine, and a man cannot live without love. Must not the child's heart break from anguish, when it feels the first cold blast of this unfriendly world, did not the warm sunlight of love shine on him from his parents' eyes—like a softened reflection of heavenly light and love? And the longing which then wakes in the child is the purest, the deepest love. It is a love which embraces the whole world, which flashes up wherever two honest human eyes shine on it, which exults at the sound of the human voice. That is the old immeasurable love—a deep sea which no plummet has fathomed—a spring of inexhaustible riches. Those who know it, know too that there is no measure in love, no increase, no decrease, but they who love can only do so with the whole heart and with the whole soul, with all their power, and with their whole mind.

But alas! how little remains of this love ere we have passed but the half of our life's journey. Even the child learns that there are strangers, and ceases to be a child. The spring of love is concealed, and as years go on, is quite choked up. Our eyes no longer sparkle, but serious and wearied we pass by each other in the noisy streets. We hardly greet, for we know how deeply it wounds the soul when a greeting remains unacknowledged, and how it pains us to part from those whom we have once greeted and whose hands we have pressed. The wings of the soul lose their feathers, the leaves of the flowers are nearly all bruised and withered, and but a few drops remain of the inexhaustible fountain of love, to cool our tongues that we may not quite faint. These drops we still call love. But it is no longer the pure, full, joyous love of the child. It is love with doubt and sorrow—burning fire—blazing passion. Love which consumes itself like rain-drops on hot sand—love which

exacts, not love which offers itself—love which asks, "Will you be mine," and not love which says, "I must be thine." It is self-absorbed, desperate love! And this is the love which poets sing, and youths and maidens believe in—a fire which flares up and dies down, but never warms, and leaves nothing behind but smoke and ashes. Yet we have all at some time believed that these rockets are sunbeams of eternal love. But the brighter the meteor the darker the night which follows!

And then, when all around becomes dark, we feel utterly lonely; when all men go by us on the right and on the left without knowing us, then a forgotten feeling rises at times in the breast, and we know not what it is, for it is neither love nor friendship. "Do you not know me?" we long to cry to every one who passes us so coldly and strangely. Then one feels how man is nearer to man than brother to brother, father to son, friend to friend, and like an old sacred saying, it echoes through the soul—that "strangers" are our neighbours, and why must we pass by them in silence? We know not, and must resign ourselves to it.

An old sage says, "I saw the fragments of a wrecked ship floating on the sea. Only a few pieces meet and hold together for a little while. Then comes a storm and drives them eastward and westward, and they never meet together again. So it is here below with mankind. But no one has seen the great shipwreck!"

THIRD RECOLLECTION.

The clouds on the skies of childhood do not last long, but vanish after a short warm shower of tears. So I soon went again to the palace, and the princess gave me her hand, which I was ashamed to kiss, and then she brought her children, the young princes and princesses, and we played together as if we had already known each other for years. These were happy days, when, after school hours—for I already went to school—I might go to the palace to play. I had all then that the heart could desire. Playthings, which my mother had shown me in the shop windows, and of which she told me that they were so dear that poor people could live a whole week on the money which they cost—these I found at the palace, and if I asked the princess, I could take them home to show them to my mother, or even keep them entirely. Beautiful picture books, which I had seen with my father at the booksellers', but which were only for very good children, —these I could turn over and over at the palace, and study them for hours. And all that belonged to the young princes belonged to me, at least I thought so; for I might not only take away all that I wished, but I often gave the playthings away again to other children—in short, I was a young Communist in the full sense of the word. Only once, I remember that the princess had a golden snake, which clung round her arm as if it were alive, and she gave it us to play with. When I went home I put the snake on my arm, and thought I could frighten my mother well with it. But on the way, I met a woman who saw the golden snake, and begged me to show it to her; and then she said, if she might but keep it, she could free her husband from prison. Naturally I did not hesitate a moment, but ran away, and left the woman alone with the golden snake bracelet. The next day there was a great commotion, and the poor woman was brought to the palace, and cried; and the people said she had stolen the bracelet from me. This made me very angry, and I told them with earnest zeal how I had given her the bracelet, and that I did not wish to have it back again. What happened then I do not know, but I remember from that day I showed the princess every thing I took home with me.

Now, at this time, when I went almost daily to play with the young princes at the palace, and to learn French with them, another form rises to my memory—it was

the daughter of the prince, the Countess Maria. Her mother died soon after the birth of her child, and the prince had afterwards married again. I do not remember when I first saw her. She rises slowly and gradually from the twilight of memory, at first like a shadow of the air, which by degrees more and more takes form, and draws nearer and nearer to me, and at length stands clearly before my soul, like the moon, which, on a stormy night, suddenly lifts the cloudy veil from her face. She was always sick and suffering and silent, and I have never seen her but stretched on her couch, on which two bearers brought her into our room, and when she was tired carried her out again. There she lay in her full white drapery, her hands generally folded, and her face was so pale, and yet so sweet and lovely, and her eyes so deep and unfathomable, that I often stood before her, lost in thought, looking at her, and asking myself if she too belonged to "the strangers." And then she often laid her hand on my head, and I felt as if something ran through my limbs, and I could neither move nor speak, but could only look into those deep, unfathomable eyes. She seldom spoke to us, but her eyes followed our games, however much we romped or made a noise. She never complained, but only held her hands over her white forehead, and shut her eyes as if asleep. But many days she said she was better, and then she sat upright on her couch, and there was a flush like the early dawn on her cheeks, and she talked to us and told us wonderful stories. How old she then was I do not know. She was like a child because she was so helpless, and yet she was so serious and quiet that she could not have been still a child. When people talked of her, they involuntarily spoke softly and low. They called her "the angel," and I never heard anything said of her but what was good and loveable. Often, when I saw her lying so helpless and silent, and thought that during her whole life she could never walk, and that there was neither work nor pleasure for her, and that she must always be carried about on her couch till they laid her in her last resting-place, I asked myself why she had been sent into this world, when she might have rested so peacefully in the angels' arms, and they would have carried her through the air on their soft wings, as I had seen in many a sacred picture. Then I felt as if I must take away a part of her sufferings, that she might not endure them alone, but we with her. I could not say this to her, for I hardly knew it myself. I only felt something. Yet it was not as if I must fall on her neck—no one might do that, for that would have hurt her. But it was as if I could pray from my inmost heart that she might be released from her sufferings.

One warm spring day she was carried into our play-room. She looked very pale, but her eyes were brighter and deeper than ever, and she sat up on her couch and called us to her. "To-day is my birth-day," she said, "and early this morning I was confirmed. Now it is possible," she continued smilingly, whilst she looked at her father, "that God may soon call me to Himself, though I would gladly stay a long time with you. But when I leave you I wish you should not quite forget me, and, therefore, I have brought a ring for each of you, which you must now wear on your forefinger, and as you grow bigger wear it on the next, till it only fits the little finger, and there you must wear it all your lives."

With these words she took five rings, which she wore on her fingers, and drew them off one by one, and looked so sad, and yet so full of love, that I shut my eyes to prevent myself from weeping. She gave the first ring to her eldest brother, and kissed him, and then the second and the third to the two princesses, and the fourth she gave to the youngest prince, and kissed each of them as she gave them the rings. I stood near, looking intently at her white hand, and I saw there was one ring left on her finger,

but she leaned back and seemed exhausted. Then my eyes caught hers, and as a child's eyes speak aloud, she could not but hear what was passing in my thoughts. I had much rather not have had the last ring, but I felt that I was a stranger; that I did not belong to her; that she did not love me as she did her brothers and sisters. Then I felt a pain at my heart—as if a vein had burst or a nerve been cut—and I knew not where to look to hide my distress.

She, however, raised herself up, and laid her hand on my forehead, and looked so searchingly into my eyes that I felt there was no thought in me which she could not read. Slowly she drew the last ring from her finger and gave it to me, and said, "I wished to take this ring with me, when I leave you, but it is better that you should wear it, and think of me when I am no longer with you. Read the words which are engraved on the ring: 'As God wills!' You have a mild and soft heart, may it be schooled by life, not hardened;" and then she kissed me, like her brothers, and gave me the ring.

I can hardly describe what was passing within me. I was then already grown into a boy, and the gentle beauty of the suffering angel had not been without a charm for my young heart. I loved her as a boy can love—and boys love with a fervour, truth, and purity, which few keep in youth and manhood. But I thought she belonged to the strangers, to whom I might not say I loved them. I scarcely heard the serious words she spoke to me. I felt that her soul was as near to mine as two human souls could be. All bitterness was gone from my heart; I felt no longer alone—no longer a stranger divided from her by a chasm; I was beside her, with her, in her. Then I thought it was a sacrifice on her part to give me the ring, and that she had wished to take it with her to the grave. And a feeling rose up in my soul that overpowered every other feeling, and I said in a trembling voice, "You must keep the ring if you would give it me, for what is yours is mine." She looked at me for a moment, surprised and thoughtful, then she took the ring and placed it on her finger, and kissed me again on the forehead, and said softly to me, "You do not know what you say. Learn to understand yourself, and you will be happy, and make many others happy also."

### FOURTH RECOLLECTION.

Each life has certain years, through which we pass as along a dusty monotonous poplar avenue, without knowing where we are, and of which nothing remains in the memory but the melancholy feeling that we have been passing on and growing older. So long as the tide of life flows on smoothly, it is the same river, and only the landscape on either bank seems to change. But then come the cataracts of life. These remain fixed in the memory, and even when we are far past them, and are advancing nearer and nearer to the deep ocean of eternity, we still seem to hear from afar their roar and tumult. Yes, we feel that the strength of life which remains to us, and drives us forward, has its source and nourishment in those cataracts.

School life was over, and the first merry years of college life were over—and many a fair dream of life was over. But one thing remained—faith in God and mankind. Life was very different to what one's childish mind had pictured it; yet every thing therefore received but a higher significance, and first, the incomprehensible and painful in life were to me a proof of the ever present hand of God in all earthly affairs. "Not the slightest thing can happen to thee, but as God wills it," that was the short philosophy of life which I had gathered up.

And now I returned in the summer vacation to my small native city. What joy there is in meeting again. No one has explained this; but seeing again, finding again,—recollection is the secret of nearly every pleasure and enjoyment. What one sees or

hears, or tastes for the first time, may be beautiful, and grand and pleasant, but it is too new, it surprises us; there is no repose in it, and often the effort of the pleasure is greater than the pleasure itself. But to hear again, after many years, an old piece of music, of which we thought we had forgotten every note, and yet as they come, find that we greet them each as an old friend—or, after long years to stand again before the Madonna di San Sisto at Dresden, and allow all the feelings to wake again which the infinite expression of the child has aroused in us year after year—or even to smell a flower, to taste a dish, of which one had never thought since one's school-days—that gives such deep delight that we scarcely know whether we rejoice more at the present impression or the old association. And now, in returning after many years to one's native city, the soul floats unconsciously in a sea of recollections, and the dancing waves bear it dreamily by the shores of times long passed away. The tower clock strikes, and we feel we shall be too late for school; then we recover from the fright, and rejoice that the fear is over. A dog crosses the street—it is the same dog out of whose way we formerly went so far. Here sits an old huckster, whose apples were once such a temptation, and which, in spite of the dust covering them, we still think must taste better than any apples in the world. There a house has been pulled down, and a new one built—that was the house where our old music-master lived—he is dead. Oh! how delightful it was to stand here of a summer evening under the windows, and listen how the good old soul, when the hours of the day were over, did something for his own pleasure, and improvised, and like a steam-engine, puffing and roaring, let off all the superfluous steam accumulated during the day. And here is this little shady walk—and it then seemed so much larger—here it was, as I came home late one evening, that I met our neighbour's beautiful daughter. I had not till then ever ventured to look at her or speak to her, but we boys at school often talked of her, and called her "the beautiful maiden;" and if I saw her at a distance coming along the street, I was so delighted that I would never think of going nearer to her. And here, in this little walk, which led to the churchyard, I met her one evening, and she took me by the arm—although we had never then spoken to each other—and said she would go home with me. I believe that the whole way I never spoke one word, nor she either; yet I was so happy that even now, after many years, when I think of it, I could wish the time back again, and that I could again walk home, silently but happily, with "the beautiful maiden."

And so one recollection rises after another, till the waves meet together over our heads, and a deep sigh rises from our breast, which reminds us that our thoughts have made us forget to take breath. Then at once the whole dream-world vanishes, like ghosts at the crowing of the cock. And when I now passed by the old palace, and by the lime-trees, and saw the guards on their horses, and the high steps—what recollections rose within me! and how was every thing here changed. I had not been to the palace for many years. The princess was dead, the prince had relinquished the government, and retired to Italy, and the eldest prince, with whom I grew up had become regent. He was surrounded by young nobles and officers, whose conversation he liked, and whose society had soon estranged his early play-fellows from him. Other circumstances arose to loosen our former friendship. Like every young man who recognises for the first time the needs in the life of the German people, and the crimes of the German Governments, I had early adopted some of the phrases of the Liberal party, and these sounded at court as indecorous expressions would in a respectable clergyman's family. In short, for many years I had not ascended those steps, and yet in that palace lived a being whose name I pronounced almost daily, and the thought of

whom was incessantly present to my mind. I had long accustomed myself to the idea that I should never see her again in this life; and she had grown into an image which, in my mind, I knew did not, and never could exist in reality. She had become my good angel, my other self, to whom I talked, instead of talking to myself. How she had become so, I could scarcely explain to myself—for I hardly knew her; but as the eye sometimes changes the clouds into shapes, so I felt my imagination had conjured up this lovely vision in the heaven of my childhood, and had formed a perfect picture of the imagination from the faintly traced lines of reality. My whole thoughts had involuntarily become a dialogue with her; and all that was good in me, all that I strove after, all that I believed in—my whole better being, belonged to her, was dedicated to her, and came from her mouth—from the mouth of my good angel.

I had hardly been a few days in my old home when I received one morning a letter. It was written in English, and came from the Countess Maria.

"Dear Friend.—I hear you are with us for a short time. We have not met for many years, and, if it is agreeable to you, I should like to see an old friend again. You will find me alone this afternoon in the Swiss Cottage.—Yours sincerely, MARIA."

I immediately wrote back, also in English, that I would wait upon her that afternoon.

The Swiss Cottage formed a wing of the palace, looking towards the garden, and could be reached without passing through the palace yard. It was five o'clock as I went through the garden, and approached the house. I fought down all my feelings and prepared for a formal interview. I tried to quiet my good angel within me, and to prove to it that it had nothing to do with this lady. And yet I felt thoroughly uncomfortable, and my good angel would not give me any courage. At length I took heart, muttered something to myself about the masquerade of life, and knocked at the door, which stood half open.

There was no one in the room but a lady whom I did not know, who also spoke English to me, and said the countess would be there directly. Then she went away, and I was alone, and had time to look around me.

The walls of the room were of oak, and round them ran a trellis-work, on which a large, broad-leaved ivy climbed over the whole room. The tables and chairs were all of oak, and carved. The floor was of inlaid wood. It made a singular impression on me, seeing so many well-known things in this room. Many things I had known in our old play-room in the castle; but others, and especially the pictures, were new, and yet they were the same pictures which I had in my room at the University. Over the piano hung the portraits of Beethoven, Handel, and Mendelssohn—exactly the same which I had chosen. In one corner I saw the Venus of Milo, which I always considered as the finest statue of antiquity. Here on the table lay volumes of Dante, Shakespeare, Tauler's Sermons, the Theologia Germanica, Rückert's Poems, Tennyson, and Burns, Carlyle's Past and Present, —just the same books which were in my room, and all of which I had but shortly before had in my hands. I began to meditate, but I threw off my thoughts, and was standing before the picture of the dead princess when the door opened, and two bearers, the same I had so often seen as a child, brought the countess into the room on her couch.

What a vision! She said nothing, and her face was quiet as a lake till the bearers had left the room. Then she turned her eyes towards me—the old deep, unfathomable eyes—and her face brightened every moment, till at last her whole countenance smiled, and she said—

"We are old friends, and I think we have not changed. I cannot say 'you,'

and if I may not say 'thou,'* we must talk English. Do you understand me?"

I was not prepared for this reception, but I saw there was no acting here. Here was a soul, longing for another soul—here was a greeting as when two friends, in spite of their disguises, in spite of their black masks, know each other merely by the glance of the eyes. I seized her hand, which she stretched out to me, and said—

"When one speaks to angels, one cannot say 'You.'"

And yet how strange a power lies in the forms and customs of life; how difficult it is, even with the most congenial soul, to speak the language of nature. Our conversation flagged, and we both felt the embarrassment of the moment. I broke the silence and said just what was passing through my mind: "Men are accustomed from their youth up to live in a cage, and, even when they are in the free air, they dare not move their wings, and are afraid that they must hit against something if they try to fly upwards."

"Yes," she said, "and that is quite right, and cannot be otherwise. We often wish we could live like the birds, who fly in the woods, and meet on the branches, and sing together without being introduced to one another. But, my friend, there are owls and sparrows among the birds, and it is good that we can pass them by in life as if we did not know them. It is in life, probably, as in poetry; and as the real poet knows how to say what is most beautiful and true in a prescribed form, so men ought to know how to preserve freedom of the thoughts and feelings in spite of the fetters of society."

I could not but remember Platen:

"Denn was an allen Orten
Als ewig sich erweist
Das ist in gebundenen Worten,
Ein ungebundener Geist."

"That which in every place
Eternal proves itself,
Is still, in fettered words,
A free unfettered spirit."

"Yes," she said, with a friendly, almost a naïve, smile, "but I have one privilege, that is my suffering and my loneliness, and I often pity young girls and young men that they can have no friendship and intimacy with one another but they, or their relations for them, must always think of love, or what people call love. Thereby they lose so much. Young girls know not what slumbers in their spirits, and what might be aroused in them by the earnest conversation of a noble friend; and the young men would regain so many knightly virtues if women could be the distant spectators of the inward struggles of their spirits. But that cannot be; for love always comes into play—or what is called love—the quick beating of the heart, the stormy waves of hope, the delight in a beautiful face, the sweet sentimentality—perhaps, too, the prudent calculation—in short, all which disturbs that deep ocean-calm which is the true image of pure human love."

Here she suddenly broke off, and an expression of suffering passed across her face.

"I must not talk any more to-day," she said, "my doctor will not allow it. I should like to hear a song of Mendelssohn's—the duet. My young friend could play that many years ago; could he not?"

I could not say anything, for as she ceased speaking, and folded her hands as usual, I saw on her hand a ring. She wore it on the little finger. It was the ring which she had given to me and I to her. My thoughts were too many for words, and I sat down to the piano and played.

When I had finished I turned round and looked at her, saying, "If one could only speak thus in sounds, and without words."

"One can," she said; "I have understood it all. But I can bear no more to-day, for I get weaker each day. Now we must get accustomed to one another, and a

* Only used to relatives or very intimate friends.

poor sick hermit may well expect some indulgence. We shall meet to-morrow evening at the same time—shall we not?"

I seized her hand, and would have kissed it, but she held mine tight and pressed it, saying, "That is best. Good-bye."

FIFTH RECOLLECTION.

It would be hard to say with what thoughts and feelings I went towards my home. Once for all, the soul will not allow herself to be fully expressed in words—there are "thoughts without words," which each man plays to himself in moments of great joy and sorrow. I felt neither joy nor sorrow. I felt nothing but inexpressible surprise. The thoughts flew across my mind like shooting stars, which try to fall from heaven to the earth, but are all extinguished ere they reach their goal. As sometimes in dreams we say to ourselves, "You are dreaming," so I said to myself, "You are alive—it is she." And then I tried to be collected and quiet again, and said to myself, she is an amiable creature—a very remarkable mind. I even began to pity her: and then I pictured to myself the pleasant evenings I would spend there, during the vacation. But no, no—those were not my thoughts—she was all that I had sought for, thought of, hoped, and believed in. Here at length was a human soul, clear and fresh as a spring morning. I had indeed, at the first glance, perceived all that she was, all that was in her. We had greeted and recognized each other. And my good angel? It answered me no longer, it was gone, and I felt there was but one place in the world where I would again find it.

Now began a bright life, for every evening I was with her, and we now felt that we really were old friends, and that we could not call each other anything but "thou." It was as if we had always lived by and with one another, for there was not a feeling that she touched on that had not already echoed in my soul; and no thought that I expressed, but she answered with a kindly nod, as if to say, I thought so too. I had once before this heard the greatest master of our time improvise with his sister, on the pianoforte, and could hardly conceive how two people could so understand each other, and feel together, as to give free course to their thoughts, and yet never by a single note destroy the harmony of their playing. Now I could understand it. Yes, now I first found that my own soul was not so poor and empty as it always seemed to me, and it was as if the sun alone had been wanting to call to light all its blossoms and flowers. And yet what a sad spring it was that rose over her soul and mine! We forget in May that the roses fade so soon—but here, each evening warned us that one leaf after another was falling to the ground. She felt it sooner than I, and spoke of it, without its seeming to give her pain; and our conversations became every day more earnest and solemn.

"I did not think," she said one evening, when I was about to leave her, "that I should live to be so old. When I gave you the ring, on the day of my confirmation, I thought that I must soon take leave of you, and yet I have lived so many years, and enjoyed so much that was beautiful, and also suffered much—but one forgets that—and now that I feel the parting is near, each hour, each minute becomes so precious. Good night. You must not come too late to-morrow."

One day when I entered her room I found an Italian painter with her. She spoke Italian with him, and though he was evidently more of an artizan than an artist, yet she spoke to him with a kindliness, a modesty, and even a deference, that one perceived at once in her the true nobility of birth—nobility of soul. When the painter had gone she said to me, "Now, I will show you a picture that will please you. The original is in the Louvre in Paris. I read a description of it, and had it copied

for me by the Italian." She showed me the picture, and waited for what I should say. It was the portrait of a man of middle-age, in old German costume. The expression was dreamy and resigned, but yet so true, that one could not doubt that the man had once lived. The whole tone of the picture in the foreground was dark and brown, but in the background was a landscape, and on the horizon one perceived the first glimmer of the coming dawn. I could discover nothing in the picture, and yet it had a quieting effect on me, and one could have spent hours with the eyes fixed on it. "Nothing surpasses a true human countenance," I said, "and even a Raphael could hardly have invented such an one as this."

"No," she said. "But now I will tell you why I wished to have the picture. I read that no one knew the painter, and no one knew who the picture represented. It is probably a philosopher of the Middle Ages. I wanted just such a picture for my gallery. For you know no one knows the author of the Theologia Germanica, and we have, therefore, no picture of him. So I wished to try whether the portrait of an unknown person by an unknown artist, would do for our German Theologian, and if you have nothing to say against it, we will hang it up here, between the 'Albigenses' and the 'Diet of Worms,' and call it the 'German Theologian.'"

"Very well," I said, "but it is rather too powerful and manly for the Frankfort Doctor."

"That may be," she answered; "but for a suffering and dying life like mine, there is much comfort and strength to be drawn from his book. I have much to thank him for, for he first brought before me the true secret of Christian doctrine in its full simplicity. I felt I was free to believe or not the old teacher, whoever he might be, for his doctrine had no outward compulsion for me; and yet it seized on me with such power that it seemed as if, for the first time, I realized what revelation was. And it is just this which closes to so many the entrance into true Christianity—that its doctrines are brought before us as revelation, before the revelation has taken place within us. This has often disturbed me. Not that I ever doubted the truth and divinity of our religion; but I felt I had no right to a faith, given me by others, and as if that could not really belong to me which I had merely learned and received as a child, without understanding it; for no one can believe for us any more than they can live and die for us."

"Certainly," I said, "the cause of many hot and hard conflicts lies in this—that the doctrine of Christ, instead of winning our hearts gradually and irresistibly, as it won the hearts of the Apostles and early Christians, meets us from our earliest childhood as the incontrovertible law of a mighty Church, and claims from us an unqualified submission, which we call faith. Doubts will arise, sooner or later, in the breast of every one who has the power of reflection, and veneration for truth; and then, whilst we are just in the right way to gain our faith, the spectres of doubt and unbelief rise in us, and hinder the quiet development of the new life."

So each evening brought a fresh conversation, and with each evening a new vista opened itself to me in this immeasurable mind. She had no secret from me; her conversation was merely thinking and feeling aloud, and all that she said must have already lived in her for many years, for she flung out her thoughts as carelessly as a child, who, having picked its lap full of flowers, throws them all away on the grass. I could not open my soul to her so freely as she opened hers, and that oppressed and disturbed me. And yet how few can—from the ceaseless untruths which society imposes on us, which are called custom, politeness, discretion, prudence, worldly wisdom, by which our whole life is made a mere masque-

rade—how few can, even when they wish it, win again the full truth of their nature. Even love may not speak its own words, or keep its own silence, but must learn the jargon of the poets, and must rave, and sigh, and play, instead of freely greeting, and gazing, and giving itself away. I would rather have confessed it to her, and said, "You do not know me," but I found the words were not entirely true. But before I went away I left with her a volume of Arnold's Poems, which I had just received, and begged her to read one called "The Buried Life." This was my confession, and then I knelt by her couch, and said "Good-night." "Good-night," she said, and laid her hand on my head, and again something stole up through all my limbs, and the dreams of childhood floated through my spirit, and I could not move, but looked into those deep, unfathomable eyes, until the peace of her spirit overshadowed mine. Then I rose, and went home silently, and in the night I dreamt of a silver poplar, round which the wind roared, but stirred not a single leaf in its branches.

### THE BURIED LIFE.

Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet
Behold, with tears my eyes are wet.
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know—we know that we can smile;
But there's a something in this breast,
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.
Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love, thy inmost soul.
Alas! is even love too weak
To unlock the heart and let it speak?
Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another, what indeed they feel?
I knew the mass of men concealed
Their thoughts, for fear that, if revealed,
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame reproved:
I knew they lived and moved
Trick'd in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves—and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast.

But we, my love—does a like spell benumb
Our hearts—our voices?—must we too be dumb?
Ah! well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can yet free
Our heart, and have our lips unchained:
For that which seals them hath been deep ordained.
Fate which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be,
By what distractions he would be possess'd,
How he would pour himself in every strife,
And well nigh change his own identity—
That it might keep from his capricious play
His genuine self, and force him to obey—
Even in his own despite—his being's law;
Bade, through the deep recesses of our breast,
The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow, its way;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying about in blind uncertainty—
Though driving on with it eternally.
But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
And often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life—
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart that beats
So wild, so deep in us: to know
Whence our thoughts come, and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas, none ever mines;
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown on each talent and power,
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line—have we been ourselves:
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast—
But they course on for ever unexpressed,
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true.
And then we will no more be racked
With inward strivings, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour—
Their stupefying power!
Ah, yes, and they benumb us at our call:
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne,
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.
Only—but this is rare—
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,

When jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear;
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd,
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again:
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean we say, and what we would
we know!
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race,
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, Rest!
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

## THE CROSS-ROADS.

BY ALICE HORTON.

WHERE the roads crossed we met,
My love and I;
In the near bay the ships
Tossed heavily;
Lamps were gone out on earth,
But those in heaven
Trembled for two more hearts
That God had riven.

His accents broke the pause—
My tongue was tied;
He found last words to say—
My sobs replied;
Then he drew my white face up to the light,
And said, "Farewell, poor love,
Dear love, good night!"

At the cross-roads we kissed,
I stood alone;
His was the seaward road,
Mine led me home.
He called, "I shall return!"
I knew—not so;
Not one in ten returns
Of those that go.

Dreary the great world grew,
And the sun cold;
So young an hour ago,
I had grown old.
Our God made me for him—
We loved each other—
Yet Fate gave him one road
And me another!

OTTAWA.

# THE LEGEND OF THE KINI-BALÜ.

BY N. W. BECKWITH.

BEFORE commencing my story it is necessary to explain its title. *Kini-Balü*, in the language of the coast inhabitants of Borneo—that land of the mysterious, the terrible, the beautiful—signifies *The Chinese Widow*. It is the name of a vast mountain, which uprears its loftiest peak in the north-eastern part of the island, to an altitude variously estimated by different navigators at from thirteen to sixteen thousand feet. Although remote from the eastern coast by many unknown leagues, voyagers in the Sooloo Sea perceive its delicious Alpine-tinted swell, shaped like a vast quoin, through that clear atmosphere long before the Bornean shores are visible. Horsburgh records a view of it, on one of his eastern passages to Canton, when a hundred miles from land. By this, unless the wonder-working mirage of those latitudes may be supposed to have conjured it above its real altitude, the given estimates must be far too low.

No mortal has ever trod its crest.

On the eastern side, half-way up, lies a large and beautiful lake, bearing the same strange appellation. This—save by a few of the hardier and more daring native hunters, and one adventurous white man,* who died while on his return, and "left no sign"—perishing ere he cleared the malaria-generating jungles of Maludu, which lie on the mountain's western base—still remains unvisited. The Dyak peoples its placid forest-margined waters with gods and demons, and monster fish of unimaginable shape—while the adjacent slopes are roamed by strange beings,—

> "Neither man nor woman—
> Neither brute nor human—

of tremendous strength and terrific ferocity; gifted, moreover, with a devilish cunning, such as Du Chaillu affirms the Africans ascribe to their man-slaying gorilla.†

In 1866 I was in Maludu Bay. I was receiving manifold visits from an old Dyak chieftain, bearing the rather unpronounceable cognomen of *Batoubabákaha*, who was lord of all the southern and eastern-lying districts, according to his own account and that of our interpreter—a Chinese adventurer, whom I found here, making "pigeon"

* Don Tomas Llorca, Lieutenant in the Spanish navy. Capt. William Elton Williams, ship *Helena*, of Philadelphia, also died near the same locality, at the outset of the same undertaking to explore the great lake. Both attempts were made in 1865.

† Amongst the mass of superstitiously coloured accounts and descriptions here current, respecting what are perhaps some known or unknown varieties of Quadrumana, one point seems as worthy of the attention of the naturalist as the whole are of the mythologist, namely, the universality with which a large proportion seems to indicate the very recent, if not actually present existence of a gigantic, *club-wielding* man—resembling monster—common alike to northern Borneo, that other great *terra incognita*, Mindanao, and the chain of mountainous islands—(of which, as yet, geography knows neither the number nor configuration)—which link them together, called the "Sooloo Archipelago," and which is certainly no imaginative growth from the *mias papou* of Southern and Central Borneo, whatever else it may be. The area here spoken of is inhabited by many different tribes, presenting the widest ethnological distinctions, and living in a state of continuous hostility, which, doubtless, began at least as far back as the spreading of the Malays from Sumatra; yet amongst all—alike in heroic legends, stories of the chase, and their own accounts of their existing fauna—the same strange figure, with the same terrific attributes, is continually met. And the tactics of the hunter, in all the various descriptions of encounters with this unknown being, pertaining to the different countries, are invariably the same, such as will hereafter be given in the text.

TORONTO



with the natives, in birds' nests, shells, iron-wood, &c., &c., and who professed to have travelled throughout his dominions many times. They were, evidently enough, old acquaintance; and the savage chieftain seemed to look up to his half-civilized "*fleu*" with no small degree of admiration and esteem.

From my anchorage the distant masses of the Kini-Balü were ever visible—night and day—towering far above the eminences, themselves no molehills, which bounded the magnificent bay, and ran out into the road-stead in the form of a noble headland, beside which the "taunt" spars of my little steamer showed no loftier than so many brilliant cues. Often their aspiring ridges were hidden in the clouds, but, during all my stay, the distant giant stood ever distinct and unveiled—calm, solemn, clear, in its flowing, up-swelling outline, with a Sphinx-like grandeur of expression, seeming ever to challenge, with a greater problem, the spirit of modern investigation and research.

I have no doubt that the old Dyak, and "Admiral Shovel," (for such was the soubriquet affixed to the Chinese interpreter by some former acquaintances of the "treaty-ports,"—and of which he seemed a little vain,) were oft sorely bested by my incessant references to the uninhabitable mountain. By its mysterious vastness it produced upon my mind the impress of omnipresence.

My questionings brought little definite information. I could gain no other than the vaguest idea as to its distance even. "Him say bout fibe day," said the Admiral, "my t'ink so he be seben; no too muchee sabbee dat pigion any man." However, they brought me a curiously interlinked two-fold history, blending with an incident of the most romantic period of Chinese annals, the strangely imagined myth of the savage Dyaks or their predecessors—of the events which brought to lake and mountain their singular and hitherto inexplicable name.

"Long teem ago," began Admiral Shovel, "one piecie junk he makee numble one fight-pigeon long that too muchee dam rascal Tartar man. He cap'n name b'long Loo-tee; he fadda' b'long alla same. He fadda' alla same my—one piecie A'mi*r*al, (Admiral,) makee plenty long time fight pigeon that *Song* king si' (side). Too muchee Tartar—alla same a dam Lad*r*one now teem hab got—makee killee that Song king alla he small chilo, alla he wifie. *One* small piecie chilo *no* Kill; he makee plenty bobbery all Che*e*na si' what for he too muchee wantchee catechie he numbe*r* one bad. Long teem ago this olo fashion Cheena."

"Now, Admiral, *how* long ago? How many years?"

"Mis'er Cap'n—my no sabbee. S'pose more a ten hunder' forty thousan' Englishman year ago. S'pose, Mis'er Cap'n, sabbee olo Cheena teem, my can tellee. Hab got plenty king name Song. Mis'er Cap'n sabbee he?"

"My sabbee we*r*y well—no too muchee," I replied. (But, reader, we will drop the "pigeon-English"—the *lingua franca* of the treaty-ports—interesting though it be.)

"Yes, I know something of the dynasty of *Song*. But what has that to do with Batoubabákaha's story of the mystic lake and mountain?"

"My Captain, I have often heard it before, both from himself and other Dyaks, and, in my opinion, it belongs to that period of our history when the happily ruling dynasty of Song was overthrown, and their faithful adherents destroyed or driven into exile."

The period to which "the Admiral" alludes might be called the era of Chinese Jacobitism. In all history there is nothing to surpass this record of loyalty and devotion to a sinking cause. The tales of Arthur and Bedivere, of "Blondel and Richard his king," of bonnie Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald, touching even the democratic hearts of to-day—purged as they are from

every suspicion of the once omnipresent "spirit of universal flunkeyism."

"Then you will have heard, already, of the capture, and exile into the wilds of Tartary, of the last reigning emperor of that ill-fated house—of the rescue of his infant son by the faithful old commander of the imperial navy, who fled with the boy to sea?"

"Had the half-hearted loyal generals possessed but a tithe of brave old Loo-tee's audacity, our flowery land had never sunk under Tartar rule to Tartar degradation. Even as it was, with no nearer base than the Twelve Thousand Isles, he came nigh achieving the freedom of the maritime and southern provinces. Off Breaker Point he joined in a last decisive battle with the overwhelming squadrons of the usurper. But when his own ships, which led the van, were all engaged, his faith-breaking allies—the Coreans and Formosans—who followed, attacked him in the rear! Ship after ship, desperately fighting, went down, but raised no cry for quarter—for such were the men of antique China. Loo-tee, seeing his seaward escape cut off, bore onward for the land, with all the energy of despair. The gods ever conspire against the unfortunate! He hoped to reach the shore and escape with the child-prince to the loyal cities. But at the critical time the sea-breeze died away. Then Loo-tee clasped the illustrious child in his arms, and with him leaped into the sea. After them followed all of his officers and men, whom death or wounds did not incapacitate; and when the Tartars came they found but a sinking ship, manned by corpses. My captain, have your people records like these? But one ship of the loyal fleet escaped. She carried the second son of the self-sacrificed mandarin and his wife, who, it is said by our traditions, came of the seed of our great lawgiver, Koon-fu-tsze. Young Loo-tee had command of the Corean auxiliaries, and when those traitors went over to the enemy, they strove furiously to effect his capture. But he fought as the son of such a father should fight; and being near the rear, succeeded in cutting his way out. Through all the terrific struggle—it is the traitors themselves who bear witness—the heroism of his wife, the young and beautiful Lu-lin, was sublime. Wearing a helmet and breastplate, and wielding a light sword, she appeared by her husband's side, repelling the enemy's frequent attempts to board; and the traditions of that day preserve the names of many Corean warriors of renown who fell by the woman's arm.

"It was just as the sea-breeze failed that young Loo-tee extricated his ship from the traitor squadrons. That nightfall, laden fishermen, returning home from the far-off Bashees, reported her careering under heavy press of sail on the southern course that leads to the Twelve Thousand Isles.* They knew her, for upon her stern she bore the richly-gilded image of a horse—the sign by which she had long been known and feared. It was the last time that the Chinese eyes ever gazed upon her; and here, with her brave commander and his heroic wife, she disappears from the annals of the Central Flowery Land; nothing further is known to us concerning them, nor do even our singers and story-tellers venture upon any account of their fate."

"Something of this I have heard before," I remarked, as the Admiral closed his recital. "But what has it to do with our mysterious mountain, yonder?"

"You shall judge, my Captain. Batoubabákaha will tell the tradition of his people concerning it. We have often compared the tales. He has divined our topic—he is always eager either to hear or tell stories—and he judges it is near time for him to begin. Shall I tell him you are prepared to listen?" I assented.

The chieftain lay at length along the flat

* The Malay Archipelago.

top of the sky-light, supporting his head on his hand. It was growing dark, and the stars were coming out above the lofty ridge as he began.

"It was more moons ago than a houseful of old men could sum, that my people were allied with the Aran tribes, the 'Sea-Gipsies;' once so powerful, now broken; no longer roaming all the seas victoriously, as was their wont before the iron-handed English rajah came to our great island of Bruné. In that time the Dyaks, too, were far more numerous and mighty than now, and here another and greater Batoubabákaha carried the kingly staff. He was my far-off father's father. Though we are little now, the great Sultan at the south feared us then. Often our warriors marched to his wall, and he was glad to pay much tribute for leave to come forth whence he had shut himself up because of us. And every Dyak was rich, having many Malayü, many Bugis for slaves, to plant his rice; and every warrior had plenty heads. But we looked most upon the sea, and away from the fields. Our prohus, with those of our allies, swept over all the world; over and over—and were victorious over all men. To the ends of the earth, and around back by the way the sun comes—there were no white men made then—even to the far away Chinese on the one side, and the endless land just then grown up out of the sea, where dwell the black-skinned *Orang papous*,* on the other, went our conquering fleets, bringing back much spoil, many women, and many slaves.

Yonder, northward of the Kini-Balü, there stands a village on the mouth of a river which rises, some say, in the haunted lake. One morning the dwellers there saw, far to seaward, a great Chinese ship beating through the straits.† On the strand lay fourteen prohus—six of ours, eight of the Aran—which were commanded by a very brave and renowned young Aran chief, whose name was Bátu. Instantly they went in pursuit. The Chinese captain, seeing their approach, bore up, and ran before the wind. His ship was fleeter than the many-armed bird-fish that bounds from wave to wave—and left our fastest prohus far behind.

But he knew not our coast. Keeping too near, he ran upon a reef, the same where, twenty moons since, a white-man vessel struck, and was captured by the Malayü—thieving dogfish—who once would have scoured afar to sea, even in tempests, did they but chance to sight the land of the Dyak rising in the blue distance. There, stuck fast at noon, our squadron reached him, and terribly the fight began. The Chinese commander was a very brave warrior, and he had also a little woman lieutenant who fought like a strong man. The shot from his huge guns sang like the voice of the rising storm at night, and tore the sides of our prohus like its waves when they smite fiercest; and while the sun rose high in the west, nine of them had sunk. But then, the tide falling, heeled the Chinese ship low upon her side, and her great cannons could be fired no longer. Than Bátu led his five remaining prohus, filled with the rescued men, burning for revenge, from the others that had been destroyed, close under the lofty bows, and boarded. Soon the battle ended when our warriors gained her deck. All the foes they slew, save the wife of the commander, whom, wearily struggling, Bátu seized and made captive, having slain him, and cut off his head to place the chiefest among his trophies.* And all night they laboured to strip the hard-won prize, for she was much laden, and the spoil was rich. Last of all, they tore from the stern the wonderful horse of gold that reared there; and setting fire to the wreck, returned

* *Orang papous;* that is, "*the men with frizzled heads.*" Batoubabákaha clearly meant New Guinea, or Papua, with its Negritos, and broad sea-side marshes.

† Straits of Balabac.

*The Dyak takes heads, like the Maori of New Zealand, or as the N. A. aborigine does scalps.

with songs and shoutings to the village. Now the captive was very beautiful, and drew away the eyes of many of our bravest young men, to the great grief of the daughters of our people, who were angry and scornful that a stranger should be preferred before them; and they threatened to take her life. And Bátu, who himself besought her love, was at his wits' end how to protect her; and very many were the nights when he and the trusted ones of his own people spent in vigil around her lodge, lest she should be carried away by some treacherous rival, or murdered by some jealous Dyak damsel;—while she, within, kept vigil too, not from fear, but because she had grown weary of sleep, and cared only to weep, lowly and silent, looking upon the stars, whither had fled the spirit of her slaughtered lord. Therefore, when the time came to fulfil the vow he had made when the heavy shot of the Chinaman were opening graves in the sea for his gallant prohus, while the battle was hottest—that for their aid he would devote the golden horse, if successful, to the djinus who reside in the mystic lake far up the mountain—he dared not leave his fairest prize behind, as he would rather have chosen, since the journey to its misty shores is both tedious and dangerous, and beset with mournful ghosts and frightful goblins; but was fain to take her, weeping and unwilling, along the dreary path, lest through to her remaining behind a greater evil should befall.

Seven days after the battle, Bátu set forth on his journey. The lake is four days from the village. Fifty chosen men were with him; and they stole away stealthily before daybreak, having kept secret the time of departure, lest any should be tempted to follow. Eight slaves bore the lady in a litter, beside which he ever walked, pleading his love in the language of the Malayü, with which, he had discovered, his beautitul prisoner was familiar. It was in vain; she regarded him not, save once to scornfully upbraid him with having foully slain her husband, at which Bátu became silent and sad, for he dreaded such reproach as do the valiant who disdain to steal a conquest; nor could he conceive why she should so accuse him. And from the hour that they departed from the sea, she refused all food.

On the second day he divided his band, for they who had charge of the heavy horse could travel but slowly, and he yet feared pursuit, so maddened were many of the warriors of the village by the wonderful beauty of his captive. And he reasoned that if they should follow, it would be a light thing to lose the horse—the promised fee of the gods—if he saved her whose captive himself had become. It was an impious thought, and dreadfully the gods revenged it. So, with the twenty fleetest footed of his men to guard the litter, he pressed forward, decided to await on the banks of the lake the coming of those who perforce travelled more slowly.

And so well the lightened party sped, that early in the evening of the same day they encamped at the mountain's foot. It grew cool as the sun lowered, and, no longer fearful of pursuit, they kindled a bright fire and made themselves merry. All save Bátu—to him there was no joy, for the scorn of the fair Chinawoman lay heavy upon his breast. He walked apart, and called his trusty lieutenant, Kahnü, of whom he sought counsel.

"Old friend," he said, "I seek rest in vain, for I am much disquieted."

And Kahnü said, "What are the thoughts that disquiet my lord?"

"Friend of my father, they are not few nor light. Chiefly I feel for my heart's desire. She weeps continually, and she does not eat. Will she not die?"

"Son of my friend and lord, I am old and have seen many widows. For a little they sorrow, and take not food; but it passes, and they become as other women. Many widows have I seen, among many tribes too,

but she who died of grief have I never seen. So take comfort."

"The daughters of the Aran, and the Dyak, too, do not weep unless to accept a coward in the stead of a hero. Tell me, Kahnü, why should she continually grieve for her dead lord—very brave though he was—and refuse my proffered love; am I not a braver than he, since I overcame him in fight?"

"Of a truth my lord is braver. Kahnü saw the encounter. The Chinese leader wielded his weapon like a skilful warrior, he struck swift and true and heavy, and at first I feared for my chief. But thy arm wearied his, and he failed suddenly. Of a truth thou art greater."

"Yet while I urge this, she does but weep the more. And—come yet more apart—no other warrior save the friend of Bátu's buried father must know this—but yesterday, when I had pleaded long, walking like one of the slaves beside her chair, she suddenly turned her wondrous eyes upon me, flashing like two angry stars when the night wind drives swiftly the broken rain-clouds from before them, and said, 'Barbarian, thou liest! Thou didst press him foully. Twenty such as thou, fairly opposed, had been to his biting sword but grass to an hungry ox!' Tell me, Kahnü, did any other hand save mine deal upon him?"

"By thy father's and my father's sacred graves—no! Not after thy axe smote his ringing shield. But he had overthrown many of our young men ere he encountered my lord. It may be that one of the dead had touched him."

"Methought he raised that lusty buckler somewhat wearily—carelessly—as might one grown tired of defending a hunted life. Can that be so, Kahnü? May warriors find at last a weariness in glorious strife?"

"Alas, noble boy, ten years more will give answer—ask not me. How died thy mighty sire? I who saw him know—'twas gladly. Is there nothing in the world but unending battle? Son of my friend! keep thou *my* secret; these twenty years hath Kahnü fought, no longer for the youthful joy of battle, but that he might meet at last the valiant arm destined to stretch him in the unending rest of death! How long, how long shall it be ere these wistful eyes shall see, breaking through the smoke of encounter, that welcome foeman friend!"

"Can it be so indeed! Because I am too young, perhaps, I do but partly understand thee. But I know that thou art wise. When but a child I have heard my father say, 'My brave Kahnü never speaks words of folly'—yet thou wert thyself young then. Alas, if thou art indeed right, it would be better far to die now. Methinks if the Kini-Balü cease not from her aversion to me, much less than thy ten years, O my counsellor, will suffice to teach me all the meaning of thy comfortless assertion. Dreary and wearisome indeed will life be to me hereafter, if I may not win her love."

"Is it so far with thee? Thou dost indeed grow old quickly. Thou touchest my experience with less than half my years."

"Help me Kahnü! I dare not approach her again to talk of love, lest she repeat her accusation, and the Malayü slaves hear it, and it be told among the warriors. Thou knowest that she is deceived—but who among the people stay to question the truth of aught that assails a fair name? Yet, without that risk, how am I to convince her that she wrongs me? And, if I do not so convince her, she must ever abhor me as one deemed a thief of victories. She, who fights as even few men fight, must scorn with all her soul him who bears the faintest stigma of treachery."

"I once knew one who was blind. He saw not the pleasant light, the fair earth, nor the awful stars. All people said, 'He is in darkness, life hath no joys for him.' But he had a music tube that he had made of bamboo, and continually he played it lonely;

and I knew that he was happier than we who are proud of our far reaching vision."

"But the cause, Kahnü. How comes she to think that her dead lord was foully stricken?"

"My lord has grown young again. He who asks a woman for her reasons, is half-brother to the silly one who asked of the palmtrees why they waved their far shadowing tops. Hereon who can give counsel?"

"Then what counsel canst thou give me? Is there no help in thy mind—canst devise nothing?"

"Little, son of my lord and comrade. For the present, wait. When her sorrow shall have flowed itself away like the rivulets of the gloomy moons of rain, thou mayst essay again."

"And then—thinkest thou not my sage Kahnü—success will be more certain for the delay?"

"But Kahnü paused a long time, ere, speaking very low, he answered:

"I would my lord had not asked this. But I must speak my thought. Much I fear my lord may indulge but feeble hope. She is not like our daughters, nor those of our allies—taught to believe that there is no cause for sorrow when a brave lover or husband returns no more from the field; and her grief will therefore endure very long. And she will think upon her lost one until his memory will be like sweet songs in her ears, and may come to seem to her more than any living man. The much loved spouse of Kahnü perished in her youth—should not Kahnü judge? Least of all might she look with favour upon my lord. Let him consider. Was he not concerned to protect her from the jealous fury of certain of the fierce Dyak maidens? Had one of them reached the life of the fair Kini-Balü, would she be the favoured damsel whom Bátu would take to his anguished bosom?"

Then Bátu was silent, for his thoughts were sadder than before. And he walked apart, sorrowful, with his face turned to the setting sun. Feebly he walked, and with heavy steps, like a very old man; passing deeper into the forest, for the thickly coming darkness, and the wailing of the night-wind, and sad sighing of the trees, seemed pleasanter than the mirth of the camp, and the comely faces of brave young warriors—laughed upon by the cheerful gleam of red firelight, all of which stirred his soul with wrath; for he cried often, while yet the voices reached him, "What more have they done than I, to be so happy—what less have I done than they, to be so stricken?" And he walked far out of sound, and threw himself on the earth, like a sick man, among the blackest shadows. And the Kini-Balü, in her litter with the leafy curtains, wept for her slain hero; and often as she looked out into the night, withdrew, yet more grieving, for the pitiful eyes of heaven were veiled by the envious wings of the cloud-demons, so that she could not see up to where he abode in restfulness.

Long Bátu with the empty heart lay prone upon the ground, holding his head between his hands, and his fingers grappled into his long hair, as if it had been the hair of a foeman, for his thoughts were very bitter. "It must be so," he reasoned: "Kahnü's dreary words are true. Had one of the Dyak women slain the Kini-Balü at the village—nay, harmed her even—her life, and the life of all her people, had been small food to the huge hunger of my revenge. What, then, would she do to me? Would she not slay me if she could, and with a surpassing joy? So may she. I am not made of iron, like Kahnü, to fight wearily a whole life long, because he who is my true over-match cometh not yet. To-morrow will I give to her weeping for revenge, martial gear and open battle; and she shall give me—for why should I stay her active hand—sweet death. And in verity I may even do my uttermost, and yet be sure to fall; for is not my heart empty, and my limbs weak, so that a child can vanquish me; and thus will I escape the

reproach of Kahnü with the iron patience, who alone of all the sons of men can reproach me. And he shall be charged to protect her, if any of my warriors should desire vengeance for my fall, and to conduct her in safety whithersoever she would go. He, the soul of sea-beat rock, who shunneth not distasteful days, will find it but a small thing to govern the warlike Aran, better far than the feeble Bátu, who liveth too long already. O, young in years, but suddenly old in soul, thus thy way is clear to that peace which thy princely sire so happily found early! Back then to camp, for the sun of the morning shall see a strange thing, at which the tribes of the Aran and the Dyak shall marvel in generations coming—a lover slaughtered by the hand he loves—a chieftain yielding to his captive—a warrior bred to battles vanquished by a woman. And great will be her fame, for thou, O deeply wearied one, hast also been renowned."

Then he arose and slowly retraced the devious way that he had made in heedlessness from camp. The darkness was very deep, and oftentimes he wandered, for his thoughts were not upon his path, and he looked upon the ground before his moving feet with eyes that saw not; so that much time had passed when, to him musing, there came the gentle gurgle of the fountain which overflowed in the hollow glade wherein he had chosen to halt. Then he wondered that he saw no gleam of fire, and aroused himself to consider.

"It cannot be that we are pursued—yet why should Kahnü suffer the fire to be put out, and no watch appointed, for hereabouts should I meet a sentinel—if it were so? Hath he gone in search of me, and do the sluggards remaining unworthily profit by his absence to steal a careless slumber? But I will teach them what it is to do so—they shall remember this awakening!"

Then he descended into the glade with rapid but noiseless paces. Suddenly, through the deep gloom he discerned the figure of a man recumbent upon the grass. Approaching, he stirred him with his foot, and spoke. There was no answer.

He bent low over him; and then his keen eye saw and knew the dress and valiantly-won trophies the trusted Kahnü wore. The wise warrior lay like one who sleeps deeply; but his tough shield was gone, his right hand lay on the shaft of his shivered lance, and his head was crushed and blood-wetting to the touch, as from the swing of some mighty war-club. Brave Kahnü slept indeed—he had met at last the friend who dwells with foemen. Bátu sprang erect, as doth a bent sapling released from the hand of a boy; for his thoughts were of treachery. "Kini-Balü," he shouted, "Oh, Kini-Balü, where art thou?" There came no answer save the mocking of the cliffs. Then, a long sighing gust of the night-wind rustled the forest leaves like the sudden patter of a rain-shower, and drew from amid the smouldering embers the red fierce gleam of unextinguished coals, like an unexpected opening of savage eyes in the darkness. He ran towards it, and lo, in the way, the body of another warrior, lying with downward face. But he stayed not. He reached the fire, and saw that the brands were scattered right and left, but each still separately glowing. It needed but to throw them together, and the fanning of the increasing breeze brought forth once more the brilliant flames. Eagerly he threw his glance around. In the fountain lay another of his band; divided from him by the streamlet it sent forth, was still another—fallen as if in flight. In its former place, near the fire, was the litter; but, overturned, broken, and empty. Nowhere was any trace of its bearers.

"The Malayü dogs," he groaned in bitterness, "have risen upon the guards where the watch was set, and have stealthily slaughtered the sleepers! And the Kini-Balü? Perchance she escaped—perhaps is even now hidden near at hand. I will call her again, for now surely she would answer my voice."

And this time his piercing call found answer. From the wooded crags that lay on the left of the open space, came a cry, a yell, and a hideous laughing sound that was yet no laugh, so dreadful that it almost changed the strong young chief to stone.

But he thrust out his stiffening limbs quickly, and shook off the unusual terrors. Then he stood the long-shafted lance in the ground unslung, and took in his right hand the keen-edged axe, hung the woven shield of tough rattan on his breast, and strode forth, murmuring, "But I will see what it means, though I be eaten at a morsel."

In his left hand he swung a firebrand. Between him and the crags its light opened the jaws of a deep and narrow gulch, rugged with rocks. Into it he descended, and lo! at the bottom, all heaped upon itself much broken, the corpse of one of the slaves.

"Then," thought Bátu, "the Malays were faithful. Who then hath done this sudden deed? Traitors have kept my trail, and captured my beloved. Kini-Balü, oh, Kini-Balü, where art thou?"

And again the unearthly, mocking peal responded; but now it was very near, seeming but a little space above him. The warrior started, gasped, as one who feels, unwarned, the sharp fang of the death-adder, and with the impulse darted forward. Soon, from the steep face of the crag loosened stones rattled downward, yielding from his rapid feet, but he was surer than the nâpu,* never faltering, and lightly gained the top. There, cowering amid the broken trees and rocks, the leader of the litter-bearers sat, looking afar into the night with averted head. Bátu called and demanded of him what had befallen. And his answer was nought but the terrible cry, resembling laughter as a corpse resembles the living. Shivering the chieftain approached, and seized on the slave by the shoulder. Quick at the touch he sprang up and turned his face full upon Bátu, who, speechless, recoiled in amaze, as hideous it rose up before him. It was not the face of a beast, yet likeness to manhood had vanished; incessantly muttered the lips, pale, blood-streaked, with froth-flecks upon them; and the fire of the never-still eyes seemed born in the soul of a demon. For an instant it glared on the chief, while it stretched forth a hand, and withdrew it; then uttered its horrible yell, and, turning, fled far in the darkness, clambering or bounding along on the crumbling verge of the ravine with a speed and a manner of motion that made Bátu think of the pâpau.

"It avails not to pursue him," sighed the perplexed Aran. "The night surprise and the sudden slaughter have frightened the coward's soul out of his body; a goblin has gone in instead. I will get back to the fire —I will make me a torch of neäto* that shall give me light until moonrise; and with its help take up the trail of the midnight assassins. Be they many or few I will find them. Oh Kini-Balü, Kini-Balü, where art thou?"

There came no answer save the mocking of the cliffs. Now he took counsel with himself once more: "They would not dare to return to the village after this act, for fear of their chiefs and old men, my allies. Where then? To the west—to the kingdom of the Hill-Dyaks?—to the south?—to the land of the tribute-payers? or to the north —to the sea, to foil me by voyaging hidden courses?"

Here, returning, he came upon the body of another warrior. He whirled the dying brand until it flamed once more, and sought for the death-wound. It also, like Kahnü's, was in the head—nor axe, nor spear, but strongly-wielded club had dealt the all-sufficing blow.

"Here, in advance, he watched;" murmured Bátu;—"and here, surprised, he fell. Yes, so it must be. The rest were slaughtered in their sleep, or woke like the slaves

* A Bornese variety of the musk-ox.

* The gutta-percha tree.

to flee; and far they must have fled, that none have heard my shouting. Only my valiant Kahnü — to him few or many was ever the same—hath reared his arm; so proves his broken lance and absent shield. That they would return—that one, at least, fought stretch beside him; then contented did I follow. Kini-Balü, oh Kini-Balü! it." art thou?"

Ayre came no answer save the mocking life cliffs. Then he wrought his torch, set his cleft handle upon the sharp head of his lance. By its far-reaching rays he searched the ground narrowly.

Round and round, in widening circles, ran the chief holding the torch aloft, but nothing finding save the footprints of his warriors and slaves, until he came once more where Kahnü lifeless lay. There, where low bushes mingled with tall grass, a single path divided their bent heads, but the well-cushioned ground showed no clear marks of feet. It led right up the mountain's long incline; and near at hand his torchlight found the warrior's missing shield. Some mighty hand had crushed it like a leaf, and in the centre, where it doubled up, the interlaced rattan had split like straw. Bátu saw amazed, then hurried up the easy slope. Not far he ran when weeds and grass grew thin, and the soft turf held tracks up to his light. He lowered the torch—he bent to look, then sank upon the ground. Not long he stayed. Now he saw—he understood it all—and prepared his soul for endurance. He threw away his shield, and hung his trusty axe across his sinewy shoulders. He took from the folds of his sarong a mouthful of the strength-giving betel and its leaves, and flung aside the garment. Then he drew in his girdle, and, with naked limbs and bosom, set forward on that steady, swinging pace by which even the fleet antelope is taken, or foemen many days afar surprised, when it seemed to them safe for feasting and for sleeping. Well he balanced the trusty lance, and made the torch it bore throw searching gleams along the obscure trail—though wetted leaves, like limp, cold hands, oft brushed his beating bosom, and shaken branches overhead oft showered large glittering drops that cooled his glowing skin. But the broken clouds were drifting fast, the stars were looking down, and ere two hours were past, the moon came up and shone upon the level plain that rolled now far beneath the chief's unfaltering feet. Then with a swing he dashed the torch into the ground, and shook the spear-head free, still pressing up and on.

No sound was in the forest here. Distant cries at times arose, far on the right or left—night wail of far-off tiger or banteng's* deep-mouthed bellow; but near the tracks that Bátu's sweeping stride measured by scarcely half was stillness, save the rustle of the wind among the leaves, and his own low, steady breathing as he rose the vast incline. Well he knew what this meant; that the grisly slayer walked not very far advanced; yet onward still he held, and rather joyed than feared.

Daylight at last began to streak the east, and the breeze of the morning blew fresher; unwearied the hero ascended. Each vast foot-print was clear to his gaze; no longer he needed to painfully bend his head toward the ground the huge paces to surely distinguish, but with straightened neck, swelling nostril and unslackened tread, he held to the freshening trail. Whoso had seen him, had said—"There passeth an hunger-spurred hunter, who neareth at last the chase he hath followed for many suns."

Suddenly through the green foliage on the left shone the bright blue gleam of mighty waters. The trail bent in the same direction. The huge trees stood more apart, and between them the ground was free from the creeping tangle, wearisome to man and beast, that grows on the plains below. The Aran chieftain changed his course, but not his

* Buffalo of Borneo.

unfaltering stride. But now a faint sound reached his wary ear, as of the distant crash of a dead limb! Quick he halted, for it was borne from the quarter he sought! There came no repetition.

Forward again and faster. Now the ground sloped a little downward, and the grass was short and soft, very pleasant to his much-worn feet. The daylight was clear and strong, but the sun had not yet risen, when a rattling, as of many loose stones rushing down a declivity, and a splashing, as when they tumultuously fall into deep water, rang through the woodland ways. Then Bátu unslung his well-tempered axe, but stayed not. And now he came to the broken land out from the many trees, to where trees were few, and the ground yielded rocks instead. Out to its verge, and lo, far beneath him spread the lake of mysterious waters that rolls blue and white, when storms are, like its brother the outer sea. Freshly across its wide breast came the cool, gusty wind of the morning; yet Bátu paused not, nor gazed in its depths, for the tracks here were newly imprinted. A white cliff rose steeply ahead, and its water front steamed with thick vapours—thickest where wandered the trail which wound at mid-height from the water. It was clogging, and hot to the touch; and often large masses slid downward from the hero's quick-lifted feet, plunging rumblingly under the surface. He remembered the sound heard erewhile, and knew that his race was near ended; and joy filled his soul at the thought that at last the encounter was certain, and death which would be not defeat, but the crown of a noble endeavour. The subduer of men they call hero—how name they the striver with demons?

He crossed the long front of the cliff of white smoke, and came to the place of dens where dwell the lake-shore monsters, who war incessantly with the monsters who live in its waters; and where grow the vast trees with flesh for wood, and milk for sap, of which the leaves are like hands, and the fruits ripen into beautiful, footless birds that fly away, each with a seed in its bosom, and never return again. Here he had scarcely entered when a sound came to his ear that he had not hoped ever to hear again—the wail of a weeping woman—the voice of the Chinese widow. Joy returned to the waiting chieftain, and with it strength. He yell,

"Now," he said, "she shall own, clamBátu is no coward, nor a half fighterbling dares not singly attack his enemy! Thangods are good that she lives! I had fearedce that she had died; and I, unhappy, left without hope to prove how her thoughts wronged me—yet that, methinks, I had rather do than win her withheld love."

And lo! beyond, deep in the wooded ways, the maker of the mighty footprints stalking slowly; borne on his high shoulder the Kini-Balü, helplessly imprisoned by one huge upcircling arm. With the other he trailed a club, thicker than a strong man's thigh, and longer than his body. Bátu shouted, defying. The giant turned, but looked upon him without answer. Naked he was, and hairy like the beast. His stature was far above that of the sons of men; his face like the visions seen by one who hath sickened from thirst long continued. Green was his monstrous beard, and his eyebrows were flat, like a serpent's. His teeth were those of a tiger, his hands like the great sea-lizard's. He rolled his fierce eyes and upswayed his club as Bátu advanced upon him. Bátu defied him again and added reproaches. His voice rumbled forth threatenings in answer—it seemed as if thunder was speaking. Then he, too, advanced. Bátu stopped, and sent his flashing lance like lightning. The wild man's swinging club threw its shivered fragments far among the gleaming leaves; and he roared in anger, more hoarsely than the banteng. But the chieftain bided, answering naught save by changing his long victorious axe to his well-skilled right hand.

Then spoke the Kini-Balü quickly, ad-

dressing Bátu, who burned with delight at her accents. "Indeed thou art brave, but be heedful, for mortal strength here is but nothing. The bones of the monster beneath me feel like rocks thinly covered with lichens; then seek not to reach his huge breast —for there many blows would be needful; but avoiding the sweep of his club, do thou strike off the fingers that grasp it."

And the man-monster closed with uplifted club—his blows fell as falls mis-driven thunder, tearing up the ground, for Bátu bent, as the spear tree bends when the whizzing rain-gust strikes it; while before his dazzled eyes the lady flung her silken, lightly-floating veil spangled with gold and crimson. Not quicker the fanged snake strikes back when the savage boar assails him, than Bátu's gleaming axe whirled on the giant bewildered! It shore through the shaggy wrist—the club and the hand fell together; the broad lake waters trembled to the roar of anguish that followed!

He uplifted his other hand—no longer remembering his captive—lightly she leapt to the ground, while foaming he rushed on the chieftain. The thrust of the spike-headed axe he regarded no more than a bramble, though the depth that it passed in his breast would have slain any man in the moment; and the broad, hard palm, with its sharp, crooked nails, fell sounding upon the hero. Terrible was the blow! It gored his uncovered side, and hurled him away many paces—yet he lost not his hold on his axe, though breathless, and dizzied, and bleeding, for blood gushed from mouth and from nostrils; thrice he fell, and rose, gaining ambush from the pursuer. From thence, as the demon rushed by, he hurled the keen axe and struck him where the tendons knit close to the heel. Helpless the monster fell, and the leaves above him quivered. Then came Bátu forth, but walked not many steps ere himself sank sickened and fainting, for the life-blood was filling his footprints.

The Chinese widow came and knelt beside him.

"Thou hast conquered, warrior; but how fares it with thyself?" she said.

"Since thou askest—well:" he answered. "Wouldst thou grant me thy love, it might be I would yet recover."

"It may not be — not even to save thee. Should I bid thee live—thou, slayer of my love and joy? Did I not vow to encompass thy death when I beheld my beloved sink beneath thy savage blows? how, then, wilt thou still speak to me of love?"

"It needs not—see!" And he turned himself a little to show his gory side. "Yet more than the monster's hand do thy hope-killing words destroy me."

But she was striving with her garments to staunch the ghastly wounds. Yet her face was firm, and gave no sign to his hope, although in the long pause he watched her eagerly.

Then he said—"I die, and thou art revenged. It is better. But I desire to complete the victory, in which thou didst aid me so well; alas, for the hope that act bred within me. Wilt thou help me this last time?"

Silently she aided his steps where the woodland demon lay bleeding. Bátu with feeble blows cut off the head, and grasped it, horrible, by the bristling hair. "Lo!" he cried, "my trophy! When lived he who hath boasted its equal before? Not in vain hath Bátu lived; he hath taught all men that demons may be conquered. He shall live in the hearts of the people. Thou canst not say hereafter, 'He was but a half warrior—he slew my husband by the hands of others, not by his own arm unaided.'"

"Nay," she answered;" thou wrongest me. My noble lord was overborne truly, but not by thee. Traitors of whom thou knewest nothing oppressed us; and he was already slain by the toils and wounds of many foregoing battles. We fled from rebels thirsting for our blood, and met thee, crueller than they."

"Alas, I fear then that I have done an evil act. But I knew it not. If I might live—but it profits not." His steps were growing feeble, and the huge head weighed heavier to his failing strength. He sank beneath a tree. "O! Kini-Balü, I die. Thou livest. Take thou my last command to my people. In two days they who have in keeping the golden horse will come. Bid them take this, my trophy, the sign of the deed I have wrought; preserve it, decorate it, as is the custom of the Aran and Dyak, since to my hand the task is forbidden; and, after, hang it highest in the Temple of Heads, where all warriors may see, and all young warriors may learn that the demons who haunt the woodland are not invulnerable. Hereafter, he who would be called brave must abide to battle with them, for the people will remember Bátu; and the maidens will scorn him who flees an enemy, though terrible, that a woman taught how to subdue. So shall the land be ours unmolested, for the tribes will no longer dwell trembling on the verge of the sea for fear of the gigantic haunters of the mountain. They shall hunt, they shall till, and shields no more shall be woven, for yonder long slopes shall fill their hungry mouths; and there shall be no more need to molest the tribute-payers, or to scorn the storm-swept sea for prizes won with much noble blood, and the tears of sorrowing women because the young ones cry for food. The days of battle shall come to an end, and such peace as the wise and warlike Kahnü wearied for and saw not all his life, shall rest on all the nations. And me they shall praise forever! Yet, oh yet, I would give all—all, for thy love! Woman, I die because of thee, and thou hast no sorrow."

She turned her face upon him, wet with tears. "See, I weep for thee! But though I give thee tears, I cannot give thee love. Beyond yon golden clouds my hero waits for me, counting the days till I come. And thou, noble youth, think not so lightly of the great deed thou hast wrought; 'tis the word of a boy to say thou wouldst barter its fame for the love of any woman."

And he murmured, for his heroic voice was weakening much: "Yet, give me one kiss, wilt thou not, before I die?"

She took his heavy head upon her knees, and wiped away the death-sweat tenderly. But she kissed him not.

And after a little he raised his eyes to hers, and said: "Who now will rule my people? Wilt thou be their queen?"

And she answered, "It may not be—how can I? I do but wait to deliver to them thy message—and then I also set out for the abode of the gods."

Then Bátu was surprised. "It passes wonderment;" he said. "Even the much-experienced Kahnü said, no widow dies of grief—O, in the long hereafter will there come one who shall love Bátu so?"

"Yea;" she answered. "There must."

Then he smiled and whispered: "Tell my people also this: that they shall take down from the chief place the head of him thou lovest so well, for now do I perceive that I therein do hold no rightful trophy, and lay it in thy grave when thou departest. And I will tell thy noble lord that thou comest quickly; but first will I demand forgiveness because I did assail him when he was overborne with the toils and wounds of many foregone battles—but I knew it not."

Then she bowed her head and kissed him tenderly.

Then Bátu spoke no more.

And the Kini-Balü hid the body, and watched near it. When night came, she surrounded it with fires, and kept herself within the circle.

Not until the third morning came the band with the golden horse. For the way is long and hard to travel; nor have any, unencumbered, ever equalled the wonderful speed of the fleet-footed prince of the Arans. They are esteemed good runners who can run in two suns the race he ran in one short night. For indeed he was

a wonderful warrior. And his words are coming true, which proves that he was also wise, though very young. For, since that day, no warrior refuses battle with the haunters of the woodland; and he who would be esteemed very brave, seeks them; and thus, at last, they are becoming few. It is very seldom that one is seen, now, along the slopes of the mountain; and if the terrible English rajah had not come upon us with the Kajan armies; so that the many strong young men who fell at Tampasuk, at Pandasin, on the Reyang, in the Marnbookat, and on the awful day of Brunai, had been spared; and our women and our children who were slaughtered here, at home, by his fleet of renegades from Saráwak, we had cleared those slopes long since, and covered them with waving grain.

And the Kini-Balü showed the Aran warriors the body of their chief, and the mighty trophy he had won; and told how all had befallen. And she gave them his last commands, and they prepared to bear his body back to the tribes. Then she herself charged them with another duty.

"When ye prepare the funeral of your chief, choose also the maiden of his race who laments him most, and set her pure soul free to be his companion. And while there is yet life remaining in her, take ye the head of my slain lord, and bind it in her two hands, and be it buried with her. For I, unhappy, may not return to the village, because I should bring strife and confusion among you, as before, so that no commands would be fulfilled, then who would bear it to him?"

Then the leader answered her:

"O princess! all these other things that our chieftain hath commanded through thy mouth will be obeyed. But this that thou desirest—that one of our maidens shall be put to death, is a strange thing to our people, and I know not but they will refuse it. Why should such a strange thing be?"

And she said—"If ye would live in peace, do it, and fail not. It is my shame and weakness—but to my lord I must answer it—thy chieftain, dying, did taste my lips, for I so pitied him—and now, when I arrive at the abode of the gods, he will quarrel with my husband for me, unless ye do my bidding. And the guilt of the quarrel will rest upon ye; and the curse of the unregarded dead, intolerable to be borne, if ye so much as delay in it."

And he answered—"It is enough. Thy will shall be accomplished. But I wish thou hadst spared unlawful pity, for know thou, O Kini-Balü, the maiden who loveth Bátu best is also mine only child."

And having spoken with an angry heart, he called the warriors, and they set forth on their return, leaving the beautiful widow alone, weeping sorely. But there were some who often looked behind, and these saw her rise and wipe away her tears, and mount upon the back of the golden horse; which immediately became alive, and descended the cliffs. And winding the difficult way along the breaking front of the white cliff of vapours, they all saw her guiding the wonderful horse along the straight path which the rising sun made upon the waters of the lake, as if it had been a common path across a grassy plain. Very swiftly the horse moved, so that the coursing of the fleet antelope seemed ever afterwards to these men like the creeping of pismires. And while they gazed, forgetful of even the hot and yielding ground beneath their feet, she passed beyond the reach of their eyes, and they believed she had gone to the sun to burn away the stain of her weakness in pitying the slayer of her husband. And then they knew also that she must needs be related to the gods, and that her commands must be heedfully obeyed. Thus it hath come that, so long as the Aran people existed, they sacrificed every year a young maiden; and the lake, and the mountain also, have been called ever since, "those of the Chinese widow."

"This, commander of the ship of tamed fire-demons, is the story of Batoubabákaha's forefathers. And thou mayest tell it with straightforward eyes among the councillors of thy people, for I have told it true, though there be some Dyaks who shame not to put lies in it."

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I mused long upon this strange recital after my visitors betook themselves to their bankong to return to shore. I have mused a good deal upon it, many a time, since. And reflections upon "Bátu's" *missionary influence* upon these poor, degraded, head-takers, and the strange way in which "Rajah Brook's good work in Borneo," has cut it up, root and branch, have not been unprofitable. O, light, more light, Our Universal Father; that we may a little see how often when we think we are doing well, we are doing, in our darkness, but miserably wrong!

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## THE ANNUITY.

*From "Lyrics, Legal and Miscellaneous," by the late George Outram.*

I GAED to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
She just was turned o' saxty-three;
I couldna guessed she'd prove sae teugh,
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
The limmer's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane an' skin,
But that it seems is nought to me;
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizened gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,
As spunkie as a growin' flea—
An' there she sits upon my back,
A livin' perpetuity.
She hurkles by her ingle-side,
An' toasts an' tans her wrunkled hide—
Lord kens how lang she yet may bide
To ca' for her annuity!

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company;
Her chance o' life was stated there,
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dizzen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

I gat the loon that drew the deed—
We spelled it o'er right carefully;
In vain he yerked his souple head,
To find an ambiguity;
It's dated—tested—a' complete—
The proper stamp—nae word delete—
And diligence, as on decreet,
May pass for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free;
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But Diel ma' care—the blast gaed by,
And missed the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

I thought that grief might gar her quit—
Her only son was lost at sea—
But aff her wits behuved to flit,
An' leave her in fatuity!
She threeps, an' threeps, he's livin' yet,
For a' the tellin' she can get;
But catch the doited runt forget
To ca' for her annuity!

If there's a sough o' cholera
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she?
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she's fever proof—
The pest gaed o'er her very roof;
She tauld me sae—an' then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak,—
A compound fracture as could be;
Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured!—She handles't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale:
But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh, and broken banes,
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be,
She beats the taeds that live in stanes,
An' fatten in vacuity!
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her!—expose her onywhere—
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
Sma' crime it wad appear to me;
Ca't murder—or ca't homicide—
I'd justify't,—an' do it tae.
But how to fell a withered wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life—
The timmer limmer daurs the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot.—But whar's the mark?—
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her back-bane wanders through her sark
In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.

She's palsified—an' shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't;
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned;—but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea;—
Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope;
'Twad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will puizon do't?—It has been tried;
But, be't in hash or fricassee,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *goût* it hae.
It's needless to assail her doubts,—
She gangs by instinct—like the brutes—
An' only eats an' drinks what suits
Hersel' an' her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore an' ten perchance may be;
She's ninety-four;—let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the Flood—
She's come o' Patriarchal blood—
She's some auld Pagan, mummified
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalmed inside and out—
She's sauted to the last degree—
There's pickle in her very snout
Sae caper-like an' cruety;
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her;
They've Kyanised the useless knir—
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
As this eternal jaud wears me;
I could withstand the single shock,
But no the continuity.
It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
An' pay me, pay me, evermair;
I'll gang demented wi' despair—
I'm *charged* for her annuity

## THE STORY OF "L. E. L."

"The future never renders to the past
The young beliefs intrusted to its keeping;
Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth and last—
On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping:
*We might have been!*"—L. E. L.

FROM before the days of that immortal mariner Robinson Crusoe until the time when England ceased to traffic in the thews and sinews of men, the Guinea Coast was famous with an evil fame, and on its shores unhallowed fortunes were made. After the abolition of the slave trade, the English Protectorate there sank into insignificance, till at last the Gold Coast and its settlements were less talked about or thought of than the mythical mountains of the moon. Now-a-days, Cape Coast Castle has become a familiar name, and the dreary old fort and town where Sir Garnet Wolseley and his little army landed, and from whence they marched to Coomassie, and saw with horror-stricken eyes King Coffee Calcalli's awful "Home of Ghosts," are as well known as the vivid descriptions and graphic sketches of special correspondents and artists could make them. But in the keen interest excited by the thrilling scenes and incidents of civilized and savage warfare contending against each other, the one gentle association connected with the place is scarcely thought worthy of notice. For two months a sweet, sad English singer dwelt within those gloomy walls; there she died; and among the graves of the military men who have perished in that pestilential climate, hers is yet to be seen, marked by the initials of her name, "L. E. L." Those "magic letters," as Lord Lytton has called them, which once enchanted the hearts of the young and romantic, and were tenderly named by men renowned in literature and art, have lost their spell. Fast young men and girls of the period turn away with disdain from the musical and melancholy verses which charmed another generation, but which the modern admirers of stronger and more sensational literature stigmatize as stupid, sentimental, and old-fashioned. Half a century ago those letters were a name of power. She who had chosen them as her *nom de plume*—"England's spoiled child and genius," "The Sappho of a polished age"—had won, by her impassioned poetry and attractive personal qualities, a unique place in the affections of the great mass of English readers, and was courted and flattered in London coteries. A few years later, self-banished from her native land and the friends she loved, and with no companion but the moody, saturnine, disappointed man, to whom in an evil hour she had linked her destiny, she died at Cape Coast Castle with startling suddenness. It was rumoured by some in England that she had been foully dealt with; by others it was whispered that she herself had deliberately thrown off the burden of a life that had become hateful to her. An inquest held at the fort found that her death had been inadvertently caused by an overdose of prussic acid—a medicine she was in the habit of taking to relieve spasmodic attacks from which she often suffered. Six hours later—as the climate compels—she was buried. The courtyard of the castle in which she lies is a spacious enclosure, a place of exercise and parade for the garrison, and surrounded by dungeons, formerly used as slave "barracoons." The blast of the bugle, the roll of the drum, and the tramp of armed men passing over the red tiles that cover her grave, are the sounds that continually reverberate there; the fierce sun of the tropics blazes down all day long; and not a tree or flower, not a green leaf or blade of

grass grows near the last resting-place of her who in happier days had woven all the charms of shadowy boughs, and fragrant blossoms, and murmuring zephyrs, into her song. How this hapless English poetess came to find her grave on that desolate African shore forms a mournful story—not without a lesson and a warning much like those which Madame de Staël has so powerfully taught in her Corinne.

A great poet, wise enough to steer clear of the rocks and shoals of passion and self-will, on which so many luckless bards have wrecked their gallant barks, and who found his happiness in peaceful home joys, in quiet duties, and in the love of Nature, that

"Never did betray the heart that loved her,"

has told us, singing of Burns and Chatterton,—

"Poets do begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

These melancholy lines are strictly applicable to the fate of Miss Landon, or L. E. L., as her admirers loved to call her. Child, girl, and woman, she seems never to have been happy, though her spirits were always high. Delight in the exercise of her genius, gratified vanity at the applause and admiration she received, brief intervals of joyful excitement and hope, moments of rapture, and many keen though fleeting pleasures were hers; but that true happiness which only home affections, inward contentment, and a heart at peace can give, she never possessed. Her father, John Landon, belonged to an old Herefordshire family, and was the son of a clergyman and rector in Kent. He had two brothers in the church, one afterwards Provost of Worcester College and Dean of Exeter, the other Rector of Aberford, in Yorkshire. John, though the eldest son, went to sea, and when, after the death of his patron, Admiral Bowyer, he left the service, he became a partner in the Army Agency house of Adair. He married a lady with money, and took a house in Hans Place, Chelsea, where Letitia Elizabeth, the eldest child, was born. There was a garden to this house, filled with roses, and beyond Hans Place was a strip of land called Chelsea Common, with trees, and market gardens adjoining. Here Letitia lived for seven years. She had a little brother two or three years younger than herself, whom she loved passionately, and who was her only companion. She was taught to read by an invalid neighbour, who used to scatter ivory letters on the floor, and show her how to form them into words. If good and attentive to her lessons she was given some little reward, which she always carried to her brother; if she had no reward to take home, she crept up stairs in shame and distress, to be consoled by her nurse, of whom she was very fond.

At five years old she was sent to a day-school, kept by a Mrs. Rowden, a cultivated woman, and an enthusiast in the cause of education. Mrs. Rowden loved poetry, and taught her pupils (among whom, at one time, was Miss Mitford) to love it too. French was taught by an emigrant Count, afterwards married to Mrs. Rowden; and Lady Caroline Lamb, who then lived in Hans Place, often visited the school, and gave the prizes on "breaking-up days." Letitia's only fault, her teacher said, was her superabundance of spirits, which never let her walk steadily. Hers was the true artistic nature, sensitive, impressionable, and impulsive; smiles and tears, grief and joy, rapidly succeeding each other. She was generous, tender-hearted, and loving, but passionate and wilful. Her father was kind and indulgent, but her mother—though like her daughter she was small and delicate in face and figure—was a woman of quick, imperious temper, and strong character; and very early Letitia's strong will clashed with hers. The girl's proud spirit was indomitable except through her affections; and Mrs

Landon, with scanty sense of justice, resorted to the expedient of making her brother suffer for her sins. No punishment inflicted on Letitia herself had any effect; but to punish, or threaten to punish her brother, instantly subdued her. We are not told what effect this method of vicarious chastisement had on the boy, but it does not seem to have lessened his affection for his sister; the love between them remained true and strong through all her life.

When Letitia was seven years of age, her father removed to Trevor Park, East Barnet, and thenceforth her chief education was such as she gained herself. She read history, travels, and biography, never skimming, never skipping, but reading whatever book she had taken up conscientiously through, and never satisfied till she had thoroughly mastered its contents. Poetry and works of fiction she devoured and absorbed, and she has said that after reading The Lady of the Lake and Marmion, she lived upon them for weeks. The fate of Constance impressed her imagination so vividly that in after years she never could read or hear it read without the strongest emotion. Her birthright of entrance into the fairy realms of poetry and romance soon showed itself. She wandered about the grounds and gardens with a stick she called her "measuring-wand" in her hand, inventing imaginary scenes and adventures, which she related to her brother, when he was at home, and, after he went to school, recited aloud to herself. "Oh, don't talk to me!" she would say, if any one spoke to her at these times, "I have such a delightful idea in my mind!"

At thirteen a great change came over her circumstances and prospects. Her father had lost large sums in some sailor-like attempts at farming, and was already in difficulties when the failure of Adair's house completed his ruin. He gave up Trevor Park, and took his family to live at Brompton. Old Brompton was at that time decidedly rural. There were hay-fields in its midst, and lanes leading back into the "country green;" and the churchyard, on whose first grave Letitia wrote a touching poem, was then a blooming garden. All her early life she lived within sight of trees and blossoms, and the perfume of flowers and rustling of green leaves seemed to give sweetness and melody to her fanciful strains. Before she was fifteen her genius unmistakably asserted itself, and a poem called, "The Fate of Adelaide: a Swiss Romantic Tale," was accepted and published by Mr. Warren, of Bond Street. It sold well, but the publisher failed, and she never received anything for it, except praise, which stimulated her precocious talents to renewed exertion. Some time before this, Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, then the chief literary journal in England, had seen from the window of his house in Brompton, a little girl rolling a hoop with one hand, and holding with the other a book, which she every now and then stopped to read. He was pleased and attracted by the sight, and admired the girl's animated face and lively spirit. On being shown some of her poems he was still more interested in the young author, and published a series of Poetical Sketches by her in the *Gazette*, with the signature of L. E. L. They excited attention at once, and were greatly admired. Bright prospects seemed opening to her, and her parents flattered her and themselves with the hope that a distinguished literary career was before her. A brilliant one it proved to be, and perhaps, if her father had lived, it might have been a happy as well as a successful one. But unfortunately, he died just when she most needed a firm hand to guide and restrain her, to which, in his case, love—always the supreme motive with her—would have made her submit. She had loved him with all the deep intensity of her nature, and there is no exaggeration in the lines to his memory with which she closed her poem of "The Troubadour:"

"My father! though no more thine ear
Censure or praise of mine can hear,
It soothes me to embalm thy name
With all my hope, my pride, my fame!
My own dear father, time may bring
Chance, change, upon his rainbow wing,
But never will thy name depart—
The household god of thy child's heart—
Until that orphan child may share
The grave where her best feelings are.
Never, my father, love can be
Like the dear love I had for thee!"

Lord Lytton has told us of the rush made by the young Cantabs every Saturday evening to look at the corner of the *Literary Gazette* where the magical letters "L. E. L." "which she had made into a *name*," were to be found. "And all of us praised the verses, and all of us guessed at the author. Was she young? Was she pretty? Was she (for there were some fortune-hunters among us)—was she rich? We ourselves then only thought of homage, not criticism. The other day, in looking over our boyish effusions, we found a copy of verses superscribed 'To L. E. L.' and beginning 'Fair Spirit.'"

When it was known that the author of these much admired poems was a young, small, graceful girl, living quietly in Brompton, she was speedily invited to literary parties and re-unions, patronized, flattered, and caressed. Even in her first early bloom she was scarcely entitled to be called pretty; but she seems to have had that nameless charm, more beautiful than beauty's self. Her figure was small, her features irregular, and when not animated by conversation, there was something pensive and even sad in her looks; but when in society, for which she had a natural aptitude, her face lighted up, and the "mind and music" from within breathed in every expressive lineament. Her dark grey eyes were very fine; her forehead and eyebrows perfect; her hands and feet beautifully formed. Her voice was sweet and musical, her manners enchanting, guileless, and unaffected—full of feeling, and in her liveliest sallies, always gentle. There was a fascination about her which few could resist, and grave and learned men were attracted and charmed by her youth, her genius, her ready wit, and the girlish, though graceful *abandon* of her manners. Hogg, who had criticized her poems very roughly, as the artificial flowers of drawing-room literature, exclaimed when he saw her, "Hech! I did nae think ye had been sae bonnie!" and became ever after her warm friend and supporter.

Miss Spence, a literary lady who received a select circle of *bas bleus* in her rooms in Little Quebec street, Mayfair, was her first patroness, and among inferior celebrities, Letitia met at her re-unions Tom Moore, Lady Caroline Lamb, Edward Lytton Bulwer, and the brilliant and beautiful Rosina Wheeler, afterwards his wife. The young poetess had what has been called the fatal gift of fascination, and for a time, at least, charmed all who came near her. When the "Improvisatrice" appeared, it raised her at once to the pinnacle of popular fame. The public grew wildly enthusiastic about her; and fashionable people, who delighted in having a new genius, and one so attractive, to pet and patronize, loaded her with flattering attentions. But ever since her father's death, her home had been most unhappy. Her brother was at college, studying for the Church; her only sister, seven or eight years younger than herself, was a hopeless invalid, and her mother was more difficult to live with than ever. Her temper, always vehement and high, had been made irritable and exacting by trouble and disappointment. Her means were very small, and the comforts and indulgences needed by the little invalid were expensive, and could not be provided without many struggles and privations. It was a household of pain, anxiety, and gloom, intolerable to the young girl-poet, whose dreams were of Troubadour and Improvisatrice, of Golden Violets, Venetian Bracelets, and The Vow of the Peacock.

Already she had drank large draughts from the intoxicating cup of flattery and fame; she was ready to fancy herself a second Corinne, and no doubt, in her girlish visions, she dreamt of lovers as well as of love. But what lovers could come to her in a home of such poverty and suffering! What works worthy of immortal fame could be conceived and perfected under such chilling and depressing influences as hung over her there. As quickly as she could, she escaped from it, and went to reside with her grandmother, Mrs. Bishop, who had a comfortable annuity, and lived by herself in Sloane Street. Here Letitia was allowed to do as she liked, and no irksome duties, or vexatious interruptions, interfered with her poetical labours. Chaperoned by her grandmother, she gave little parties to men of letters and literary ladies, which are said to have been delightful. For she always performed her duties as hostess with the most charming tact and grace, and was the gayest, the wittiest, the most amiable of the company.

One year after "The Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour" came out; and its success was even greater than she had hoped. She received six hundred pounds for it, and the literary journals praised its fresh and graceful fancy, its flowing numbers, its impassioned feeling, and spontaneous power. The high place among English poets which had been so suddenly ceded to her, seemed now secure, and everything appeared to mark her out as Fortune's favourite. But in the midst of her triumph came the inevitable Nemesis. A scandalous attack on her character, from an unknown hand, appeared in the *Sun* newspaper. Her intimacy with Mr. Jerdan, and the kindness he had shown her from the time he first printed and praised her lyrics and tales in the *Literary Gazette*, were made the foundation of a disgraceful calumny, which, in spite of its utter improbability, some were so wicked as to affect to believe. To account for this, it must be said that if she had the gift of making friends in an unusual degree, she made enemies with almost equal facility. That she should have done so may seem strange, for she is described by those who knew her intimately as having a loving and trusting nature, never suspecting evil or unkindness, and ready to give confidence and regard to all who sought or appeared to seek them. But the applause and admiration she had received, while yet in her teens, were enough to turn the head of philosopher, much more of a girl still almost a child; and it would have been little less than miraculous if, in the hey-day of youth and fame, she had always borne her faculties with faultless meekness. She had quick perceptions and a keen wit, and, in spite of her good nature, may have thoughtlessly laughed at absurdities and oddities of character, or openly ridiculed vanity, presumption, and arrogance—in this way heedlessly inflicting wounds which left a rankling bitterness in the hearts of those she had victimized in her girlish fun, of which she never dreamed. She used to give such amusing and graphic descriptions and imitations of *les petits comités* in Little Quebec Street, and of Miss Spence doing the honours in a blue toque, that Moore, after witnessing one of these exhibitions of her comic powers, declared that she was equal to Miss Austen. But Miss Austen reserved her talents of this sort for the characters of her books, and offended no one; Letitia displayed them on her acquaintances, sowing seeds of bitter hatred and revenge. There is, however, little doubt that the sudden and extraordinary popularity she had gained, not only with the public, but in society, was the head and front of all her offendings. Small literary cliques and coteries are notorious for rivalries, jealousies, and envyings; and all these bad feelings were arrayed against Letitia. Her brilliant success made enemies who were ready to employ any means, however base, to keep her from "shining them down." Her pride and sensibility were at all times excessive, and

it need not be said that she suffered intensely; but she had great courage and energy, and many friends on whose support she could rely. In society she was more attractive and more admired than ever; the pain of wounded feeling and mortified pride exciting her spirits and stimulating her genius into still greater brilliancy.

Just about this time her little sister died. Letitia appears not to have seen her for some time, and not to have been aware of her danger till the last; and she describes herself as having been overwhelmed by the shock the sight of the little wasted form gave her. Perhaps her grief was not unmixed with remorse, for while her poor little sister had been suffering and dying, and her mother, whose heart was wrapped up in this child, was in the deepest grief, she had sought amusement and excitement, night after night, in the drawing-rooms and salons of her fashionable patrons and literary associates. But her sorrow and regret did not lead to any change in her mode of life; and when her grandmother, soon after, died, and she had to seek another home, she did not return to her mother. For this she has been much blamed, but the same causes that had made a residence with Mrs. Landon so irksome to her before remained. She still believed that it would be impossible for her to write in the midst of such constant irritation and annoyance as her mother's temper caused her; and yet not only her own support, but Mrs. Landon's, depended in a great degree on her literary labours. These were the reasons she assigned for living away from her mother, but she had other motives. She desired more freedom and independence of action, and more constant society than she could have had with Mrs. Landon. An old gentleman, Mr. Lance, and his three elderly daughters, were then living in Mrs. Rowden's old house in Hans Place. These ladies took a few pupils, and sometimes one or two lodgers; they had long known and liked Letitia, and here she now took up her abode. The long low school-room into which she had often danced, a merry, romping child, was too large for the present number of pupils, and was made into the authoress' drawing-room. In this room, half shadowed by the elm trees growing in the little narrow garden at the back, or in a small attic overlooking the shrubs and turf in the square, the greater part of Miss Landon's life was passed. The Misses Lance became much attached to her, and used to say the only trouble she gave was the constant opening of the door to her visitors, literary or fashionable, or both combined.

Literature had now become her profession, and her labours were incessant. Though her evenings were usually spent in some gay company, the number of poems, tales, sketches and lyrics she produced in a few years seem enough to have occupied a long life. But these labours might have been better borne if she had not added to them the toils of society. Often she was roused the morning after some great party to hear that the printer's boy was waiting for an unfinished tale or poem, and had to write the concluding lines in a fever of haste. Exhaustion and lassitude followed such an incessant strain on all her faculties, but she dared not pause nor stop to rest lest she should lose the favours of critics and publishers, or weaken the prestige of her name, on which her profits as a writer, and her place in society, depended. The evils of such a position for a woman, young, charming, and high-spirited, without the ties of home or the protection of relatives, could not be exaggerated. Lord Lytton, in "The Parisians," has shown something of the misery and danger of a literary career to a young girl in somewhat similar circumstances; and in depicting the brilliant genius, the bright hopes, the sweet and loving nature of his heroine—her successes, her triumphs, her disappointments and humiliations, he must have remembered with sorrow

and pity the mournful fate of poor L. E. L., who, in his boyish days, had been the unknown "fair spirit" of his dreams, and to whom he was always a generous, constant, and disinterested friend. But all this time, to those who did not know her intimately, her lot seemed supremely fortunate. The slanders against her character had died out, her popularity as a poet appeared rather to increase than wane, and the magic letters "L. E. L." were yet a talisman to open readers' hearts. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley sought her out and introduced her to the Marchioness of Londonderry, at whose splendid assemblies she shone a bright, particular star. In the long, low room in Hans Place, she gave many pleasant little parties; and a fancy ball in the same old-fashioned apartment, at which Bulwer and his wife, and many others of her fashionable friends, appeared in fancy dresses, was long remembered as being like a scene in dreamland by those who witnessed it.

In the midst of this brilliant and successful life she was far from happy. "Love!" she exclaims in a letter to a friend, "does it dare to treasure its deepest feelings in the presence of what we call the world? As to friendship—how many would weigh your dearest interests against the very lightest of their own? And as to fame—of what avail is it in the grave?" These are trite and hackneyed truths that fall easily and mechanically from worldly and heartless lips, but we know that L. E. L. felt them deeply. Yet still she was fascinated by the glitter and glare that looked so bright, and could not escape—still the poor moth fluttered round the flame. The annual income earned by her pen at this time has been estimated by Mr. Jerdan, who managed her pecuniary affairs, at two hundred and fifty pounds. She allowed her mother fifty pounds a year, and helped her brother largely. She never owed a farthing, but she never had sixpence to spare, and she has said—replying to some ill-natured comments on her dress, as being too fanciful—that she never knew what it was to have two new gowns together.

In the midst of her other literary labours she edited two or three of the "Annuals," which made their first appearance with Ackermann's Forget-me-not, in 1823, and for a time achieved a brilliant success. They were chiefly supported by the contributions of aristocratic amateurs in literature, but some gems by writers of known genius were interspersed among the *vers de société* and glorifications of beauty which formed the chief part of the volumes. Moore was offered six hundred pounds for an article of a hundred and twenty lines, either in prose or verse, and declined the offer. The contents were altogether subservient to the engravings, which were generally the portraits of living beauties of rank and fashion, or ideal likenesses of the famous heroines of poetry and romance. At the time of her death, L. E. L. was engaged in writing sketches of Scott's heroines, to accompany a series of fancy portraits in Heath's Book of Beauty. For many years these "Annuals" were looked upon as almost a necessity, as compendiums of elegant literature, and ornaments *de luxe*, not only for the upper classes, for whom they were first intended, but for all who could afford to purchase them; and in remote provinces a young lady's drawing-room was considered incomplete without one or more of those blue, green, or crimson silk-bound volumes, to lie on the centre table. The readers of "Middlemarch" will remember that Mr. Ned Plymdale brings the last Keepsake to Rosamond Vincy, as "the best thing in art and literature out, and the very thing to please a nice girl;" and his mortification at the scorn with which Lydgate, unmindful of the name of the magnificent Lady Blessington, or the magic letters L. E. L., puts aside "the gorgeous watered-silk publication," and wonders "whether the engravings or the writings would turn out to be the silliest."

In the work of editing some of these

Annuals, which, however slight the result might seem, was exceedingly fatiguing and troublesome, involving endless correspondence with contributors, artists and publishers, Miss Landon was assisted, partly from friendship and partly for fun, by Dr. Maginn, once widely known as the writer of clever caricatures, witty *jeux d'esprit*, brilliant poetical translations, and powerful political articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Maginn was the drollest, the wittiest, the most learned and eloquent of Irish geniuses, and also the most thoughtless, reckless, and imprudent, ending a life that had opened brilliantly "in debt and in drink," like the famous highland bard, and almost in a jail. He is said to have been greatly charmed and fascinated by L. E. L., and gave her valuable help. More than half the verses which appeared in the "Drawing-Room Scrap Book" and other Annuals, edited by her, were written by Dr. Maginn under various pseudonyms, and he took the most intense and boyish delight in thus hoaxing that "great donkey, the public," as he called it. This friendship and admiration on Maginn's part, and the intimacy their literary partnership caused, gave her enemies an opportunity of renewing their attacks on her character. "Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny!" says one who, above all men, knew human nature. But this can only apply to those who are in some false position or anomalous situation, and such a situation was that of Miss Landon. Her gratitude to Dr. Maginn for generous and able help in her arduous labours, and the warmth and impulsiveness of her character, were made use of to give a colouring of truth to these slanders, and some who had treated the first calumnies with contempt. listened and looked grave now. But Mrs. S. C. Hall, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and others who, like them, were pure and noble-minded, disbelieved them. Yet they were destined to darken her life for ever. Just at that time she had received an offer of marriage from Mr. John Forster, now so widely known as the friend and biographer of Dickens, and had accepted it. He was then a young barrister, already distinguished as a writer, and highly esteemed for the worth and nobleness of his character. Such a marriage would have given her at once safety and happiness, but so fortunate a fate was not to be hers. As soon as it was known that she was engaged to Mr. Forster, anonymous letters, detailing all the scandals that had been circulated about her, were sent to him. Mr. Forster's friends urged him, for Miss Landon's sake and his own, to have an inquiry made, and these slanders once for all exposed and refuted. But to do this was no easy matter. Nothing that did not prove their falsehood appeared, but it was not possible to trace them to their source, and make their baseness apparent. They seemed to have been mere whispers, rumours, and conjectures in the beginning; as mysterious in their origin as those poisonous winds which, suddenly coming from some unknown and malarious quarter, blight the fair buds and flowers in a night, unseen and unsuspected till the mischief is done. Still Mr. Forster, convinced of her innocence, repeated his proposals, but she proudly rejected them now. "I will never," she said, "marry a man who could for a moment distrust me!" And to the remonstrances of her friends, she replied that she believed her duty to her lover and herself required her to give up a union whose prospects of happiness could never now be clear and unclouded. Before the world she bore up with undaunted pride and spirit, and even affected a false gaiety which deceived many, but those who knew her best were aware that her mental agony was so great as to produce paroxysms of acute bodily sufferings. The false code of men's honour has obliged them to fight deadly duels with their best friends rather than lie under the imputation of cowardice or want of spirit; the

false code of women's honour often compels them to act and speak untruths, sooner than allow it to be thought that their hearts are slighted or their affections wounded. From this false pride she frequently protested that she had never really loved Mr. Forster, and that her only sentiments towards him had been respect and esteem. And yet in a letter to him, in which she declares that their marriage is impossible, she tells him that her sufferings from a spasmodic nervous attack have been so great that her physician said to her, "Now you have an idea of what the rack is!" and adds, "But it was nothing to what I suffered from my mental feelings." From these paroxysms of nervous pain, —neuralgic attacks we should now call them—she continued ever after to suffer excruciating anguish, and often for many nights and days she could obtain no sleep without the use of the strongest narcotics.

Some friends had deserted her, but others had been faithful, and she still had the gift of attracting new ones. Mrs. Fagan, a lady of large fortune, living in Hyde Park Street, invited her to stay at her house, and, with her husband, treated her with the most unbounded kindness and respect. A drawing-room was allotted to her special use, in which she could receive her friends when and how she chose, a carriage was always ready to take her wherever she wished to go, and every kind attention was lavished on her. But content and peace of mind were further away from her than ever. She clung feverishly to her literary fame, and yet her constant ill-health made the labour of writing so intolerable, that she became haunted with the dread that this great support might soon fail her, and with it everything else she now prized would vanish. In this morbid state of mind, a restless craving for some great and complete change took possession of her; and she often declared that she would marry any one who asked her, if he were only able to take her away from England, and the scenes and associations which had become so hateful to her.

In October, 1837, at the house of Mr. Matthew Forster, Member for Berwick, she met her evil fate in Mr. George Maclean, an officer in the Royal African corps, styled in England Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and actually acting as such, though not formally appointed to the office. He belonged to a good Scotch family, and was the nephew of General Sir John Maclean, who had distinguished himself in the Peninsular war. Mr. Maclean had gone out to Cape Coast in very early youth, and had shown great courage and energy in leading the little body of soldiers and civilians in the colony against the attacks of the Ashantees—those same Ashantees about whom we have lately heard so much. When he was scarcely of age, he was made President of the Council of Government, and for fifteen years ruled the English Protectorate on the Gold Coast. His military skill and ability were never denied, but against his moral character and conduct very shocking charges had been brought. Mr. Burgoyne, the son-in-law of Sir Murray and Lady Elizabeth McGregor, public accused him of treating the natives with gross cruelty, and even of having had one man brutally flogged to death. Mr. Burgoyne also asserted that he covertly countenanced slavery, which it was one of his most imperative duties to prevent, returning runaway slaves to Coomassie to be tortured and sacrificed, entertaining at Cape Coast Castle the captains of ships well known to be "slavers," and openly encouraging the system of "pawning," which was, in reality, slavery under another name. These charges were laid before the Colonial authorities in London, and an investigation took place, ending in Mr. Maclean's acquittal, though not without some censure from Lord Glenelg. Mr. Maclean had come to London to answer Mr. Burgoyne's accusations, but as they were not much talked about, it is probable that Miss Landon

when introduced to him had never even heard of them. But she had heard a great deal of his heroic exploits against the fierce tribes that had kept the settlers on the Gold Coast in constant terror till his courage and vigour had quelled them, from her friend, Miss Emma Roberts, and it was quite *en règle* for the poetess to admire the hero. When invited to meet him at Mr. Forster's, she gaily declared that she intended to make a conquest of him, and for this purpose, as she said, dressed herself in white muslin, with a sash and scarf of the Maclean tartan pattern, and a ribbon in her hair of the same bright colours. Her dress became her dark hair and eyes; she looked well, and was, or seemed to be, in brilliant spirits. She was bent on pleasing, and unfortunately succeeded. The sight of his clan colours, her mobile, "illuminated" face, and fascinating manners, charmed Mr. Maclean, though he was evidently not a man that could be charmed easily. She has herself said that he was a fashionable-looking, handsome man, in the prime of life. By others he has been described as forty-six years old, and looking much older, with a grave, cold, and not agreeable face, with eyes that seldom met the glances of his companions, and a broad Scotch accent. He seemed to look upon all the softer feelings of humanity as a proof of weakness and folly, and had a profound contempt for poetry and sentiment; but he was well educated, had a taste for the exact sciences, and was a good mathematician. Others again, have described him as a "colonial sybarite," and *bon vivant*, selfish, coarse-minded, and cynical. He had lived so many years with men of an inferior class, and women of a still lower grade, that he had no pleasure in refined society, especially that of ladies; but with convivial companions he could make himself agreeable, and when his health allowed it, used to indulge in drinking bouts that lasted for days. Such was the man whom L. E. L., whose name was a synonym for all that was romantic, tender, and impassioned, tried to make her friends believe she had "fallen in love" with. Perhaps she made Mr. Maclean believe it—for unpropitious circumstances had clouded a character which otherwise would have been all bright and lovable, with some dark shadows—and in this lay the spell which won him, as it afterwards seemed, so much against his will. Attracted and fascinated he certainly was, and in a very short time they were engaged, to the intense surprise of all who knew them. That she should banish herself from her friends and her native land, and voluntarily choose exile and solitude in a deadly climate, trusting her future fate to a stern, taciturn, ungenial man, of whom she could know little except that he had not the slightest sympathy with her tastes and employments, seemed to those who really cared about her, almost like madness. But she resented all remonstrances, declaring that she had the highest esteem and regard for Mr. Maclean, and that the engagement was one of deliberate choice and sincere affection. In a letter written at this time, Bulwer says—"I saw L. E. L. to-day. She avows her love for her betrothed frankly, and is going to Africa with him, where he is governor of a fortress. Is not that grand? It is on the Gold Coast, and his duty is to protect black people from being made slaves. The whole thing is a romance for Lamartine: half Paul and Virginia, half Inkle and Yarico!"

Poor thing! She probably found some comfort in presenting the miserable step she was taking, in this romantic aspect. Those who could truly read her feelings knew that it was almost the same to her as a voluntary death, and the colouring of romance she threw over it was something like the mantle in which Cæsar wrapped his face that he might fall with dignity.

Immediately after the engagement, Mr. Maclean departed for Scotland, from whence he sent no letters to his plighted bride. In

much alarm Letitia wrote to him, but no answer was returned. She could only suppose that the slanders against her had reached his ears, and that he had given her up. In this marriage she had hoped for an honourable escape from the difficulties that she had begun to find unendurable, but now that it seemed only to have brought on her fresh insults, and new wounds to her pride, she was seized with despair. She had never been so much depressed, or so utterly broken down: and superficial observers began to believe that she must be, as she said, more attached to Mr. Maclean than she had ever been to any one before. Her brother wrote to Mr. Maclean and demanded an explanation, and this time a reply came, stating that Mr. Maclean dreaded the effects of the climate on Miss Landon's health, and thought it better that the engagement should be broken off. On hearing this, Letitia's spirits revived, and telling her brother that she was convinced Mr. Maclean was acting from the most generous motives, she wrote to him in a strain of such affectionate feeling that the engagement was renewed. Mr. Maclean returned to London, and preparations for the marriage were made. Now she declared herself perfectly happy. "All the misery I have suffered for the last few months has passed away like a dream!" she wrote to a friend. "You would not have to complain of my despondency now!" But those who could see beyond her studied attempts at supporting the character of a happy bride-expectant which she had assumed must have felt that her gaiety was like that described in Mrs. Browning's pathetic lines:—

"Behind no prison-gate, she said,
That slurs the sunshine half a mile,
Are captives so uncomforted,
As souls behind a smile.

For in this bitter world, she said,
Face-joy 's a costly mask to wear,
And bought with pangs long nourished,
And rounded to despair.

You weep for those who weep, she said,
Ah, fools! I bid you pass them by,
Go weep for those whose hearts have bled
What time their eyes were dry!"

And now a new obstacle arose. Miss Landon and her friends were told that Mr. Maclean was privately married to a coloured woman, who for a long time had lived with him at Cape Coast Castle. This, however, Mr. Maclean decidedly denied, and satisfied with this denial she assured her friends that she had the most perfect confidence in his truth and honour. And so the preparations for the marriage still went on. But Mr. Maclean seemed to grow daily more moody and dissatisfied, and looked, it was said, "like one who had buried all joy on that pestilental coast from which he came." Always either indifferent or out of temper, he appeared as if he wished to disgust his betrothed, and compel her to set him free. To add to his mysterious conduct he requested that the marriage might be a secret one, alleging as his reason his great dislike to festivities, and the large amount of business he had to get through before his return to Africa, which could not be delayed much longer. It is even said that to his uncle and other relations in London, he denied that he was engaged to Miss Landon, and he did not permit her to tell the friends with whom she lived of her marriage, till some days after it had taken place.

On the 7th of June, 1838, she was married. Her brother performed the ceremony, and Bulwer gave the bride away.

The 27th of the same month, the day of the Queen's coronation, she was seen by many of her acquaintances, standing in a balcony at Crockford's Club House, with a party of friends, dressed in a white bridal bonnet and veil, and waving her handkerchief as the procession passed Westminster Abbey. That evening, when all London was blazing with illuminations, and the streets were thronged with rejoicing crowds, many of her friends assembled at a farewell dinner given by Mrs.

Fagan. Bulwer was there, and proposed the health and happiness of his "daughter," an allusion to his having given her away at the wedding ceremony. Next morning she left London for Portsmouth with Mr. Maclean, her brother, and some other friends, and as usual, when under excitement of any kind, appeared in the highest spirits. "Every one," said her brother, "was full of hope; and though, perhaps, they sounded more like doubts, yet there was no want of cheerfulness, especially on her part." But when she was actually on board the brig "Maclean," which was to bear her to the unknown bourne, and when her brother had to leave her, her false spirits dropped at once. A terror at the separation seemed suddenly to take hold of her, and the parting was intensely painful to both. When he last saw her, she was standing on deck, gazing after the boat in which he and her other friends were returning to the shore, and they still saw her standing there as long as they could trace her figure against the sky.

Mr. Maclean had objected to her bringing an English maid with her, but the wife of the ship's steward was on board, and acted as her attendant. This woman afterwards said that Mr. Maclean treated his wife in the most careless manner during the voyage, but, in Mr. Maclean's case, not much weight ought to be attached to this, as at all times, and under all circumstances, his apathy and indifference to the feelings of others were invincible. On the voyage Letitia wrote two poems, "The Polar Star," and "Night at Sea,"—first read in England when she was no more.

On the night of the 14th of August the light-house at Cape Coast became visible, and after guns had been fired, and rockets sent up, a boat came off from the shore, in which, at two o'clock in the morning, and in the midst of a thick fog, Mr. Maclean set off for the castle. It was afterwards said that he had gone through the fog and surf at that unseasonable hour to make sure that the woman who had formerly lived with him as his wife had left the castle before Mrs. Maclean landed.

The following day Letitia wrote to her brother. They had found every thing in confusion at the castle, she said,—the secretary whom Mr. Maclean had left in charge having just died. This did not seem an auspicious omen, but she wrote cheerfully, and gave a favourable description of her new abode. "I cannot tell you how much better the place is than we supposed it would be," she wrote. "If I had been allowed to bring a good English servant with me, to which there is not a single valid objection, I could be as comfortable as possible." A writer, who visited Cape Coast soon after her death, describes the fort as a large, ill-constructed, gloomy building, with a few rooms of a barrack-like fashion; outside, a wilderness of tangled shrubs and stunted bushes, with a few clumps of cocoa-nut trees—a jungle and a swamp. But, determined to make the best of her situation, in her letters Letitia painted every thing *couleur de rose*. "The castle," she says, "is a very noble building, and all the rooms large and cool, while some would be pretty even in England. The room in which I am writing is painted a deep blue, and has some splendid engravings. Mr. Maclean's library is fitted up with bookcases of African mahogany, and portraits of distinguished authors. But I, however, never approach it without due preparation and humility, so crowded is it with scientific instruments, telescopes, &c., not to be touched by hands profane!" She expatiates on the splendid landscape, the dense masses of green, varied by large handsome white houses, the cocoa trees with their beautiful fan-like leaves, and the picturesque appearance of the natives. She was proud, she said, of the high estimation in which Mr. Maclean was held by the merchants and other colonists, and of his reputation for strict justice. The climate agreed with her, the rooms in the fort were cool, and there were no insects.

In this way her pride, still desperate, strove to keep up the semblance of a content she was far from feeling. But afterwards, some evidences of her sad and lonely state crept into her letters. She acknowledged that Mr. Maclean left her for the whole day alone, and shut himself up in his study, where he would not allow her to follow him. She owned that he was inattentive and indifferent, and very reserved, never speaking a word more than he could help. She complained of no unkindness, but said he left her to write, or think, or wander about the castle just as she pleased. She seemed anxious about money matters, requesting things she had ordered from England should not be sent, if they could not be got cheap, and saying that Mr. Ackermann must pay five pounds that were due. In a memoir of her life, written by Dr. Madden, an extract is given from a letter to her brother, in which she appears to have at last spoken plainly. "There are eleven or twelve empty chambers here," she says, "but Mr. Maclean will not allow me to have one for my own use, nor will he allow me to enter our bedroom after seven in the morning, when I leave it, till he quits it at one in the afternoon. He expects me to cook, wash, and iron, in fact to do the work of a servant. I never see him till seven in the evening, when he comes to dinner, and when that is over he plays the violin till half-past ten, when I go to bed. He says he will never cease correcting me till he has broken my spirit; and complains of my temper, which you know was never bad, even under very heavy trials."

Soon after their arrival at the fort, Mr. Maclean was attacked with severe illness, and she appears to have nursed and attended him through it all. She speaks of being four nights without sleep, only resting at times on a pallet bed laid on the floor. Mr. Brodie Cruickshank, author of "Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast," visited Mr. Maclean while he was confined to bed, and was conducted to his room by Mrs. Maclean. She sat down on the bed, he says, chatting pleasantly with him and Mr. Maclean, and seemed to be on the most affectionate terms with her husband. But we know that poor L. E. L. had served a long apprenticeship to keeping up appearances.

The ship which had brought out the Macleans was to return to England the 16th of October, and Letitia had been busy for days writing letters and preparing manuscripts to send home. Mrs. Bailey, the steward's wife—and the only European woman within her reach—was to go back in the ship, and she appeared to dread losing her extremely. Mr. Maclean was much better, though still an invalid, and since his illness he had allowed her to have a separate bed-room fitted up for her own use. According to his account she had been in his room, giving him some arrowroot which she had prepared for him, at seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th, and, complaining of fatigue, said she would go to bed again. Between eight and nine Mrs. Bailey went to her room, and on attempting to open the door, found something pressing against it. Pushing her way in, she found Mrs. Maclean lying with her head against the door, quite insensible, and apparently dead. There was an empty bottle in her hand, or beside it—for on this point there was some uncertainty in Mrs. Bailey's evidence, easily accounted for by her fright. True to the habit of never disturbing Mr. Maclean, which he thoroughly instilled into all his dependents, she first called her husband, then in the fort, and he at once roused Mr. Maclean, who came instantly, very much shocked, and horror-stricken. The surgeon of the fort, Dr. Cobbold, arrived almost at the same moment, and on examination pronounced her quite dead. An inquest was held, and a verdict found that she had died from taking, by mistake, too large a dose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid, which the evidence of Mr. Maclean and Mrs. Bailey proved she was in the habit of taking, as a remedy for spasmodic attacks.

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The evening before—the last evening of her life—Mr. Brodie Cruickshank, who intended returning to England in the ship that was to sail the following day, dined at the castle, and staid there till eleven at night—"keenly feeling," he says, "the fascinations of this accomplished lady's society, and listening with rapt attention to her brilliant sallies of wit and fancy." "It was a fine and clear night," Mr. Cruickshank continues, in his Recollections of the Gold Coast, "and she strolled with me into the gallery, where we walked for half an hour. Mr. Maclean joined us for a few minutes, but not liking the night air in his weak state, he returned to the parlour. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens at night in those latitudes, and said it was when looking at the moon and stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. "But you must not," she said, "think me a foolish moonstruck lady. I sometimes think of these things more than I ought; and your departure for England has called up a world of associations. You will tell Mr. Fagan, however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out, but I knew he was mistaken."

She did not, indeed, return by it, but it brought the sad tidings of her death.

The next morning, when at breakfast, Mr. Cruickshank was summoned to the castle, and hastening there, found the brilliant woman he had admired so much a few hours before lying dead. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's face." As Mr. Maclean's most intimate friend, Mr. Cruickshank made all the arrangements for the funeral, and he has described the mournful and even tragical scene. "In those warm latitudes," he writes, "interment follows death with a haste that often cruelly shocks the feelings. Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and the whole of the residents were assembled at the solemn ceremony. The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, and there was an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service one of those heavy showers, only known in tropical climates, came on. All except myself and the workmen departed. I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to shelter their work from the rain. Night came on before the paving-stones were all put down over the grave, and the men finished their work by torchlight. How sadly does that night of storm and gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were my thoughts as I stood beside the grave of L. E. L., wrapped in my cloak, under that torrent of pitiless rain. I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England, if they saw and knew the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen, and that silent watcher! I thought of yesterday, when at the same hour, I was taking my place beside her at dinner, and now—how very, very sad was the change!"

Two letters were found on her writing-table, one to Mrs. S. C. Hall, the other to Mrs. Fagan, the kind friend who had given her a home before her marriage. The letter to Mrs. Fagan was dated on that fatal morning, and lay open, and Mr. Maclean and his friends referred to it as a proof of the cheerful and contented frame of mind in which it was written. And yet it was but a forlorn and melancholy letter for a woman to write, whose only hope of happiness in such a place, one would naturally suppose, depended on the sympathy and companionship of her husband. After the usual praises of the castle, in which she was "enacting the part of a female Robinson Crusoe," she continues, "The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute. From seven in the morning till seven in the evening, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else. We were welcomed by a series of dinners, which I am glad are over, for it is very awkward to be the only lady—still the very pleasant manners of some of the gentlemen,

make me feel it as little as possible. . . . . We had a visit from Governor Bosch, the Dutch Governor, a most gentlemanlike man. But fancy how awkward the next morning! I cannot induce Mr. Maclean to rise before noon, and I had to make breakfast and do the honours of adieu to him and his officers, white plumes, mustaches, and all! I think I never felt more embarrassed. I have not yet felt the want of society in the least. I do not wish to form new friends, but never does a day pass without my thinking most affectionately of my old ones. On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash upon the rocks; one wave comes up after another, and is forever dashed in pieces, like human hopes, that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope, 'a moment white then gone forever!' The land view, with its cocoa and palm trees, is very striking; it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. Of a night the beauty is very remarkable; the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favour. I have only once been out of the fort by daylight, and then was delighted. The salt lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun, and as we returned they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red beacon light. . . . . Dearest, do not forget me. Pray write to me. . . . Write about yourself—nothing else half so much interests your very affectionate L. E. Maclean."

Certainly the allusions to Mr. Maclean in this letter are not such as we might expect a happy wife, only four months married, and in a desolate land where she could have no companion except her husband, to make when writing to a dear friend.

The news of her tragical death, brought by the brig which had taken her to Africa, gave an inexpressible shock to the many English readers, who felt towards her almost as if she had been a personal friend. Her brother, and those who loved her, were overwhelmed with grief and horror. Bulwer showed his regret for the sad fate of "that unhappy girl, whom," he says, in one of his letters, "he pitied and regarded most tenderly," by giving generous help to her mother. A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* says that Dr. Maginn was out of his mind for three days after he heard of her death. Three or four years after, when Maginn was dying, his life sinking away like the flame of a candle that a puff would extinguish, her image was often present in the delirious fancies of disease. "I have just been talking to Letitia," he said to a friend who had come to see him, "she has been here for an hour. She sat there—just opposite!"

Strange rumours as to the cause of her death were circulated all over England. It was first said that she had been poisoned through means of a cup of coffee, sent to her by Mr. Maclean's native wife, whom he had kept secluded in a lonely part of the fort which Letitia was never permitted to approach. Then it was reported that the cruelty and ill-usage of Mr. Maclean had driven her to self-destruction. More accurate information, however, proved that the native woman who had lived with Mr. Maclean, and whose brother kept a store in Accra, had left the castle before Mrs. Maclean arrived, and had never after entered it. Nor was it true that Mr. Maclean had ever treated his wife with violence or open cruelty. All that could be alleged against him was that he had been selfish, moody, and ill-tempered, careless of her comfort, indifferent to her feelings, and annoyed at the literary pursuits which he believed to interfere with her attention to household duties—duties which the want of proper servants forced upon her, but to which she had never been accustomed.

What then was the real cause of her death? Was it that the agitation of writing to her English friends, and the effort to conceal the feelings that were struggling for utter-

ance, had brought on the spasms from which she so often suffered; or had she, as the inquest found, taken inadvertently too large a dose of the dangerous medicine she used on such occasions? Was it that a sudden fit of despair at the miserable life to which she had condemned herself, and which she now found so much harder to bear than the life from which she had so recklessly escaped, had seized her, and, in a frenzied impulse to end it, she had snatched up the fatal bottle and drained it, hardly conscious of what she was doing? Or had she deliberately planned this terrible method of escaping from sufferings she had not strength to bear, written the letter she left open on her desk, entreated Mrs. Fagan to answer it, and given her address, which she did very particularly, purposely to deceive her friends. She had written no letter to her brother, which seems strange. It may be that she felt she could not keep up the deception to him, and that, if she had written, the truth must have come out.

Mr. Maclean afterwards acknowledged that ill-health, and many losses and annoyances caused by the charges Mr. Burgoyne had brought against him, had affected his temper and spirits, and made him a less considerate and agreeable husband than he would otherwise have been. As for poor Letitia, he said, there never was a more perfect being, and his greatest regret was that he never really knew her value till he had lost her. He wrote to her mother saying that he intended to double the allowance of fifty pounds a year which Letitia made her; but Mrs. Landon replied that unless she could feel sure he had not made her daughter unhappy, it would be impossible for her to accept the provision he offered. She never again heard from Mr. Maclean. But she was not suffered to want. Her son was only a poor clergyman, and could not do much for her, but Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, gave her a small pension from the funds at his disposal, and Bulwer raised an annuity for her among the friends of L. E. L., contributing largely himself. She survived her gifted and unhappy daughter twenty years and, it is said, scarcely ever named her, or made any allusion to her sad and untimely end.

Two or three years after his wife's death, Mr. Maclean again went to England, but finding himself, from many causes, coldly treated, he returned to Cape Coast, and in 1847 died there. He received a military funeral, with all the customary honours, and by his own request his remains were laid beside those of his wife. A year or two after her death he had ordered a white marble tablet to be sent out from England, and had had it inserted in the castle wall opposite her grave. It bears a Latin inscription, of which the following lines are a translation:

HERE LIES INTERRED
ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF
LETITIA ELIZABETH MACLEAN.
ADORNED WITH A LOFTY MIND,
SINGULARLY FAVOURED BY THE MUSES,
AND MUCH LOVED BY ALL,
SHE WAS PREMATURELY SNATCHED AWAY
BY DEATH, IN THE FLOWER OF HER AGE,
ON THE 15TH OF OCTOBER, 1838,
AGED 36 YEARS.
THE MARBLE WHICH YOU BEHOLD, O TRAVELLER,
A SORROWING HUSBAND HAS ERECTED,
VAIN EMBLEM OF HIS GRIEF!

Miss Landon's poetical productions were:—The Fate of Adelaide, The Improvisatrice, The Troubadour, The Golden Violet, The Venetian Bracelet, The Lost Pleiad, and The Vow of the Peacock; making, with other poems and lyrics collected from the Annuals and Literary Journal, seven volumes. Her principal novels were:—Romance and Reality, Francesca Carrara, and Ethel Churchill, besides many other prose tales and sketches.

The sad story of her life and death cannot be more fitly concluded than by the following beautiful verses, said to have been written by Walter Savage Landor:

### A LAMENT FOR L. E. L.

"A dirge for the departed! bend we low
Around the bed of her unwakening rest.
Still be the hoarse voice of discordant woe—
Still as the heart within her marble breast,
Which stirs not at the cry of those she loved the best.

"A dirge! Oh, weave it of low murmurings,
And count the pauses by warm dropping tears,
Sweeter yet sadder than the woodlark sings
Amid the shower from April's fitful wings,
Be the faint melody; the name it bears
Shall thrill our England's heart for many linkèd years.

"Our far-off England! Ofttimes would she sit
With moist eyes gazing o'er the lustrous deep,
Through distance, change, and time beholding it
In its green beauty, while the sea did keep
A whispering noise to lull her spirit's visioned sleep.

"And fondly would she watch the evening breeze
Steal, crushing the smooth ocean's sultry blue,
As 'twere a message from her own tall trees
Waving her back to them, and flowers, and bees,
And loving looks, from which her young heart drew
Its riches, and all the joys her wingèd childhood knew.

"And smiling in their distant loveliness,
Like phantoms of the desert, till the tide
Of passionate yearnings burst in wild excess
Over her gentle heart—the home-sick bride,
'Whelming both lute and life—and the sweet minstrel died.

"Spring shall return to that belovèd shore,
With wealth of leaves, and buds, and wildwood songs,
But hers, the sweetest, with its tearful lore,
Its womanly fond gushes, come no more,
Breathing the lyric poetry that throngs
To pure and fervid lips unstained by cares and wrongs.

"Oh never more shall her benignant spell
Fan those dim embers in a worldly heart
Which once were love and sympathy, nor tell
Of griefs borne patiently with such sweet art
As wins even selfish pain from brooding o'er its smart.

"Oh never more!—the burden of the strain
Be those sad hopeless words!—then make her bed
Near shadowy boughs, that she may dwell again
Where her own English violets bloom and fade;
The sole sweet records clustering o'er her head
In this strange land, to tell where our beloved is laid."

LOUISA MURRAY.

NOTE.—The preceding "Story" has been collected from so many different sources, so many slight notices and allusions in magazines and other periodicals, besides longer memoirs and sketches of Miss Landon's life, that, as it would have been wearisome to the reader to name all, the writer has thought it unnecessary to name any.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

DOMINION Day has once more been celebrated by a happy, contented, and, considering that our Confederation is but seven years old, united nation, in the midst of every promise of a good harvest and consequently of commercial prosperity, with another maple leaf, welcome though diminutive, added by the accession of Prince Edward Island, to the wreath on the national flag. In brag it is not good to indulge, but if our own efforts do not relax, if our character as a community remains sound, if our institutions can be preserved from faction, demagogism, and corruption, if we are true to each other and to our country, we may look forward with cheerful confidence to the future. To the labourer, desperately struggling to improve his condition through industrial wars and political uprisings in the old world, we may safely say, leave that narrow heritage, the domain of the privileged few, burdened with the debts, darkened with the shadows, haunted by the spectres of the past, where of every man's earnings a large part goes to maintain the luxury of the lord of the soil, or to pay for wars waged in quarrels now extinct, and in the interest of a class: come to a land in which there is room for all, which is owned by those who till it, where every man receives the full fruit of his own toil, where the past has bequeathed no legacies of evil to the present—the ample, bountiful, and unencumbered freehold of the people.

When a party politician or organ deprecates the party treatment of any question we are reminded of the good Cornish clergyman in the days of wrecking, who, news of a wreck having reached the church when he was in the middle of his sermon, and the congregation rising to hurry to the scene, solemnly rebuked them, and, continuing his rebuke, gradually descended the pulpit stairs and moved slowly down the aisle till he reached the door, when he tucked up his gown and cried, "Now we start fair." Notwithstanding all adjurations and some jibbings of commercial interest against party allegiance, the Reciprocity Treaty is evidently being made a party question, and if it comes before Parliament will probably be accepted or rejected by a party vote. And yet if ever there was a subject at which it concerned the nation to look with an eye undimmed by party, this is one. A great and opulent community like England may afford to make a slip in such a matter; we cannot. The commercial consequences of the Treaty will be momentous for good or evil, in relation as well to our fiscal policy as to almost every occupation and every description of property in the country; but the consequences will not be merely commercial; they will extend to our general relations with the United States. When to community of canals, and of fisheries, is added the fusion of the mercantile marine of our Maritime Provinces with that of the United States to which the Registration Clauses may be expected to lead, the political connection of the two countries can hardly fail to become different from what it is at present. Any ambiguity again will in our case be fraught with special danger; upon a doubtful question between us and them, the United States will put the interpretation of power; and the American people, while they have a very strong sense of legality, have also a strong tendency to take advantage of the letter of the law. Hardly a treaty has been made with them without their subsequently raising

a question of interpretation, and extorting with little regard for equity a decision in their own favour.

To doubt the patriotic intentions of our Ministers would be absurd; and we are as little disposed to dispute the soundness of their judgment in opening negotiations, when they saw that from the improvement in the feeling of the Americans towards us, which we must all note with pleasure, the moment for doing so had arrived. Non-reciprocity owed its existence to a quarrel, if quarrel that could be called to which there was only one party; it was not the natural state of things to exist between two adjoining portions of this continent: at all events it was right that the attention of the two nations should be called to the subject, and that they should have the opportunity of reconsidering their commercial relations with reference to the alteration of political circumstances; and this could hardly be brought about otherwise than by preparing and laying before us a draft treaty. But before we can decide in favour of the treaty as drafted, we must have before us the answers to certain questions. We should like to know, if possible, how much we surrender in giving up our compensation for the fisheries. We should like to be positively assured as to the cost of deepening the canals and water-stretches, under present circumstances, and as to our power of completing the work with certainty within the time prescribed by the treaty. But above all, we wait for information, which can hardly be given before the meeting of Parliament, as to the fiscal plans of the Government. Nothing less than a revolution in our fiscal policy seems to impend if the treaty is accepted. A doubt was expressed in some quarters whether English as well as American goods were to come in free, or whether, abandoning the import duties as against the United States, we were to retain them as against the Mother Country. But it was obvious that we could not, without going out of the Empire, discriminate against English goods in favour of those of a foreign country. The Mother Country has expressly recognized in the Colonies the right of levying duties, even protective duties, on her goods and on the goods of each other; but she could not, without utter humiliation, recognize the right of favouring foreign to the detriment of Imperial trade. It is a singularity and an awkwardness in our position, when we attempt as Colonists to open commercial negotiations, that we are bound in duty and honour to provide not only for our own interests but for those of a country on the other side of the Atlantic, with a policy of her own distinctly fixed by her peculiar circumstances as the great manufacturing nation, and not necessarily identical with ours. Such, however, is plainly the law of the Empire, and, therefore, if the treaty is accepted, the consequence will apparently be that we shall give up a large proportion of our import duties, and replace it by direct taxation. The question between direct and indirect taxation, like some other questions, is commonly handled by writers on political economy as though this were a purely economical world, and the economist had only to proceed like the geometrician, deducing irrefragable conclusions from the axioms of his own science. But the question is political as well as economic. In Republics, or essentially Democratic communities, it is so in the most tremendous degree. When a great system of direct taxation is proposed, graduated income taxes at once loom upon our view. In some of the more Radical cantons of Switzerland the graduation of the income-tax was at one time carried to such a height that wealth began to fly the country. It is very likely that direct taxation is the most economic, but it is also most felt, and raises all the fiscal difficulties and dangers of Government to the highest pitch. Of course the Financial Minister might show that if the people would reason, they would find themselves more than indemnified by the reduction of

prices; but the masses of mankind do not reason, they feel.

We desire also, before forming our judgment, to hear more fully the interests affected by the treaty, which are too numerous, too diverse, and too complicated to allow the question relating to them to be settled by the mere application of general maxims. There is always a very strong presumption in favour of Free Trade. There would also seem to be a strong presumption in favour of an arrangement which would open to our producers of all kinds the dearest market in the world. But the latter presumption may be rebutted in particular cases by other considerations, such as a great difference in the amount of capital and the command of organized labour on the two sides of the border. To say that the presumption in favour of Free Trade can ever be rebutted, is to tread on dangerous ground and to provoke vehement denunciations. But in economy, as well as in other subjects, we have to be on our guard, not only against dominant fallacies, but against the rebound which follows their overthrow. The generation which refused to accept Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was succeeded by a generation which explained all the phenomena of humanity by hydraulics. The extreme Protectionism of Colbert and his school, whose doctrine was absolute commercial isolation, and who would have made Iceland raise its own grapes and India manufacture its own ice, has given way to a purism of Free Trade, which lays it down that to buy in the cheapest market, without regard to any but commercial considerations, or even to ultimate commercial results, is the one universal and absolute duty of men and nations. This extreme view is not to be found in Adam Smith, who is still really the greatest of economists, and who, while he demonstrated and placed for ever beyond question the general advantage of Free Trade, was too sensible and too large-minded to claim for it an indefeasible sanctity which cannot be claimed for any other principle of a practical kind. Non-reciprocity has been the moral Bannockburn of Canada. The people of the United States, or some of them, fancied that by terminating the Reciprocity Treaty they could coerce us into annexation; but Canada has put forth her energy, and has not only held her own, and convinced the Americans of their error in thinking that she would barter her national independence, but has thriven under the hostile pressure. In the course of the struggle, however, much of the capital and of the industrial force of the country has been invested in our home manufactures, which have maintained a gallant fight with limited resources, and the ruin of which cannot be a matter of unconcern to the country at large. No doubt manufactures are a special interest, but the community is made up of special interests which must be true to each other. We do not say—we wish to guard ourselves against being supposed to say—that our manufacturers would suffer, or that the Treaty is unjust to them. We only say that the question is to be regarded from the Canadian, not merely from the English point of view, and that, being so regarded, it cannot be settled by the mere name of Free Trade.

The friends of the Treaty judiciously report all the outcries against it in the United States, as proof that we have got the best of the bargain. But in the first place, these outcries on both sides are matters of course, and indicate rather that an interest is touched than that it is hurt; in the second place, it will be found on closer inspection that what the Americans apprehend is not so much the importation of Canadian as of English goods, which it is feared will be admitted through Canada as a back-door. And so they will; at least we do not see how this can possibly be prevented.

Mr. Trollope in his political novel, "Phineas Finn," makes one of his characters say that he has been to Marylebone to see what

the people there think about Canada; that the people there hate the Americans, but otherwise care nothing about Canada, and that it is astonishing how like the Maryleboners are to the rest of the world. In the late election addresses and expositions of policy, scarcely a word was bestowed on the Colonies, and we will venture to say that no Colonial question turned a single vote. By the commercial treaty, however, the English press and apparently the nation have been suddenly awakened, not only to interest in Canadian politics, but to the greatest excitement about our concerns. The *Standard*, which, whatever may be said to the contrary, is the real organ of the Disraeli Government, denounces the Canadian Cabinet with as much ferocity and energy as though it were the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone. The Maryleboners fancy that we are going to discriminate against their goods. When they learn that this is not the case, they will subside into their normal apathy; the dark designs of Mr. Mackenzie will disappear, and the Colonial Institute will again enjoy its monopoly of the grandeur and the sorrows of the Empire.

The election for members of the Provincial Council of Public Instruction has incidentally raised a question which may be noticed apart from the particular contest. Amidst the general disturbance of opinion and uprooting of established beliefs and traditions on all subjects, from the existence of a Deity to the mode of burying the dead, the institution of marriage has not escaped. Even in England social rules once deemed inflexible have begun to bend before the influence of personal position, and doctrines are whispered in the ear which cannot yet be preached upon the housetop. In the United States there has for some time been a Free-love party, the tenets of which, if the truth is on its side, are gloriously liberal, if not unspeakably licentious; while at Oneida exists and, materially speaking, flourishes, a community which, fearlessly following its principles into their consequences, has got rid not only of the inviolable tie, but of any tie whatever. These are extreme manifestations of the revolutionary tendency; but the same tendency shows itself in the more than Western laxity of the divorce laws and divorce courts of Illinois and Indiana. The framers of the American Constitution forbade any State to pass a law impairing the validity of contracts. Perhaps if they had foreseen Mr. Tilton, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, and the Oneida community, they would have forbidden any State to pass a law impairing the sanctity of marriage. For assuredly no commercial obligation, no political institution can be more important to society, or more fundamental than the relation of husband and wife which carries with it that of parent and child. Compared with this, what are all the questions about which political parties contend? It happens that the same national character which produces good political institutions generally produces sound domestic morality also, while licentiousness dwells with despotism in Vienna and St. Petersburgh; but if we were compelled to choose between the two, all women and most men would prefer the interest of the family to that of the State. If there is a subject on earth which concerns the whole of a community, and legislation on which ought to be deliberate, solemn, and national, it is marriage. That our marriage code should be altered by sectional influences or individual passion is not to be endured. It was, therefore, with dismay, shared we believe by the community at large, that we read what purported to be the opinion of a Canadian lawyer of great eminence in his profession, to the effect that an Illinois divorce would annul a marriage and deprive a wife of her rights in Canada, so that to set aside the fundamental law of Canadian society, people of ultra-liberal tendencies would have only to take tickets for Chicago. It seems that nothing can be founded on the version of the opinion before

us; but if there is any doubt upon the subject, we submit that the postern door through which an alien morality may possibly be introduced into the Canadian home ought at once to be effectually barred. We have no desire, to close any question however formidable, when justice, humanity, and advancing civilization require that it should be opened. Let truth prevail, even though for the time it may cost us dear. But if the foundations of Canadian society are to be removed let them be removed by our own hands, not by those of the divorce-mongers of Chicago.

Mr. Walkem, the leader of the Government of British Columbia, has gone to England to protest against our non-fulfilment of the railway clauses of the Treaty of Union. He will easily establish his case against us, so far at least as the technical delinquency is concerned. As to the time of commencement we have actually made default, and as to the time of completion it is certain that we shall do so. But this was equally certain when the treaty was framed; and the severest censure must fall upon the late Government for having, obviously not without a political purpose, committed the Dominion to a compact which it was perfectly well known could not possibly be fulfilled. Nothing can palliate such tampering with the interest and honour of the country, except the evil exigencies of party, which we here again find, in a vital matter, overriding all national considerations, and rendering our statesmen blind to their most manifest duty. We have only to remember the cost of the Intercolonial Railway and the time which its construction has taken, and is still likely to take, in order to measure the responsibility of a Ministry which bound us, with our limited resources, to make a railway five times as long through a wilderness destitute of supplies as well as of traffic; and over engineering obstacles which had not even been properly surveyed, but which were known to be enormous; the terminus and objective point being a Province with a population at that time numbering something over five thousand, and still probably under ten thousand, exclusive of Indians, which number some twenty thousand, wandering Americans and Chinese. It is the hard task of the present Government to extricate us from the dilemma as best it may. What the Columbians most care for, we apprehend, is not the railway; excepting the small portion within their own borders, much less union with Canada, about which the mass of them seem to think exceedingly little; but the enormous expenditure, which, divided among so few, would make them all rich for a time, though its ultimate result would probably be their demoralization and the destruction of their regular industry. The net upshot will be that in the name of public works at Esquimault, and under other pretexts, the farmers and merchants of Canada will have to pay out of their earnings a heavy sum as a fine to the ten thousand British Columbians, for having disappointed them of an expenditure which in itself would have been little better than waste. We wish we could even feel sure that at this cost we should be riveting British Columbia more firmly to the Confederation; but we have an unpleasant suspicion that when we have awakened her commercial life, which is at present dormant, she will be powerfully attracted to the territory with which it is idle to deny that she is commercially as well as geographically connected by nature; more especially as, do what we will, the work of the railway at the western end will almost inevitably fall to a great extent into American hands.

What the Home Government will do we cannot divine, but we must protest against being coerced on the ground of the guarantee, for which the nation never asked, whatever the Minister may have done, which our people generally regarded as an unworthy sop, with distaste if not with shame, and which is of no use to us whatever.

Mr. Walkem will meet in the antechambers of Downing Street, Mr. Doutre, of Montreal, who has gone to protest against the interference of the Roman Catholic hierarchy with free knowledge in the case of the library of the Canadian Institute. The two suitors will be fortunate if their cases do not get mixed together in the popular mind. In the meantime, Judge Routhier, who holds that in Quebec the Syllabus is above the law, not only stands to his guns, but opens a new battery, with increased audacity, in an Ultramontane newspaper. He "affirms the doctrine of the personal immunity of ecclesiastics," and maintains "that, in ecclesiastical matters, the civil tribunals cannot interfere in any manner, and that ecclesiastics in such matters are solely answerable to their bishop." The practical conclusion is, that a priest may traduce his fellow-citizens from the pulpit or elsewhere, so long as he chooses to say that he is exercising his ecclesiastical functions, and his superiors think fit to support him in the assertion, without being amenable to the law. This the Judge holds to be implied in the Quebec Act, which grants to the French Canadians freedom of religion and worship; as though the framers of the Quebec Act would have conceded to the ecclesiastics of another church immunities which they denied to the clergy of their own. We long ago called attention to the Ultramontane movement in Quebec. No body would wish to hasten the crisis, but it will come, and that soon.

In England the "Bung" Parliament holds on its quiet course, and the nation is enjoying its "ten minutes for refreshments," after the fatiguing rush of Mr. Gladstone's express train. Mr. Disraeli, laudably anxious for the credit of his own House of Commons, announced that it had seven measures of first-rate magnitude before it. But what the seven measures were nobody could tell; and London, after languidly guessing at the riddle, gave it up. The House makes an attempt to indulge in the luxury of a count-out every other night; and if the attempt fails, it is owing, we are told, to the untoward assiduity of some of the new members, who having no acquaintances in London, and not knowing where to pass their evenings, use the House as a theatre and a club. Less and less space is given daily in the newspapers to Parliamentary reports; though if the fate of humanity instead of that of the seven first-rate measures hung on the debates, it would hardly be possible for mortal reporters and editors to reproduce the eloquence of the "Bungs." One Bung, the member for Oxford City, in which he is the head of a large brewing firm, practises under an elocution master, and declaims with spirit; it is even said that his sallies are brisker than his beer; but he has not communicated to his brethren the fermentation of his genius. Unreported orators renew the proposal to have a full report of the debates published by authority, which has likewise been advocated by their fellow-sufferers in the Dominion Parliament. For the ponderous record it would be necessary also to have a national receptacle, over the door of which might be inscribed "Here is Eternal Sleep."

Mr. Disraeli has made a speech at the Merchant Tailors' banquet, the upshot of which is that the Liberal policy of the last fifty years really belonged to the Tories, who were prevented by unlucky circumstances from carrying it into effect themselves, and that it has now reverted to its lawful possessors. In applying this singular theory to the facts of history, Mr. Disraeli sets down not only Pitt, who entered public life as a Whig like his illustrious father, but Grenville, as a Tory. If Liberal principles really belong to the Tories, to whom do Tory principles belong? Mr. Disraeli does not want the assurance to claim for his party the principle of Free Trade, though when Sir Robert Peel proposed the repeal of the Corn Laws, Mr.

Disraeli not only assailed his public character with unparalleled malignity, but traduced his personal honour. In the same way, when Lord John Russell carried Parliamentary Reform, Mr. Disraeli as "Runnymede," reviled him in a strain so outrageous as to touch upon insanity. Sir Robert Peel, in 1844, occupied precisely the position which Mr. Disraeli, setting aside his historic fancies, is trying to occupy now, that of organic conservatism combined with administrative reform. He was then denounced as a mean plagiarist of the opinions of his opponents, as having got up behind the coach of progress, and as having caught the Whigs bathing and stolen their clothes. Mr. Disraeli is said to have triumphed over great obstacles. He has triumphed over two obstacles at least, which in former days were thought insuperable—old English veracity and honour. The speech, however, is practically important as a declaration that the Conservatives will not attempt to reverse, that in fact they will adopt, the policy of their predecessors, and that the Conservative reaction is a halt on the march and nothing more. In Colonial questions, as in other questions, some change of language there may be: change of policy, whatever hopes Imperial Confederationists may cherish, there will be none.

The Licensed Victuallers, though it is reckoned that they have no less than fifty-eight special representatives of their interest in the House of Commons, have experienced, in the legislative treatment which they have received, the difference between courtship and fruition. Before the elections they were told that they were the victims of intolerable injustice in having been prevented by the late Government from filling the midnight streets with drunkenness and violence; and that if they would only vote the Opposition ticket, their wrongs would be signally redressed. They voted the Opposition ticket with a vengeance; they put forth the whole of their immense influence as a trade over the most hard-drinking nation in the world; they made every tavern a committee room, in which curses against a reforming government went round with the beercup; they flooded the country with drink and gave a fresh impulse to wife-beating and outrage; they drew after them to the polls a host of customers and dependents; far and wide they raised the cry of "Our national beverage and our national religion," they gained an immense victory, such a victory as had never before been gained by any single interest in an election; and their services were acknowledged in the Queen's speech, which in effect promised a relaxation of the restrictions on intemperance. Yet the bill, which has after all passed the House of Commons, is a very slight alteration of the measure of the late Government. The morality of the country was alarmed by such a triumph of beer, its honour was somewhat touched, and some of those who had gone to the polls with the publicans—the clergy of the Established Church especially—became a little ashamed of the alliance. Nevertheless this victory of the Licensed Victuallers, acknowledged in the Speech from the Throne, is a tremendous warning to all framers of Parliamentary Constitutions to guard as far as possible against the influence of special interests in elections.

Home Rule has of course been voted down by a great majority, the mass of the Liberal party going with the Conservatives against the Home Rulers. So strong was the feeling on the part of the English Liberals, that Irish members of Parliament belonging to the Liberal party, but suspected of being Home Rulers, were blackballed at the Reform Club, an exhibition of temper which recalls on a small scale too many of the proceedings of English politicians towards Ireland. On this side of the water we may be permitted, without breach of loyalty to the Empire, to take a somewhat calmer view of the matter. We may admit

that, considering what Irish history has been, and under what influences Irish character has been formed, the feeling of the Irish nationalist is not unnatural, and that had we been born Irish Catholics, our own hearts might have swelled at the sight of the Hill of Cashel, of the ruins of Clonmacnois, or of the deserted halls which once held the national legislature of Ireland. Our Imperial Confederationists indeed take a very calm view of the matter, for they propose to commence the consolidation of the Empire by repealing the Union between England, Ireland and Scotland. The reasons why the independent Parliament of Ireland cannot be restored without a complete severance of the two nations have been repeatedly stated. The Government being now Parliamentary, the two Parliaments would be virtually two sovereign powers, and might take different courses not only on all subjects of legislation, including the tariff, but on questions of peace and war, and even of the succession to the Crown. If, for example, the Irish Parliament should repeal, and the English Parliament refuse to repeal, the Act prohibiting the Royal Family to marry Roman Catholics, a question about the succession would at once arise. The result might be a very Irish Union of two hostile Parliaments, each headed by a pretender to the Crown. What is nominally sought by Mr. Butt and his party is not a co-equal but a subordinate Parliament, which is to deal with Irish affairs, Imperial questions being still left to the Imperial Legislature. But it is easily divined that an Irish Parliament, with whatever nominal functions, once installed in College Green, would soon feel the genius of the place, and indulge in other aspirations besides that of reviving the eloquence of Grattan. The alleged analogy of the State Legislature in America is not in point, unless it is proposed to have Provincial Parliaments for England and Scotland as well as for Ireland. Moreover the Federal principle requires a group of tolerably equal States, such as those of America are. To the practical working of the Federation it would also make a great difference that it had commenced not in Union, like the American and Swiss federation, but in disruption. That more local self-government is needed in all the three Kingdoms is a fact which statesmen are learning to acknowledge, and a reform of that kind is not far off. But the proper organs of self-government are county legislatures, which in Ireland would have this special advantage, that they could not raise general questions between Catholics and Protestants as anything in the shape of a national legislature would unquestionably do.

By far the most important speech made in the debate was that of The O'Donoghue, an old nationalist leader whom Liberal measures have attached firmly to the Union. Alone of the speakers on that side, he, while strongly and even vehemently opposing the Home Rulers, admitted the strength and the dangerous character of the movement. It is very well to talk of "purging the Parliamentary bosom of this perilous stuff." The Parliamentary bosom is easily purged; but the bosom of the Irish people is not so easily purged of the hatred and disaffection engendered by centuries of political, social, and religious war; nor until it is purged will Ireland cease to be a chronic source of danger to the Empire.

The Irish hierarchy has curiously overreached itself. Having got what it wanted from Mr. Gladstone it at once turned against him, and on the Irish University question gave his Government a stab from behind which proved mortal. But the consequence is that, instead of holding the balance as it did, the betrayed Liberals uniting with the great Conservative majority against it, it is now reduced to total impotence.

One of the notable features of the late elections, however, was the general swinging round of the Catholics, at least of those who are under the influence of the priests, to the side of political reaction to which, through-

out Europe, they belong. Their alliance with the Liberals in England ended when they had no more disabilities to be removed. Even in Ireland it is highly probable that a new combination may take place; that the Catholic hierarchy may wheel over to the Tory side on the pivot of denominational education, and that the Scotch in Ireland, like those in Scotland, may rank themselves under the Liberal flag.

The Bill for the Regulation of Public Worship, in other words for the repression of Ritualism, seems likely to pass, though in an exceedingly mild form, and with very little prospect of any serious results, the hearts of nine-tenths at least of the bishops being now on the Ritualist side, though the Bench is alarmed at the headlong progress of the movement.

Whether Ritualism ought to be repressed or not is a theological question, but if the people of England have made up their minds that it ought, the time for action has arrived. An extraordinary stride has been made by the movement within the last five years. In a considerable and increasing number of the churches of the Establishment the worship is now essentially Roman Catholic. The mass is celebrated, the Host is adored, all the pomp and paraphernalia of Roman Catholicism are elaborately reproduced. Sometimes indeed the reproduction is rather zealous than intelligent; for we believe that the baldacchino, or high canopy over the altar, which is being introduced into Ritualist churches as a symbol of reverence for the Host, is really nothing more than an artistic device for relieving the effect of a lofty dome. The belief in Transubstantiation has dropped even the coy veil of language in which, during the infancy of the movement, it eluded ecclesiastical law; though long ago Dr. Pusey, in his Eirenicon, by stating that the only obstacles to union between the Churches of Rome and England were the infallibility of the Pope and the excessive honours paid to the Virgin, tacitly admitted that he and his party accepted the Roman doctrine of the Sacrament. Auricular confession is practised with all the forms. To that part of the movement a great impulse was given by the London mission. Nunneries are rising in every direction. Clergymen go about in the dress of Roman Catholic priests; and with the dress they have assumed in full measure the pretensions of which it is the emblem; indeed, the uneasy self-assertion of the new claimant somewhat outvies the quiet security of the old possessor. The name of Protestant, though formally borne for three centuries by the Church of England, embodied in such national documents as the Act of Succession, and steadfastly retained even by so strong a High Churchman as Charles I., is by the Ritualists rejected with abhorrence. We have it on what we believe to be perfectly good authority that in one Ritualist school the children are taught to say that the first Protestant was the Devil. As in the time of Laud, the movement makes way chiefly among the wealthier class, and especially among women of rank; church art, music and sentiment are the talismans of its power, and these find less easy access to characters and understandings fortified by daily contact with the hard realities of life. The Spanish mixture of voluptuousness and devotion is growing not uncommon among the female aristocracy of England. Music, pageantry and incense, in this sensational age, attract to the Ritualist churches crowds to whom the church is probably little more than a theatre. But the activity and zeal of the Ritualist clergy, which are great, win them converts also among the poorer classes, and power flows to them with money from the purses of the wealthier devotees. High Churchmen and even "Tractarians" of the old school begin to stand aghast at the length to which the movement is going, and to vent their alarm in such protests as Mr. Jelf's "*Quousque Tandem?*" a pamphlet called

forth by a Ritualist funeral, at which, among other innovations, mass was twice performed in the presence of the corpse. Dr. Pusey himself is understood to look askance at the most recent developments, though he clings to the leadership of the party, and appears as its champion against legislative repression. But to the ordinary mind, and to those who are guided by the experience of church history, it seems that Transubstantiation, or any doctrine equivalent to Transubstantiation, being once accepted, the rest of Ritualism follows as a matter of course. What pomp can be misplaced, what splendour can be excessive, what prostration of the worshipper can be too profound, when the representative of heaven—himself half Divine—uplifts in his hands the present God?

How will it end? We believe that few of the Ritualist clergy themselves can tell, or that they even make a very serious effort to define their own position and forecast their ultimate aims. Emotion rather than logic is the badge of their party. In the first Tractarian movement there were gifted intellects, though intellects whose training had been exclusively theological, and more eminent for grace, sublety, poetry, than for the robust power which makes its way unflinchingly to truth. But since that time gathering doubt, and the sight of intellectual wrecks cast by the tempest of controversy on every shore, have scared the ablest young men of the English universities from what was once their favourite profession; and the rising intellect of England now belongs to a different camp. The aim of Dr. Pusey, indicated in the work to which we have already referred, is reunion with Rome, not by submission, but on terms of equality, and as the result of a treaty between power and power—Rome abating infallibility in deference to the Anglicans, the Anglicans accepting the whole cycle of Roman doctrine, and recognizing the Primacy of Rome. But reunion otherwise than by submission is what Rome never has conceded, never. without the destruction of her very essence, which is infallible and inflexible authority, can concede. To some issue, however, the movement must come. There is no retreat, the Rubicon of Transubstantiation having been passed; it is impossible to retire from the performance of a weekly miracle. On the other hand it seems scarcely possible to take a final stand on the authority of a Church which, by the showing of the Ritualists, did not know her own mind or her own name for three hundred years, or on that of an Episcopate against whose decisions their existence has been a revolt. At present the excitement of innovation, of proselytism, of combat, leaves little room for reflection. But when innovation is exhausted, when the whole body of Roman Catholic doctrine and ceremony has been introduced into the Church of Latimer and Ridley, when the crusade comes to settle down into a system and a creed, and to define its relations to other systems and creeds, a question will present itself, the practical answer to which will probably be a large increase in the volume of the perennial secession from Anglicanism to Rome.

Patronage has just been abolished by Parliament in Scotland. Its retention in England, amidst the present distractions of opinion, is often hard upon congregations, which find themselves placed by the will of a patron under the dominion of a young clergyman, hot from the Oxford centre of Ritualism, who at once changes their worship from Protestant to Roman Catholic, while they have no remedy except a most difficult, precarious, and expensive process in the ecclesiastical courts. That such incidents have not led to more violent collisions is to be attributed a good deal to the covert spread of scepticism and religious indifference among the people. But the point on which a decisive conflict is most likely to take place between popular feeling and Ritualism, is the Confessional, which touches, not the torpid convictions of

the people, but their still lively regard for the sanctity of the family. Confession as administered by the Ritualists is even more open to suspicion, and more likely to give rise to scandal than it is as administered by the Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholic Church provides at all events strict rules, enforced by regular supervision, whereas the Anglican Church, auricular confession having been hitherto unknown to her, has provided none; and what is perhaps of still more consequence, the Roman priest is a celibate, whereas celibacy among the Ritualists remaining merely an aspiration, the Ritualist penitent has sometimes in the searcher of her heart a possible lover.

It is doubtful whether for a generation at least England will turn aside from the pursuit of wealth and pleasure to resume political progress in any direction. But if she does, the next question, to all appearances, which will be raised, and on which party lines will be drawn, is that of the Established Church. Through all the most advanced nations of Europe and in the British Colonies, which may fairly be taken as indicators of the tendency of the age and race when untrammelled by the fetters of the past, the current has run steadily towards the separation of Church and State. The general revolution has extended even to Ireland, though it is not probable that the exact precedent of Irish disestablishment will ever be followed by statesmen in the case of England, where it would lead to the erection of a vast ecclesiastical corporation, with immense revenues and corresponding power, but entirely beyond the control of the State. A crisis has certainly come which, were the nation in a less careless mood, could hardly fail to lead to immediate action. Earnest conviction will not tolerate a church whose faith is the subject of perpetual litigation before secular tribunals, and whose ministers are divided into three parties, the Ritualists, the Evangelicals, and the Rationalists, materially held together by the legal system and the endowments, but spiritually differing from each other far more widely than any one of the three differs from churches outside the pale—differing not only about secondary points of doctrine or worship, about the expediency of using the Athanasian creed, about the use of the surplice in the pulpit, about turning to the east or to the west, but about the very ground of belief, the essential character and functions of the church, the nature of spiritual life, the means of salvation, things which must enter into every step of the intercourse between the clergyman and his flock, into every act and thought of the religious man. Politicians counsel compromise, but they forget that compromise between two opposite convictions is no conviction at all. Compromise is the life of politics, but it is the death of faith. Dean Stanley and others, trained in the school of Arnold, dream of a sort of ecclesiastical polity with no specific doctrines, but endowed, recognized by the State, and under the guardianship of the government—a polity in which you may profess Popery or Buddhism as suits you best, provided you pay tithes regularly, call the Bishops "My Lord," and refrain from brawling in church. But the advocates of such an institution fail to observe that nations do not, any more than men, act without motives, and that no nation or man can have any conceivable motive for establishing and endowing a church without a faith. What the Church of England is in the eye of Theology it is for theologians to say. In the eye of History it is a compromise framed, and with no small amount of political wisdom, by the Tudor statesmen, to comprehend within the national church, and unite in allegiance to the Sovereign as its head, the various parties of a highly controversial age, as well as the multitude which was of no party, but followed the Crown backwards and forwards from the old to the new faith, as the tide obeys the moon. For a time, during nearly the whole reign of

Elizabeth, there was in this structure much of the political advantage which its authors had mainly in view, but little of religious life. When religious life commenced it at once assumed the form of antagonism; the High Church party, of which Bancroft and his compeers, in the reign of James I., were the founders on one side, being encountered by Puritanism on the other, and each of these parties representing and naturally springing from an element of doctrine which had been included in the compromise. Antagonism culminated in a religious war, which for a time exhausted the spiritual energies of the nation. The torpor which commenced at the Restoration was prolonged by the scepticism and cynicism of the eighteenth century, and subsequently by the absorption of all national interests in the French war, almost down to our own time. Religious life has now again awakened, and in the form of antagonism as before. The Gorham controversy, the Mackonochie suit, the proceedings against the authors of "Essays and Reviews," are the renewal in a milder form of the religious struggle of the time of Charles I.; only that to the party of Laud, which lives again in the Ritualists, and the Evangelical party, which is the counterpart, though less exact, of the Puritans, has been added, by the influences of the nineteenth century, another party—that of the Rationalists, some of whom, and probably not a few, have in their hearts discarded all the miraculous portions of Christianity, the belief in a revelation, and in the divinity of Christ. There is now no Court of High Commission to coerce dissent into the outward conformity, which is all that men of the world desire; and Parliament, which in the Tudor days was Anglican though secular, being Anglican no longer, but a medley of all sects with a considerable element of avowed scepticism, is flagrantly unfit to legislate for the church. As to the Act of Uniformity, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the other existing restraints on diversity of opinion and ritual, they are floating about like haycocks in a flood. All parties alike contemn and evade them; the Ritualists, in the full swing of an onward movement, joyously defy them.

Parallel schisms are breaking out in the daughter churches. Both in the United States and in Canada open secession has commenced, and a Reformed Episcopal Church has been born amidst a tempest of controversy and excommunication. They are the same dragons' teeth which, wherever they are sown, spring up polemics armed for the ecclesiastical fray. Unless, therefore, another sleep like that of the eighteenth century supervene in England, ecclesiastical disruption, and with it a crisis of the Establishment question, can hardly be far off. The Tory Premier scents the danger, and tries to conjure it by his usual spell of phrase-making, and by sneering at divergences of opinion as the offspring of personal vanity; but neither phrase-making nor sneers will pluck deep convictions out of earnest hearts, or persuade honest men that they ought to suppress the truth for the convenience of politicians.

In England, as in France and other intellectual nations, religious opinion is in a state wholly unexampled in history. In former periods, for example in that which immediately followed the Reformation, there have perhaps been divergences as great; but they have not had such full play. Freethinkers at all events have been constrained either to smother their convictions or to express them with bated breath; you will seek in vain for a direct avowal of infidelity in Gibbon, probably even in Voltaire. But now in England you may hear not merely scepticism, but the blankest atheism and materialism preached by a scientific lecturer to a large, distinguished, and sympathizing audience on a Sunday afternoon. While a strong back stream is running towards the middle ages, a stream intellectually far stronger is running with at least equal vio-

lence in the opposite direction. Assailed by physical science and historical criticism, the old evidences of Christianity have lost their hold on many minds, while, as the world reposed secure in the possession of Revelation, the bulwarks of Natural Religion have been neglected, and the Apologist suddenly summoned to defend the simplest and most fundamental truths, has nothing for it but to buckle on the rusty armour of Butler and Paley. Thus doubt, once admitted into the mind, rapidly becomes total disbelief, which is now the condition of a large and ever increasing portion of the highly educated classes in England, as well as of the more active-minded artisans. Spiritualism and even Astrology prevail to a strange extent, and they are an additional proof of the eclipse of religion ; for now, as in the decline of Polytheism under the Roman Empire, and in the decline of Catholicism during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, these materialistic superstitions come to fill the void left in the heart by the departure of religious faith. The growth of wealth and the growth of religious scepticism are the two things which will most strike an Englishman revisiting England after an absence of some years. In truth, much of the apparent reaction in favour of the establishment is really reaction against the religious spirit of the Free Churches, which, as they subsist solely by conviction, are necessarily more pronounced in their opinions, and more rigorous in their pressure on the consciences of their members. And where will it end? That is a question which statesmen as well as the theologian must begin to ask himself with anxiety. Without exaggerating the general force of religious motives, or the influence over the ordinary mass of mankind of the belief in a future state ; allowing as we must do that the frame of society may be held together, and in such countries as China and Japan is held together, after a fashion, without any real religion, by habit, and by the need of daily bread and of natural order ; it remains true that Christian faith and Christian civilization are entwined like warp and woof, and that, the warp being taken away, the woof can scarcely fail to lose all order and cohesion. Science cannot pretend that she has as yet supplied a new faith, capable of taking the place of the old faith as an organizing force ; if she had, there would be more reason in the eager delight which men of science display in pulling down religion. When Mr. Gladstone resigned power, the Duke of Somerset, his former colleague, with singular grace and chivalry emptied the whole vinegar-cruet of his spleen upon the fallen minister as a disturber of the foundations of society. The Duke himself, as a writer against Christianity, had really assailed what was far more fundamental. No doubt he does not see the matter in that light. To him the Peerage is one of those adamantine pillars of the world which neither flood nor earthquake can remove. Christianity, he no doubt thinks, with all its creeds and fanes may pass away, but Dukes will endure for ever. The old French nobility when they flirted with Voltairism were of the same opinion, which in their case did not prove agreeable to experience.

In Canada, if we are less intellectual, we may regard it as a compensation that we are less disturbed by doubt. These questions will come to us in time, of course, but possibly when they come they may bring, in part at least, their answers with them.

More significance perhaps than might be supposed attaches to a little incident mentioned the other day by the correspondent of the *Globe*—the refusal of the Prince of Wales to be present at the opening of the garden in Leicester Square, presented by "Baron Albert Grant" to the public. Baron Albert Grant is the fancy title of Mr. Gottheimer—a stock-jobber of a race more ancient than the Grants, and the Fisk of England ; though perhaps to say so is unjust to

the American Fisk, who had something about him of the romance of scoundrelism, attractive to people—as the New England minister said at the dedication of the Fisk memorial, "blessed with broad ideas of human nature." The Baron's colossal fortune has been made at the expense of a great number of fortunes which were not colossal, by the Emma Mine, and other financial exploits well-known to the Stock Exchange, which upon his assumption of his new title deviated into epigram—"Wealth without honour is a Baron (barren) Grant." His heart is fired with social ambition. He sees that the one thing which England worships now-a-days with all her heart is wealth, wealth however made, and in the hands even of a Baron Albert Grant. He is building a sumptuous palace at Kensington for the reception of the great world of London, and as the story goes, has offered a large reward to the person who will first bring him a Duke. He bought a seat in Parliament, where he was an admirable specimen of the class now in the ascendant, though in this operation he was a little indiscreet, and felt the sharp edge of the new Election Law. He is giving proofs on all sides of his sumptuous munificence—presenting the nation with a picture of Landseer—buying the open space in Leicester Square, adorning it with statuary, and dedicating it to the public. And he will succeed. The great world will in course of time accept his bribes, and he will see in his saloons at Kensington the fastidious leaders of society and fashion, as Hudson, while his money lasted and he could show the way to wealth, saw them all —all except Sir Robert Peel—in the saloons of Albert Gate. But he goes a little too fast in his social as well as in his Parliamentary speculations. To invite the Heir-Apparent to grace by his presence the dedication of a part of the fruits of the Emma Mine was precipitate, and the result seems to have been a temporary check.

It is strange to hear that the Tory Premier has trouble with the House of Lords. Probably the fact is merely that he is trying to galvanize into more regular attendance that illustrious assembly, the quorum of which is three, and which, even on questions of importance, frequently musters little more than a quorum. If he succeeds in getting a full attendance of peers in July, he will indeed have proved that persuasion tips his tongue. It is possible, however, that his difficulty may be of another kind. There is a real analogy between the present political reaction and that which followed the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, in the reign of Anne, and with the hero of which, Bolingbroke, Mr. Disraeli is fond of identifying himself; though, as Bolingbroke was an infidel, who for political purposes made himself the tool of a fanatical clergy, it would be indiscreet to press the parallel too far. Then, as in the late elections, the "Residuum" voted for "our national beverage and our national religion." The House of Commons consequently was Tory, while the great Whig statesmen maintained their ascendancy in the House of Lords, so that the Tory Government was compelled to create twelve peers at once, in order to carry the ignominious treaty of Utrecht. Owing to the long ascendancy of the Liberal party and the numerous creations of Liberal peers, the House of Lords again contains a Liberal element, numerically not weak, in ability and business power very strong, while the House of Commons is Conservative; and for the second time in Parliamentary history, the usual relations of the popular and the hereditary house are in some degree reversed. The personal influence of such men as the Duke of Argyle, Lord Granville, Lord Selborne, Lord Cardwell, and Lord Carlingford, will probably be increased rather than diminished by the temporary dissolution of their party, and their emancipation from a Radical alliance, which could not fail to discredit them in the House of Lords. If Mr. Disraeli should attempt to proceed in the line of

policy indicated by his enfranchisement of the Residuum, and to signalize his reign by fulfilling the Tory-Chartist aspirations of his earlier years, it is exceedingly probable that he will encounter on the part of the independent peers a resistance which might spread to the moderate portion of the nation.

A monthly writer approaches the subject of French politics with the embarrassing consciousness that before his words meet the eyes of his readers the scene may be changed again. But though the scene may be changed the actors remain the same, and so, in great measure, does the drama. The unsound morality which pervades the popular literature of France, the want of truthfulness which pervades French histories, the military passions which blaze in the painted galleries of Versailles, the mutual mistrust which in the first Revolution took the form of sanguinary panic, the fanaticism, styling itself logic, which excludes compromise, the inability to understand real liberty, and above all liberty of opinion, are always there, and render the settlement, to say nothing of the regeneration of France, about the most desperate problem ever presented to a statesman. Faction reigns unbridled, and by the scenes of outrageous violence which it enacts in the Assembly, fatally discredits parliamentary government in the minds of the people. There is no man, with the doubtful exception of Thiers, to whom the nation can really look up; for Gambetta, though he has shown sagacity and self-control, is an adventurer and a man of notoriously bad life. Sensible and patriotic men there no doubt are in that Assembly, but their hearts must sink within them. The law of the conflict, so to speak, is that, whichever faction gains ground, the others combine against it; Bonapartists unite with Monarchists against the Republicans; Monarchists unite with Republicans against the Bonapartists: it is an endless game of "cut-throat euchre." Of late fortune has inclined to the Republicans, owing mainly to the fear of Bonapartism, but partly, it must be admitted, to their own prudence in assuming an attitude of regard for legality, and repressing any protests against adverse decisions of the Assembly, which, by creating some sputter of insurrection, might have given a pretext for a *coup d'état*. On the other hand, there is an increasing belief in a restoration of the Bonapartes, and people shrug their shoulders and say that *canis ad vomitum* is the motto of France. It would be *ad vomitum* with a vengeance. History cannot show so abject a repudiation of self-respect and self-government as that of which France would be guilty if, after what has passed, she were again to throw herself at the feet of a Bonaparte. But over all these factions and their intrigues hangs the sword, which Marshal MacMahon the other day made clank in its scabbard by addressing the army as his associate in the maintenance of order. What this coarse and dull though gallant *sabreur* from Algeria chooses to decree is after all the destiny of France. The French army is cowed, as it always is after defeat; its soldiers have lost their swagger, and wear a look of dejection on the streets; but though it would hardly obey the order to march against Germany, it is still absolutely the master of a disarmed France. Gambetta, who must know that the question is vital, and must therefore have intently studied it, calculates, we believe, that one-third of the army is Republican, one-third Bonapartist, the rest actuated by military feeling alone. But there can be little doubt that as a whole it would move at the order of MacMahon. MacMahon's present intention appears to be to keep his place; yet a recent revelation has shown that, like a true Algerian, the mate, though not the equal in unscrupulousness of St. Arnaud and Pelissier, he was ready to turn his arms against the Constitution which he had sworn to guard, and to restore the Bourbons, if the Count de Cham-

bord could only have been induced to renounce the white flag. If he would consent to govern on the constitutional principle, accepting any ministers who were able to command a majority, he might perhaps reign as a constitutional king, under the title of president for life, and France might have rest and have time to settle her mind. But this the *sabreur* will not do; he insists, in effect, that he will have none but Monarchists as ministers, on whichever side the majority of the Assembly may be. He declares his mandate irrevocable, and yet he was ready to resign into the hands of the Bourbons. A dissolution of the Assembly would settle the question between the factions by decisively indicating the national will, if the government would allow the people to vote freely; but this is what no French government will do.

In the immediate future we regard a prorogation of the Assembly as more likely than a dissolution, for which perhaps no faction is in its heart quite ready. As to the ultimate result, though a restoration of the Empire would not surprise us, we are inclined to think that its *vis inertiæ* will prevail, and that France will remain a Conservative Republic.

Lord Melbourne used to say that he wished he was as cock-sure of any thing as Macaulay was of every thing. Minds which are so cock-sure are seldom very deep. Among all the instances of the shallowness of that stream of brilliancy which runs through Macaulay's writings, none is more remarkable than his treatment of the subject of standing armies. The government of Cromwell he calls a government of musketeers and pikemen, when, in fact, it was the government of a great political party of which Cromwell was the chief. On the other hand he speaks of modern standing armies as though because they are legally under the civil power, they could not possibly be dangerous to liberty, and treats any suggestion of that kind as the nonsense of pedantic school-boys declaiming about Pisistratus and his guard. Standing armies are now the masters not of France only but of Europe, and the arbiters of its destinies, as well as a fearful burden on its industry, and the cancer of its moral civilization. The fiat of their commanders may in a moment arrest political progress and cancel all the political effort of the past. They are ever on the increase, and unless something occurs to stop their growth or change their character, a government of musketeers and pikemen may in reality be installed over Macaulay's grave.

Most people thought that in attacking the Papacy Bismarck had at last found not so much a foeman worthy of his steel as one whom no steel could pierce. The sword that had cleft the mail of Austria and France, would it not pass idle and ineffectual through the impalpable form that wears the Triple Crown? Was not this great representative of worldly power assailing a spiritual antagonist with temporal weapons, and would not his fate be that of the German Emperors who assailed the Popes of old? So Rome hoped, and statesmen in general believed. But the event has proved that Bismarck knew Germany and the nineteenth century. He has trodden, so far at least, in safety as well as with inflexible energy his perilous path, and the menacing shadows have disappeared before him. Once and again he has carried the stern law of the Empire into effect against recalcitrant prelates, and there is no appearance among the people of the divided allegiance which enabled Hildebrand to rend the Empire and bring the Emperor to his feet at Canossa. In Prussia the Catholic Prelates seem even disposed to come to terms. Possibly they feel beneath their feet the ominous heavings of the independence common to the race of Luther and Zwingli which has already shown itself in open revolt against Infallibility both among the "Old Catholics" of Germany and, in a still bolder form, among the reforming Catho-

lics of Switzerland. The German Ultramontanists on the other hand are playing Bismarck's game, not only by denunciations of the Empire and of national unity, but by appeals to Socialism which will array against them the friends of order as well as the friends of liberty. That some desperate attempt to set an heretical and rebellious world on fire by stirring up the masses would be made by Jesuitism, when all hope of recovering the ascendancy by the aid of kings and aristocracies was gone, has been often predicted, and there is no doubt inflammable matter in Germany; but there is also a steam fire-engine of first-rate power.

Bismarck's hands have been still further strengthened, and the nation has been still more firmly bound to him by the attempt of an assassin, whose act recoils on the Church in which his fanaticism was nursed. It is not right, in the absence of evidence, even to admit the suspicion that Kulmann had any instigator but his own depravity, perhaps his own insanity. This is not the age of Philip II., nor would any religious party be mad, even if it were immoral enough, to arm the hand of another Jacques Clement or Balthasar Gerard. But at the same time there is no doubt that the constant denunciation of men in power as enemies of God and His Church, by an authority deemed itself to be divine, is very stimulating to piety, and very suggestive of the propriety of taking the strongest measures which morality will permit to rid the earth of such pests.

It is fair to remember that Bismarck's life has been sought by Communist as well as by Ultramontane fanaticism. The two attempts to assassinate him mark the singular turns of his apparently changeful yet really consistent course. He provoked the first by upholding military autocracy; he provoked the second by using his military power in the cause of German unity and intellectual freedom, which can scarcely fail to draw political freedom in its train. His marvellous career, however, we suspect draws near its close. The wound which he has received, trifling as it is, does not appear to heal easily. Enormous labour and carelessness in diet combined have told even on his iron frame. Germany and Europe will probably retain the bias which his hand has given them, but the assassin was right in thinking that much depends on the individual's life.

In Spain Carlism and Republicanism are still grappling with each other in petty but murderous, and, apparently, endless war. The fall of Marshal Concha, and the consequent repulse of his army, have turned the scale, for the moment, against the Republican Government. But the decisive fact is, that Carlism does not spread beyond the narrow district which is its native soil. It would expire, as Jacobitism did in the Highlands, were it not fed with money and supplies by the Ultramontane and Reactionary party in other countries. The facility with which supplies are allowed to enter from France by the connivance of the Monarchist MacMahon, aided probably by the sympathies of his Legitimist wife, is exciting the anger of the Spanish people, all the more because the Carlists are renewing the atrocities which disgraced their former risings.

To the other troubles of the Spanish Government is added the demand which England is pressing for reparation in the case of the *Virginius*. Spain has no power of resistance, but her honour will suffer, especially as the officer who commanded the massacre has been since promoted; and perhaps she will be led to moralize on the expediency of retaining a semi-barbarous colony, over which she exercises no real control, while she has to answer for the outrages which it commits.

In the words of the New York *Herald*, which is always adding to the riches of the

English tongue, "an agitation of the malodorous compost of scandal" in the Ward Beecher case, has recommenced. To the nostrils of a portion of the human species, the malodorous compost is as attractive as ordure is to those of the canine. It has been said that the only thing which gives more pleasure to the neighbourhood than a murder, is a case of *crim. con.* in a clergyman. A case of *crim. con.* in such a clergyman as Mr. Ward Beecher, which would "close the most famous pulpit the world has seen since Paul preached on Mars' Hill," fills all the lovers of compost with an ecstasy of prurient delight. All the emissaries of the press are busy, each striving to bring to his own journal some special particle of the precious commodity; and even Mrs. Tilton is interviewed on the subject of her conjugal chastity. Many of the people who are revelling in this pastime would be very much scandalized if they were told that the spectacle of a fair prize fight would be less degrading and less demoralizing to the community. But you may put pants on piano legs without having that healthy and manly purity which turns from moral carrion with disgust. Whatever may be the result of the affair as regards the parties personally concerned, there can be no doubt as to the feebleness of the moral sinew, and the want of a vigorous sense of honour in the community in which it has occurred. People with their mouths full of high-flown and religious sentiment do mean things from palpably low motives, and public opinion fails to enforce social rules of the commonest kind. Mr. Tilton was allowed to publish, not straightforward charges but innuendoes; and when, under pretence of vindicating his veracity, he indirectly cast imputations on the honour of his own wife, nobody seemed particularly to reprobate his conduct. The public appeared only to desire that he should raise the tantalizing veil and gratify curiosity with more explicit revelations.

It will be remembered that the original author of the scandal was Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, the leader of the Woman's Right and Free Love movements in the United States, the singular circumstances of whose history, including her intercourse with celestial spirits and her return to the primeval habit of polyandry, have been given to a curious world by Mr. Tilton, her admirer, and himself a vehement apostle of Free Love. Mrs. Woodhull, partly to gratify her celestial feelings, partly and principally to replenish her purse, which she had failed to fill by stock-jobbing even under guidance of Mr. Vanderbilt, composed a series of the most hideous libels against Mr. Beecher and some twenty ladies of his congregation, and having handed it about to editors in vain, published it in her own journal, with such success that the street in which the journal office stood was absolutely blocked for hours by the crowds which thronged to purchase infamous charges against an honoured name. In a really moral community, and one in which genuine respect was felt for woman, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull would have been sent to pick hemp. Her story as a whole was unquestionably a monstrous fiction, and it is an established rule of evidence that statements which rest upon the same authority must stand or fall together. Mrs. Woodhull's main reason for selecting Mr. Beecher as the subject of her libels was, no doubt, his high reputation, which lent piquancy to scandal. But there was also probably something to give her thoughts that particular direction: there is a sort of nucleus of waking fact, if you will be at the pains to search it, even in the wildest dream. We always thought it likely that she had heard from her confidant, Mr. Tilton, some account of a disagreement between him and his wife, in which Mr. Beecher's name was involved, and possibly in such a manner as to cast doubt upon his discretion. For some revelation of this kind we are prepared, but we trust there will be nothing worse. We write with Mr. Tilton's statement before us, while Mr. Beecher's is yet to come. Mr. Tilton's

statement is formidably explicit and circumstantial; but his imagination is wild, his principles are unsettled, he bitterly hates Mr. Beecher, and he has been drawn on to a position in which he must either ruin his enemy or be ruined himself. His success in proving his charges would be a great social calamity; not because it would "close the most famous pulpit that the world has seen since St. Paul preached on Mars' Hill," but because the fall of one so trusted and honoured as Mr. Beecher would give the vicious or the unthinking reason to say that all virtue is hypocrisy, and shake the confidence of man in man.

# SELECTIONS.

## THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

(*From "The Legend of Jubal and other Poems," by George Eliot.*)*

WHEN Cain was driven from Jehovah's land
He wandered eastward, seeking some far strand
Ruled by kind gods who asked no offerings
Save pure field-fruits, as aromatic things
To feed the subtler sense of frames divine,
That lived on fragrance for their food and wine:
Wild joyous gods, who winked at faults and folly,
And could be pitiful and melancholy.
He never had a doubt that such gods were;
He looked within, and saw them mirrored there.
Some think he came at last to Tartary,
And some to Ind; but, howsoe'er it be,
His staff he planted where sweet waters ran,
And in that home of Cain the Arts began.

Man's life was spacious in the early world:
It paused, like some slow ship with sail unfurled
Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled;
Beheld the slow star-paces of the skies,
And grew from strength to strength through centuries;
Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,
And heard a thousand times the sweet birds' marriage hymns.

In Cain's young city none had heard of Death
Save him, the founder; and it was his faith
That here, away from harsh Jehovah's law,
Man was immortal, since no halt or flaw
In Cain's own frame betrayed six hundred years,
But, dark as pines that autumn never sears,
His locks thronged backward as he ran; his frame
Rose like the orbèd sun each morn the same,
Lake-mirrored to his gaze; and that red brand,
The scorching impress of Jehovah's hand,
Was still cleared-edged to his unwearied eye,
Its secret firm in time-fraught memory.
He said, "My happy offspring shall not know
That the red life from out a man may flow
When smitten by his brother." True, his race
Bore each one stamped upon his new-born face
A copy of the brand no whit less clear;
But every mother held that little copy dear.

Thus generations in glad idlesse throve,
Nor hunted prey, nor with each other strove;
For clearest springs were plenteous in the land,
And gourds for cups; the ripe fruits sought the hand,
Bending the laden boughs with fragrant gold;

* Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co., Publishers.

And for their roofs and garments wealth untold
Lay everywhere in grasses and broad leaves :
They laboured gently, as a maid who weaves
Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
And strokes across her hand the tresses soft,
Then peeps to watch the poisèd butterfly,
Or little burthened ants that homeward hie.
Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
There was no need for haste to finish aught ;
But sweet beginnings were repeated still
Like infant babblings that no task fulfil,
For love, that loved not change, constrained
the simple will.
Till, hurling stones in mere athletic joy,
Strong Lamech struck and killed his fairest
boy,
And tried to wake him with the tenderest cries,
And fetched and held before the glazèd eyes
The things they best had loved to look upon ;
But never glance or smile or sigh he won.
The generation stood around those twain
Helplessly gazing, till their father Cain
Parted the press, and said, " He will not wake;
This is the endless sleep, and we must make
A bed deep down for him beneath the sod ;
For know, my sons, there is a mighty God
Angry with all man's race, but most with me.
I fled from out His land in vain !—'tis He
Who came and slew the lad, for He has found
This home of ours, and we shall all be bound
By the harsh bands of His most cruel will,
Which any moment may some dear one kill.
Nay, though we live for countless moons, at last
We and all ours shall die like summers past.
This is Jehovah's will, and He is strong ;
I thought the way I travelled was too long
For Him to follow me : my thought was vain !
He walks unseen, but leaves a track of pain,
Pale Death His footprint is, and He will come
again ! "
And a new spirit from that hour came o'er
The race of Cain : soft idlesse was no more,
But even the sunshine had a heart of care,
Smiling with hidden dread—a mother fair
Who, folding to her breast a dying child,
Beams with feigned joy that but makes sadness
mild.
Death was now lord of Life, and at his word
Time, vague as air before, new terrors stirred,
With measured wing now audibly arose
Throbbing through all things to some unknown
close.

Now glad Content by clutching Haste was torn
And Work grew eager, and Device was born.
It seemed the light was never loved before,
Now each man said, " 'Twill go and come no
more."
No budding branch, no pebble from the brook,
No form, no shadow, but new dearness took
From the one thought that life must have an
end ;
And the last parting now began to send
Diffusive dread through love and wedded bliss,
Thrilling them into finer tenderness.
Then memory disclosed her face divine,
That like the calm nocturnal lights doth shine
Within the soul, and shows the sacred graves,
And shows the presence that no sunlight craves;
No space, no warmth, but moves among them
all ;
Gone and yet here, and coming at each call,
With ready voice and eyes that understand,
And lips that ask a kiss, and dear responsive
hand.

Thus to Cain's race death was tear-watered
seed
Of various life and action-shaping need.
But chief the sons of Lamech felt the stings
Of new ambition, and the force that springs
In passion beating on the shores of fate.
They said, " There comes a night when all too
late
The mind shall long to prompt the achieving
hand,
The eager thought behind closed portals stand;
And the last wishes to the mute lips press
Buried ere death in silent helplessness.
Then, while the soul its way with sound can
cleave,
And while the arm is strong to strike and heave,
Let soul and arm give shape that will abide
And rule above our graves, and power divide
With that great god of day whose rays must
bend
As we shall make the moving shadows tend.
Come, let us fashion acts that are to be,
When we shall lie in darkness silently,
As our young brother doth, whom yet we see
Fallen and slain, but reigning in our will
By that one image of him pale and still."

For Lamech's sons were heroes of their race :
Jabal, the eldest, bore upon his face

The look of that calm river-god, the Nile,
Mildly secure in power that needs not guile.
But Tubal-Cain was restless as the fire
That glows and spreads and leaps from high to higher
Where'er is aught to seize or to subdue;
Strong as a storm he lifted or o'erthrew,
His urgent limbs like granite boulders grew;
Such boulders as the plunging torrent wears,
And roaring rolls around through countless years.
But strength that still on movement must be fed,
Inspiring thought of change, devices bred,
And urged his mind through earth and air to rove
For force that he could conquer if he strove,
For lurking forms that might new tasks fulfil
And yield unwilling to his stronger will.
Such Tubal-Cain. But Jubal had a frame
Fashioned to finer senses, which became
A yearning for some hidden soul of things,
Some outward touch complete on inner springs
That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,
A want that did but stronger grow with gain
Of all good else, as spirits might be sad
For lack of speech to tell us they are glad.

Now Jabal learned to tame the lowing kine,
And from their udders drew the snow-white wine
That stirs the innocent joy, and makes the stream
Of elemental life with fulness teem;
The star-browed calves he nursed with feeding hand,
And sheltered them till all the little band
Stood mustered gazing at the sunset way
Whence he would come with store at close of day.
He soothed the silly sheep with friendly tone
And reared their staggering lambs that, older grown,
Followed his steps with sense-taught memory;
Till he, their shepherd, could their leader be,
And guide them through the pastures as he would,
With sway that grew from ministry of good.
He spread his tents upon the grassy plain
Which, eastward widening like the open main,
Showed the first whiteness 'neath the morning star;
Near him his sister, deft, as women are,
Plied her quick skill in sequence to his thought
Till the hid treasures of the milk she caught
Revealed like pollen 'mid the petals white,
The golden pollen, virgin to the light.
Even the she-wolf with young, on rapine bent,
He caught and tethered in his mat-walled tent,
And cherished all her little sharp-nosed young
Till the small race with hope and terror clung
About his footsteps, till each new-reared brood,
Remoter from the memories of the wood,
More glad discerned their common home with man.
This was the work of Jabal: he began
The pastoral life, and, sire of joys to be,
Spread the sweet ties that bind the family
O'er dear dumb souls that thrilled at man's caress,
And shared his pains with patient helpfulness.

But Tubal-Cain had caught and yoked the fire,
Yoked it with stones that bent the flaming spire
And made it roar in prisoned servitude
Within the furnace, till with force subdued
It changed all forms he willed to work upon,
Till hard from soft, and soft from hard he won.
The pliant clay he moulded as he would,
And laughed with joy when 'mid the heat it stood
Shaped as his hand had chosen, while the mass
That from his hold, dark, obstinate, would pass,
He drew all glowing from the busy heat,
All breathing as with life that he could beat
With thundering hammer, making it obey
His will creative, like the pale soft clay.
Each day he wrought, and better than he planned,
Shape breeding shape beneath his restless hand.
(The soul without still helps the soul within,
And its deft magic ends what we begin.)
Nay, in his dreams his hammer he would wield,
And seem to see a myriad types revealed,
Then spring with wondering triumphant cry,
And, lest the inspiring vision should go by,
Would rush to labour with that plastic zeal
Which all the passion of our life can steal
For force to work with. Each day saw the birth
Of various forms which, flung upon the earth,
Seemed harmless toys to cheat the exacting hour,
But were as seeds instinct with hidden power.
The axe, the club, the spikèd wheel, the chain,
Held silently the shrieks and moans of pain;

And near them latent lay in share and spade,
In the strong bar, the saw, and deep-curved blade,
Glad voices of the hearth and harvest-home,
The social good, and all earth's joy to come.
Thus to mixed ends wrought Tubal; and they say
Some things he made have lasted to this day;
As, thirty silver pieces that were found
By Noah's children buried in the ground.
He made them from mere hunger of device,
Those small white discs; but they became the price
The traitor Judas sold his master for;
And men still handling them in peace and war
Catch foul disease, that comes as appetite,
And lurks and clings as withering, damning blight;
But Tubal-Cain wot not of treachery,
Nor greedy lust, nor any ill to be,
Save the one ill of sinking into nought,
Banished from action and act-shaping thought.
He was the sire of swift-transforming skill,
Which arms for conquest man's ambitious will;
And round him gladly, as his hammer rung,
Gathered the elders and the growing young:
These handled vaguely and those plied the tools,
Till, happy chance begetting conscious rules,
The home of Cain with industry was rife,
And glimpses of a strong persistent life,
Panting through generations as one breath,
And filling with its soul the blank of death.

Jubal, too, watched the hammer, till his eyes,
No longer following its fall or rise,
Seemed glad with something that they could not see,
But only listened to—some melody,
Wherein dumb longings inward speech had found,
Won from the common store of struggling sound.
Then, as the metal shapes more various grew,
And, hurled upon each other, resonance drew,
Each gave new tones, the revelations dim
Of some external soul that spoke for him:
The hollow vessel's clang, the clash, the boom,
Like light that makes wide spiritual room
And skyey spaces in the spaceless thought,
To Jubal such enlarged passion brought
That love, hope, rage, and all experience,
Were fused in vaster being, fetching thence
Concords and discords, cadences and cries
That seemed from some world-shrouded soul to rise,
Some rapture more intense, some mightier rage,
Some living sea that burst the bounds of man's brief age.

Then with such blissful trouble and glad care
For growth within unborn as mothers bear,
To the far woods he wandered, listening,
And heard the birds their little stories sing
In notes whose rise and fall seem melted speech—
Melted with tears, smiles, glances—that can reach
More quickly through our frame's deep-winding night,
And without thought raise thought's best fruit, delight.
Pondering, he sought his home again, and heard
The fluctuant changes of the spoken word:
The deep remonstrance and the argued want,
Insistent first in close monotonous chant,
Next leaping upward to defiant stand,
Or downward beating like the resolute hand;
The mother's call, the children's answering cry,
The laugh's light cataract tumbling from on high;
The suasive repetitions Jabal taught,
That timid browsing cattle homeward brought;
The clear-winged fugue of echoes vanishing;
And through them all the hammer's rhythmic ring.
Jabal sat lonely, all around was dim,
Yet his face glowed with light revealed to him:
For as the delicate stream of odour wakes
The thought-wed sentence and some image makes
From out the mingled fragments of the past,
Finely compact in wholeness that will last,
So streamed as from the body of each sound
Subtler pulsations, swift as warmth, which found
All prisoned germs and all their powers unbound,
Till thought, self-luminous, flamed from memory,
And in creative vision wandered free.
Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms upraised,
And on the dark with eager eyes he gazed,

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As had some manifested god been there.
It was his thought he saw ; the presence fair
Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
The mighty unborn spirit that doth ask
With irresistible cry for blood and breath,
Till feeding its great life we sink in death.

He said, "Were now those mighty tones and cries
That from the giant soul of earth arise,
Those groans of some great travail heard from far,
Some power at wrestle with the things that are ;
Those sounds which vary with the varying form
Of clay and metal, and in sightless swarm
Fill the wide space with tremors : were these wed
To human voices with such passion fed
As does but glimmer in our common speech,
But might flame out in tones whose changing reach,
Surpassing meagre need, informs the sense
With fuller union, finer difference—
Were this great vision, now obscurely bright
As morning hills that melt in new-poured light,
Wrought into solid form and living sound,
Moving with ordered throb and sure rebound,
Then—— Nay, I, Jubal, will that work begin !
The generations of our race shall win
New life, that grows from out the heart of this
As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
From out the dull unknown of unwaked energies."

Thus he resolved, and in the soul-fed light
Of coming ages waited through the night,
Watching for that near dawn whose chiller ray
Showed but the unchanged world of yesterday ;
Where all the order of his dream divine
Lay like Olympian forms within the mine;
Where fervour, that could fill the earthly round
With throngèd joys of form-begotten sound,
Must shrink intense within the patient power
That lonely labours through the niggard hour.
Such patience have the heroes who begin,
Sailing the first toward lands which others win.
Jubal must dare, as great beginners dare,
Strike form's first way in matter rude and bare,
And, yearning vaguely toward the plenteous quire
Of the world's harvest, make one poor small lyre.

He made it, and from out its measured frame
Drew the harmonic soul, whose answers came
With guidance sweet and lessons of delight,
Teaching to ear and hand the blissful Right,
Where strictest law is gladness to the sense,
And all desire bends toward obedience.
Then Jubal poured his triumph in a song—
The rapturous word that rapturous notes prolong,
As radiance streams from smallest things that burn,
Or thought of loving into love doth turn.
And still his lyre gave companionship
In sense-taught concert as of lip with lip.
Alone amid the hills at first he tried
His wingèd song ; then with adoring pride,
And bridegroom's joy at leading forth his bride,
He said, "This wonder which my soul hath found—
This heart of music in the might of sound,
Shall forthwith be the share of all our race,
And, like the morning, gladden common space :
The song shall spread and swell as rivers do,
And I will teach our youth with skill to woo
This living lyre, to know its secret will,
Its fine division of the good and ill.
So shall men call me sire of harmony,
And where great Song is, there my life shall be."
Thus glorying as a god beneficent,
Forth from his solitary joy he went
To bless mankind. It was at evening,
When shadows lengthen from each westward thing,
When imminence of change makes sense more fine
And light seems holier in its grand decline.
The fruit-trees wore their studded coronal,
Earth and her children were at festival,
Glowing as with one heart and one consent—
Thought, love, trees, rocks, in sweet warm radiance blent.

The tribe of Cain was resting on the ground,
The various ages wreathed in one broad round.
Here lay, while children peeped o'er his huge thighs,
The sinewy man embrowned by centuries ;
Here the broad-bosomed mother of the strong
Looked, like Demeter, placid o'er the throng
Of young lithe forms whose rest was movement too—

Tricks, prattle, nods, and laughs that lightly flew,
And swayings as of flower-beds where Love blew.
For all had feasted well upon the flesh
Of juicy fruits, on nuts, and honey fresh,
And now their wine was health-bred merriment,
Which through the generations circling went,
Leaving none sad, for even father Cain
Smiled as a Titan might, despising pain.
Jabal sat circled with a playful ring
Of children, lambs, and whelps, whose gambolling,
With tiny hoofs, paws, hands, and dimpled feet,
Made barks, bleats, laughs, in pretty hubbub meet.
But Tubal's hammer rang from far away,
Tubal alone would keep no holiday,
His furnace must not slack for any feast,
For, of all hardship, work he counted least;
He scorned all rest but sleep, where every dream
Made his repose more potent action seem.

Yet with health's nectar some strange thirst was blent,
The fateful growth, the unnamed discontent,
The inward shaping toward some unborn power,
Some deeper-breathing act, the being's flower.
After all gestures, words, and speech of eyes,
The soul had more to tell, and broke in sighs.
Then from the east, with glory on his head
Such as low-slanting beams on corn-waves spread,
Came Jubal with his lyre: there, mid the throng,
Where the blank space was, poured a solemn song,
Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
And measured pulse, with cadences that sob,
Exult and cry, and search the inmost deep
Where the dark sources of new passion sleep.
Joy took the air, and took each breathing soul,
Embracing them in one entrancèd whole,
Yet thrilled each varying frame to various ends,
As Spring new-waking through the creature sends
Or rage or tenderness; more plenteous life
Here breeding dread, and there a fiercer strife.
He who had lived through twice three centuries,
Whose months monotonous, like trees on trees
In hoary forests, stretched a backward maze,
Dreamed himself dimly through the travelled days,
Till in clear light he paused, and felt the sun
That warmed him when he was a little one;
Knew that true heaven, the recovered past,
The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast,
And in that heaven wept. But younger limbs
Thrilled toward the future, that bright land which swims
In western glory, isles and streams and bays,
Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze.
And in all these the rhythmic influence,
Sweetly o'ercharging the delighted sense,
Flowed out in movements, little waves that spread
Enlarging, till in tidal union led
The youths and maidens, both alike long-tressed,
By grace-inspiring melody possessed,
Rose in slow dance, with beatueous floating swerve
Of limbs and hair, and many a melting curve
Of ringèd feet swayed by each close-linked palm:
Then Jubal poured more rapture in his psalm,
The dance fired music, music fired the dance,
The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
Till all the circling tribe arose and stood
With glad yet awful shock of that mysterious good.

Even Tubal caught the sound, and wondering came,
Urging his sooty bulk like smoke-wrapt flame
Till he could see his brother with the lyre,
The work for which he lent his furnace-fire
And diligent hammer, witting nought of this—
This power in metal shape which made strange bliss,
Entering within him like a dream full-fraught,
With new creations finished in a thought.
The sun had sunk, but music still was there,
And when this ceased, still triumph filled the air:
It seemed the stars were shining with delight,
And that no night was ever like this night.
All clung with praise to Jubal: some besought
That he would teach them his new skill; some caught,
Swiftly as smiles are caught in looks that meet,

The tone's melodic change and rhythmic beat;
'Twas easy following where invention trod—
All eyes can see when light flows out from God.

And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
Music, their larger soul, where woe and weal
Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
Moved with a wider-wingèd utterance.
Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
"Hearing myself," he said, "hems in my life,
And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
The great clear voices. Such lands there must be,
Where varying forms make varying symphony—
Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills
With other strains through other-shapen boughs;
Where bees and birds and beasts that hunt or browse
Will teach me songs I know not. Listening there,
My life shall grow like trees both tall and fair
That rise and spread and bloom toward fuller fruit each year."

He took a raft, and travelled with the stream
Southward for many a league, till he might deem
He saw at last the pillars of the sky
Beholding mountains whose white majesty
Rushed through him as new awe, and made new song
That swept with fuller wave the chords along,
Weighting his voice with deep religious chime,
The iteration of some chant sublime.
It was the region long inhabited
By all the race of Seth; and Jubal said:
"Here have I found my thirsty soul's desire,
Eastward the hills touch heaven, and evening's fire
Flames through deep waters; I will take my rest,
And feed anew from my great mother's breast,
The sky-clasped Earth, whose voices nurture me
As the flowers' sweetness doth the honey-bee."
He lingered wandering for many an age,
And, sowing music, made high heritage
For generations far beyond the Flood—
For the poor late-begotten human brood
Born to life's weary brevity and perilous good.

And ever as he travelled he would climb
The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,
The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But wheresoe'er he rose the heavens rose,
And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
Nought but a wider earth; until one height
Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore:
Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, "the world is great, but I am weak,
And where the sky bends is no solid peak
To give me footing, but instead, this main,
Like myriad maddened horses thundering o'er the plain.

New voices come to me where'er I roam,
My heart, too, widens with its widening home:
But song grows weaker, and the heart must break
For lack of voice, or fingers that can wake
The lyre's full answer; nay, its chords were all
Too few to meet the growing spirit's call.
The former songs seem little, yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore,
Tell what the earth is saying unto me:
The secret is too great, I hear confusedly:

"No farther will I travel: once again
My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
Where I and Song were born. There fresh-voiced youth
Will pour my strains with all the early truth
Which now abides not in my voice and hands,
But only in the soul, the will that stands
Helpless to move. My tribe remembering
Will cry 'Tis he!' and run to greet me, welcoming."
The way was weary. Many a date palm grew,
And shook out clustered gold against the blue,
While Jubal, guided by the steadfast spheres,
Sought the dear home of those first eager years,
When with fresh vision fed, the fuller will,

Took living outward shape in pliant skill !
For still he hoped to find the former things,
And the warm gladness recognition brings.
His footsteps erred among the mazy woods
And long illusive sameness of the floods,
Winding and wandering. Through far regions, strange
With Gentile homes and faces, did he range,
And left his music in their memory,
And left at last, when nought besides would free
His homeward steps from clinging hands and cries,
The ancient lyre. And now in ignorant eyes
No sign remained of Jubal, Lamech's son,
That mortal frame wherein was first begun
The immortal life of song. His withered brow
Pressed over eyes that held no lightning now,
His locks streamed whiteness on the hurrying air,
The unresting soul had worn itself quite bare
Of beauteous token, as the outworn might
Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's light.
His full deep voice toward thinnest treble ran :
He was the rune-writ story of a man.
And so at last he neared the well-known land,
Could see the hills in ancient order stand
With friendly faces whose familiar gaze
Looked through the sunshine of his childish days ;
Knew the deep-shadowed folds of hanging woods,
And seemed to see the self-same insect broods
Whirling and quivering o'er the flowers—to hear
The self-same cuckoo making distance near.
Yea, the dear Earth, with mother's constancy,
Met and embraced him, and said, "Thou art he !
This was thy cradle, here my breast was thine,
Where feeding, thou didst all thy life entwine
With my sky-wedded life in heritage divine."

But wending ever through the watered plain,
Firm not to rest save in the home of Cain,
He saw dread Change, with dubious face and cold,
That never kept a welcome for the old,
Like some strange heir upon the hearth, arise
Saying "This home is mine." He thought his eyes
Mocked all deep memories, as things new made,
Usurping sense, make all things shrink and fade
And seem ashamed to meet the staring day.
His memory saw a small foot-trodden way,
His eyes a broad far-stretching paven road
Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode ;
The little city that once nestled low
As buzzing groups about some central glow,
Spread like a murmuring crowd o'er plain and steep,
Or monster huge in heavy-breathing sleep.
His heart grew faint, and tremblingly he sank
Close by the way-side on a weed-grown bank,
Not far from where a new-raised temple stood,
Sky-roofed, and fragrant with wrought cedar wood.
The morning sun was high ; his rays fell hot
On this hap-chosen, dusty, common spot,
On the dry withered grass and withered man :
That wondrous frame where melody began
Lay as a tomb defaced that no eye cared to scan.
But while he sank, far music reached his ear.
He listened until wonder silenced fear
And gladness wonder ; for the broadening stream
Of sound advancing was his early dream,
Brought like fulfilment of forgotten prayer;
As if his soul, breathed out upon the air,
Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
Quick with the various strains of life to be.
He listened : the sweet mingled difference
With charm alternate took the meeting sense ;
Then bursting like some shield-broad lily red,
Sudden and near the trumpet's notes outspread
And soon his eyes could see the metal flower,
Shining upturned, out on the morning pour
Its incense audible ; could see a train
From out the street slowwinding on the plain
With lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries,
While men, youths, maids, in concert sang to these
With various throat, or in succession poured,
Or in full volume mingled. But one word
Ruled each recurrent rise and answering fall,
As when the multitudes adoring call
On some great name divine, their common soul,
The common need, love, joy, that knits them in one whole.

The word was "Jubal !" . . . . "Jubal" filled the air
And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there,
Creator of the quire, the full-fraught strain
That grateful rolled itself to him again.

The aged man adust upon the bank,
Whom no eye saw, at first with rapture drank
The bliss of music, then, with swelling heart,
Felt this was his own being's greater part,
The universal joy once born in him.
But when the train, with living face and limb
And vocal breath, came nearer and more near,
The longing grew that they should hold him dear :
Him, Lamech's son, whom all their fathers knew,
The breathing Jubal—him, to whom their love was due.
All was forgotten but the burning need
To claim his fuller self, to claim the deed
That lived away from him, and grew apart,
While he, as from a tomb, with lonely heart,
Warmed by no meeting glance, no hand that pressed,
Lay chill amid the life his life had blessed.
What though his song should spread from man's small race
Out through the myriad worlds that people space,
And make the heavens one joy-diffusing quire?—
Still 'mid that vast would throb the keen desire
Of this poor aged flesh—this eventide—
This twilight soon in darkness to subside,
This little pulse of self that, having glowed
Through thrice three centuries, and divinely strowed
The light of music through the vague of sound,
Ached smallness still in good that had no bound.

For no eye saw him, while with loving pride
Each voice with each in praise of Jubal vied.
Must he in conscious trance dumb, helpless lie
While all that ardent kindred passed him by?
His flesh cried out to live with living men
And join that soul which to the inward ken
Of all the hymning train was present there.
Strong passion's daring sees not aught to dare;
The frost-locked starkness of his frame low bent,
His voice's penury of tones long spent,
He felt not ; all his being leaped in flame
To meet his kindred as they onward came
Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's face ;
He rushed before them to the glittering space,
And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
Cried, " I am Jubal, I ! . . . I made the lyre ! "
The tones amid a lake of silence fell
Broken and strained, as if a feeble bell
Had tuneless pealed the triumph of a land
To listening crowds in expectation spanned.
Sudden came showers of laughter on that lake ;
They spread along the train from front to wake
In one great storm of merriment, while he
Shrank doubting whether he could Jubal be,
And not a dream of Jubal, whose rich vein
Of passionate music came with that dream-pain,
Wherein the sense slips off from each loved thing
And all appearance is mere vanishing.
But ere the laughter died from out the rear,
Anger in front saw profanation near ;
Jubal was but a name in each man's faith
For glorious power untouched by that slow death
Which creeps with creeping time ; this too, the spot,
And this the day, it must be crime to blot,
Even with scoffing at a madman's lie :
Jubal was not a name to wed with mockery.

Two rushed upon him : two the most devout
In honour of great Jubal, thrust him out,
And beat him with their flutes. 'Twas little need :
He strove not, cried not, but with tottering speed,
As if the scorn and howls were driving wind
That urged his body, serving so the mind
Which could but shrink and yearn, he sought the screen
Of thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.
The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.
He said within his soul, " This is the end :
O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul:
I lie here now the remnant of that whole,
The embers of a life, a lonely pain ;
As far-off rivers to my thirst were vain,
So of my mighty years nought comes to me again.

" Is the day sinking? Softest coolness springs
From something round me ; dewy shadowy wings
Enclose me all around—no, not above—
Is moonlight there? I see a face of love,
Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong:
Yea—art thou come again to me, great Song?"

The face bent over him like silver night
In long-remembered summers ; that calm light
Of days which shine in firmaments of thought,
That past unchangeable, from change still wrought,
And there were tones that with the vision blent;
He knew not if that gaze the music sent,
Or music that calm gaze : to hear, to see,
Was but one undivided ecstasy :
The raptured senses melted into one,
And parting life a moment's freedom won
From in and outer, as a little child
Sits on a bank and sees blue heavens mild
Down in the water, and forgets its limbs,
And knoweth nought save the blue heaven that swims.

"Jubal," the face said, "I am thy loved Past,
The soul that makes thee one from first to last.
I am the angel of thy life and death,
Thy outbreathed being drawing its last breath.
Am I not thine alone, a dear dead bride
Who blest thy lot above all men's beside ?
Thy bride whom thou wouldst never change, nor take
Any bride living, for that dead one's sake ?
Was I not all thy yearning and delight,
Thy chosen search, thy senses' beauteous Right,
Which still had been the hunger of thy frame
In central heaven, hadst thou been still the same ?
Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any god—
Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
Or thundered through the skies—aught else for share
Of mortal good, than in thy soul to bear
The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious breast ?
No, thou hadst grasped thy lot with all its pain,
Nor loosed it any painless lot to gain
Where music's voice was silent ; for thy fate
Was human music's self incorporate :
Thy senses' keenness and thy passionate strife
Were flesh of *her* flesh and her womb of life.
And greatly hast thou lived, for not alone
With hidden raptures were his secrets shown,
Buried within thee, as the purple light
Of gems may sleep in solitary night ;
But thy expanding joy was still to give,
And with the generous air in song to live,
Feeding the wave of ever-widening bliss
Where fellowship means equal perfectness.
And on the mountains in thy wandering
Thy feet were beautiful as blossomed spring,
That turns the leafless wood to love's glad home,
For with thy coming Melody was come.
This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
And that immeasurable life to know
From which the fleshly self falls shrivelled, dead,
A seed primeval that has forests bred.
It is the glory of the heritage
Thy life has left that makes thy outcast age :
Thy limbs shall lie, dark, tombless on this sod,
Because thou shinest in man's soul a god,
Who found and gave new passion and new joy
That nought but earth's destruction can destroy.
Thy gift to give was thine of men alone :
'Twas but in giving that thou couldst atone
For too much wealth amid their poverty."

The words seemed melting into symphony,
The wings upbore him, and the gazing song
Was floating him the heavenly space along,
Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
Through veiling vastness, like the far-off bell,
Till, ever onward through the choral blue,
He heard more faintly and more faintly knew,
Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-wave,
The All-creating Presence for his grave.

1869.

## MR. SWINBURNE'S "BOTHWELL."

(*From the Fortnightly Review for July.*)

THE dramatic—perhaps melodramatic—passage of Lord Bothwell across the stage, in the last lines of "Chastelard," will have prepared the readers of Mr. Swinburne—that is, the English world of letters—for the appearance of this volume. It has been rumoured to have been long ago completed, and the wondrous facility of production of which its writer is capable seemed to leave little excuse for the delay. But Mr. Swinburne

would not be what he is if he permitted the impatience of his friends to hurry him in the execution of a work to which he has given his whole heart and brain, and in which he is contending for the noblest prize in the intellectual competition of humanity—the fame of the mature poet who has accumulated and distributed the delightful treasures of a gifted youth, and retained the generative power of imagination in combination with the knowledge and experience of advancing years.

There is something unprepossessing in the form of the volume, and there will be many, even of those who do not look on the length of a book as the infallible measure of the labour of its production, whose first impression will be that of wasted energy and unnecessary research. But few will lay it down with this conviction. It must not be compared with its predecessor. The story of "Chastelard" was one of which history has told little, and of which poetry could make much; the incidents of this drama are the world-stirring events of ten years of European history. The loves of Mary are no longer anecdotes of romance, they have become the troubles of peoples, the thoughts of statesmen, the fate of kings. It is no more the analysis of a mind, whose

> "Subtlety lies close in her light wit,
> And wisdom wantons in her wantonness,"

that fills the situation and satisfies the beholder; it is the contest of an imperious will with a complication of angry interests and pitiless passions, that demands to be accurately followed and truthfully reproduced in order to raise the work of the artist above the uninteresting scene-shiftings of historical names and the arbitrary juxtaposition of fanciful characters, into an integral representation worthy of the subject. This, at least, appears to be Mr. Swinburne's earnest belief, and while this treatment necessarily involves the careful sequence of events, the multiplicity of characters, and some of the repetition of daily life, the reader who desires the serious gratification of a complete poem will find in it no weariness, but gladly give to it the prolonged attention it requires and deserves.

The action, which begins with the death of the favourite, and closes with the flight of the Queen to England, traverses not only the great scenes of the time, but moves incessantly from place to place, through every intermediate path and incidental obstacle; and, if some such diversity is required in an ordinary piece to relieve the strain of attention by secondary impersonations and inferior interests, it is equally useful in such a work as Mr. Swinburne's, where the anxiety to give to every line its value and to every word its fullest force absolutely requires some occasional commonplace of passing circumstances to retain the impression of historical reality. He may be assured that in the dutiful humility to truth which he has here exhibited, his idealization has lost nothing, any more than any assumed absence of conventionality in morals and religion would suffer from the just delineations of the stately virtue of Murray and of the fierce piety of John Knox. It may indeed be that he has felt himself all the happier for the safe guidance of facts through the confusion of characters and events, so long as there was left to him the legitimate freedom of the delineation of his great heroine, whom the judgment of mankind, after two centuries of earnest inquiry, unable finally to acquit or condemn, may be said to have delivered over to his merciless imagination.

For it is a signal peculiarity in the historical position of Mary Queen of Scots, that, while the outward incidents of her short royal life are known with at least as much precision as many other events of the period, the sources of her action and motives of her conduct remain as much matters of conjecture and controversy as in the century of her captivity and death. There is, no doubt, almost sufficient cause for this uncertainty in the violence and rapidity of the events of which she was the centre, and the impossibility of tracing the progress of any individual mind through that storm of passions, interests, hopes, and fears. For instance, there is no character of the time that stands before us with so much integrity, in the sense of knowing what to do and doing it well, as that of the Regent Murray, and yet there are whole spaces of action in which we do not know where to find him. And if this is so with a determined and comparatively conscientious man, how can we look to trace with a credible accuracy the thoughts and feelings of a woman on many occasions necessarily passive, and liable, to say the least, to the lower feminine impulses in

times of free manners and rough indulgence? Had there even existed still stronger evidence than the few strange letters which all the teeth of ferocious antiquaries have not been able to tear to pieces, it is still improbable that the judgment of mankind respecting her would have been clear and definitive. For after all it was and is not a question of vindication or excuse. The mighty religious struggle that was agitating the mind of Europe required that the Queen of Scotland should not only have that kind of justification which the spirit of the time was ready enough to accord to the vengeances and even insanities of princes, but that the champion of the True Faith in the northern portion of heretical Britain should be an innocent and outraged victim in the hands of infidel barbarians. There could be no discussion with such an opinion. To admit any indirect knowledge of her husband's murder, to suppose the least connivance with the rape of Bothwell, to believe in any lightness of conduct which could have aroused the suspicion of her people or the jealousies of her nobles, would have been an abandonment of one of the strongholds of Catholic hope and an act of religious treason. The long captivity that followed made of Queen Mary a sacred legend even in her lifetime, and her political execution became a Christian martyrdom. With this apotheosis on one side came not unnaturally strong reprobation on the other, and the fair demon of these pages is a sort of reprisal for the Catholic saint.

But the Mary of the opening of this drama is not the royal siren, fresh from pleasure-loving France, that drew Chastelard to destruction. Troubled with the wild rudeness of her new land, and cruel in her native coquetry, she was yet gay at heart, and liking to please; and while sacrificing one lover to her own repute, she naturally consoled herself with the thought that she should have many more. But we have here the despotic woman, embittered by conjugal hatred and coarsened by sensual passion, looking on the world around and the people she has to govern, in this angry fashion:—

*Queen.* 'Tis but March,
And a scant spring, a sharp and starveling year.
How bitter black the day grows! one would swear
The weather and earth were of this people's faith,
And their heaven coloured as their thoughts of heaven,
Their light made of their love.

*Rizzio.* If it might please you
Look out and lift up heart to summer-ward,
There might be sun enough for seeing and sense,
To light men's eyes at and warm hands withal.

*Queen.* I doubt the winter's white is deeper dyed
And closer worn than I thought like to be;
This land of mine hath folded itself round
With snow-cold, white, and leprous misbelief,
Till even the spirit is bitten, the blood pinched,
And the heart winter-wounded; these starved slaves
That feed on frost and suck the snows for drink,
Heating the light for the heat's sake, love the cold:
We want some hotter fire than summer or sun
To burn their dead blood through and change their veins.

And when, in the mutability that is the essence of her nature, she tries to put aside the phantoms of coming guilt and shame, she knows that it is only by becoming something wholly other than she is that it is possible for her so to do.

*Queen.* I would I had no state to need no stay:
God witness me, I had rather be re-born,
And born a poor mean woman, and live low
With harmless habit and poor purity
Down to my dull death-day, a shepherd's wife,
Than a queen clothed and crowned with force and fear.

*Rizzio.* Are you so weary of crowns, and would not be,
Soon wearier waxen of sheepfolds?

*Queen.* 'Faith, who knows?
But I would not be weary, let that be
Part of my wish. I could be glad and good
Living so low, with little labours set
And little sleeps and watches, night and day
Falling and flowing as small waves in low sea
From shine to shadow and back, and out and in
Among the firths and reaches of low life:
I would I were away and well. No more,
For dear love talk no more of policy.
Let France and faith and envy and England be,
And kingdom go and people; I had rather rest
Quiet for all my simple space of life:
With few friends' loves closing my life-days in,
And few things known and grace of humble ways
And still fields shutting fast my still thoughts up—
A loving little life of sweet small works..
Good faith, I was not made for other life;
Nay, do you think it? I will not hear thereof:
Let me hear music rather, as simple a song,
If you have any, as these low thoughts of mine,
Some lowly and old-world song of quiet men.

After the slaughter of Rizzio, almost in her presence, even such tenderness as this disappears. To get rid of Darnley and satisfy her passion for Bothwell are her daily and nightly thoughts, and to accomplish these objects she hardly consults the dictates of ordinary prudence. Before her are the jealousies of the nobles, the seething wrath of the people, and the anathemas of Knox. But no act of hers can make these much worse than they already are; and there is a specious advantage in the substitution of Bothwell's warlike spirit and firm audacity for her husband's debauched and frivolous nature, which makes possible the impunity of crime, and excuses to her judgment the requirements of her outraged pride and importunate desires.

In carefully following out historical detail, the poet must run the risk of having to deal with characters unworthy of the dignity of tragedy, and with situations important in results but ineffective in representation, real in life but unsuitable to act. What stronger proof of this difficulty could there be than that which meets one on the threshold of the play, the figure of Darnley? History knows no good of him, and yet he must be here; and therefore Mr. Swinburne invests him with a pathos that overcomes contempt, and makes "the mockery of mismarried men" itself terrible, rather than ludicrous. The murder of Rizzio is vindicated by his belief, not only in the Queen's unlawful attachments (to which the dramatist takes especial care to give no sanction,) but in the dominant position he has assumed in her counsels, and the all but regal functions with which she has entrusted him. It is, then, no vulgar foreign minstrel whose violent removal forms the first link in this bloody chain, but a subtle conspirator of Machiavellian wit, who advises her how either to cajole such enemies as Murray into a false security, or to smite them at once, and, above all, no longer

> To leave the stakes in hand of a lewd boy,
> A fool and thankless —and to save the game
> We must play privily and hold secret hands.

His actual or intended elevation of an intrusive stranger to an office of so high a dignity as Chancellor of Scotland, would, in the political morality of the time, have made his assassination a patriotic act, if not a public duty. And the loyal, loving Ruthven in the very sickness of which "ere the year die" he "must be dead," who not foreseeing that his eyes will "fade among strange faces," yet feels that "having served her," he "should less be loth to leave" the "earth God made" his "mother," is the chief executioner. This is true tragedy.

While with relentless hand the Queen leads on Darnley to his deadly end, she veils her hatred with increasing duplicity, and turns his irresolute character as she wills. She makes him escape with her from Holyrood, makes him disavow his friends and accomplices, and when his vices have brought him to a sick bed in Glasgow, with her plausible kindness and feigned reproaches she subdues whatever manhood is left in him. He begs for pardon and restitution of place as husband and king, yet he seems to know that he pleads in vain: a dreadful consciousness of her true feeling towards him, and of his inevitable doom, reveals itself in occasional starts and struggles for independence, all the more angry for their very hopelessness. The last interview at Kirk o' Field is none the less Mr. Swinburne's own for being faithful to the chronicle. He justly saw that no word of his could be devised so terrible as her authentic parting,—

> 'Twas just this time last year
> David was slain,—

or any imaginable accompaniment of Darnley's last night-watch could throw a more dramatic solemnity around its close than the old Psalm he is recorded to have read and applied to his own doom,—

> Lo, here am I,
> That bide as in a wilderness indeed,
> And have not wings to bear me forth of fear.
> Nor is it an open enemy, he saith,
> Hath done me this dishonour: (what hath put
> This deadly scripture in mine eye to-night?)
> For then I could have borne it; but it was
> Even thou, mine own familiar friend, with whom
> I took sweet counsel; in the house of God
> We walked as friends. Ay, in God's house it was
> That we joined hands, even she, my wife and I,
> Who took but now sweet counsel mouth to mouth
> And kissed as friends together. Wouldst thou think
> She set this ring at parting on my hand
> And to my lips her lips? and then she spake
> Words of that last year's slaughter. O God, God,
> I know not if it be not of thy will

My heart begins to pass into her heart,
Mine eye to read within her eye, and find
Therein a deadlier scripture. Must it be
That I so late should waken, and so young
Die? for I wake as out of sleep to death.
Is there no hand or heart on earth to help?
Mother! my mother! hast thou heart nor hand
To save thy son, to take me hence away,
Far off, and hide me? But I was thy son,
That lay between thy breasts and drank of thee,
And I, thy son, it is they seek to slay.
My God, my God, how shall they murder me?

To raise the personality of Bothwell to a lofty historic pinnacle would be a violation of probability which Mr. Swinburne's adherence to facts would not permit. The poet is rightly content to leave him without moral purpose or intellectual dignity. But he can give him the virtues of his vices, and in the delineation of so audacious an enterprise as the possession of a beautiful sovereign and the Scottish throne, he may fairly suppose the existence of some such qualities as fascinated the former mistress and the future wife,—

Prythee, Reres,
Was he thus ever? had he so great heart
In those dead days, such lordliness of eye
To see and smite and burn in masterdom.
Such fire and iron of design and deed
To serve his purpose and sustain his will?
Hath he not grown since years that knew me not
In light and might and speed of spirit and stroke
To lay swift hand upon his thought, and turn
Its cloud to flame, its shadow to true shape,
Its emptiness to fulness? If in sooth
He was thus always, he should be by now
Hailed the first head of the earth.

*Lady Reres.* It cannot be
But in your light he hath waxed, and from your love,
Madam, drawn life and increase; but indeed
His heart seemed ever high and masterful
As of a king unkingdomed, and his eye
As set against the sunrise; such a brow
As craves a crown to do it right, and hand
Made to hold empire swordlike, and a foot
To tread the topless and unfooted hill,
Whose light is from the morn of majesty.

*Queen.* When mine eye first took judgment of his face
It read him for a king born: and his lips
Touching my hand for homage had as 'twere
Speech without sound in them that bound my heart
In much more homage to his own.

But Mr. Swinburne is as obscure as history is as to the origin and progress of the Queen's passion. She is here represented as wholly his from first to last, and it is the evident purpose of the poet that she, false and fickle in all things else, outward or inward, should be entirely true to this affection,—

Faithful beyond reach of faith,
Kingdomless queen and wife unhusbanded,
Till in you reigning I might reign and rest.

The day comes when the first great obstacle to this object of two such resolute wills and untamed desires is swept away, and she and he stand beside Darnley's bier—a scene such as Mr. Swinburne's genius delights in painting,—

*Queen.* Let me look on him. It is marred not much;
This was a fair face of a boy's alive.

*Bothwell.* It had been better had he died ere man.

*Queen.* That hardly was he yesterday; a man!
What heart, what brain of manhood had God sown
In this poor fair fool's flesh to bear him fruit?
What seed of spirit or counsel? what good hope
That might have put forth flower in any sun?
We have plucked none up who cut him off at root,
But a tare only or a thorn. His cheek
Is not much changed, though since I wedded him
His eyes had shrunken and his lips grown wan
With sickness and ill living. Yesterday,
Man or no man, this was a living soul:
What is this now? This tongue that mourned to me,
These lips that mine were mixed with, these blind eyes,
That fastened on me following, these void hands
That never plighted faith with man and kept,
Poor hands that paddled in the sloughs of shame,
Poor lips athirst for women's lips and wine,
Poor tongue that lied, poor eyes that looked askant
And had no heart to face men's wrath or love,
As who could answer either,—what work now
Doth that poor spirit which moved them? To what use
Of evil or good should hell put this or heaven,
Or with what fire of purgatory annealed
Shall it be clean and strong, yet keep in it
One grain for witness of what seed it was,
One thread, one shred enwoven with it alive,
To show what stuff time spun it of, and rent?
I have more pity such things should be born
Than of his death; yea, more than I had hate,
Living, of him.

*Bothwell.* Since hate nor pity now
Or helps or hurts him, were we not as wise
To take but counsel for the day's work here
And put thought of him with him underground?
*Queen.* I do but cast once more away on him
The last thought he will ever have of mine.
You should now love me well.

But other impediments stand strong, and in truth they are such that, if the story of the time had remained in a legendary condition, no fancied contrivances for their removal could have been more fantastic or improbable than such as were adopted and were successful. Of the project of Bothwell to carry off the Queen by apparent force, Huntley, as chief actor, is well made here to say, "It is too gross and palpably devised,"—words echoed by all historical criticism down to this our time. Will, again, any research ever explain that astounding document in which the Scotch nobility, almost to a man, not only assent to, but absolutely demand the Queen's marriage with their unscrupulous rival and the husband of Jane Gordon?

In the description of the marriage and the scenes that follow, Mr. Swinburne allows himself a poetic liberty which no one can grudge him. He becomes indeed a sterner moralist than even history warrants. From the moment the purpose of this defiance of the laws of God and man is attained, the retribution begins. She is wed in her old mourning habits, "and her face — as deadly as were they," and for him,—

When the bishop made indeed
His large hard hand with hers so flowerlike fast,
He seemed as 'twere for pride and mighty heart
To swell and shine with passion, and his eye
To take into the fire of its red look
All dangers and all adverse things that might
Rise out of days unrisen, to burn them up
With its great heat of triumph; and the hand
Fastening on hers so griped it that her lips
Trembled and turned to catch the smile from his
As though her spirit had put its own life off
And sense of joy or property of pain
To close with his alone; but this twin smile
Was briefer than a flash or gust that strikes
And is not; for the next word was not said
Ere her face waned again to winter-ward
As a moon smitten, and her answer came
As words from dead men wickedly wrung forth
By craft of wizards, forged and forceful breath
Which hangs on lips that loath it.

And when Herries asks whether this may not have been done for show, to induce the belief that the marriage was imposed by force, Melville replies,

No, 'tis truth;
She is heart-struck now, and labours with herself
As one that loves and trusts not, but the man
Who makes so little of men's hate may make
Of women's love as little; with this doubt
New born within her, fears that slept awake
And shame's eyes open that were shut for love,
To see on earth all pity hurt to death
By her own hand, and no man's face her friend
If his be none for whom she casts them off
And finds no strength against him in their hands.

The French ambassador, Du Croc, mentions the sad and desolate appearance of the Queen after her marriage. And her saying "she wished she were dead," is here enlarged into one of the most powerful scenes of the play, in which Bothwell reproaches her with babbling of her bonds, and lets her see he is not going to be the husband Darnley was, but her lord indeed.

Be you sure
I am not of such fool's mould cast in flesh
As royal-blooded husbands; being no king
Nor kin of kings, but one that keep unarmed
My head but with my hand, and have no wit
To twitch you strings and match you rhyme for rhyme
And turn and twitter on a tripping tongue,
But so much wit to make my word and sword
Keep time and rhyme together, say and slay.
Set this down in such record as you list,
But keep it surer than you keep your mind,
If that be changing: for by heaven and hell
I swear to keep the word I give you fast
As faith can hold it, that who thwarts me here,
Or comes across my will's way in my wife's,
Dies as a dog dies, doomless.

It may be questioned whether the introduction on the stage of Bothwell's former wife, merely that she may see him and Mary together before she fades out of sight for ever, is not superfluous. It certainly brings an alien element into the drama without other meaning than that of making Mary exhibit her bitter jealousy of the cruelly abandoned lady, her former companion and friend. It would have been an improbable event, even in that atmosphere of improbabilities. For any resistance on his wife's part would have been justifiable, the

Papal dispensation negativing any pretence for the legal dissolution of the marriage on ground of consanguinity having lately been found among the family papers at Dunrobin Castle. More light yet may be thrown on the strange relations between her family and that of Bothwell; but as yet our knowledge of her and her sisters is very much confined to the ballad,—

> The Lord of Gordon had three daughters,
> Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean,
> They would not stay in bonny Huntly,
> But they must go to bonny Aberdeen.

With the coming danger courage and confident love revive, and when Bothwell goes to sleep—that last sleep of freedom from which he is to wake to fly for his life—she, still watching, meditates

> 'Tis a night
> That puts our France into my mind; even here
> By those warm stars a man might call it June
> Were such nights many: their same flower-bright eyes
> Look not more fair on Paris, than mine own
> Again shall hardly look on. Is it not strange
> That in this grey land and these grievous hours
> I should so find my spirit and soul transformed
> And fallen in love with pain, my heart that was
> Changed and made humble to his loveless words
> And force as of a master? By my faith,
> That was till now fixed never and made as fire
> To stand a sunlike star in love's live heaven—
> A heaven found one in hue and heat with hell—
> I had rather be mishandled as I am
> Of this first man that ever bound me fast
> Than worshipped through the world with breaking hearts
> That gave their blood for worship. I am glad
> He sometime should misuse me; else I think
> I had not known if I could love or no.

And when the lords threaten to raise the people on her, and bring her to justice for murder and adultery, she throws off the outward coil of meshes for once and for ever, and goes forth defiant to victory or death.

> I had rather
> Have looked on Actium with Mark Antony
> Than bound him fast on Cydnus. O my hour,
> Be good to me, as even for the doubt's sake
> More than safe life I love thee; yet would choose
> Not now to know, though I might see the end
> If thou wilt be good to me; do thy work,
> Have thine own end; and be thou bad or good,
> Thou shalt not smite nor crown a queen in heart
> Found lesser than her fortune.

For her the last two acts are the record of civil war and captivity. In the presence and peril of mortal conflict the nature of Mary finds a satisfaction that the tumults, and even gratification of passion, failed to give, and the self-absorption that tainted all her other life is gone from her altogether.

> *Queen.* ..... That burgh below.
> Is it not Preston Pans? These hills are set
> As stages for the show of such high game
> As is played out for God's content on earth
> Between men's kings and kingdoms; yet I think
> He that beholds hath no such joy o' the game
> As he that plays, nor can the joy be known
> Save of man only, that man has to play
> When the die's throw rings death for him or life.
> How clear the wind strikes from the mounting sun—
> I am glad at heart the day we have of fight
> Should look thus lively on both sides that meet
> Beneath so large an open eye of heaven.

When the issue of the battle is sealed, when there is no other salvation for Bothwell but her own surrender, she hardly hesitates. After her terrible cry—

> Ah God, that we were set
> Far out at sea alone by storm and night
> To drive together on one end, and know
> If life or death would give us good or ill
> And night or day receive, and heaven or earth
> Forget us or remember!

she bids him go—

> It is not I would hold you . . . . .
> Is he got to horse?
> I do not think one can die more than this.

Then turning on the lords with a storm of imprecations, she is borne back to Edinburgh—still undaunted:—

> If she die not till she die for fear,
> She must outlive man's memory; twice or thrice
> As she rode hither with that sable flag
> Blown overhead whereon the dead man lay
> Painted, and by him beneath a garden tree
> His young child kneeling, with soft hands held up
> And the word underwritten of his prayer
> *Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord*—she seemed
> At point to swoon, being sick with two days' fast,
> And with faint fingers clung upon the rein
> And gaped as one athirst with foodless lips
> And fair head fainting; but for very scorn

Was straightway quickened and uplift of heart,
And smote us with her eyes again, and spoke
No weaker word but of her constant mind
To hang and crucify, when time should be,
These now her lords and keepers; so at last
Beneath these walls she came in with the night,
So pressed about with foes that man by man
We could not bring her at a foot's pace through
Past Kirk o' Field between the roaring streets,
Faint with no fear, but hunger and great rage,
With all men's wrath as thunder at her heel
And all her fair face foul with dust and tears,
But as one fire of eye and cheek that shone
With heat of fiery heart and unslaked will
That took no soil of fear.

It is interesting to compare the fascination of the old Hebrew world on Mr. Swinburne, Hellenist as he is, with the same combination of influences on the genius of Heinrich Heine. He, indeed, was a Jew first, and a Greek afterwards, till the physical agony of his later years drove out the happy phantoms of pagan life, and, as he said, "Jehovah conquered him." The religious associations of our English poet here stood him in stead of the Oriental nationality, and the fellow-singer of Bardelaire walks at home in the streets of Jerusalem crying "Woe! woe!" with burning ashes on his head. Thus suitably the speech or sermon of John Knox fills many pages of awful imagery and furious speech, telling the tale of Mary as would a prophetic scripture, with the addition of a fierce irony which thus recalls the memory of Chastelard :—

Folk that came
With wiles and songs and sins from over sea,
With harping hands and dancing feet, and made
Music and change of praises in her ear—
White rose out of the south, star out of France,
Light of men's eyes and love! yea, verily,
Red rose out of the pit, star out of hell,
Fire of men's eyes and burning! for the first
Was caught as in a chamber snare and fell
Smiling, and died with *Farewell, the most fair*
*And the most cruel princess in the world*—
With suchlike psalms go suchlike souls to God
Naked—and in his blood she washed her feet
Who sat and saw men spill it; and this reward
Had this man of his dancing.

After this no wonder that the citizens cry—

If by their mouths to-day
She be set free of death, then by our hands
She dies to-morrow.

Here, indeed, the tragedy of the Queen and Bothwell closes, and the last act, which tells of the escape from Lochleven Castle and the field of Langside, seems rather to be a link with something yet to come than the fit conclusion of so great a drama. For the spirit in which Mary takes refuge in England is by no means that of submission to her destiny, and resignation of her rights and rule. She anticipates her return as an avenger of her own wrongs and those of her faith, in all that splendour of invective of which Mr. Swinburne is so great a master that he should be somewhat more temperate in its use. For it is surely not true to art, whatever it may be to nature, to lower the ideal of a character which the action of a piece has elevated, and so make nugatory whatever individual sympathy or interest it may have won. Mary, having risen from the false and wilful woman into something heroic by a brave self-abandonment and absorbing love, leaves the scene a pitiless bigot and bloodthirsty termagant.

I will make
From sea to sea one furnace of the land
Whereon the wind of war shall beat its wings
Till they wax faint with hopeless hope of rest,
And with one rain of men's rebellious blood
Extinguish the red embers. I will leave
No living soul of their blaspheming faith
Who war with monarchs; God shall see me reign
As he shall reign beside me, and his foes
Lie at my foot with mine; kingdoms and kings
Shall from my heart take spirit, and at my soul
Their souls be kindled to devour for prey
The people that would make its prey of them
And leave God's altar stripped of sacrament
As all king's heads of sovereignty, and make
Bare as their thrones his temples.

Perhaps this censure strikes an inherent defect in Mr. Swinburne's poetical conception, which it is useless to criticize if it is ineradicable, and which it would be ungrateful to insist on too much when we see its conjunction with so many merits. But there must be a limit to "the spirit that denies," or there would be no more Fausts; and if even a moderate amount of good is impossible, there is no longer any humouristic elements in its opposite.

It will be an advantage to our critical literature if this conscientious work puts a stop to the small cavils against Mr. Swinburne's defects of style and occasional mannerisms. Even

where they are evident they have never implied anything more than an excess of metrical force and ingenuity of expression. In the varied and affluent diction of this poem they are altogether lost, and the simplicity of the narrative portion is as great a success as its melodious imagery and dramatic passion.—*R. Monckton-Milnes.*

(LORD HOUGHTON.)

# CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Fortnightly* has several important articles. Mr. J. C. Morison, a man of great ability and one who knows France well, discusses the question whether a Republic is possible in that country. Without positively saying that it is not, he takes a very gloomy view of the situation. He points out with great force the unexampled difficulty in which France is placed from the fact that in her case not the political question, but the political and social questions together, are pressing for solution. The merely political problems before her are great enough to daunt a council of Solons; but the political problems are by no means the hardest part of her task. The tremendous question of capital *versus* labour, to say nothing of those connected with religion and education, are forced upon a nation which has no stage ready upon which they can be profitably discussed. A political machinery, which is still so rudimentary that it is always breaking down, is yet forced or expected to carry the insupportable load of social problems under which the strongest state organizations may yet be made to bend. Another tremendous fact of the situation, in Mr. Morison's judgment, is the "yawning chasm" which exists between classes, especially capitalists and workmen and between religious parties. "It is no exaggeration to say the most prevalent sentiment between employer and employed in France is one of downright hatred. A peaceful issue is not sought, for it is not even desired." In the religious order "there are only two parties, fanatical Catholics and fanatical freethinkers." We cannot help thinking that Mr. Morison's expression with regard to this part of the case must be rather strong. Between people who are engaged in the same trade and obviously dependent on each other, though there may be a good deal of bad feeling, there must be the ordinary sentiment bred by daily commercial intercourse. Fanaticism of any kind is sure to extend only to a small proportion of a great community; the mass of men care more for the common concerns of life. Mr. Morison also gives an account of the obstacles presented to free government by the temperament of the French people, which, we fear, comes pretty much to this, that the French, though amiable and clever, are not, as a nation, good or wise. Corruption, as Mr. Morison reluctantly admits, is spreading in public life. It was great under Louis Philippe, but vastly greater under the Empire, the duration of which enabled it to strike deep roots. After this there is a most lugubrious sound in the parting words with which Mr. Morison relegates the solution of the difficulties to "the purer mind and conscience of France—to the valiant, upright men of whom we may not doubt she has still good store."

"As regards the immediate future, no sensible person would risk a prophecy. It is becoming daily more clear that the danger of a Bonapartist reaction is not the chimerical fancy it was only recently supposed. The danger consists not in the attractiveness of the young pretender, but in the fact that Bonapartism is a vast system, an enormous joint-stock company formidably armed by knowledge, training, and a numerous *personnel* for the exploitation of France. It has grouped around its banner all the sinister interests in the country. These interests are more numerous and better disciplined for resistance, or even for aggression, than they have been in past times. Their power is great, and they know it. They dispose largely of the army, entirely of the police, and the bureaucracy is theirs. At the same time they know that they are gravely threatened, and they are not likely to stick at trifles. If the party of revolution has its precedents of triumph so has the party of reaction. The successes of Vendémiaire, of June, of December, and May, are not forgotten. The effect of grape-shot and shell on the human body are well known. The freedom of France lies naked and unarmed before its foes, who are armed cap-a-pie. They are so strong that they could dispense with massacre if they liked. Macmahon has only to give a few bangs on his big drum to drive away every vestige of liberty underground or across the seas. What will occur, even in the next twenty-

four hours, no man can tell ; but we should be hasty in concluding even yet that the Bonapartist dynasty has been finally excluded from the French throne."

To the list of interests favourable to the Empire Mr. Morison might have added all the sybarites and all the milliners, between them a great power in France.

Mr. A. C. Lyall has an article of great interest on "Missionary Religions," maintaining in opposition to Prof. Max Müller's Westminster Abbey lecture that Brahminism is missionary, that it still lives and is propagated over India faster than any other religion, though not by preaching, by a process of assimilation and absorption, and by revivals within itself. Its force Mr. Lyall holds to consist in three things. It is indigenous, the produce of the soil and of an environment that still exists. It is a social system, and a very elastic one, which the people in India as a body still need ; a religion which, like Brahminism, provides them with social rules, with laws of custom as well as of conduct. It encourages and is nourished by a constant miraculous agency working at full pressure, and by relays of divine embodiments, while in the present intellectual state of the population in India no religion will be widely embraced without miraculous credentials." Mr. Lyall incidentally explains the slow progress of Christianity, in part at least, by its relations to the Government. "Its case is in some respects the reverse to that of Islam ; for there is reason to believe that Christianity had suffered, as to its propagation in India, by the strange success of the Christian conquerors. In nearly a hundred years, up to 1857, the English consistently and sincerely disowned all connection between their politics and their religion. But no degree of energetic asseveration by a powerful government in India has until very lately been supposed by its subjects to afford any clue to the real intentions of the governors ; and so Christianity for many years got also the discredit and jealousy which accompanies support given by the State to a foreign proselytizing religion, without getting any of the support."

Mr. Morley continues his series of articles on Compromise, the special subject of the present being "Religious Conformity." We shall no doubt have the opportunity of noticing the series in a collected form. Mr. Morley never fails to show that, whether he is right or not in his opinions, he is one of the strongest moral elements of his age.

In the *Contemporary*, Mr. Gladstone writes on "The Place of Homer in History and in Egyptian Chronology." Having resigned power, Mr. Gladstone returns to Homer as Cincinnatus returned to the plough. But ploughing is a simple operation, and no doubt was well understood by Cincinnatus. Mythology and Ethnology are not so simple, and we doubt whether Mr. Gladstone, who has not had time for such studies, does understand them. That his Homeric speculations are ingenious will be allowed; but they are based on data the value of which is misapprehended, and they run altogether in a wrong groove. It is pleasant to see a statesman retaining his literary tastes and interests, so long as he treats literature merely as an amusement ; but it is a mistake for such a man to vie with professional scholars on ground where he cannot possibly be their equal.

In an article on Church Parties, Dr. Littledale (a High Churchman) criticizes the Broad Churchmen with extreme vigour. He utterly denies them the possession of any number of men of real ability, and the credit of any work of the least value, and concludes with this stinging exhortation :—"What, then, is needful for the Broad Church party? First, and above all, to take Samuel Johnson's advice, 'Clear your mind of cant.' No school is so lost in mere talk, and unmeaning talk, to the prejudice of action. Next, to study theology, instead of practically arguing, as Dr. Arnold did in all seriousness, that the main qualification for pronouncing authoritative decisions in theology, is to know nothing whatever about it. Thirdly, to face, once for all, the alternative put before them by Strauss,—Historical Christianity or the Worship of the Cosmos,—and to make their choice. No other Christianity is more than mere windy verbiage. Fourthly, to work. I doubt they feel on this last head like the Parisian beggar on whom Marivaux bestowed arms, but the prescription is imperative, and they must submit to the labour-test before obtaining relief. Whenever any Broad Churchmen follow this regimen, they are almost at once absorbed into the High Church ranks, and not unfrequently advance to a foremost position. We want a body of men who will keep the human side of Christianity prominent, but this can only be done by those who believe passionately in the Divine side, and they are not to be found just now in the Latitudinarian camp. Lastly, Broad Churchmen need to dissociate themselves from a body of disreputable camp-followers who damage their character. A clergyman now-a-days who is simply godless and lax, if not actually dissolute, who would have been simply regarded twenty years ago as a black sheep, finds now that by learning to repeat a few words of Broad Church phraseology, especially in depreciation of dogma, he can make good his standing, and be accepted as an exponent of liberal ideas in religion, without being obliged to regulate his personal conduct by even the laxest standard exacted by the other schools. And the more respectable members of the party, conscious of their own numerical weakness, as well as of their haziness on questions of faith

and morals, have not courage enough to disown him. and yet till such excommunication is put in force, the whole section must needs suffer in general esteem. Such is my estimate of the relative attitude of Church parties at the present time. It is necessarily imperfect and *ex parte*, but if it be supplemented, as I hope, by counter-statements, it may assist in the the formation of a sound judgment on the entire question."

In *Macmillan*, Sir Samuel White Baker, whose list of titles, including *Pacha*, M.A., and F.R.S., curiously symbolizes the fusion of the East and West, has an article on Slavery and the Slave Trade. The historical part of the article is somewhat superficial, and wanting in evidence of acquaintance with the best authorities on the subject. But the practical part is of more value. Sir Samuel, while he is heartily opposed to slavery, is in favour not of sudden but gradual emancipation. He says:

"From whatever point of view we regard slavery, it is an unmitigated evil. In a short outline we have traced its origin to barbarous ages, and we have admitted that such an institution is incompatible with civilization. At the same time we must admit that the question is surrounded by many difficulties. In England we at once cut the Gordian knot, and by an Act of Parliament we suddenly emancipated our slaves and rewarded the proprietors with an indemnity of twenty millions. There can be no question that the act was chivalrous, but at the same time foolish. There was a lack, not only of statesmanship, but of common sense, in the *sudden* emancipation of a vast body of inferior human beings, who, thus released from a long bondage, were unfitted for a sudden liberty. The negroes thus freed by the British Government naturally regarded their former proprietors as their late oppressors, from whom they had been delivered by an Act of Parliament. This feeling was neither conducive to harmony nor industry. The man who is suddenly freed requires no logic to assure him that he has been wrongly held in slavery; his first impulse is therefore to hate his former master. A slave who has throughout his life been compelled to labour, will naturally avoid that labour when freedom shall afford him the opportunity. Therefore the sudden enfranchisement of a vast body of slaves created a ruinous famine of labour, and colonies that had been most prosperous fell into decay—the result of ill-advised although philanthropic legislation. If a value had been fixed upon every negro slave as the price of liberty, and he had been compelled to work with his original master at a certain rate per day until he had thus earned his freedom, the slave would have appreciated the benefit of his industry; he would have become industrious by habit, as he would have gained his reward. At the same time he would have parted, or perhaps have remained with his master, without an imaginary wrong. The emancipation of slaves must be gradual, especially in such countries as Turkey and Egypt. England may play the philanthropic fool, and throw away twenty millions for an idea, but how can we expect a poor country to follow so wild an example?

"This is one difficulty. We press Egypt to emancipate her slaves and to suppress the slave trade; but the emancipation would be most unjust and injudicious unless compensation were given to the proprietors who had purchased those slaves when slavery was an institution admitted by the Government. A Government has no more right to take away a man's slave than his horse or his cow, unless some wrong has been committed in the acquisition. Where a Government cannot afford to pay a general indemnity for a general enfranchisement, it is absurd for England to press for a general emancipation. We will even suppose that the slaves were suddenly emancipated throughout the Egyptian dominions, what would be the result? One half would quit the country and return to their old haunts of savagedom. Others would become vagrants; the women would set up drinking and dancing houses, and a general demoralization would be the result."

There is no doubt much good sense in this view. But the difficulty in gradual emancipation is to organize the transition. Sir Samuel Baker is no doubt aware that in the case of the West Indies the British Parliament did attempt the gradual process of instituting a period of apprenticeship, but the evils, and indeed the horrors attending that relation, were found to be such that it was found to be necessary, at all hazards, to bring it to a close.

Sir Samuel represents the present condition of the slaves in Egypt, physically speaking, as good.

# BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL AND OTHER POEMS. By George Eliot. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co., 1874.

The gifted author of "Adam Bede" and others of the most thoughtful and artistic works of fiction of our day, made her first appearance as a poet with the "Spanish Gipsy." It was subjected to keen criticism by that class of reviewers who resent the thought of an author venturing beyond the beaten track of his own speciality. But the very censures of her critics involved the admission that George Eliot had asserted a claim to rank among English poets, if in a lower place than among the novelists; and so her new volume is welcomed with an eager-

ness which has found fitting expression in the issue of a special Canadian edition.

Widely different as the two principal poems are, a common thought furnishes the key to both. The poetess, the author, the artist, has been analysing her own dreams of "that last infirmity of noble minds," the craving for fame, and the true appreciative reward of genius. The primitive legend of the birth of music represents Cain fleeing from the presence of Jehovah, in search of some far strand where, under the rule of kinder gods, he should find peace. There centuries transpire "in glad idlesse;"

"Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
There was no need for haste to finish aught;
But sweet beginnings were repeated still
Like infant babblings that no task fulfil."

But death breaks in on this happy leisure. A new spirit awoke, and "soft idlesse was no more." Lamech's sons gave proof of the new energy in diverse ways; Jabal, in calm regnant supremacy; Tubal-Cain, in restless energy, ever in search of something to subdue; and Jubal, in milder mood, in developing the pastoral life, domesticating the dog, and gathering under his care the flocks and herds which he pastured upon the grassy plain. But as he watched his brother ply the hammer, and listened to the ringing anvil, the soul of melody was won by him from the common store of struggling sound, and Jubal became the father of Song.

"And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
Music, their larger soul, where woe and weal
Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
Moved with a wider-winged utterance.
Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
'Hearing myself,' he said, 'hems in my life,
And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
The great clear voices. Such lands there must be,
Where varying forms make varying symphony—
Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills
With other strains through other-shapen boughs;
Where bees, and birds, and beasts that hunt or browse,
Will teach me songs I know not.'"

He is animated by the spirit of the artist. The inventor of music must sacrifice all for his art. And so he goes forth, wandering through centuries of those patriarchal times, perfecting himself; and seeking in his art its own reward. But at length the yearnings for home overcome all other feelings. He resolves once more to see his brethren, "and that fair plain where I and Song were born." He rejoices in the welcome that awaits him:

"My tribe remembering
Will cry 'Tis he!' and run to greet me, welcoming."

Journeying back through many a strange land, he sees everywhere tokens of change; and nowhere more so than in the old birth-place, now grown to a vast city, with its crowded thoroughfares, its temple, and its

"broad far-stretching paven road
Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode."

But, as his heart sinks within him, his ear is charmed by a volume of joyous melody. A train of youths and maidens wind slowly from out the city, to the sound of lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries; and as they sing in concert, and

"Adoring call on some great name divine,"

he catches the sound of his own name. "Jubal" is the refrain of the melody. A new generation is celebrating a festival in his own honour. All the passionate longings of his poetic nature break forth at the unexpected surprise. He forgot his age; his lyre unstrung; his voice's enfeebled tones:

"All his being leaped in flame
To meet his kindred as they onward came
Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's face...
He rushed before them to the glittering space,
And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
Cried 'I am Jubal, I!... I made the lyre!'"

But Jubal was but a name, or at best the mystic embodiment of the power of song, to the men of that generation. With mingled scorn and scoffing mirth, he is driven forth with blows; and the aged, worn-out patriarch seeks the shelter of a neighbouring thicket:

"The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.
He said within his soul, 'This is the end;
O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul:
I lie here now the remnant of that whole,
The embers of a life, a lonely pain.'"

We see in this the subjectivity of the author herself. "What," she seems to have asked herself, "What is this fame; this power over other minds; this intellectual going forth for others, not without sore throes of the travail of genius? Is it worth all the toil, that a mere name, an empty sound, shall be associated with those works in after time?" But the answer is that which true genius finds satisfaction in giving. It brings with it its own sufficient reward:

"Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any god—
Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
Or thundered through the skies—aught else for share
Of mortal good, than in thy soul to bear
The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious breast?"

We have accordingly reproduced this fine poem on a previous page. The reader who turns to the original volume will find, as already stated, that a common thought inspires "Armgart" and "Jubal." They are the modern and antique phases of the same philosophic fancy, and furnish abundant evidence of the right their author has to be regarded as a true poet.

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THE BALLADS AND SONGS OF SCOTLAND, in view of their Influence on the Character of the People. By J. Clark Murray, LL.D. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. London: Macmillan & Co., 1874.

The Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy of McGill College, Montreal, has here sought relaxation from the abstruse intricacies of metaphysical speculation, in the production of a pleasant volume on Scottish Song and Ballad literature. He adopts as his system of classification the four divisions of 1st. Legendary Ballads and Songs; 2d. Social; 3d. Romantic; and 4th. Historical Ballads and Songs; regarding all specially in view of their influence on the character of the Scottish people; and specially aiming at an answer to the question "Whether we can discover in the Scottish character any trace of an influence exerted by the national ballads and songs? But here the metaphysical training of the writer turns him back on himself: for every agency affecting national character is alternately cause and effect. The character of the Scottish people is undoubtedly influenced by its minstrelsy; but then the popular songs of Scotland owe their peculiar character to that of the people by whom they were produced. Doubtless Burns and Scott have exercised a wondrous influence on the national development. But all that is most characteristic of both is due to the land of their birth; the people among whom they were reared; the influences, civil, social, and ecclesiastical, by which they were surrounded from their cradles. Scotland's songs could not have been the product of England; and they exercise little or no influence on the English as distinct from the Scottish people. "Every manifestation of character is thus at once evidence of the existence of a certain tendency, and a contribution to the force of the tendency from which it has sprung." Moreover the lyrical influence had been perpetuating itself through many generations; before Allan Ramsay popularised, through the press, what had been popular ages before the press existed. "How is Burns great?" asks Gœthe, "except through the circumstance that the whole songs of his predecessors lived in the mouth of the people,—that they were, so to speak, sung at his cradle; that, as a boy, he grew up among them, and the high excellence of these models so pervaded him, that he had therein a living basis on which he could proceed further."

In carrying out his aim, Professor Murray has been successful in the production of an attractive and highly interesting volume, dealing alike with the humour and the pathos with which Scottish song abounds. We can but glance at the comprehensive theme. Take, for example, the ballad of "True Thomas,"—undoubtedly in the main a genuine antique. Here is a quaintly humorous touch of national character. "True Thomas" is being escorted through Elf-land by the Fairy Queen. She has shown him the narrow way of righteousness, beset with thorns and briars; then "the braid, braid road" of wickedness, which lies across a fragrant, lilied lawn; but now she leads him by "a bonny road that winds about the fernie brae." It is neither the thorny path of righteousness, nor the broad, flowery highway of the wicked; but the illusive by-path of Elf-land; where, however, her first proffer is beset with virtuous drawbacks, which the worldly wisdom of "True Thomas" tempts him at once to eschew:

"Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree,—
'Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.'

My tongue is my ain,' true Thomas said;
A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.'
'Now hold thy peace!' the lady said,
'For as I say, so must it be.'"

And so "True Thomas," in spite of himself, is endowed with a tongue that will thenceforth speak nothing but the truth; and which, as he apprehends, will prove a very troublesome companion, whether at court or market, or in fair lady's bower. This pawky national humour abounds alike in the romantic and historical ballads. But the reader must seek them for himself in the author's pages. We shall content ourselves, in the limited space at our disposal, with an extract illustrative of one of the supposed influences and characteristics here dealt with in relation to Scottish song. "Perhaps," says Dr. Murray, "some will see the most unequivocal proof of a romantic spirit among the Scottish people in the love of adventure which has characterized the Scot abroad! I believe that I have sketched some profounder and more general manifestations of that spirit; but there cannot be a doubt that the narrow boundaries of their fatherland, and the extremely

limited nature of its material resources in former times, have been felt by many Scotsmen to afford but a small range for the play of a romantic spirit, and have consequently driven many in whom that spirit was strong into foreign lands. It is also unquestionable that the inheritance of the national spirit, which they have carried with them, has given them a force to clear a way for themselves through the obstacles of nature and the entanglements of society, wherever they have gone, from the time when nearly every European university boasted of its Scotch professor, till the present day, when Scotsmen or their descendants are found occupying prominent situations in the United States and in all the colonies of Great Britain."

Slight as our notice necessarily is, we have said enough to indicate that this volume will reward perusal. It is thoughtful, discriminating; and in its numerous illustrative extracts presents an attractive summary of the national song and ballad, to which, more than to any other influence, we owe both Burns and Scott; and which still serve to keep alive the patriotic glow of national sympathy, and the honest pride on which the sterling virtue of self-respect has so often fixed its secure basis among the Scottish wanderers in many lands.

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THE HEAVENLY VISION; and other Sermons. (1863-1873.) By the Rev. Wm. Cochrane, M.A., Zion Presbyterian Church, Brantford. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

It has been the fashion of late years to make much of the decline of pulpit influence, and to infer from it a corresponding decline of spirituality in the age. There can be no doubt that the sermon or homily no longer occupies the prominent position it once filled. People do not now sit at the feet of their spiritual guides as Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel, or as the Church of Ephesus grouped about the venerable form of the disciple whom Jesus loved. But the same is true of oral instruction of every kind, and true of preaching perhaps to a less extent than any other form of it. On the other hand, the press, which has become the world's great schoolmaster, has been instrumental in extending the sphere of the preacher's influence. He is enabled now to address congregations too vast to be contained in any temple made with hands or to be swayed by the thrilling tones of any human voice. No one can take up one of the religious critical periodicals, the *British Quarterly* for example, without being struck by the voluminous literature which, having first been delivered from the pulpit, have passed through the press into the outer world. In such periodicals again as *Good Words*, which numbers its readers by the hundred thousand in all parts of the globe, addresses delivered originally to limited audiences by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Stanley, Dr. Blaikie or Mr. Dale, make their way into the hearts and consciences of vast multitudes far and remote from the preacher and one another. It is, therefore, a mistake to suppose that the office of the Christian ministry has ceased to be an active power in the world. It is only the mode of its action which has been changed; and what it has lost in one direction has been made up an hundred fold by its gains in another. The publication of sermons has a salutary influence on the clergyman himself; it is a direct discouragement to slovenliness in preparing looseness of thought or carelessness in diction.

Although it does not fall within our province to criticize volumes of this description, we take pleasure in commending Mr. Cochrane's work to Christian readers. The sermons it contains are of unusual ability, and passages might be quoted which have the ring of true eloquence. The language is uniformly well-chosen and the tone of thought, within the limits of evangelical Protestantism, liberal and Catholic. The sermons are, for the most part, of a practical character, either exegetical, unfolding the Christian virtues, or admonitory, exhorting the hearer or reader to bring forth the fruits of sound faith in a well-ordered life. Occasionally, as in "The Numberer of the Stars," we have a well-argued chapter in defence of Theism; in other places, particularly in the sermon "Fearing when entering the Cloud," there are proofs of a liberality of feeling, quite distinct from latitudinarianism, in dealing with honest doubt. Mr. Cochrane is a well-known and highly esteemed minister of the Canada Presbyterian Church, and if the brief reference to this collection of his sermons should induce any of our readers to study it for themselves, they will not be disappointed.

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CLARENDON PRESS SERIES: Burke's Select Works, edited, with introduction and notes, by E. J. Payne, B. A. Fellow of University College, Oxford. Vol. I. Thoughts on the Present Discontents. The two Speeches on America. Oxford at the Clarendon Press.

The Clarendon Press series of educational works, published under the auspices of the University of Oxford, which now includes a large number of volumes in various departments, may be exceedingly useful to us in the Colonies, as well as to the schools of England. But its usefulness depends not only on the ability, but on the discretion of those to whom the preparation of the works is confided, and above all on their perfect neutrality and abstinence from

any thing of a party, or even of a controversial kind. Burke's Select Speeches, being published merely as a literary text book, ought to have been introduced with just so much history as was necessary to render them intelligible to the student, given in a perfectly impartial way. But the present editor has seized the opportunity of having his fling about the politics and the parties of the reign of George III. He and the authorities of the Clarendon Press must be aware that a part of what he says, though stated as acknowledged truth, is disputable, and even paradoxical in a high degree. We cannot be sure that it is even his own matured opinion; for his Academical grade indicates that he is very young. His literary criticisms and his notes are full, careful, and we should say, decidedly good. To his own opinions on political history he is perfectly entitled, but he ought to find bent for them where he has space more fully to explain them, and where they will be understood to be merely his own.

# LITERARY NOTES.

The literature of travel owes much now-a-days to the newspaper correspondents. The enterprising representative of the London *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. J. A. MacGahan, has just published his account of the recent Russian expedition, under the title of "Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva." The narrative is vivid in its character, and gives a most fascinating account of the social and political life of the Khivans; also an interesting description of the Tartar wastes, and the incidents of the expedition to the capital of the Khan and his people. Few modern books of travel are likely to meet with more success than this; and we are glad to see a reprint of the work announced by the Messrs. Harper.

In the Rev. Dr. Farrar's "Life of Christ," just published by Messrs. Cassell, of London, we have perhaps the most satisfactory evidence of what can be done by ample scholarship, a cultivated intellect, intelligent industry, and a devout and reverent feeling. Historians and biographers of the Life of our Lord have been exceedingly numerous in the last twenty years, and they have been of all nationalities and creeds; but few, we judge, of these productions will compare more favourably, and be received with more satisfaction than this new claimant for our favour and admiration. Thoroughly up to the requirements of modern criticism, its learning is never wholly professional; and though addressing itself to the thoughtful and cultivated reader, it will be found essentially a people's history, and a singularly eloquent and graceful narrative.

"Russia's Advance Eastward" is the title of a volume translated from the German of Lieut. H. Stumm, containing the despatches of the Prussian Military Commissioner attached to the Khivan Expedition, with a minute account of the Russian Army, and other objects and results of the movement. Messrs. H. S. King & Co. are the publishers.

Messrs. Routledge announce a new poem by Mr. Longfellow, for the autumn book trade, entitled "The Hanging of the Crane," which is to be brought out in illustrated form at half a guinea.

A third and cheaper edition of the model biography of Bishop Patteson, by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan. The subject of the memorial, it will be remembered, was murdered some two years ago by the natives of the Melanesian Islands, under circumstances of peculiar barbarity; and it is with reference to the unfortunate prelate that the *Saturday Review* says, "Neither the church nor the nation which produces such sons need ever despair of its future."

A reprint, by Messrs. Appleton, has appeared of the admirable treatise of Mr. James Hinton, on "Physiology for Practical Uses, in connection with Every-day Life."

Mr. Whitaker, of the London *Bookseller*, has done good service to the trade, librarians, and book connoisseurs, by the preparation and publication of a "Reference Catalogue of Current Literature," containing the full titles of books now in print and on sale, with a reference index to some 14,000 works. The want of such a book for daily reference has long been felt by the trade, and particularly by booksellers on this side the Atlantic, who have always found it difficult to supply themselves with the current catalogues of the English publishing houses, as they are issued. This mammoth catalogue consists of some 3,200 pages, embracing the titles of about fifty thousand books, and represents the publications of 150 houses—in fact the bulk of the publishing firms of any note in the mother country. The edition issued, we understand, has been four thousand copies, and it speaks well for the appreciation and intelligence of the trade that this large edition was disposed of before publication. A number of copies, we learn, have been ordered for the Canadian book trade, and we may look for a corresponding increase in the bibliographical information of the trade as the result of their assiduous perusal of this important volume.

Messrs. Willing & Williamson have in press a reprint of a work for the Banking community, though it will be of much service to the Mercantile classes of the country, to whom, from its non-technical character, it must be interesting. We allude to Bullion's "Internal Management of a Country Bank, in a series of Canadian Letters on the Functions and Duties of a Branch Manager." The work will have a number of illustrative notes appended to it by a Canadian Bank Manager.

A very acceptable and attractive volume, edited by Mr. G. M. Rose, of the firm of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, appears in a collection of Readings, Recitations, and Dialogues for Sons of Temperence, Good Templars, &c., under the title of "Light for the Temperance Platform." The compilation is made with taste and judgment, and the volume bids fair to have an extensive sale.

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# CANADIAN MONTHLY

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## MIRACLES, MODERN AND MEDIEVAL.

A CANADIAN journal the other day reproduced the account given by M. Majunke, a Catholic priest, and published in an Ultramontane journal, of the miraculous manifestations alleged to have occurred in the case of Louisa Lateau, a peasant girl of Bois d'Haine, in Belgium. Louisa Lateau, according to this account, unites in her own person the two prodigies of *stigmatization* and *ecstacy*. By stigmatization (from *stigmata* marks or brands) it is meant that she has miraculously imprinted on her the five wounds of the Saviour, which bleed during the day of the Passion, that is from the midnight of Thursday to the midnight of Friday, the blood on the forehead running as though under the pressure of a crown of thorns. Ecstacy is the removal of the spirit during prayer from the body to some supernatural realm, while the body is left entirely insensible to all outward impressions, however acute and even painful, the ordinary functions of life going on, but the eyes being glazed and the hands outstretched and fixed. A penknife struck into the girl's hand while she is in this state produces no shrinking and draws no blood. In her ecstacy she understands all languages. What is even more astounding, she has lived for two years without any sustenance except the Holy Communion. M. Majunke, it appears, was himself the eye-witness of what he relates, and he describes, among other things, the motions of Louisa's body in her ecstacy, its rising up and "floating down," as evidently preternatural and baffling all the descriptive powers of ordinary language. "Louisa's cottage," says M. Majunke, "reminds one of the birth in Bethlehem; in the same manner as kings from far distant lands were drawn thither, so do Princes, Counts, Ministers, exalted and learned men—with the exception of Professor Virchow, who appears to be afraid of miracles—make pilgrimages to Bois d'Haine, to contemplate the wonders of God. Professor Virchow, we presume, is a personification of the scepticism of profane science. M. Majunke himself is a German priest, and a representative of the element at war with Bismarck.

These, as M. Majunke truly says, are by no means the first manifestations of the kind.

Thirty or forty years ago there appeared in Tyrol, near Trent, two girls, one of whom had the *stigmata*, the other the gift of ecstacy. They were the subject of a sharp controversy at the time, and Lord Shrewsbury, the leading Catholic layman in England, published a pamphlet to prove the authenticity of the miracles. We happened ourselves to hear a person, then a member of the Church of England, and one who in any ordinary case would have been a most credible witness, declare that he, in company with other persons equally credible, had seen the stigmatization with his own eyes. Nevertheless we believe we are justified in saying, that the supposed miracles were ultimately proved to the satisfaction of all to have been impostures, or rather mixtures of imposture with morbid self-delusion. It was reported that the Archbishop of Trent, a religious man, but also a man of sense, after long declining, had at last been reluctantly induced to visit the *Estatica* and the *Addolorata*, and that he had come away saying to the monks — "Gentlemen, religion is not disease, neither is disease religion."

These miracles are, so to speak, the trail of the Middle Ages. With the Middle Ages the great body of miracles passed away; but instances still occasionally occur in places where the medieval spirit lingers, and in times like the present, when that spirit is excited and alarmed by some particularly formidable inroad of the modern spirit, its mortal antagonist. At the commencement of the Reformation in England, when the monasteries were menaced by Henry VIII., the cell of Elizabeth Barton, the nun of Kent, became the scene of miraculous trances and clairvoyances in the interest of the threatened orders and religion. The interference of Russia and Prussia in favour of the Protestant Dissidents against dominant and persecuting Catholicism in Poland in like manner evoked Catholic miracles, among them a weeping image of the Virgin. The miracle of St. Januarius, of which an account was given in a former number of this Magazine, has remained in existence from another cause: it is periodical, and being annually demanded by the populace of Naples, it is unable to escape into the womb of its mother Night. We venture to assume that it is an illusion, though Dr. Newman solemnly professes his belief in it, as well as in the Holy Coat of Treves.

The analysis of medieval miracles is a curious psychological study, and one not without practical importance in its bearing on some of the burning questions of the present day. It has perhaps been most systematically handled by M. Maury,* on whose stores we will take the liberty of freely drawing, as M. Maury has done to some extent on those of Henke and other German predecessors, though without adopting all his solutions or agreeing with all the conclusions which he is inclined to draw.

It is in the legendary lives of the saints that the records of medieval miracles are principally found; and a careful study of those lives reveals three laws of the medieval imagination, by the action of which the miraculous element of the legends has been mainly generated. The three laws are: a tendency to assimilate the life of the saint actually to that of Christ; a tendency to confuse the literal with the figurative sense of language, the metaphorical being taken as real; and a tendency to forget the meaning of symbols and to supply its place with fabulous explanations. By illustrating, under the guidance of M. Maury, the operation of these laws, we shall perhaps somewhat diminish the reputed sum of human fraud, and if we add proportionally to the sum of human credulity, an age which believes that the spirit world holds converse with the denizens of earth through the legs of tables, may be charitable to the fancies of an elder and less educated time.

The sum of Christianity is the moral and spiritual imitation of Christ. But the monas-

* Essai sur les Legendes Pieuses du Moyen Age.

tic fancy did not limit the imitation to the moral and spiritual. It ascribed to the Saint, as a matter of course, a literal similarity to his Lord; and thus in the general absence of real materials for a biography, the miracles and other incidents of the Gospels furnished forth a legendary history for the glorification of the Abbey's patron and the edification of the religious world. There is a whole roll of Saints whose birth was heralded by miraculous annunciations. St. Bernard, St. Dominic, and St. Bridget are of the number. The mother of St. Clare heard a voice saying, "Fear not, for thou shalt bring forth a light which shall lighten the whole world." In the case of St. Lambert, Bishop of Maestricht, not only was the birth miraculously announced, but the child was nourished with the milk of a virgin. On the shrine of St. Taurinus, at Evreux, is the figure of an angel announcing to the Saint's mother her happy maternity, which recalls by its posture and the wand in its hand the common representation of the Angel Gabriel in the Annunciation. Miracles herald the birth of that most grotesque and repulsive of all the medieval Saints, Thomas A'Becket. The mother of St. Remigius, the Apostle of Gaul, is an old woman like the mother of John the Baptist, and his father recovers his sight at the moment of the birth, as Zacharias in the Gospel recovers his power of speech. Heathen legend has been curiously blended with Gospel History: on the infant lips of Saints famous for their honeyed eloquence settles, as on the lips of the infant Plato, a swarm of bees. The miraculous fast of forty days has been reproduced, according to M. Maury, somewhat sparingly, it having apparently been felt that there would be a certain want of humility in a too exact imitation. St. Albert, however, fasted for the prodigious period of twenty-two years, and, as we have seen, Louisa Lateau has gone two years without food. As to the Gospel miracles, they are reproduced in the life of Saint after Saint. Multiplications of bread swarm. The miracle of Cana is several times repeated. The miracle of the barren fig tree recurs with a reference to the Gospel which betrays its source. Christ walking on the water reappears with some variation of circumstances, the Saint being occasionally carried over the sea on his mantle. M. Maury remarks that miracles of this class (and perhaps we may add the miraculous floatings of the body in ecstacy) are connected with the belief that the bodies of Saints, being more ethereal, were lighter than those of ordinary men. Saints also, like Christ, calm the waters. Miracles of healing are innumerable, even the most peculiar and mysterious of those in the Gospel being faithfully reproduced. M. Maury gives four cases of the healing of a withered hand, and St. Ignatius Loyola is not the only Saint who cures an issue of blood by the touch of his garment. The paralytic takes up his bed, and the eyes of the blind recover their sight by being anointed with clay, as in St. Mark, c. 8. Restorations of the dead to life abound, and with traits which plainly show what the biographer had in view. The later scenes of the Saviour's life are, for obvious reasons, less boldly appropriated, though the bodily sufferings of the Saints in their martyrdoms are compared with His. The Franciscans, however, according to M. Maury, set the example of a more daring imitation which culminated in the inscription over the church of the Cordeliers at Rheims, *Deo homini et Beato Francisco utrique crucifixo.* The birth of St. Francis was announced by the prophets; he had twelve disciples, one of whom was rejected like Judas; he was tempted of the Devil; he was transfigured; he suffered like the Saviour. The Acts of the Apostles and the Old Testament have also furnished subjects for imitation. One Saint multiplies oil in a cruse; a second is fed by an eagle; a third causes the iron head of a hatchet to float; the staff of a fourth swallows up serpents. Others cause water to flow

out of a stony rock, pass unharmed through fire, or walk dryshod amidst the receding waves.

But above all, says M. Maury, the imitation is palpable in the case of the Virgin Mary. In the apocryphal Gospels the things related of her from the Annunciation to the Assumption are unequivocal reproductions of the corresponding scenes in the Gospel. Art lent a helping hand, and, as M. Maury says, we cannot look at Murillo's picture of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary without seeing that even in his time that scene was painted with all the features of the Nativity of Christ. The silence of the Gospel gave free play to the imagination of the devotee. "Thus the Virgin, who scarcely played any part in the theology of the first centuries, and who had risen insensibly to the level of the Creator, became in her turn a model set up for humanity, but especially for women. That woman had attained the highest degree of holiness who most resembled Mary, and the life of more than one female Saint had as it were its pattern in the legend of Our Lady." This new worship awoke naturally in the sex a fervour and an enthusiasm which are to be explained, not only by the disposition to mysticism, but by a sort of pride in having a deity belonging to themselves. Among the men the ideas of chivalry, the religion of love, and the fidelity which was its characteristic, propagated at the same time the worship of the deified woman.

Dr. Newman, in one of his lectures, traces the growth of the legend of the Virgin with the accuracy of a scientific critic, though in highly rhetorical language; then he professes his belief in it with the fervour of a devotee.

To pass to the illustrations of the second law—the tendency to confuse the figurative with the literal. In its infancy the human mind finds no direct expression for abstract ideas. It resorts to figures, metaphors, allegories, parables, in which the East, as the cradle of intelligence, naturally abounds. But in the rude generations which gave birth to the legends of the Saints, the mind of the common people was peculiarly apt to miss the inner sense and take the outward covering of figure, metaphor, allegory, parable, as literal fact.

St. Christopher, according to the legend, was a Canaanite of prodigious strength and stature. Proud of his might, he vows that he will obey no master who owns a stronger than himself. He enters the service of a king, but the king is afraid of the devil. Christopher (whose name as yet was Offerus) passes to the service of the devil accordingly, but the devil shows fear when he comes to a cross by the wayside, and Offerus renounces that service also, and betakes himself to a wilderness, resolved to search for the Christ whose power the devil so much dreads. By the advice of a hermit he prepares himself for his conversion by carrying on his shoulders all the passengers across a torrent near the hermit's abode. One evening he hears a feeble voice crying to be carried over. He at once goes out of his cabin and finds a little child: he places the child upon his shoulders and plunges into the stream; but the child grows heavier every moment, and when Offerus is in the midst of the torrent his gigantic strength fails; he tries in vain to stay himself on his staff and begins to sink. The child then says to him, "Christopher, Christopher (that is 'Bearer of Christ'), be not afflicted because thou hast not been able to bear the world and him who made it." The key to the legend is the name Christopher, which denotes that we ought always, as Christians, to bear Christ in our hearts.

The new life unto righteousness which followed baptism was converted into a literal resurrection from the dead. In the case of St. Renatus (Born-again), the legend is founded, as in the case of St. Christopher, on a literal interpretation of a figurative name. St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, according to

the legend, restored to life some children whose flesh had been served up for his meal. In memory of this miracle, the Saint is always represented standing by a tub in which are three children with hands joined. This tub is originally the baptismal font, in which are placed three catechumens, types of the pagan nations which the apostle had converted, and to which he had given a new existence by baptism. In the Lateran palace is a representation of the Bishop of Myra actually baptizing catechumens, with the inscription, suggestive of the process by which the legend grew, *Auxit mactatos hic vivo fonte renatos.* The little figures in the tub are not really children, but men painted on a smaller scale than the Saint, whose moral superiority is indicated according to a usage derived from pagan art by the superiority of his stature.

The marvellous virtues ascribed to the figure or sign of the Cross, which was supposed to be a protection against demons, and a talisman powerful over all the forces of nature, may be set down as emanating from the same habit of mind. But perhaps M. Maury rather overstrains this particular explanation, when he resolves the legend of the finding of the Cross by Helena into a literal interpretation of the sentiment that to find the Cross is to find salvation.

The figurative description of sin as a moral leprosy, or generally as a moral malady, and of deliverance from sin as a restoration to moral health, has given rise to numerous legends of miraculous cures. St. Arnulphus, and St. Sebastian heal leprosy by baptism. Over the portal of St. Saturninus, at Toulouse, was the statue of the saint baptizing a young girl, with the inscription, *Jure novæ legis sanatur filia regis* ("by virtue of the new covenant, the king's daughter is restored to health"). But the people, incapable of understanding that a spiritual restoration only was meant, invented a legend of the miraculous cure of a young princess by the saint. Under the statue was another inscription *cum baptizatur mox mordox lepra fugatur*, "baptism drives out the eating disease of leprosy;" which helped to propagate the error. One saint is himself restored to sight by baptism; another opens the eyes of a blind man by touching him with the Cross. In each case spiritual blindness has been converted into physical by the legend.

The doctrine of Transubstantiation has been described as rhetoric turned into dogma. The imagination of the vulgar did not stop at the line traced by the subtle theory of the doctors of the church. It turned the elements into real flesh and blood, and invented legends of the Host bleeding when touched by the profane. Blood issued from the Host, according to one story, when it was struck by the dagger of a Jew.

In the legendary lives of many saints, occurs a miraculous multiplication of money in the saints' hands. Here again, in the opinion of M. Maury, we have a sort of allegory materialized by popular misapprehension. The meaning of the allegory was that charity multiplies the means of beneficence. The occurrence of the same miracle in a number of legends points to some common idea as the origin of all.

Saint Judicael falls in with a leper whose malady inspires the people with disgust and terror. The Saint alone feels compassion. Hearkening only to the voice of pity, he braves the danger, subdues his loathing, and takes the sufferer under his care. This sublime charity is signally rewarded, for the leper is Christ himself. The same incident occurs with slight variations in several other legends. Here the conversion of allegory into fact is palpable. Indeed, the words of the Gospel, "He that receiveth one such little child in my name *receiveth me*," probably supplied the original hint for the whole train of such legends.

Comparisons of spiritual beauty, sweetness, and bloom to the rose, the lily, the verdant bough, have given birth to a host of legends of blossoming wounds, of roses bursting into

bloom at the moment of a saint's death, of lilies issuing from the mouth of the saintly dead. One saint being asked by a brother saint whence he derived the force and unction of his discourses, answers by pointing to a crucifix. The biographer reports the words in their true signification, but the popular mind gives birth to a legend of a speaking crucifix, and the miracle becomes a subject for the painter. The weighing of men's merits and demerits in the Last Judgment has been grotesquely materialized by ecclesiastical art, and the same fate has befallen the conception of the other world generally, as will appear on reference to any of those visions of Heaven, Purgatory and Hell, of which several are found in monkish writers; and of which Danté's great poem is a sublime expansion.

"For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish; to the one we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other the savour of life unto life." (II. Cor. ii. 15.) Saints are commonly represented by the legends as dying literally "in the odour of sanctity," their bodies diffusing a sweet smell. From the bodies of the wicked, on the other hand, and even from those of great potentates, such as King Henry I., whose worldly grandeur was odious to the monks, a fetid smell is exhaled. By a similar perversion of metaphor, the incorruptibility of holiness has given birth to a multitude of stories of the bodies of saints found long after death in a perfect state of preservation.

The figure of marriage, denoting the mystic union of Christ with the Church, or of the soul with Christ, evidently gave rise to the portentous legend of St. Catherine, who was believed to have been actually wedded to the Saviour, and whose bridal chamber, says M. Maury, was long shown in Italy. The other legend of St. Catherine which represents her heart as having been miraculously taken out of her body and replaced by a new one, is an equally palpable case of metaphor materialized. It was the legend of St. Catherine, again, in all probability, that set working the fancy of Marguerite Alacoque, of whom we heard so much the other day in connection with the great pilgrimage of Reaction to the scenes of her miraculous story, and who imagined that her heart was taken out of her and replaced in the same way. Marguerite Alacoque, if M. Maury's account is correct, furnished yet another instance of the perversion of allegory, for she imagined that the name of Christ was literally graven on her heart.

We can have little difficulty in bringing under this law the *stigmatization* or impression of the marks of the passion on the body of which St. Francis, of Assisa, is the first famous example, while the Addolorata of the Tyrol and Louisa Lateau are the latest. Spiritual assimilation to the crucified Saviour has been turned into a material imprint of his wounds. But hereby, if we mistake not, hangs a tale which has escaped the notice of M. Maury, at least is not mentioned by him. He refers to the text, "From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus" (Gal. vi. 17), as the origin of the notion which has given birth to this train of legends. But he fails to observe that the *marks (stigmata)* of which St. Paul speaks are not the marks of wounds, but the brandmarks on a slave, indicating the owner, so that the real meaning of the text is, "I am dedicated to the service of Christ." Thus misinterpretation has been combined with materialization, while to both, in the case of these women, has probably been added the disturbing influence of disease.

Symbolism, the tendency to misinterpret which, according to M. Maury's theory, forms the third of the three sources of legend, was largely employed by the early Christians, as the remains found in the catacombs testify. But the intelligent use of symbolism implies a certain amount of intellectual cultivation, and as the vocal organs of the

barbarians were unable to pronounce the inflections of the Latin language, so their rude minds appear to have been unable to enter into the imagery which embodied the conceptions of the more civilized Christians of the Roman Empire. Their modes of depicting sacred subjects altogether were in the highest degree coarse, and the anthropomorphism which found its way into representations of the Trinity at last shocked the more cultivated of the ecclesiastics themselves.

The most familiar of all symbols, the serpent, was converted by the popular imagination from the emblem of evil into an actual reptile. Hence a number of legends representing missionary saints, who delivered a district by their preaching from its paganism and vice, as having miraculously cleared it of its reptiles. The best-known of these legends is that of St. Patrick, but Ireland does not alone enjoy the honour of supernatural purgation. The apostles of Brittany expelled the serpents which infested that country. In Wales, in the fifth century, the virgin Saint Keyna did the same for the district of Keynsham. In Pomerania a brood of fiery serpents fled before the advent of Christianity. St. Clement at Metz, St. Armand at Maestricht, St. Saturninus at Bernay, performed similar miracles. Many saints healed the bites of serpents. Holy water and the sound of church bells drove reptiles away. There is a Celtic belief that snakes, when they are some years old, get wings and fly away to Babylon. It is easy, remarks M. Maury, to recognize in this belief the emblematic character of the serpent as the personification of evil, whose kingdom is Babylon.

The lion was a symbol of force and of the devouring adversary of the Christian soul. It appears in an attitude of submission, by the side of the Hermit Saint, as an emblem of the Hermit's moral might, and of his spiritual victory. But the symbol was turned into a reality, and the story of Andronicus and his friendly lion was reproduced in the legends of St. Jerome and other Saints. In some legends the lion was the Saints' protector, in others he was the miraculous discoverer of the Saints' relics. The wolf and the bear, like the lion, were symbols of demoniac force and cruelty, and, like the lion, were turned by popular fancy into literal animals, whose ferocity had been subdued by the supernatural virtue of the Saint. They were even compelled to serve the Saint as beasts of burden, a story which runs through several legends, each biographer in turn appropriating the marvel for the benefit of his own Saint. The hog, again, couched at the feet of St. Anthony, denoted the demon of sensuality vanquished by the austerities of the ascetic; but the popular fancy saw in it a real animal miraculously attached to the Saint.

The hart was also a sacred animal employed in symbolism, and, says M. Maury, constantly identified with the unicorn, which was supposed to bear the mark of the cross on its forehead. There is a set of legends in which deer are introduced, indicating the destined site of an abbey, or guiding to the place where relics are to be found. There are other legends in which the hart appears with the crucifix between his horns, and represents Christ himself, perhaps as the Persecuted One. Of them the legend of St. Hubert, Bishop of Liege, is the best known. On Good Friday, St. Hubert being profanely engaged in hunting, was carried by the ardour of the chase into the thickest part of the forest, leaving his train behind him. A stag of supernatural size suddenly appeared, and instead of taking to flight advanced towards the hunter. Hubert, gazing in astonishment, saw that the stag bore between its horns the image of the crucified Saviour. At first paralyzed with awe, he was at last enabled by Divine grace to dismount and fall on his knees before the apparition. As soon as he had finished his prayer, the stag addressed to him these words, "O Hubert, Hubert, how long wilt thou pursue the wild

beasts of the forest? If thou dost not quickly turn to God, and resolve to lead a better life, thou wilt be cast for ever into hell." Hubert, like St. Paul, was converted and cried, "Lord, what wilt thou that I do?" "Go," said the stag as it disappeared, "to Maestricht, to my servant Lambert, who will tell thee what to do." Not only is the symbolical turned into the literal stag, but St. Hubert, Bishop of Liege, is turned into a huntsman, and the patron of huntsmen, whose anniversary was celebrated at many courts by a solemn chase. In this case, also, as M. Maury remarks, the recurrence of the same animal in a whole group of miraculous legends, indicates the existence of the common cause which set the fancies of the different fabulists at work.

The dove was the emblem of innocence, and also of the presence of the Holy Spirit, in which latter signification it was a frequent ornament of the baptismal font. But when placed emblematically at the side of Saints, as it was in many cases, it became to the vulgar apprehension an actual dove, in the form of which the Holy Spirit had manifested itself to these holy personages, or descended on the scene of their preaching. Among the rest, the dove which the artist had painted at the ear of St. Gregory the Great or St. Basil, to denote that the source of their eloquence was the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, lost its emblematic significance, which was replaced by a miraculous legend. The story of the *Sainte Ampoule* of Rheims, used at the coronation of the Kings of France and the palladium of the Monarchy, falls probably under the same category: it was brought full of divinely-scented ointment by a dove to St. Remi, at the baptism of Clovis. In a crowd of legends, too, the soul wings its way to heaven in the form of a dove from the mouth of the dying saint, especially when the saint is a virgin. In one story, which represents a dove rising from the funeral pile on which a saint's body had been burnt, it is conjectured that the idea was derived from the pagan practice of setting loose an emblematic eagle from the funeral pile of a deceased Emperor. The raven was the symbolic opposite of the dove, and it, too, figures literally in a number of legends.

In Greek, the letters which make up the word *fish* (ἰχθυς) are the initial letters of the name and title of the Saviour. Hence the fish became a mystic symbol; and the meaning of the symbol in this case, as in others, having been lost, we have legends of hermit saints fed by miraculous fish, which are reproduced as fast as they are eaten. Sometimes it is the same fish which is partly eaten each day and becomes whole again; sometimes, as in the legend of St. Neot, there is a pair of fishes, and one being eaten each day, the pair always re-appears on the morrow.

The emblem of the four Evangelists, originally taken from Ezekiel, was literalized; the crown of glory was literalized; the horns which were a symbol of brute force became a literal appendage to the hideous head of the power of evil.

When a saint had suffered martyrdom by decapitation, it was the habit of the painters to depict him with his head in his hand, simply to show what manner of death he had died. Hence we have a score of legends of saints, St. Denis among the number, who walked, after being beheaded, with their heads in their hands. In the case of St. Cecilia, the musical saint, the process of legend-making has been more subtle. The words of the original story which represented the saintly virgin, while the profane wedding music was sounding, as making a holier music in her own heart to the Lord *(illa in corde suo soli Deo psallebet)*, were rendered symbolically by the painter under the image of an organ; and thus St. Cecilia became a musician and the patroness of music by a title much of the same kind as that by which St. Hubert became the patron of hunters.

A mere name, misunderstood, has some-

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times sufficed to give title to a legend. Sophia (Wisdom) has been turned into a saint. The same thing has happened to the names of Faith, Hope, and Charity. *Architriclinus* (Master of the Feast) has been distorted into *Archiæclinus*, who is made the bridegroom at the marriage feast in Cana. The Ursula and Undecimella, VV. MM., (Virgins and Martyrs) of some old calendar have filled with the bones of *eleven thousand* martyred virgins a sacristy at Cologne.

M. Maury disclaims any intention of putting forward his system of interpretation as infallible. But we must admit that it is at least worthy of attention; and the reasonable inquirer will probably prefer it on the one hand to belief in a multitude of prodigies often of the most grotesque description, and on the other hand to the supposition of enormous lying and stupendous fraud

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## BROKEN.

[After Heine.]

*(From "College Rhymes," by Members of Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.)*

I WOVE my love a wreath of flowers,
Her golden locks to bind,
She wore it for a few short hours,
Then flung it to the wind.

I gave my love a ring of gold,
On our betrothal day,
But ere it was a summer old,
The gift was thrown away.

I gave my love a man's true heart,
To link it with her own;
She rudely burst the chain apart
Ere summer days had flown.

I cannot give a golden dower,
And so we fain must part;
What have I left? A faded flower,
Snapped ring—and broken heart.

Geoffrey Noel.

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## GERMAN LOVE.*

*(Concluded.)*

### SIXTH RECOLLECTION.

THE next morning there was an early knock at my door, and my old doctor, the Hofrath (court physician), entered. He was the friend, the guardian of every soul in our little city. He had seen two generations grow up; the children he had brought into the world had themselves become fathers and mothers; and he looked upon them all as his own children. He was unmarried, though even in his old age he might still be called strong and handsome. I never knew him otherwise than as he then stood before me, his clear blue eyes shining from beneath his bushy eyebrows, his thick white hair still full of youthful vigour, curling and bright. I must not forget his shoes with silver buckles, his white stockings, and the brown coat, which always looked new and yet always seemed the old one, and his gold-headed cane was the same which as a child I had often seen standing by my bedside when he felt my pulse and prescribed medicine for me. I had often been ill, but faith in this man always made me well again. I never had the least doubt that he could cure me, and when my mother said she must send for the Hofrath to make me well again, it was the same to me as if she had said she must send to the tailor to mend my torn trowsers. I had only to take the medicine and I felt that I must recover.

"How are you, my young friend?" he said as he entered the room. "You do not look quite well—must not study too much But I have no time to-day for talking. I only came to say you must not go again to the Countess Maria. I have been with her the whole night and it is your fault. Therefore mind, if her life is dear to you, do not visit her again. As soon as possible she must go away into the country. It would be better if you were to travel for a while. So good day, and be a good boy."

With these words he gave me his hand, looked kindly into my eyes as if he would exact a promise from me, and then went on further to visit his sick children.

I was so astonished that another should have all at once penetrated so deeply into the secret of my soul, that he should know what I myself hardly knew, that I only began to think when he was already far up the street. Then my heart began to heave like water that has long stood beside the fire without movement and suddenly boils up, and bubbles and mounts and hisses till it overflows.

Not to see her again? I only live when I am near her. I will be quiet. I will not speak a word to her. I will only stand at the window as she sleeps and dreams. But not to see her again? Not even to take leave of her? She does not know, she cannot know that I love her. I do not love her. I desire nothing, I hope nothing, my heart never beats more quietly than when I am near her. But I must feel her presence. I must breathe her spirit. I must go to her, and she expects me. And has fate brought us together without intention? Am I not to be her comfort, and is she not to be my rest? Life is no mere game. It does not drive two human souls together like two grains of sand in the desert which the Sirocco whirls together and then apart. The souls which are brought near us by a kind fate we must hold fast, for they are intended for us, and no power can tear them from us if we have courage to live, to struggle, to die

* Translated from the Third German Edition.

for them. She would despise me if I were to give up her love at the first clap of thunder like the shadow of a tree beneath which I had dreamed away so many happy hours.

Then suddenly all became still within me, and I heard only the words "her love," and they sounded again from every corner of my heart as an echo, and I was frightened at myself. "Her love!" and how had I deserved it? She hardly knew me, and if she could ever love me must I not myself confess to her that I did not deserve the love of an angel? Each thought, each hope that rose in my soul fell back like a bird which tries to soar into the blue sky, and does not see the wire which encloses him on every side. But then, wherefore all this blessedness, so near and so unattainable? Cannot God work miracles? Does He not work miracles every morning? Has He not often listened to my prayer when it rose to Him in full faith and would not let Him go till it won comfort and help for the weary soul? It is no earthly blessing for which we pray, it is only that two souls who have found and recognized each other may finish this short journey of life arm in arm, face to face, that I may be a support to her in her sufferings, and she my comfort or my sweet charge till we reach the goal. And if a late spring were but granted to her life, if her sufferings were but removed. Oh! what blessed pictures passed before my eyes. The castle of her dead mother, in the Tyrol, belonged to her; there on the green mountains, in the fresh mountain air, among a healthy unspoiled people, far from the bustle of the world, from its cares and struggles, with no one to envy us, no one to judge us, in what blessed peace we could contemplate the evening of life, and "silently pass away like the evening glow." Then I saw the dark lake with the glance of its living waves, and in them the clear reflection of the distant glacier, and I heard the bells of the herds and the songs of the herdsmen, and saw the hunters with their rifles clamber over the mountains, and the old and young gather together of an evening in the village, and over all I saw her form floating like an angel of peace, and I was her guide and her friend. Old fool, I cried aloud, Old fool, is thy heart still so wild and so soft? Nerve thyself; think who thou art, and how far removed from her. She is friendly and likes to see herself mirrored in another soul; but her childlike confidence and ease best prove that no deeper feeling for thee lives in her breast. Hast thou not seen on many a bright summer night in wandering alone through the beech woods, how the moon shed its silver light over every branch and leaf, and how it lighted up even the dark gloomy waters of the fishpond, and reflected itself brightly in the smallest drop. So she looks out upon this night of life, and thou mayest bear her soft light reflected in thy heart, but hope not for a warmer ray.

Then her image rose suddenly as if alive before my eyes; she stood before me not as a memory but as a vision, and for the first time I was aware of how beautiful she was. It was not the beauty of form or of colouring such as dazzles us at the first sight of a lovely maiden, and which will pass away as quickly as a spring blossom. It was far more the harmony of the whole being, the truth of every movement, the spiritual expression, the perfect interpenetration of body and soul which gave such delight to those who saw her. The beauty which nature lavishes so profusely does not please unless the possessor can appropriate it, and as it were deserve and conquer it. No, it rather offends; as when we see an actress on the stage advance in royal robes, and observe at every step how little her dress suits her, how little it belongs to her. Grace is the real beauty and grace is the spiritualizing of all that is dull, and material, and earthly; it is that pressure of the spirit which even makes the ugly beautiful. The more closely I observed the vision which stood before me the more I perceived the noble beauty of every linea-

ment, and the depth of soul that lay in her whole being. Oh! what blessedness was near me,—and was it all only to show me the highest summit of earthly happiness, and then to cast me down for ever into the flat sandy waste of life! Oh! that I had never imagined what treasures this earth holds! But to love once, and then to be alone for ever! To believe once, and then to despair for ever! To see the light once, and then to be blind for ever! That is torture, compared to which all human torture-chambers are as nothing.

And thus the wild hunt of my thoughts swept on and on, till at last all became still, and the whirling feelings were gradually collected and composed. Men call this quiet and exhaustion after thought; it is more like aftersight—we give the mixture of thoughts time till it all crystallizes of itself, and according to eternal laws we watch the process like an attentive chemist, and when the elements have taken their form we often wonder that they and we are so entirely different from what we expected.

The first word I spoke as I roused myself from my trance was, "I must go;" and I sat down that same moment and wrote to the Hofrath that I was going away for a fortnight and left all to him. An excuse was soon found for my parents, and that evening I was on my way to the Tyrol.

### SEVENTH RECOLLECTION.

To wander arm in arm with a friend through the valleys and over the mountains of the Tyrol gives one fresh strength and desire for life. But to pursue the same way, lonely and alone with one's thoughts, is but lost time, lost toil. Of what benefit to me are the green mountains and the dark ravines, the blue lake and the mighty waterfalls? Instead of my looking at them they look at me, and wonder at the desolate human face; and it almost broke my heart to feel that I had found no one in the whole world who would rather be with me than any other human being. With such thoughts I awoke every morning, and, like a tune that one cannot get out of one's head, they followed me the whole of the day; and when of an evening I entered the inns and sat down wearily, and the people in the room looked at me, and every one wondered at the lonely wanderer, my feelings often forced me out again into the night, where no one saw that I was alone, and then I crept back again quite late, and went softly up to my room, and threw myself on my hot bed, and till I slept that song of Schubert's echoed through my soul: "Peace is where thou thyself art not." At length the sight of the people that I met everywhere rejoicing and glad, and laughing amid the exquisite scenery, became so insupportable that I slept during the day time and pursued my journey from place to place during the clear moonlight nights. There was at least one feeling that drove away and diverted my thoughts, and that was fear. For, let any one try to climb up the mountains alone, the whole night through, on an unknown road, where the eye, unnaturally strained, sees distant forms which it cannot make out; when the ear, with morbid intensity, hears sounds without knowing where they proceed from, where the foot suddenly stumbles, be it over a root, breaking through the rock, or over a slippery path, moistened by the spray of a waterfall, and at the same time a hopeless blank in the heart—no recollections by which to warm the soul, no hope to which to cling—let any one try this, and both outwardly and inwardly he will feel the cold horror of night. The earliest fear of the human heart arises from being forsaken by God; but life drives this away, and men, who are created in the image of God, comfort us in our loneliness. But when their help and love forsake us again, then we feel what is meant by being deserted by God and man, and nature with its dumb glance frightens us more than it consoles us. Yes, even when we plant our foot firmly on the

solid rocks, they seem to tremble like the foam of the sea from whence they once slowly arose; and when the eye longs for light, and the moon rises behind the fir woods and draws their sharp points on the bright wall of rocks opposite, it looks to us like the dead hand of a watch, which was once wound up and will some day cease to strike. Even in the stars and the distant vault of heaven there is no support for the soul, which trembles and feels itself alone and deserted. Only one thought brings us comfort sometimes—that is, the quiet, the order, the immensity, the all-pervading presence of nature. Here, where the waterfall has clothed the gray stone on both sides with dark green moss, deep in the cool shadow a blue forget-me-not suddenly catches the eye. It is one of millions of sisters that now bloom by every streamlet and over every meadow of the earth, and have bloomed ever since the first morning of creation scattered the whole wealth of inexhaustible power over the world. Each line on its leaves, every stamen in its calyx, every filament of its roots, is numbered, and no power on earth can increase or decrease them. When we aid our dim-sighted eyes, and with superhuman power look deeper into the secrets of nature, when the microscope opens to us the quiet laboratories of the seed, of the buds, and of the flowers, we perceive anew in the finest tissues and cells the same constantly recurring form, and in the slightest filaments the eternal unchangeableness of nature's laws. Could we go still deeper the same world of forms would everywhere meet our eyes, and as in a room surrounded with mirrors, the eye would lose itself in repetition. Such an infinity lies buried in this little flower; and if we look up to heaven we trace the same eternal order, as moons revolve round planets, the planets round suns, and the suns round new suns, and to the sharpened eye the most distant nebula becomes a beautiful new world. Think, then, how those majestic stars circle round and round that the seasons of the year may change, that the seed of this forget-me-not may rise again into life, the cells open, the leaves spring forth, and the flowers adorn the carpet of the fields; and think of the beetle that cradles itself in the blue cup of the flower, and whose awakening to life, whose enjoyment of existence, whose living breath is a thousand times more wonderful than the tissues of the plant, or the dead mechanism of the heavenly bodies—and feel that thou also dost belong to this eternal circle, and thou mayest console thyself with the innumerable creatures that move and live and fade away with thee. But if this All, with its smallest and its greatest creatures, its wisdom and its might, with the wonder of its existence and the existence of its wonders, is the work of a Being before whom thy soul need not tremble, before whom thou canst bow in the feeling of thy weakness and nothingness, and to whom thou also canst look up, from a sense of His love and compassion,—dost thou feel truly that in thee lives something more lasting and eternal than the tissues of the flowers, the spheres of the planets, and the life of the beetle? Dost thou recognize in thyself, as in a shadow, the lustre of the Eternal shining around thee? Dost thou feel in thee and beneath thee, and over thee, the omnipresence of the True, in whom thy semblance becomes being, thy agony rest, thy loneliness communion? Then thou knowest to whom thou dost cry in the dark night of life, "Father and Maker, Thy will be done as in heaven so on earth; as on earth so in me." Then all within and around thee becomes clear, the morning twilight with its cold mists vanishes, and new warmth streams through trembling nature. Thou hast found a hand which thou wilt never leave, which will hold thee when the mountains tremble and the planets are extinguished. Wherever thou art, thou art with Him, and He with thee. He is the ever near, and His is the world with its

flowers and thorns, and His is man, with his joys and sorrows. "Not the slightest thing can happen to thee but by the will of God."

With such thoughts I pursued my way; sometimes I was happy, sometimes sad; for even when we have attained rest and peace in the deepest recesses of the soul, it is difficult to remain in this holy solitude. Yes, many forget it again after they have found it, and hardly know the way that will lead back to it.

Weeks had flown by, and not a syllable from her had reached me. "Perhaps she is dead, and lies in quiet rest," was another song that floated on my tongue, and always returned as often as I drove it from me. It was possible, for the Hofrath had told me she had a heart complaint, and each morning when he went to her he prepared himself to find her no longer alive. And if she had left this world without my having taken leave of her, without my having told her even at the last moment how I loved her, could I ever forgive myself? Must I not follow her till I found her again in another world, till I heard from her that she loved me, and that she forgave me. How men play with life, and delay from day to day the deed that they might do, and the greatest delight that they might enjoy, without thinking that every day may be their last, and that lost time is lost eternity. Then all the words of the Hofrath, when I last saw him, came back to me, and I felt that I had only resolved on my sudden departure to show him my firmness—that it would have been harder to me to confess my weakness to him and remain. Now, it seemed clear to me that there was but one duty for me—to return to her without delay and to bear all that heaven might send us. But just as I had made a plan for my return there suddenly rose to my memory the words of the Hofrath, "As soon as possible she must go away into the country." She had herself told me that she generally spent the summer at her castle. Perhaps she was there, close to me; in a day I could be with her. No sooner thought than done. By daybreak I had started, and in the evening I stood at the door of the castle.

The evening was still and bright, the summits of the mountains shone in the full golden sunset, and the lower slopes were bathed in a rosy blue. From the valleys a gray mist was rising, which suddenly became bright, when it floated up into the higher regions, and then, like a sea of clouds, floated towards heaven. And this whole play of colours was reflected again in the slightly heaving bosom of the dark lake, on whose shores the mountains seemed to rise and sink, so that only the tops of the trees and the pointed church tower, and the rising smoke from the houses, showed the line where the real world parted from its reflection. But my eye was directed to one point only—that was the old castle, where a presentiment told me I should find her again. No light was visible in the windows, no step broke the silence of the evening. Had my presentiment deceived me? I went slowly through the first gateway and up the steps, till I stood in the court-yard of the castle. Here I saw a sentinel walking up and down, and I flew to him to inquire who was in the castle. "The countess is here and her attendants," was the short answer; and in an instant I stood at the chief entrance and had already rung the bell. Then it first struck me what I had done. No one knew me, and I could not, dared not say who I was. I had wandered for weeks through the mountains, and looked like a beggar. What should I say? Whom should I ask for? But there was no time to consider; the door opened, and a porter in the princely livery stood before me, and looked wonderingly at me.

I asked whether the English lady, who I knew never left the countess, was in the castle; and, as the porter answered in the affirmative, I asked for paper and ink, and

wrote to her that I was here to inquire how the countess was.

The porter called a servant, who carried the letter upstairs. I heard each step in the long passages, and with each minute that I waited, my position became more intolerable. On the walls hung old family pictures of the princely house, knights in full armour, ladies in old-fashioned costumes, and in the midst of them a woman in the white dress of a nun, with a red cross on her breast. At other times I had often seen these pictures, and never thought how a human heart had once beat in their breasts. But now it seemed as if I could suddenly read whole volumes in their features, and as if they all said to me, "We, too, once lived; we, too, once suffered." Under this iron armour secrets lay once concealed, as now in my heart. This white dress and this red cross are living witnesses that here, too, a struggle was fought, such as raged now in my breast. And then they all seemed to look on me with pity; then again a haughty pride lay in their features, as if they would say "You do not belong to us." Every minute I became more uncomfortable, when suddenly a light step roused me from my dreams. The English lady came down the staircase and begged me to go into a room. I looked inquiringly at her to see if she guessed what was going on. But every feature was perfectly unmoved, and, without allowing herself the slightest expression of interest or surprise, she told me, in a measured voice, that the countess was much better to-day, and invited me to come to her in half an hour.

Like a good swimmer who ventures far out into the sea, and first thinks of his return when his arms begin to be tired, and then divides the waves with speed, and hardly dares to raise his eyes to the distant shore, who feels with every stroke that his power is failing, and yet will not own it, till at last, powerless and convulsed, he hardly preserves any consciousness of his situation, then suddenly his feet touch the firm ground and his arm grasps the first boulder of the shore; so it was with me when I heard these words. A new life of reality approached me, and all I had suffered was a dream. There are but few such moments in a man's life, and thousands have never felt their magic. But the mother, who for the first time cradles her child in her arms; the father who receives back his only son from the wars, crowned with glory; the poet, whose own nation greets him with acclamations; the youth whose warm pressure of the hand is returned by some loved one with one warmer—they know what is meant by a dream turning to reality.

The half-hour was over, and a servant came and led me through a long suite of rooms, opened a door, and in the faint evening light I saw a white form, and above her a high window that looked over the lake and the gleaming mountains.

"How strangely people meet," echoed her clear voice towards me, and each word was as a cool rain-drop after a hot summer's day.

"How strangely people meet, and how strangely they lose themselves," I said, and seized her hand, and felt that we were again by and with each other.

"But that is their own fault when they lose themselves," she continued, and her voice, which always seemed to accompany her words, like music, changed involuntarily into a minor key.

"Yes, that is true," I answered, "but tell me first, are you well? May I talk to you."

"My dear friend," she said, smiling, "I am always ill, as you know, and if I say that I feel well, I do so only for love of my old Hofrath, for he is quite certain that from my earliest years I owe my whole life only to him and his skill. Before I left the capital I gave him a great fright, for one evening my heart suddenly ceased to beat, and I felt such agony that I thought it would never begin to beat again. But that is past, and

why should we speak of it. Only one thing pains me. I always thought I should close my eyes in perfect quiet, but now I feel that my sufferings will disturb and embitter my departure from life." Then she laid her hand on her heart and said, "But tell me where you have been, and why all this time I have heard nothing from you? The old Hofrath gave me so many reasons for your sudden journey, that I at last said I did not believe him, and then he gave me at length the most unbelievable of all reasons—guess what?"

"It might appear incredible," I broke in, that she might not utter the word, "and yet perhaps it was but too true. But that too is past, and why should we speak of it?"

"But no, my friend," she said, "why should it be over? I told the Hofrath, when he gave me the last reason for your sudden journey, that I understood neither him nor you. I am a poor, sick, lonely being, and my earthly existence is but a slow death. If heaven has sent me two souls who understand me, or, as the Hofrath expressed it, loved me, why should this disturb my or their peace. I had just been reading my favourite poet, old Wordsworth, when the Hofrath made his confession to me, and I said, 'My dear Hofrath, we have so many thoughts, and so few words, that we are forced to mix together many thoughts in the same word. If now any one who did not know us heard that my young friend loved me and I him, he might think it was as Romeo loved Juliet, and Juliet, Romeo, and then you would be quite right in saying that must not be. But is it not true, my old Hofrath, that you also love me and I love you, and I have loved you for many years, and yet, perhaps, have never owned it to you, yet I am neither in despair nor unhappy from it. Yes, my dear Hofrath, I will say something more to you. I think you have an unfortunate affection for me, and are jealous of our young friend. Do you not come every morning to see how I am, even when you know I am quite well? Do you not bring me the finest flowers from your garden? Have I not been obliged to give you my picture? And—I ought perhaps not to betray it—did you not last Sunday come into my room, and you thought I was asleep? I really slept, or at least I could not have roused myself. But I saw you sitting a long time by my bed, your eyes immovably fixed on me, and I felt them like sunbeams playing on my face. And at last your eyes grew tired, and I felt great tears fall from them. Then you hid your face in your hands and sobbed aloud, 'Maria, Maria.' Ah, my dear Hofrath, our young friend has never done that, and yet you have sent him away.' As I spoke so to him, half in fun, half in earnest, as I always speak, I felt I had hurt the old man. He became quite still and blushed like a child. Then I took a volume of Wordsworth's poems, in which I had just been reading, and said, 'Here is another old man, whom I love with all my heart, who understands me and whom I understand, and yet I have never seen him, and shall never see him—that is the way in this world. Now I will read you a poem of his, then you will see how men can love, and how love is a quiet blessing which the lover lays on the head of the loved one, and then goes on his way in heartfelt sadness.' Then I read him Wordsworth's 'Highland Girl.' And now, my friend, draw the lamp nearer and read me that poem again, for it refreshes me whenever I hear it—a spirit breathes in it, like the quiet infinite glow of evening, that up there *lovingly* spreads its arms in blessing round the pure breast of the snow-clad mountains."

As her words sounded slowly and quietly through my soul, all within my breast became again still and solemnized; the storm was over, and her image floated like the silver reflection of the moon, on the gently-stirred waves of my love—this universal sea, which streams through the hearts of all men, and that every one calls his own, whilst it is really

TORONTO



a pulse that animates all humanity. I would rather have been silent, like nature, which lay stretched there before our eyes, and which became ever stiller and darker—but she gave me the book, and so I read :

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;
And these gray rocks, that household lawn ;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode.
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream ;
Such forms as from their covert peep,
When earthly cares are laid asleep.
But oh ! fair creature in the light
Of common day so heavenly bright,
I bless thee, vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart.
God shield thee to thy latest years !
Thee neither know I, nor thy peers,
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away !
For never saw I mien or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamfacedness—
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread !
Soft smiles by human kindness bred.
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life—
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee, who art so beautiful ?
Oh ! happy pleasure here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee,
More like a grave reality ;
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea : and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee and to see—
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—any thing to thee.
Now thanks to heaven that of its grace,
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had, and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes.
Then why should I be loth to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;
For I, methinks till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
And thou the spirit of them all.

I had ended, and the poem had been to me as a draught of fresh spring water, such as I had lately so often drunk out of the cup of some great green leaf.

Then I heard her soft voice, like the first notes of an organ which rouse us from our dreaming prayer, and she said, "So I wish you to love me, and so the old Hofrath loves me, and so, in one way or another, we ought all of us to love and believe in each other. But the world, although I know it so little, seems not to understand this love and faith ; and men have made of this earth, where we might have lived so happily, a truly sad existence. It must have been different in early times, or how could Homer have created that loveable, healthy, tender idea of Nausikaa. Nausikaa loved Odysseus at first sight. She says so at once to her friends—'Oh ! that such a man might be called my husband, that he would be content to remain here.' But yet she is

ashamed to appear with him at once in the city, and she tells him openly that if she took home with her so handsome and stately a stranger, the people would say she had been to fetch a husband. How simple and natural is all this. But when she hears he wishes to return home to his wife and child no murmur escapes her; she disappears from our sight, and we feel that she long carried in her heart the image of the handsome, stately stranger, in silent, joyful admiration. Why do not our poets know this love—this happy confession—this quiet parting? A modern poet would have made Nausikaa into a female Werther, and that is because love is nothing more for us than a prelude to the comedy or tragedy of marriage. Is there then really no other love now?"

"Is the source of this pure happiness quite dried up? Do men only know the intoxicating drink, and not the refreshing spring of Love."

At these words I thought of the English poet, who also complains thus—

> "From heaven if this belief be sent,
> If such be nature's holy plan,
> Have I not reason to lament
> What man has made of man."

"But how happy are the poets!" she said. "Their words call the deepest feelings of a thousand dumb hearts into existence, and how often have their songs been used as the confession of the sweetest secrets! Their heart beats in the breasts of the poor and the rich; the fortunate sing and the afflicted weep with them. But there is no poet I can so entirely feel my own as Wordsworth. I know many of my friends do not love him; they say he is no poet, but it is just this that I love in him—he avoids all ordinary poet's phrases, all exaggeration, and all that one means by the expression 'poetical flights.' He is *true*, and does not everything lie in this word. He opens our eyes to the beauty that, like the daisy in the meadows, lies beneath our feet; he calls everything by its real name; he will not surprise, deceive, nor dazzle any one, he will only show men how beautiful all is that is not yet disturbed and destroyed by the hand of man. Is not a dew-drop on a blade of grass more beautiful than a pearl set in gold? Is not a living spring, that trickles towards us we know not whence, more wonderful than all the fountains of Versailles? Is not his Highland Girl more loveable and a truer expression of real beauty than Goethe's Helena, or Byron's Haydee? And, then the simplicity of his language—the purity of his thoughts. What a pity that we have never had such a poet! Schiller might have been our Wordsworth had he trusted more in himself than in the old Greeks and Romans. Our Rückert comes the nearest to him, if he had not sought for comfort and home away from his own poor Fatherland, among eastern roses. Few poets have courage to be exactly that which they are. Wordsworth had it, and as we willingly listen to great men, even when they are not great, but, like other mortals, quietly cherish their thoughts, and wait in patience for the moment when a clear gleam may open to them fresh visions of the Infinite, so I like Wordsworth even in those poems which contain nothing but what every one could have said. Great poets give themselves rest; in Homer we often read a hundred verses without one single beauty, and so in Dante, whilst Pindar, that you all admire so, drives me to despair by his ecstacies. What would I give to be able to pass a summer at the Lakes; to visit with Wordsworth all the places to which he has given names; to greet all the trees he has saved from the axe, and watch with him, for once, the distant sunset which he described as only Turner could have painted it."

It was remarkable how her voice never sank, as with most people, at the end of her sentences, but, on the contrary, rose, and always ended like an interrogative leading note! She always spoke up, not down, to

people. The melody of her sentences was as when a child says, "Is it not so, Father?" There was something imploring in her tone, and it was almost impossible to contradict her.

"Wordsworth," I said, "is dear to me as a poet, still dearer as a man; and as we often have a finer, fuller, more lifelike view from a small hill that we ascend without fatigue than if, with difficulty and danger, we clambered Mont Blanc, so I feel it is with Wordsworth's poetry. At first it often appeared commonplace to me, and I have often laid down his poems, and could not imagine how the best minds of modern England could cherish such admiration for him. But I have convinced myself that no poet in any language, who is recognised as a true poet by his own nation, or rather by the noblest minds among his own people, should remain unenjoyed by us. Admiration is an art that we must learn. Many Germans say, 'Racine does not please us;' an Englishman says, 'I cannot understand Goethe;' the Frenchman says, 'Shakespeare is a clown.' And what does that mean? Nothing more than if a child says he prefers a Valse to one of Beethoven's Symphonies. The real art is to discover and understand what each nation admires in its great men, and he who seeks the beautiful will at length find it, and perceive that even the Persians were not entirely deceived in their Hafiz, nor the Hindoos in their Kalidasa. One does not understand a great man at once: it requires strength, courage and perseverance; and it is remarkable that what pleases us at first sight seldom captivates us for long."

"And yet," she said, "there is one thing that is common to all great poets, all true artists, all heroes on earth, be they Persians or Hindoos, Heathens or Christians, Romans or Germans, that is—I hardly know how to express it—but it is the Infinite which seems to lie behind them, a clear sight into the eternal, a deification of that which is the Least—the Transient. Goethe, the great pagan, knows 'the sweet peace that is from Heaven,' and when he sings—

"On every hill is quiet now,
Among the tree-tops tracest thou
Scarcely a breath.
The small birds sleep among the trees,
Wait, only wait, and soon like these,
Thou, too, shalt rest,"—

does there not open above the summits of the lofty pine trees an endless space, a rest which earth can never give? This background is never wanting in Wordsworth, and the scoffers may say what they like, but it is only that which is above the earth, be it ever so concealed, that can stir and move the human heart. Who understood earthly beauty better than Michael Angelo? But he understood it because it was to him a reflection of celestial beauty. You know his Sonnet:

"Rapt above earth by power of one fair face,
Hers in whose sway my heart alone delights,
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights
Where man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.
With Him who made the work that work accords
So well that, by His help and through His grace
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace.
Thus if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,
I feel how in their presence doth abide
Light which to God is both the way and guide;
And kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
My noble fire emits the joyful ray
That through the realms of glory shines for aye."

—*Wordsworth's Translation.*

She was exhausted, and ceased speaking, and how could I have disturbed the silence? When, after an intimate exchange of thoughts, human hearts feel satisfied and are silent, we say well that an angel flies through the room, and it seemed to me that I could hear the light wings of the angel of peace and love above our heads. Whilst my eye rested on her, her earthly covering seemed as though transfigured in the twilight of the summer evening, and only her hand, which I held in mine, assured me of her real presence. Then a bright ray of light fell suddenly on her face;

she felt it, opened her eyes, and looked at me as if astonished. Her wonderfully lustrous eyes, which the half-closed eyelashes covered like a veil, flashed like lightning. I looked round, and at length saw how the moon had risen in her full beauty between two mountains opposite the castle, and shed its friendly smile over the lake and village. Never had I seen nature—never had I seen her clear face so beautiful; never had such a blessed calm flowed over my soul. "Maria," I said, "let me, such as I am, in this moment of transfiguration confess my whole love to you; now when we feel so intensely the nearness of the unearthly, let us unite our souls in a bond that nothing may again divide. Whatever love is, Maria, I love you, and I feel, Maria, you are mine, for I am yours."

I knelt before her, and dared not look into her eyes. My lips touched her hand, and I kissed it. Then she drew away her hand, first slowly, then hastily and decidedly; and when I looked up I saw an expression of pain in her face. She was still silent; at last she raised herself with a deep sigh, and said:

"Enough for to-day. You have hurt me; but it is my fault. Close the window; I feel a cold shudder over me, as if a strange hand were touching me. Stay with me—yet no—you must go—farewell—sleep well, and pray that the peace of God may abide with us. We shall meet again, shall we not? To-morrow evening I shall expect you."

Oh! where had all that heavenly rest flown in a moment? I saw how she suffered, and all I could do was to hasten out and call the English lady, and go alone to the village in the darkness of night. Long I walked up and down the lake; long my eyes strayed towards the lighted window, where I had just been with her. At length every light in the castle was extinguished, the moon rose higher and higher, and every point and balcony and ornament of the old walls became visible in the fairy-like illumination. And here was I quite alone in the silent night, and my brain seemed to refuse to obey me, for no thought came to any conclusion, and I only felt that I was quite alone in the world—that there was no soul for me. The earth was like a coffin, and the dark heavens like a winding-sheet, and I scarcely knew whether I was still alive or had long been dead. Then I suddenly looked up to the stars, with their twinkling eyes, pursuing their course so quietly, and they seemed as if only placed there to lighten and comfort mankind; then I thought of two heavenly stars that had risen unexpectedly on my dark horizon, and a thanksgiving rose from my breast—a thanksgiving for the love of my good angel.

### LAST RECOLLECTION.

The sun was already shining over the mountains and into my window when I awoke. Was it the same sun that had watched us yesterday evening with a long lingering look, like a parting friend, as if it would bless the union of our souls, and then sank like a lost hope? And now it shone on me like a child that rushes into our room with a bright face, to wish us joy of some happy festival. And was I the same being who but a few hours before had thrown himself on his bed, broken in spirit and body. Now I felt again the old energy rising in me, trust in God and myself, that refreshed and animated my soul like the cool morning breeze.

What would have become of man without sleep? We know not where this mighty messenger leads us, and when he closes our eyes of an evening, who will give us a pledge that he will open them again for us in the morning, and restore us to ourselves. It must have required courage and faith when the first man sank into the arms of this unknown friend; and were there not something helpless in our nature that forces us to have faith in everything which we should believe, and constrains us to submit, I doubt

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whether any man, in spite of all fatigue, would have closed his eyes of his own free will, to enter this unknown dreamland. The sense of our weakness and weariness gives us trust in a higher power, and courage to resign ourselves gladly to the beautiful ordering of all things, and we feel strengthened and refreshed when we have loosened, if only for a short time, either waking or sleeping, the chains that fasten down our eternal to our earthly self.

What had yesterday only passed darkly through my mind like an evening mist, was now suddenly clear. I felt that we belonged to each other; be it as brother and sister, as parent and child, as bridegroom and bride, we must now and for ever remain together. It was only needful to find the right name for that which in our stammering language we call Love—

> "Thy elder brother I would be,
> Thy father—anything to thee!"

It was this *anything* for which a name must be found, for the world, once for all, will acknowledge nothing without a name. She had herself said that she loved me with that pure love for all men out of which springs all other love. Her fear, her displeasure, when I confessed my full love to her, were still unintelligible to me, but they could no longer shake my belief in our love. Why should we try to understand all that passes in the souls of men, when everything in ourselves is so incomprehensible? It is always the inexplicable that most captivates us, be it in nature, in men, or in our own breast. People whom we understand, and whose motives we see before us like an anatomical preparation, leave us cold, like the characters in most of our novels, and nothing destroys our delight in life and mankind more than the ethical rationalism which would explain everything, and denies all miracles in the soul. There is in every being something that cannot be analyzed—call it fate, inspiration, or character—and he neither knows himself nor mankind who believes that he can analyze the deeds and efforts of men without finding this ever-returning residuum. So I took heart about anything that I had despaired of overnight, till at length not a cloud was left to darken the sky of my future. In this mind I stepped out of the small house into the open air, when a messenger brought me a letter. It was from the countess—that I could tell from the beautiful even writing. I opened it breathlessly; I hoped the dearest that man can hope. But soon all my hopes were crushed. The letter contained nothing but a request not to see her to-day, as she expected visitors at the castle from the city. No friendly word, no news of her health. Only at the end a P. S. "To-morrow comes the Hofrath. So the day after to-morrow."

Here were at once two days torn out of the book of life. If they had but been quite torn out; but no, they hung over my head like the leaden roof of a prison. They must be lived through. I could not give them as an alms to a king or a beggar, who would gladly have had two more days to sit on his throne or his seat by the church door. I stood staring blankly for a long time, and then I thought of my morning prayer, and how I had said to myself that there is no greater want of faith than despair, and how the least and the greatest events in life are part of a grand Divine plan, to which we must submit ourselves, however difficult it may be. Like a rider who sees an abyss before him, I drew in my reins. Let it be, since it must, I cried to myself, "but God's earth is not the place for complaints and lamentations." It was bliss to hold in my hand these lines which she had written, and was not the hope of seeing her again soon a greater blessing than I deserved? Always hold your head above the waves, every good swimmer through life will tell you, but if you can no longer do so, it is better to plunge under entirely than to let the water keep running into the eyes and throat. And if it

is difficult always to remember Divine providence in the little misfortunes of life, and if we hesitate, and perhaps rightly, to step out of the ordinary course of life into the presence of the Deity at every struggle, yet life should appear to us, if not as a duty, yet as an art. What is more repulsive than a child that behaves badly and murmurs crossly at every disappointment and pain. Nothing is more beautiful than a child in whose tearful eyes the sunshine of joy and innocence is already sparkling again like a flower which trembles and bends under an April shower, but soon blooms and sends forth its scent again, whilst the sunshine dries the tear-drops from off its cheeks.

Soon an idea occurred to me of how, in spite of my fate, I might still pass these two days with her. I had long wished to record all the precious words that she had spoken to me, and the many beautiful thoughts which she had entrusted to me, and so the days passed in the recollection of precious hours spent together, and in the hope of a yet fairer future, and I was near her, and with her, and living in her, and felt the nearness of her spirit and her love more than I had ever felt them when her hand lay in mine.

How dear are these pages to me now; how often have I read and re-read them; not as though I had forgotten a word which she said to me, but these papers are the proofs of my happiness, and something looks out of them at me like the face of a friend, whose silence says more than all words. Recollections of past happiness, of past sorrow, a silent sinking into a distant past, where all disappears that now surrounds and oppresses us, where the soul casts itself down like a mother on the green grave of her child, who has slept there for many years, where no hope, no wish disturbs the stillness of helpless resignation—this we indeed call sadness, but there is a blessedness in this sadness known only to those who have loved much and suffered much. Ask the mother what she feels when she fastens the veil, which she once wore as a bride, on her daughter's head, and thinks of the husband no longer with her; ask the man what he feels when the young girl whom he loved, and whom the world parted from him, sends him back, after her death, the withered rose that he had given her as a youth; they may both weep, but the tears are not tears of sorrow, nor tears of joy; they are the tears of sacrifice with which man dedicated himself to God, and quietly sees his most precious treasure pass away believing in God's love and wisdom.

But let us return to our recollections—to the living presence of the past. The two days flew by so fast that a tremor of joy shot through me as the happiness of our meeting drew nearer and nearer. I saw how, on the first day, the carriages and riders arrived from the city, and the castle was alive with joyous guests. The flags waved from the roof, music sounded through the courts. In the evening the lake was covered with gay gondolas, and bass voices sounded over the water, and I could not but listen, for I felt she listened too at her window to these songs. The second day all were still busy, and only in the afternoon the guests prepared for their departure, and late in the evening I saw the carriage of the Hofrath return alone towards the city. Then I could wait no longer. I knew she was alone; I knew she was thinking of me, and wishing that I was with her; and should I let another night go by, without at least pressing her hand, without telling her that the separation was over, and that the next morning would wake us to new happiness. There was still a light in her window, and why should she be alone; why should I not, at least for a moment, feel her sweet presence? I already stood at the castle, and would have rung the bell—then suddenly I stopped and said, "No, no weakness! You would stand ashamed before her, like a thief in the night. Early to-morrow go to her like a hero returning from the battle,

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for whom she now wreathes the crown of love, to place to-morrow on his head."

The morning came and I was with her —really with her. Oh! speak not of spirit, as if it could exist without the body. Perfect existence, perfect consciousness, and joy can be only where spirit and body are one, an embodied spirit, a spiritual body. There is no spirit without a body unless it be a ghost, and no body without a spirit—unless it be a corpse. Is the flower of the field without a spirit! Does it not look forth through the Divine will, through a creative thought, which preserves it and gives it life and existence. That is its spirit, only it is dumb in the flowers, whilst in man it reveals itself in words. True life is ever bodily and spiritual life—true enjoyment is ever bodily and spiritual enjoyment—true presence is ever-presence in body and in spirit; and the whole world in which I had lived so happily for two days vanished like a shadow, like a thing of nought, wrecked; I stood before her, and was really with her. I should like to have laid my hands on her forehead, and eyes, and cheeks, to know, really know, that she was truly there, and not merely the image that floated day and night over my soul, but a Being that was not mine, and yet was to be, and wished to be mine; a Being in whom I could believe as in myself; a Being far from me, and yet nearer to me than my own self; a Being without whom my life would be no life—even my death no death; without whom my poor existence would have been lost like a sigh in infinite space. I felt, as my looks and thoughts dwelt on her, that in this moment the bliss of my existence was accomplished, and a shudder ran through me, and I thought of death, but it appeared to have no longer any terrors for me, for death could not destroy *this* love,—only purify, ennoble and immortalise it.

It was so sweet to be silent with her. The full depths of her soul mirrored itself on her countenance, and as I looked at her I already saw and heard all that love living and hidden in her. "You give me pain" she seemed to say, and yet would not say it. "Are we at last together again? Be quiet—do not murmur—do not question, do not despair. You are welcome, do not be angry with me." All this was expressed by her eyes, and yet we dared not destroy the peace of our happiness by a single word.

"Have you received a letter from the Hofrath?" was her first question, and her voice trembled at every word.

"No," I answered.

She was silent for a time, then said, "Perhaps it is better that it happened so, and that I should tell you all myself. My friend, we see each other to-day for the last time. Let us part in peace, without complaints, without anger. I have done you great wrong, that I feel. I have laid hold of your life without thinking how even a light breath will rob a flower of its petals. I know the world so little that I did not think a poor suffering being like me could inspire you with any deeper feeling than mere pity. I met you frankly and warmly, because I had known you so long, because I felt so happy in your presence—because—why should I not confess the whole truth— I loved you. But the world does not understand this love, nor allow it. The Hofrath has opened my eyes. The whole city is talking of us; my brother, the regent, has written to the prince, and he requires me never to see you again. I deeply grieve that I have caused you this suffering. Tell me that you forgive me, then let us part as friends."

Her eyes were filled with tears, but she closed them that I might not see it. "Maria," I said, "for me there is but one life, and that is with you; but also only one will, that is yours. Yes, I confess it, I love you with the full fervour of love, but I am not worthy of you. You are far above me in rank, in nobleness, in innocence, and I can hardly grasp the thought of ever calling you my wife; and yet there is no other way by which

we can pass through life together. Maria, you are quite free, I ask no sacrifice. The world is wide, and if you wish it, we need never meet again; but if you feel that you love me, if you feel you are mine, oh! then let us forget the world and its cold judgment. In my arms I will carry you to the altar, and kneeling, swear to be yours in life and death."

"My friend," she said, "we must never desire the impossible. Had it been God's will that such a bond should unite us in this life, would He have sent me these sufferings, which make it impossible for me ever to be more than a helpless child? Do not forget that what we call Fate, circumstances, and position in life, are in truth the work of Providence. To resist them is to resist God, and, were it not childish, one would call it wicked. Men wander here on earth like the stars in Heaven; God has given them their course, where they meet each other, but when they ought to part they must part, their resistance would be useless, otherwise it would destroy the whole order of the universe. We cannot understand, but we can trust. I cannot myself understand why my affection for you is wrong. No, I cannot, will not call it wrong; but it cannot be—must not be. My friend, this is enough, we must submit in humility and faith."

Notwithstanding the calmness with which she spoke, I saw how deeply she suffered; and yet I felt it would be wrong to give up so quickly the struggle for life. I controlled myself as far as I could, that no word of passion might increase her sufferings, and said:

"If this is the last time we are to meet in this life, let us clearly see to *whom* we offer this sacrifice. If our love violated a higher law, like you I would bow in humility. It would be forgetting God to oppose a higher will; it may sometimes seem as if man would sometimes deceive God, as if his small sagacity might overreach the Divine wisdom; that is madness, and the man who began this Titan's conflict, would be crushed and annihilated. But what opposes our love? Nothing but the gossip of the world. I honour the laws of human society; I honour them, even when they are, as in our time, over-refined and perplexed. A diseased body requires artificial medicines, and without the barriers, and prejudices, and conventionalities of society, which we laugh at, it would be impossible to hold men together at the present day, and to obtain the object for which we are placed together on earth. We must sacrifice much to these false gods. Like the Athenians, we send every year a heavily-laden ship of young men and maidens, as a tribute to the monster who rules the labyrinths of our society. There is scarcely a heart that has not been broken; there is hardly a man with true feeling who had not been obliged to clip the wings of his love ere it would rest quietly in the cage of society. It must be so, it cannot be otherwise; you do not know life, but if I only think of my friends, I could tell you whole volumes of tragedies. One loved a maiden and was loved in return; but he was poor, she was rich; the parents and relations quarrelled and insulted each other, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because in the world it is thought a misfortune that a lady should wear a dress made from the wool of a plant in America, and not from the fibres of a worm in China.

Another loved a maiden and was loved in return; but he was a Protestant, she a Roman Catholic; the mothers and priests roused dissensions, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because of the political game of chess played by Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII., three centuries ago.

A third loved a maiden and was loved again; but he was noble, she was plebeian; the sisters were angry and jealous, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because a hundred years ago a soldier slew another who threatened a king's life in battle. His sovereign gave him rank and honour, and his

great grandson atones with a blighted life for the blood then shed.

The collectors of statistics say that every hour a heart is broken, and I believe it. And why? Because in most cases the world will acknowledge no love between strangers, unless they become man and wife.

If two maidens love the same man, one must fall a sacrifice. If two men love the same woman, one or both must be sacrificed. Why? Can no one love a maiden without wishing to marry her? Can one not see a woman without trying to appropriate her? You shut your eyes, and I feel I have said too much. The world has turned the holiest thing we have in life into the commonest. But enough Maria, let us use the language of the world when we are in it, and mix, speak, and act with it; but let us preserve our sanctuary in which two hearts may speak the pure language of the heart, unmoved by the anger of the world without. The world itself honours this independent position and courageous resistance, which noble hearts, conscious of their own rights, oppose to the ordinary course of things. The discretions, the proprieties, the prejudices of the world are like parasite-plants. It is beautiful when a fine ivy adorns a strong wall with its thousand tendrils and shoots, but it must not grow too luxuriantly else it penetrates into every corner of the edifice, and destroys the cement which joins together all the parts. Be mine, Maria, follow the dictates of your heart. The word now trembling on your lips decides for ever your life and mine—your happiness and mine.

I was silent. Her hand, which I held, returned the warm heartfelt pressure; all within her was moved and shaken, and the blue sky which lay before me had never seemed so lovely as now, when the storm drove across it cloud after cloud.

"And why do you love me," she said, as if she must still delay the moment of decision.

"Why? Maria. Ask the child why it is born; ask the flower why it blooms; ask the sun why it shines. I love you, because I must love you. But if I must say more to you, let this book which lies by you, and which you love so deeply, speak for me. That which is best should be the dearest of all things to us, and in our love of it, neither helpfulness nor unhelpfulness, advantage nor injury, gain nor loss, honour nor dishonour, praise nor blame, nor any thing of the kind should be regarded; but what is in truth the noblest and best of all things should be also the dearest of all things, and that for no other cause than that it is the noblest and best. Hereby may a man order his life within and without. His outward life; for among the creatures one is better than another, according as the Eternal Good manifesteth itself, and worketh more in one than in another. Now that creature in which the Eternal Good most manifesteth itself, shineth forth, worketh, is most known and loved, is the best; and that wherein the Eternal Good is the least manifested is the least good of all creatures. Therefore where we have to do with the creatures and hold converse with them, and take note of their diverse qualities, the best creatures must always be the dearest to us, and we must cleave to them and unite ourselves with them."

"Maria, because you are the best creature I know, therefore I love you, and you are dear to me; therefore we love each other. Say the word that is living in you, say that you are mine, do not be false to your deepest feelings. God has sent you a suffering life. He sends me to you to suffer with you. Your suffering shall be my suffering, and we will bear it together, as a ship carries the heavy sails that at length take it safely through the storms of life into a secure harbour."

She became more and more calm. A light flush played on her cheeks, like the quiet glow of evening. Then she opened her eyes wide, and the sun shone out once again with wonderful brilliancy.

"I am yours" she said, "God wills it. Take me as I am. So long as I live I am yours, and may God renuite us in a brighter life, and reward you for your love."

We lay heart to heart, my lips closed with a light kiss those lips on which the blessing of my life had just trembled. Time stood still for us—the world around us vanished. At last she heaved a deep sigh. "May God forgive me this happiness" she whispered. "Now leave me alone. I can bear it no longer. May we meet again, my friend, my beloved, my preserver."

* * * * * *

These were the last words I heard from her. Yet, no. I went home, and lay on my bed in anxious dreams. It was past midnight when the Hofrath entered my room. "Our angel is in Heaven," he said, "here is the last greeting she sends you." With these words he gave me a letter. It contained the ring that she had once given to me and I again to her, with the words, "As God wills." It was wrapped in a worn paper, on which she had at some time written the words that I said to her as a child :—"What is yours is mine. Your MARIA."

For hours we sat together without saying a word. It was a mental swoon such as Heaven sends us when the burden of sorrow is too heavy for us to bear. At last the old man rose, took my hand, and said, "We see each other to-day for the last time, for you must away from here, and my days are numbered. There is one thing I must tell you—a secret, which I have carried within me my whole life long and confessed it to no one. But I long to tell it to some one now. Listen to me. The soul that is gone from us was a lovely soul, a noble, pure spirit, a deep true heart. I knew a soul as fairs as hers; still fairer. It was her mother's. I loved her mother and her mother loved me. We were both poor, and I struggled with life to win an honourable position in the world for her and me. The young prince saw my bride and loved her. He was my prince and loved her truly, and was ready to sacrifice every thing for her, and raise her, the poor orphan to the rank of princess. I loved her so that I sacrificed my happiness to my affection for her. I left my home and wrote to her that I released her from her engagement. I never saw her again till on her deathbed. She died at the birth of her daughter. Now you know why I loved your Maria, and prolonged her life from day to day. She was the only being that still bound my heart to this earth. Bear life as I have borne it. Lose not a day in idle sorrow. Help men wherever you can, love them and thank God that you have seen upon earth such a heart as hers, have known, have loved and—lost it."

"As God wills" I said, and we parted for life.

* * * * * *

And days and weeks, and months and years have passed by. My native land has become strange to me, and the land of the stranger has become my home. But her love has remained to me, and, as a tear falls into the sea, so has my love to her fallen into the living sea of humanity, and penetrates and embraces millions—millions of those "strangers" whom I have loved so well from my childhood.

* * * * * *

Only on still summer days like to-day, when I lie alone in the green forest on the bosom of nature, and know not whether beyond its circle there are any other men, or whether I am not alone, quite alone on the earth, then there is a movement in the churchyard of memory, old recollections rise up from their graves, and the full omnipotence of love returns back into the heart, and streams forth again towards that fair being, who once more gazes on me with her deep, unfathomable eyes; and then my love to the millions seems to vanish in my love for the one—for my good angel, and my thoughts are dumb before the inscrutable mystery of finite and infinite Love.

# A MEMORY.

BY E. J. C.

"Ich trage im Herzen viel Schlangen,
Und dich, Geliebte mein."—*Heine.*

I.

THE water-lilies gleam them fair,
In the black ooze their roots I see—
If pulseless thou wert lying there,
Dost think that she would weep for thee
The weeping of a single tear?

No gleam of tears the proud eyes know—
The proud lips meet with icy press,
Keeping the whispered words so low
The dead alone may hear their hiss—
Thou hadst thy warning: be it so!

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II.

O Dream that darkens Hope's eclipse!
It was our bridal prime methought—
Day purpled into Night—our lips
Each other in the darkness sought,
And meeting silently were press'd
In one long clasp, that clung, and drew
Soul into soul! If false or true
I heeded not—I only knew
Thou wert all mine in that unrest
That held me with its vampire spell,
Till fled the faithless dream away—
And on my heart the dead hope fell
As falls upon a corpse the clay!
And through the night, and through the day,
Ever it came, the voice that said
With ceaseless mock: It better were,
O Fool, for thee, that thou wert dead,
Than live to fix thy love on her!

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III.

Around the broad pine-belted hills
The pale cloud-phantoms come and go:
The Night's fast deepening shadow fills
The silence of the woods below.

The wide mere glimmers far away,
Betwixt its dark isles' plumëd tops—
On its far edge, with waning ray,
The moon's red crescent drops and drops.

The outlines of the Abbey wall,
Gable and turret, grey and sere,
Across the blue-starred irids fall
That fringe afar the lonely mere.

I linger by the sculptured gate,
Now tassell'd thick with odorous spray,
Beside the moss-grown fount where late
She stood within the dying day—

And o'er the darkening waters threw
The magic of her voice—whose tone
Comes back no more—or comes anew
In Memory's mocking dreams alone.

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IV.

The boat is loosen'd from the land:
With harsh clang sounds the signal bell—
And so, we take each other's hand,
And say our cold farewell!

O month of tender memories,
Liv'st thou in *one* heart, or in *two?*
I look into her cruel eyes,
And murmur "would I knew."

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V.

She sang a little German song—
Du bist wie eine Blume—
My heart responded all along,
Du bist, ja, eine Blume!

Now she is gone—but though no more
Our hearts exchange their greeting—

My own keeps ever, o'er and o'er,
Those old fond words repeating :
Du bist wie eine Blume !
Du bist wie eine Blume !

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VI.

The tumbled rocks lie thick between
The mountains grey and forest green,
Where we two wander'd long ago :
We sat upon an old grey stone,
And saw the dropping moon go down
Among the pointed pines below.

The wind, with forest odours fraught,
Across my lips' mute longing brought
The tresses of your loosen'd hair ;
Your voice it took a softer tone—
Your hand lay lightly on my own,
And lingered for a moment there.

So endeth our poor dream, you said—
The moon has dropt, the day is dead,
The cold gleam of the stars alone
Is left us now ! Then silence fell
Again upon our hearts—and well
Mine knew its one great hope was gone !

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VII.

Dost thou remember how I gave to thee
A little flower on that far-off shore
Where the wild Danube dashes evermore
Through its cleft chasm to the distant sea.
And how, as we returned at eventide
Through the cool woods with our companions gay,
I missed the flower—and said, O Cruel, say,
That which I gave thee hast thou cast aside ?
And how with low quick whisper you replied
Non, je l'ai gardé !—All the golden sky,
The rustling pine-boughs and the reeling ground,
And all my heart within me, then went round
In one wild dance and thrill of ecstacy !
Through its cleft rocks the river rushes on,
The pine woods darken to the twilight still,
But where art thou—and where the wondrous thrill
That fill'd my heart in those old days agone !

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## RUSSIAN REMINISCENCES.

BY ANAT IVE.

### CHAPTER I.

BEAUTIFUL is the city of the mighty Czar of all the Russias—the Venice of the North—St. Petersburgh, as she lies basking in the sun, glittering with her hundreds of gilt domes and cupolas, and admiring herself in the blue waters of the majestic Neva. Yet her inhabitants do not heed her beauty, and the traffic in the streets is hushed. Dust and silence reign supreme on the heated flags. Mankind is hiding in the houses or flying into the cool shades of the surrounding country. Countless are the vehicles that are speeding towards the various popular resorts of amusement. In all directions might they be seen leaving the Capital, yet by far the largest stream of pedestrians, carriages and 'busses are taking a northward direction towards the Kursaal of Isler, beyond doubt the most popular man of the season. Sometime ago, under the reign of Nicholas, a certain class of the inhabitants of St. Petersburgh made the discovery that it was highly fashionable to visit a mineral water spring. Yet, unfortunately, there were none known in Russia at the time, and the Emperor, fearful lest his loyal subjects should

be tainted by the liberal ideas prevailing "beyond the frontiers," did not favour travelling abroad. At this time the ingenious Isler made his début, by building his Kursaal for the dispensation of artificially prepared waters, and amusements in various forms. His Hall and Garden at once became highly popular with all classes of society, and this predilection for "*Isler's*" continues unto the present day, although his mineral waters have long since made room for some other mysterious compounds dispensed under the name of Champagne, Port, Sherry, Vodka (or whiskey), etc.

Among the numerous vehicles speeding towards this "El Dorado" of the people, an elegant one-horse carriage attracts our attention by the slow pace it keeps. The bearded driver is hardly able to restrain the fiery steed, which rebels against the pressure of the bit.

"Drive up to the porch, Nickhita," says the occupant of the carriage, in a listless manner.

A bound, a dash, and they are there. The lines are slackened and in a moment the well-trained animal stops with grace and ease.

"Nickhita, you may go and have some tea. "Have you any money?"

"Not about me, your Brightness."

"Take this, and return in an hour."

"My humble thanks to your Brightness. I shall not fail."

The young gentleman entered Isler's porch, and the driver having succeeded, notwithstanding the impatient prancing of his horse in extracting his well-filled leather money-bag from his boot-leg, carefully added the silver coins to its contents and said:

"A poor man needs his wits. Mine have served me a good turn just now, though I am sorry I had to tell Roslaf Alexandrovich a lie to obtain this half-rouble. But he can spare it, so never mind, Nickhita, go and get your tea."

With these words he dashed up to the driving-shed, tied his horse, entered the traktir or tea-house, and ordered his tea and lemon with a dignity that was surpassed only by the obsequiousness of the waiter.

Roslaf Alexandrovich, in the meanwhile, had entered the garden and taken a seat on a verandah opposite the military band that filled the air with the inspiring sounds of a lively march. He, too, had ordered tea, yet the fragrant beverage that sparkled before him in the glass tumbler did not tempt him, and he sat moodily surveying the motley crowd that waved to and fro through the garden.

"I do not know what is the matter with me to-night," he said to himself. "Should it be one of those forebodings of evil that my mother professes to believe in! We shall see."

He reclined in his seat, trying to find a welcome face among the hundreds at his feet. After a while he suddenly rose with an exclamation of pleasure, hurried down from the verandah, and rapidly made his way through the crowd.

The waiter, afraid of losing his pay, ran in pursuit, brandishing his napkin. At last he overtook Roslaf and was just about to take him by the arm, when he saw him addressing and shaking hands with a little grey-haired gentleman, whom his half-dress uniform and decorations showed to be a retired General. Seeing this the waiter slunk back into the crowd, scratched his ear and looked like a man that has just had a narrow escape from some great danger.

"Your Excellency, Fedor Fedorovich, I am happy indeed to see you."

"The pleasure is mutual, Roslaf. But what are *you* doing here? Some intrigue, I suppose!"

"I almost wished I had one, in order to dispel my ennui to-night. But now, having met with you, I shall be happy."

"You compliment me. However, I think I can still increase your happiness if you grant me five minutes."

"Certainly. I shall await you on that verandah." Roslaf returned to his seat. The waiter was at his post already and tried to look as if nothing had happened.

Soon after, General Mokrof ascended the steps, leading a veiled lady under each arm.

"I see," exclaimed Roslaf, "you mean to keep your word, General. I shall be happy to be introduced to these ladies."

He uncovered his head and placed chairs for them.

"No introductions, Roslaf, you must guess who they are."

Roslaf was puzzled, and the General, seeing his bewilderment, enjoyed it so much that he could hardly repress his laughter. In order to do so, he distorted his wrinkled old face in a succession of the most comical grimaces. The waiter who stood by awaiting orders, burst into a broad grin as he looked at him, but immediately checked himself by administering a vigorous slap to his mouth. He excused his conduct by adding in perfect good faith and with great humility, that it was not in human power to refrain from laughing when looking at the General's face.

After some more teasing on the General's part, the ladies lifted their veils, and Roslaf beheld the venerable and loving face of his mother, and the noble and beautiful features of his sister.

"Mother! Sister! You both here? At Isler's!!"

The General greatly enjoyed the scene, and nearly swallowed the slice of lemon that was swimming in his tea. This occasioned a coughing and sneezing so peculiar, that the waiter, apparently afraid that his powers might fail him again, hastily retired to a safe distance.

"I must take the blame upon myself," said lady Romova, "if, indeed, we are to be blamed for coming here to-night. I was anxious to see you without delay, and as we were driving to town, I noticed your horse in the shed and resolved to find you. Can I induce you to return with us to town?"

"With pleasure, mother."

Having obtained Roslaf's consent, the younger lady—Maria Alexandrovina—called out to the waiter:

"Please go and order *Ivan* to drive up."

The waiter soon returned, driving before him five or six big bearded fellows, and having placed them in a row before the ladies, and recovered his breath, he exclaimed:

"What obstinate, yellow-eyed fellows they are to be sure! They are all *Ivans*, but wouldn't come that you might pick out the one you wanted."

This incident was the consequence of Maria's mistake, as she should have ordered "*Lady Romova's* driver" to get ready, instead of giving the driver's name. The right Ivan was not amongst them, and after they had been dismissed, our party left the garden and soon were comfortably seated in lady Romova's carriage, rolling towards the city. They were all in excellent humour, except the older lady, whose face was sorrowful, and upon whose mind there seemed to be a heavy burden. At last Roslaf, grieved to see his mother so ill at ease, ventured to ask what troubled her.

"My dear son," she answered, I hardly know what to say. You do not believe in my forebodings, and yet it is these that cause my trouble. My mind has been weighted down for some time by a presentiment of coming evil. Do not make light of my fears, oh my son; and believe me that there are some troubles in store for you."

She spoke in low and passionate tones, and her voice quivered with her intense emotion.

Roslaf was much impressed by her manner, yet he was unwilling to admit that any credence should be attached to such imaginings, as he called them, and he therefore respectfully tried to convince his mother that there was no cause for her troubles.

General Mokrof, however, took her part,

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and indulged in a long speech, the object of which was to prove that these forebodings, in common with prophetic dreams and visions, were not merely the result of imagination or over excitement of the nerves, but the manifestation of a natural gift or faculty inherent in certain persons, and similar to mesmeric clairvoyance and the other results of animal magnetism. In proof of his theory he said that the observations of phrenologists had established the seat of this faculty in the so-called "*bosse*" of spirituality, and that the existence or grade of elevation of this "*bosse*" was the touchstone of the question whether the feelings of a given individual were merely due to an anomalous state of the nerves, or the activity of the true gift of spirituality. He wound up by saying, that when he had been allowed to phrenologically examine lady Romova's head, he had found that bump to be unusually developed, and he solemnly besought Roslaf not to neglect her warning.

Whilst they were yet discussing the question, the carriage drove up at the porch of Roslaf's house.

It was a sombre-looking stone building, in the heaviest Roman style, with a colonnaded front, and situated on the granite quay of the canal Fontanca. The staircase was well lighted, grand, and wide, worthy of the lordly mansion, and from the hall below led up to a piazza of the "bel-étage," as the first floor above the level is called in Russia. Here was the door that led into the inner apartments. The piazza was lighted by a skylight, and furnished with a rustic seat, a table, a small looking-glass and some exotic plants. In the eastern corner of the walls, about seven feet above the floor, was to be seen a little shelf supporting the sacred picture of some saint with a coffee-brown face, and hideous features, and before it flickered faintly the light of the ever-burning lamp.

Roslaf had nimbly left the carriage, produced a latch key, and having unlocked the heavy oaken door, conducted his friends into the hall.

"Where is old Michael?" asked the General.

"I suppose he is in his room, or perhaps in the library reading some "Lives of the Saints," or such like. I never trouble him to let me in, for he is getting very weak, poor old man, and suffers greatly from the heart disease."

"Your words are a comfort to me, my son," said lady Romova, "Michael deserves every consideration in his old age. Spare him as much as possible, Roslaf. He has been a faithful friend and trusty servant to your father, and incessant in his care of you."

They traversed a long flight of richly furnished rooms, and at last seated themselves in Roslaf's study. Their conversation reverted once more to Lady Romova's apprehensions, and they were endeavouring to find out the nature of Roslaf's supposed danger. General Mokrof, in the meanwhile, had taken up a new periodical, cut its leaves, and was reading. Suddenly he dropped the book and exclaimed:

"Here it is! Here lies Roslaf's danger, and it is no small one!"

"What is it, do tell us," anxiously exclaimed all three.

"It is Roslaf's novel. Of course you know, ladies, that he is writing one for the 'Patriot Monthly.' The object of it, so far as I can see, is to contrast the present reign with the oppressive one of Nicholas. But in writing on this theme he has ventured on dangerous ground, and here, in the ninth chapter, he has committed a blunder that may have, nay, will have, the gravest consequences. In exposing the arbitrary measures of the officials in the time of the late Emperor Nicholas, he has openly attacked the Minister of the Secret Police, forgetting that the position is held by the same man to the present day."

When General Mokrof mentioned the

Secret Police, the two ladies, pale already with apprehension, grew paler still, and the elder one exclaimed.

"Oh, Fedor Fedorovich, what can be done to protect Roslaf? Oh, my poor boy!"

"Be calm, my lady, and let me consider it. The vengeance of Count N. N. will be swift and terrible, unless Roslaf evade it. Had he committed an offence amenable to law, he would have been comparatively safe, for he would not have had anything to fear beyond the legal retribution. But this is not the case, and therefore he will be the object of the Minister's *private* vengeance. Where that will end no one can tell; for you are aware that the Count knows no mercy. Secret banishment, or even worse, awaits Roslaf. My advice therefore is, that he leave Russia at once, and stay beyond the frontiers—say in Switzerland—until he can return with safety. Roslaf, pack your trunks and be ready to leave by the Warsaw train, early to-morrow morning! We must drive at once to my friend the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and try to procure the immediate issue of a foreign passport for our young friend, before the news of this affair reach him."

General Mokrof was greatly excited, and hurried the ladies down-stairs and into the carriage, hardly allowing them time to take leave of Roslaf. Lady Romova's and Maria's grief was great. Yet they evinced considerable firmness, admonishing Roslaf implicitly to follow the General's advice.

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## CHAPTER II.

ROSLAF had stood for a while where he had taken leave of his friends, vacantly looking down the darkened stairs. Then he took up a candle from the table and was going to light it at the sacred lamp. But as he looked up to the picture, he shrank involuntarily from its hideous face, which, owing to the flickering light, seemed to contort its features into a malicious sneer.

"Down, hideous idol!" he exclaimed in a sudden outburst of ill temper, and stretched out his hand to snatch it from its place. A terrible crash, like a peal of thunder, resounded through the lofty hall and stairs; the door noisily swung to, its bell rang violently, and he felt the image thrust into the hand which was about to grasp it. At the same time sudden darkness covered him, for the lamp fell from the shelf and went out with a hissing sound.

Roslaf threw the picture from him in terror, and no sooner did it touch the floor, than its features were lit up by a glaring ray, darkness remaining around. He retreated from it, grasping the balustrade for support, when suddenly the hall was lit up and old Michael stood before him, holding an open bull's-eye lantern in his hand.

"In heaven's name, Michael, what is this?" asked Roslaf.

"The wind is getting up, your Brightness, and the draught slammed the heavy door below.

"Is that all? How foolish I have been to get so much frightened. But look here, the concussion has thrown down your picture."

When Michael saw the picture and lamp on the carpet, he fairly gasped for breath in superstitious terror, and exclaimed:

"An omen! An evil omen! The saints be merciful unto us! This holy picture fell down fifteen years ago and your father died three days afterwards. There is evil coming, and what is fated will not fail."

He had lifted up the picture, devoutly kissed and replaced it on the shelf, blessing himself with the sign of the Cross and muttering a prayer.

Both went into their rooms troubled in mind, whilst the wind whistled round the corners of the dark and lonely street, and the black waters of the Canal loudly splashed against their granite enclosure.

Roslaf communicated to his old friend what conversation he had had with his mother and General Mokrof, and in half an hour three trunks stood ready packed in Roslaf's room.

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Whilst Roslaf was tossing about in his bed, and Michael praying before the pictures in his room, the wind had abated, the clouds had passed away, and the full moon poured her silver rays into the streets of the sleeping city, as if caressing her proud monuments, her lordly palaces and humble cottages. The white walls and domes of the fine Cathedral of the Transfiguration, towering high above the surrounding trees in its enclosure, seemed to keep watch over the habitations of man. The silence was complete.

All at once a sonorous sound, proceeding from the middle dome, startled the night and floated away—far away—on the still air, to proclaim to mortal man that another hour of his short existence had passed from him forever, and that it was now two o'clock. No sooner had the vibrations of the deep-toned bell ceased than the sharp tinkling sound of a smaller one was heard within a dismal looking house near the Cathedral, and there followed an opening and shutting of doors, the neighing and pawing of horses, and the subdued sound of voices. A large gate was swung open, a mounted officer rode out into the street, uttering the words of command:

"Ready, men! Slow time. March!"

A green waggon having the appearance of a box, capable of accommodating about eight people, with a grated opening in the door behind, followed the officer, escorted by six mounted soldiers of the Emperor's Secret Police. They follow the course of the Fontanca, and soon arrive within a few hundred yards of the house inhabited by Roslaf.

"Halt," commands the officer. "Sergeant, forward!"

"Ride ahead, and see whether everything is ready!"

The Sergeant spurs his horse and disappears in the dark. But before he had advanced far a policeman steps forward from under the shade of a gateway and beckons to him.

The Sergeant inquires, "Everything in order?"

"All is well. The men are at their posts, guarding the back entrance to the rooms. He is in bed; the street door is locked, but not bolted."

The Sergeant returned at a gallop to make his report, and the party advanced until the front rank stood before Roslaf's door. The driver picked the lock, and the door swung open. A dark lantern was produced by one of the men, and the hall lamp was lighted. Two men were posted on each side of the outer door, and the officer with two men went upstairs. They lighted the candle and rung the bell.

Michael was still praying in his room.

"Lord have mercy on us!" he exclaimed. "This means no good." He quickly but noiselessly ran into the nearest front room, and cautiously peeped into the street. When he saw the green van, deadly pallor overspread his face, and he muttered:

"Merciful Saints, intercede for my master! The accursed soul-destroyers are at the door."

He leaned against the wall, and pressed his hand against his heart to still its throbbing.

A second and sharper ringing of the bell was heard. With an effort the poor man went into his young master's room, shook him by the shoulder, and said:

"My darling, Roslaf Alexandrovich, get up at once. Dress yourself, put money in your pocket, and flee. The secret police have come to take you."

He ran to see whether the backdoor was guarded, and returned groaning.

"No escape! no escape! They watch the door!" A third and prolonged ringing of the bell was heard. Roslaf sent Michael to open the door.

"You brute! you have been keeping me waiting your pleasure. I have a mind to knock you down."

These were the words with which the officer greeted him.

"Knock me down!" said old Michael, feebly but resolutely. "Well, do it. It will make your noble hands no dirtier than they are already."

The officer lifted his fist, but perceiving the weakness of the tottering old man, did not execute his threat, but asked gruffly:

"Where is Roslaf Alexandrovich Romof?"

"Go and find him. I am no traitor to lead you to him."

One of the soldiers dealt a savage blow at the old man's chest, who fell heavily to the ground, moaning lowly, whilst a stream of blood oozed from between his pallid lips. The soldiers advanced and entered Roslaf's room. He stood ready dressed, and had lighted the lamp. The two soldiers posted themselves outside on either side the door with drawn swords. The officer bowed politely to Roslaf, and asked in a civil manner:

"I suppose I have the pleasure of speaking to His Brightness, Roslaf Alexandrovich Romof?"

"I am he. What is your wish?"

"It is my unpleasant duty to arrest you. Do not try to resist, for it would be in vain, and I am anxious to treat you as a gentleman."

"I am ready to follow you. May I write a note first?"

"That is against our rules. You have thirty minutes to pack your trunks and collect your valuables. Prepare yourself for a prolonged journey!"

"A journey? Where to?"

"I do not know."

"Well, my trunks are ready packed."

"I have orders to take possession of all your manuscripts. Are there any in the trunks? I ask you upon your word as a gentleman."

"None. Before leaving I wish to say farewell to my old servant."

"One of my men shall fetch him. Ivan, bring him here." The soldier sheathed his sword, and after some time returned carrying rather than leading the old man, who appeared to be very ill. When Roslaf noticed his blood-besmeared face, he impulsively snatched up a chair, and asked the officer:

"Who has done that? Was it you?"

"No, no," answered the latter, quietly. But calm yourself, or I must have you bound."

"I beg your pardon, but I thought somebody had struck the old man."

Roslaf turned to Michael, whom the soldier was supporting, but before he could say a word the old man dropped on his knees before Roslaf, seized his hand, and covering it with kisses, moaned:

"My darling—my dove—my beloved one! I am dying—wait, and close my old eyes. The Lord be merciful to us!"

He fell prostrate on the floor.

Roslaf lifted him on his bed, and the faithful old man, giving him one last long look of love, expired.

"He has gone to his rest! O, Michael! Michael! my friend!" Roslaf gave free vent to his grief. After some minutes the officer took him by the arm and led him down stairs. The soldiers followed, each carrying a trunk. Roslaf was shut up in one of the longitudinal departments of the van, and the trunks in the other. The two soldiers once more went upstairs to fetch down the last and heaviest trunk, but before doing so, rifled the drawers of Roslaf's desk of some loose coins and jewellery that they found in them. Finally, the corpse of the old servant was deposited in the same compartment with the trunks, after having been rolled up in a blanket, and the procession returned at the same slow pace as it had come. Roslaf knew not how near to him were the remains of his friend.

When the van had arrived in the yard of

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the Secret Police Office, Roslaf was led up a narrow old-fashioned staircase into a large room of dusty and desolate appearance, containing a large table, covered with a green cloth and littered with papers, some chairs, a wretched oil-painting of the Emperor in a richly carved and gilt frame, and the indispensable sacred pictures and lamp. There was nothing there to indicate that this was the place whence tyranny daily sent out its messengers to ruin prospects of happiness, to destroy hope and joy, to deprive honest, noble-minded men and women of liberty and peace, and to work iniquity in darkness. Behind the table sat a middle-aged man, wearing the blue and silver uniform of a Major of Gens d'armes. His peculiar face never seemed to be at rest. There was a constant twitching of his wrinkled skin about his eyes and mouth, which would have made it a matter of difficulty to the physiognomist to read his thoughts, or even guess his emotions. He had the habit of shutting his sharp grey eyes, as if in sleep, when speaking or listening to anybody.

On entering, Roslaf bowed coldly to the Major, who readily acknowledged the compliment, and said:

"Pray be seated."

"I prefer to stand."

"Very well, please yourself. Are you Roslaf Romof?"

"I am he."

"I was aware of it," said the Major, with great sweetness and much blinking, "but I have to observe the legal forms. I hope you don't mind."

Roslaf answered indignantly.

"So you have to observe legal forms in dealing with His Majesty's loyal subjects, have you? Now tell me, if you please, whether my arrrest has been legal or 'formal,' or whether it has been arbitrary?"

The Major opened his eyes for one short moment, as if in astonishment, then he shut them again and exclaimed mildly:

"Hush, your Brightness, be not so hasty! I beg of you to control your temper, for your own sake!"

"But how dare you"—— began Roslaf.

"Stop, stop," interposed the Major, without opening his eyes, and in a tone still milder, if possible. "Now, pray do be calm! Take a seat and let us talk like friends. But I must beg of you not to ask any questions of me. I know nothing at all. I am only obeying my orders, and you are here to answer *my* questions. Do so like a gentleman, please!"

The placid Major, however, failed to pacify Roslaf, whose blood was boiling at the thought of the indignity to which he had been subjected, and it was with considerable difficulty that the required forms were gone through, the Major never for a moment losing his equanimity. At last he said:

"Now listen! I am going to send you away by stage-post. You will be registered at the Post-office as an independent traveller. As is usual you will have a companion, a fellow-traveller, and I would recommend you to take Lieutenant Lavin, of the Gens-d'armes. He is going your way. You understand me, I hope! You see, I might send you away as a prisoner, with a military escort, and your lodgings on the road would be dirty police-cells. Instead of that I give you a travelling passport, and you can enjoy every comfort. The only condition I make is that you treat Lieutenant Lavin with the respect due to a gentleman. I want to spare your feelings. In return, you will not neglect a little advice of mine. It is that you be not too stubborn in minor matters, should your opinion clash with those of Mr. Lavin. He is an experienced traveller, especially on the road you are going to take. So you had better let him have his own way as much as possible. But above all, Roslaf Alexandrovich, let me advise you not to try to leave your companion. You understand me? He has got your papers."

He smiled benignantly, and nodded in

his most pleasant manner, opening and shutting his eyes in quick succession.

Presently an officer in complete travelling costume entered, and was immediately introduced to Roslaf as Serghy Petrovich Lavin. The Major left the room bestowing on them a smile of paternal kindness.

Roslaf understood that he was now left in custody of the Lieutenant, and therefore examined his appearance with great interest. He had a pleasant, open face, a stately, handsome form and easy manners, and made the best impression on Roslaf.

"Well, Roslaf Alexandrovich," said Lavin, "have you got money about you for your travelling expenses?"

"Am I to be sent away and to pay my own expenses?"

"If you had been sent away as a prisoner we, of course, would pay them. But as you are going independently, you will have to do it yourself. I may as well tell you that the Major adopted the latter method of disposing of you in order to pocket the money required to forward you under escort. Thus you both are benefited, for I am sure you will prefer to go with me."

Roslaf was not in the least astonished at this impudent revelation, for he knew too much of the actions of the Russian Secret Police, and therefore at once expressed his assent.

"That is right," said Lavin, approvingly. "You are a sensible fellow, and as we are going to be friends—for the journey at least—I will be the first one to ask a favour of you. I have had the money for my own share of the expenditure handed over to me yesterday afternoon, but—you know, a young fellow in this tempting capital—cards and all that sort of thing. In short I want you to lend me the money required to take me to our journey's end. Will you do it? You shall not repent it, I assure you."

Roslaf, fully conscious how very important it was to him to buy his custodian's good-will at any price, hesitatingly answered:

"I have but a few hundred roubles in my possession and the Imperial Bank does not open until nine o'clock."

"Never mind the Bank," exclaimed Lavin, well pleased, "only give me your cheque. I dare say the Major will discount it for me.

Roslaf was astonished this time, and asked:

"The Major! And dare you tell him of your——"

"Loan," quickly suggested Lavin. "Why not? He has robbed you or the Government, whilst I only borrow."

Roslaf signed the cheque and was locked into the room by Lavin, who soon returned with a beaming face.

"The old dog!" he exclaimed. "I had to give him five per cent. discount for four hours' time. Now let us be off! The post cart is at the door."

Having descended into the yard, they found that the cart was completely filled by their trunks, and there was hardly any room for the driver and none for them.

"Never mind," said Lavin, "we shall walk to the post station and get a larger cart. The trunks will follow."

He took Roslaf's arm and they went out into the street, the cart rumbling after them. Roslaf proposed to buy a light and comfortable second-hand travelling coach, and to let the trunks follow in the cart. This proposal was gladly acceded to by Lavin and soon executed. Our travellers, snugly seated in the carriage, rattled briskly over the stone pavement. Lavin smoked in silence. Roslaf was full of troubled thoughts. They soon passed the monastery of St. Alexander Nefsky (of the Neva) and were travelling over the rough boulders of the miserable road leading eastward along the southern shore of the blue sparkling river. A few minutes more and St. Petersburg was behind them. Roslaf looked back upon her with an aching heart. There she lay, glorious in the morning sun, the city of his birth and his ambi-

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tion. Whither was he going! Was he ever to return? Who can tell?

He resolved to ask Lavin.

"Serghy, where are we going to?"

"To the next post station."

"And then?"

"To the next following one. Do not ask me, Roslaf; I am not allowed to tell you."

* * * * * * * *

Several days had passed by. Still our travellers were speeding onward, night and day, without stopping longer than was absolutely necessary for their meals, and sleeping in their carriage. The country had been growing wilder every day. The dress of the rustics seemed more patriarchal, their speech and manners quainter, the farms fewer and further between, and even the cattle presented a different appearance. They were now many hundreds of miles from St. Petersburgh.

One morning, at sunrise, Roslaf saw the houses of a small town which they were fast approaching. He shook the sleeping Lavin and said:

"Look out, Lavin, and tell me what town it is?"

"It is Totma, and here you will have to reside. This is your place of banishment."

"Not Siberia, then?" asked Roslaf with a beating heart, straining his eyes to obtain a better view of the town.

"Not this time, Roslaf," answered Lavin yawning.

"Thank God!" said Roslaf with deep feeling.

## CHAPTER III.

"TAKE us to the 'Guest-house,'" (hotel) said Roslaf to the driver when the carriage entered the little town, and they soon drove up before a two-storied, plastered and whitewashed building, occupying a prominent position in the quiet market-place. Two waiters, dressed in white linen from head to foot, much like French cooks, rushed out to carry in the trunks, and a few minutes later our travellers enlivened the inn by keeping up a boisterous peal on the call-bells, and sending the waiters flying up and down stairs after hot water, soap, &c.

After they had performed their ablutions and got dressed for their morning visits, Roslaf and Levin met in the public tea-room, surveying each other with mutual satisfaction.

The breakfast provided for them was not to their taste, and therefore did not engage them long. After it had been cleared away Roslaf anxiously enquired of Lavin what further events concerning himself he had to expect, and in answer to his inquiries, Lavin delivered himself of the following speech:

"Well, Roslaf, you have turned out to be a fine fellow, just as I expected, and I have had a very pleasant journey with you. And now, listen to me. It is a matter of course that you will be under the special surveillance of the police, and it is my duty immediately to proceed to the police office to deliver you up and get a receipt for your person from the Police Master, who in future will be responsible for your staying in Totma. But if I do this, your position in this little town will be very unpleasant. It will at once become generally known that you are a suspected person, and consequently, everybody will suspect you of everything, and not only will you be shunned, but every trifling action, nay, every word of yours will be eagerly noticed and commented upon. Now, it is in my power, by slightly overstepping my orders, to relieve you from all this annoyance, and I mean to do it, notwithstanding the risk of incurring the displeasure of my superiors."

"You are kind, Lavin, and I am really obliged to you."

"Not at all, Roslaf, I am only paying kindness for kindness. My plan is this. Instead of immediately delivering you up, I will simply introduce you as a friend to all the leading people of the town, with whom I am well acquainted, beginning with the Po-

lice Magistrate, in due succession, and you may say that you have come for a while to live in this place, without, however, stating your reasons for doing so. After having visited all our grandees, you must institute a grand ball, and invite them all. On this occasion I would advise you to take aside the Police Magistrates, one by one, and try to prevail upon them to accept a monetary present from you as a mark of your esteem."

"Will they accept?" asked Roslaf.

"You need not doubt it. By this means you will secure their good-will before entering into any official relation with them, and when afterwards I do deliver you up to the Police Master personally, all will remain a secret between him and you, and you will have every opportunity of enjoying yourself."

"You are jesting, Lavin! How could I enjoy myself in this miserable place? I am fond of refined society, and what can I expect *here?* Even the ladies that we see passing this window look so uninviting! What a curious mixture of flounces, blushes and fat, and what an abundance of freckles!

"You are too rash," said Lavin sententiously. It is true the town seems half asleep, but it will depend upon yourself whether you will be dull or not. There is plenty of pleasure to be got here. You are young, good-looking, have nothing to do but to please yourself, plenty of money, and a good old name. With all these good possessions you might live here as merrily as a king. Give parties, dinners, balls; arrange excursions and pic-nics. Make acquaintance with the landed gentry all around; take part in their shooting, hunting, fishing and what not. And those ladies! those charming, simple young ladies! So sweetly innocent, so eager to flirt, or even to tackle the most romantic love-making. It makes me quite envious to think of all the pleasures that await you. You will be the lion of the town, fêted and courted alike by daughters and mothers, welcomed everywhere and by every body. If I were in your position I would this very day select five or six young ladies to pay my addresses to, and in return would allow them to pet me and spoil me as much as they would like. I would allow their mothers to use all their match-making skill to entrap me, and laugh at their disappointment. But who knows whether, in a year's time, if I should happen to pass this way again, I would not find you a *pater familias*, nursing one of these tender-hearted, rosy-cheeked, dimpled young beauties of Totma, or rocking a screeching little—what do they call them?—token of affection, is it not?"

Roslaf was amused with Lavin's chaffing. During their conversation, however, they had arrived at the Police Master's house, and he was duly introduced to the lady, whose features showed her to be about forty years old, notwithstanding rouge and pearl white, which had been laid on unsparingly, and her affectedly juvenile manners. This lady was greatly given to flirtation, and therefore could not help bestowing on Roslaf occasional glances of the kind that generally, though wrongly, are attributed to "sheep's eyes." Roslaf, however, had been warned by Lavin that the Police Master was exceedingly jealous, and that the best means of gaining his favor was to be very frigid with his wife. At the time of this visit the Police Master was at the police station, but being informed of the arrival of strangers at his house, he ran home in breathless haste. No sooner had the usual forms of introduction and welcoming been gone through, than he anxiously inquired of Roslaf whether he was a good player at cards, and having received the assurance that Roslaf never played, he seemed well pleased, and once more emphatically assured his guest that he was his friend. For his wife was fond of gambling, and was in the habit of frequently inviting her mostly very youthful admirers just for a little game, which, however, was chiefly carried on under the green table in the shape of des-

perate hand-squeezing, or unmerciful ill-treatment of corns—which ardent tokens of affection were endured on either side with heroic devotion.

The two young men soon left the worthy pair, and terminated their round of visiting at the Mayor's, where they were very hospitably invited to dine. It was late in the evening when they returned to their hotel. Poor Roslaf had no experience of country town hotels, and being tired, unsuspectingly threw himself on the hard bed, and was soon fast asleep. But no sooner had he closed his eyes, than his prostrate limbs were attacked by a numerous and ravenous host of certain slow-creeping yet cunning enemies. The number of his assailants continually increased, until their united attacks brought him back to consciousness. He sprang out of bed and struck a light.

But we want to be considerate, therefore we shall not tell our reader what Roslaf saw.

What was to be done? He was tired and sleepy, yet he durst not venture into bed again. Whilst he was surveying the treacherous bed, he noticed that the armies of his foes were beating a hasty retreat from the light into the darkest corners, and this observation determined him in his subsequent actions. He took the blankets and sheets, shook them well, and spread them on the floor, in the middle of the room. Then he cautiously took up the pillow, examined it, and failing to detect an ambush, also deposited it on the floor. This was to be his bed for the rest of the night. He also took three chairs, set one of them at the head and one on each side of his camp, and put a lighted candle on each chair, by this means brightly illuminating his improvised bed. Having surveyed his fortifications with satisfaction, he once more laid himself down, and bade defiance to his enemies. None of them ventured to renew the attack, for, like tigers and lions, they prefer to operate in the dark.

Take this hint, O reader, and if ever you happen to be similarly attacked, camp out and keep your camp-fires well burning.

The next morning the landlord's heart was gladdened with an order to prepare a first-rate dinner for the next day, for forty or fifty people, and to stock his bar with every delicacy to be had in the town, to be free of access to the guests. The day was devoted by our travellers to rest and reading, and sending out invitations.

On the morning of the dinner there was nothing but bustle at the Guest-house. Lavin was running about, from cellar to garret, in great excitement, shouting frantically, upsetting piles of glass-ware, bestowing occasional kicks and cuffs on the waiters, and driving everybody before him like chaff before the wind. At last everything was in order, and things looked better than Roslaf had expected, although the extraordinary variety of borrowed crockery, glass, cutlery, candlesticks and chairs, was rather bewildering, and the waiters, recruited from among the undertaker's "mourners," looked like dancing-bears in their solemn black coats, and had the peculiar odour of frankincense about them which no perfume was able to quench.

By and by the guests began to arrive, first singly, and invariably escorted to the door by an admiring crowd, then in little droves, until the rooms began to assume a more lively aspect. But there is no need for a description of a provincial ball, or provincial toilettes. As for the latter, their absurd extravagance and grotesque variety produced upon Roslaf an impression not dissimilar to a heavy nightmare. Several times he caught himself absolutely staring with astonishment as he surveyed the arrivals; and had he known as much English *then* as he does *now*, when writing these reminiscences, we might have excused him had he exclaimed in the words of "Punch" on the occasion of the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne:

"The Campbells are *coming*—but *when*, oh when will they *go?*"

(*To be continued.*)

## SEPTEMBER AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE long pine branches lightly bend
Above grey rocks with moss o'ergrown,
And rays of golden light descend
Aslant, on twisted root and stone;
All still and silent, at our feet,
Lies the broad river's glassy sheet.

So calm, so tranquil its expanse,
No ripple on its peaceful breast;
It might be sea of faëry-land,
By some strange magic laid to rest,
And the grey, hazy islands seem
The vision of a passing dream.

In such soft tints their shores extend,
So dim their winding outlines lie,
They do not separate, but blend
The melting tints of lake and sky,
Save where one light-tower's snowy gleam
Is mirrored in the placid stream.

No sounds the dreamy stillness break,
No echo o'er the lake is heard,
Save that the leaping fishes make,
Or twitter of a lonely bird;
And summer sweetness seems to stray,
Confused, through the September day.

We watch the swift-receding boat,
And long we bend our patient gaze
Ane strive to trace it, far afloat,
Through the soft mist's uncertain haze,
To catch the latest glimpse we may
Of friends beloved it bears away.

So, often, through the misty veil
That hides from us the Spirit-land,
We gaze and gaze, till gazing fail—
As on its outer verge we stand—
On cherished forms, receding far
To realms that undiscovered are.

FIDELIS.

TORONTO

# PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SURVEY OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JR.

THE railroad is in our new world fulfilling a new function; for, from the north of North America to the south of South America, railroad companies are now the most active explorers of their unknown recesses. Heretofore, in the old world, these highways have been run only where a dense population needed their facilities for transport; on our side the Atlantic, on the contrary, either in connecting far distant centres of settlement, or in giving access to fertile districts—as yet unpopulated—the railway track is being laid through regions which would otherwise, for long or forever, have remained a solitude! Surveying parties are now looking for an easier route across the Chilian Andes than those by which the cattle dealers from the Pampas drive their flocks to the Pacific; and further north, from one side the Cordilleras, access is being sought by railway engineers to the rich table-lands of Bolivia; while, on the other side, every defile of the Peruvian Andes is being surveyed for one or other of the roads by which the Republic is endeavouring to throw open to the world its vast interior, teeming with Nature's richest products, but which are, to all intents and purposes, quite inaccessible. In North America we are expecting our first exact information as to the physical configuration of that most southerly zone of the United States bordering on the Mexican frontier, from the engineers of the South Pacific; to the same Pacific Railroad the geographer owes his present intimate acquaintance with the Rocky Mountains, along the 41st parallel; and the northern section of the United States west of the Dakota, is undergoing the same thorough examination by the engineers of the North Pacific. But this useful office of the railway is now being performed by the engineering staff of our Pacific Railroad, for not only are they penetrating and describing parts of the Dominion concerning which we certainly would never otherwise have known much, but they are compelled, owing to their utter ignorance, especially of the British Columbian District, to extend their explorations over an area greater by far than the engineers of any other railroad in the world have ever had to do, in selecting the best road to reach their goal.

In locating a railroad, a mere general idea of the country through which it is to pass is not enough, as thousands of dollars may be saved in constructing, and thousands more in the diminished cost of running, by avoiding a very insignificant ravine or ridge, so low that we would lay out an ordinary road over it without looking for another course. The engineer requires to possess that intimate knowledge of the minutiæ of a country such as most men have not acquired of even their own immediate neighbourhood. In the late Franco-Prussian war, as well as in that between the North and South, there were many incidents which proved how vague people's acquaintance generally is with

Canadian Pacific Railway. Report of Progress of the Exploration and Surveys up to January, 1874, By Sandford Fleming, Engineer-in-Chief. Ottawa, 1874.

Canada on the Pacific, by Charles Horetzky. Montreal, 1874.

The Wild North Land, by Captain W. F. Butler. Montreal, 1874.

Geological Surveys, Report of Progress for 1871-72. Montreal, 1872.

the precise configuration of the locality in which they live. Hence, if it be a laborious and tedious task to decide on the line which offers fewest obstacles in a cleared and settled country, how much more so when the region to be traversed has never been trodden by the foot of civilized man, and is a mountainous wild, clad with dense forest. For three years the surveying parties of the Canadian Pacific Railroad have been in the field. Their duty is to find a practicable railroad route from the Ottawa to the Pacific, a distance of nearly three thousand miles, of which, in round numbers, one thousand miles may be said to be through forest alternating with lake and morass, where there is not generally even an Indian trail to follow; and another thousand through a labyrinth of mountain ranges dissected by river courses and narrow tortuous lakes, upon whose banks a white man has in many cases never stood. Under such circumstances the wonder is, not that a desirable route remains still to be decided on, but that so near an approach has been made in so short a time to the solution of so difficult a riddle. The terms British Columbia imposed on the Dominion on joining the Confederation were, that a railway should be completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific within ten years. More than three years have already elapsed, and despite every effort of a first-rate chief, and eight hundred assistants of all grades, an eligible line has not yet been found.

There has been lately issued the Report of Progress on the Explorations and Surveys, up to January, 1874, accompanied by sixteen maps and sections, by Sandford Fleming, Engineer-in-Chief. We had good reason to complain, in criticising the former report, of the printing and bad paper, which might, at least, have been good, however desultory the information the report conveyed. The same fault cannot be found with the present documents. They contain, as the results of another year's survey, a large augmentation to our knowledge. This, although not yet complete enough to justify the formation of a decisive opinion as to the route, has lifted the subject out of the almost utter darkness in which it was enveloped.

The additional exploratory work has been concentrated on the east and west sections, the middle section, composing the plains between Fort Garry and Edmonton, having been found in the first cursory examination to present no engineering difficulties; but the volume contains the report of Mr. Horetzky, of an expedition to the Lesser Slave Lake and the Peace River, and a very valuable supplement to the same, by Mr. Macoun, who accompanied Mr. Horetzky, and whose botanical observations throw more light upon the climate of that far north zone than any memoir that has been yet published. Further details of this reconnaissance, and of his trip along the coast of British Columbia, were given by Mr. Horetzky in his book—"Canada on the Pacific."

In describing the present position of the survey, we shall follow the natural subdivisions of the route which have guided the Chief in laying out the work for his subordinates, viz, into—

1. The Eastern or Woodland Region, from the Ottawa or Lake Nipissing to Fort Garry.

2. The Central or Prairie Region, from Fort Garry to the base of the Rocky Mountains.

3. The Western or Mountain Region.

1. The Eastern Section, varying in length according to route, from 1048 miles to 1197 miles, is the least inviting, though not the most costly feature of the whole scheme, but it looks less repulsive than it did two years ago, and perseverance may succeed in yet making it even comely. In the report of 1872, little hope was held out that a route touching Lake Superior could be found, and the proposed line lay, therefore, 120 miles to the south, with a branch connecting it with navigation. Now, a feasible deviation from this objectionable course has been found possible, and a main line has been surveyed touching navigable water to the

south of Lake Nipigon. Further exploration may possibly unravel, from amidst the labyrinth of lakes and rivers that fill the shallow troughs of the Laurentian range to the north of Lakes Huron and Superior, a roadway near enough to the lakes to still further shorten the through-line, and bring it into closer relation at Sault St. Marie, with the Western States. To complete the transcontinental line this section is necessary, and must sooner or later be built, but better later than sooner if there be any possibility that delay and further exploration may reveal a more desirable route than even the last proposed.

The most fertile part of Ontario is almost an island of triangular shape. Taking as the apex the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, one side of the triangle is formed by the Lakes Ontario and Erie, whose general direction is S.W.; the other side by the River Ottawa, the River Mattawa, Lake Nipissing and French River, which make a water channel with but one short break, whose general direction is almost due west; and the base of the triangle by the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, and the S.E. end of Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay. Within these limits lies the agricultural wealth of Ontario, and to these limits will probably be confined her population. Hence, private railway enterprise is rapidly rendering accessible its most distant point, Lake Nipissing, whence Government proposes to carry forward the work which private enterprise is not found rash or courageous enough to undertake. For, once beyond Lake Nipissing, we pass forward to Hudson's Bay amidst the tributaries of the Ottawa and the Abbitibbi through a tangle of rivers and swamps where the white pine has disappeared before the spruce, red pine, birch, and poplar, and where the soil is not so rich nor the climate so salubrious as to tempt the settler away from more southerly zones. Going west from Lake Nipissing we enter at once the sterile mountain range which skirts the northern shore of Lake Huron. No one who has sailed through the intricate channels and amidst the myriad islands of the Georgian Bay, and of the basin enclosed by the Manitoulin Islands and the mainland, or who has seen Killarney, the very skeleton of a settlement, and the arid hills behind the Bruce Mines—hardly less bare than the refuse ore-heaps themselves, and who has continued his voyage under the cliffs that abut on the shores of Lake Superior, refusing a span of level beach large enough to land upon, will hesitate to accept the decision that a feasible route does not exist along the Lake Shore for a railroad. This sterile region is, however, a mere strip, especially to the north of Lake Superior, where the Laurentian rocks, which give it its repellant physical and agricultural character, have but a narrow lateral development. The line of junction between these fundamental strata and the newer rocks which lie to the north and form the rim of the basin washed by the waters of Hudson's Bay, corresponds in a general way with the *height of land* between the adjacent fresh and salt water seas, and marks the transmission from the rugged, corrugated, thinly-timbered tract along the lake, to the level swampy ground, clad in dense forest, which descends with almost imperceptible slope to Hudson's Bay. The sinuosities of the *height of land* or water-shed so far as traced, follow the curves of the shores of the Georgian Bay and Lakes Superior and Nipigon at a distance of from 20 to 50 miles. This only once apparently undergoes a deflection that does not correspond with the coast line. This is where Lake Long, a spindle-shaped body of water, which is supplied by streams that rise within ten miles of Lake Superior, is interposed between the Pic River on the east, and Lake Nipigon and its feeders on the west. Lake Long discharges through the Albany into Hudson's Bay; the Pic rises in a lake not ten miles from the foot of Lake Long, and after running parallel to Lake Long, discharges into Lake Superior, where it meets

the waters that have flowed from as near the foot of Lake Long to the west, through the Nipigon River. The water-shed, therefore, whose general direction has been E. and W., on approaching Lake Long curves sharply to the South, approaches within ten miles of Lake Superior, then sweeps round the edge of Lake Long and returns north to enclose Lake Népigon. This deep indentation as it were in the area of the Laurentian hills, is found to afford passage for a railroad line to Lake Superior on either Nipigon or Thunder Bay, and thus one of the most objectionable features of the first survey is removed when the long Nipigon branch is expunged.

Three practicable routes have thus been discovered: (1) that originally surveyed, north of Nipigon; (2) another crossing the Nipigon, ten miles from its mouth and then regaining the *height of land* by following the S.W. shore of Lake Nipigon; and (3) a third which, after crossing the Nipigon at the same point as the last, skirting Nipigon Bay, Black Bay, and touching the lake at Thunder Bay, will ascend to the common track upon the *height of land.* But before discussing the merits of these rival routes and the respective claims of Népigon Bay or Thunder Bay to be the railroad port of Lake Superior, let us see what is known of the long stretch of 400 miles from Lake Nipissing to Lake Long, and the almost equally long reach from the western shore of Lake Nipissing to Fort Garry.

The line of 1871-72 took its departure from the mouth of the river Mattawa, followed the right bank of the Ottawa to the mouth of the Montreal river, and the left bank of that river to its very source, where its tributary streams at the *height of land* seem to flow from the same swamps as feed the Abbitibbi, which discharges into Hudson's Bay. Further explorations, however, indicate that the valley of the Sturgeon River, which flows into Lake Nipissing, affords a shorter and easier route to the same point; and as the whole section must be built merely for purposes of communication with the western section, and the country traversed by one projected route is likely to be as valueless as that penetrated by another, the object kept in view has been, and is, to discover the line which will be shortest and most level, and therefore least costly in construction, and most cheaply run. The shortest route would be one almost due W. from Lake Nipissing, touching Lake Superior at the mouth of the Pic River, but the country through which it would run is even more forbidding than that 50 miles to the north. The longer route therefore, with lighter work, must be chosen, and this seems to be up the Sturgeon River, which gives passage through the naked rocky country which cuts off progress to the west, over the *height of land* to the level heavily-wooded country on the Hudson's Bay slope. Along the rim of this basin it runs almost due west, crossing the innumerable tributaries of the Abbitibbi—the south and north branches of the Moose River, and of the Albany. All these rivers have served as canoe routes between the Hudson's Bay posts on the lake, and on James' Bay—(Hudson's Bay)—all are comparatively sluggish, and run through a low, often swampy, country, clad in a dense forest of spruce, birch and poplar. The character of the ground and forest is, however, but little known; as, till the survey parties passed from east to west, that is across the direction of the river courses, no white man had ever seen more than the banks of some of the rivers, and these white men were Hudson's Bay officers, who, whether good observers or not, have left but scanty records of the localities they have visited. And the survey parties complain that their field of observation was much contracted by the difficulty of finding hills whereby they could command the view of a large extent of scenery. It seems, however, to be admitted on all sides, that the agricultural resources of this extensive region are scanty, and that the timber, though

abundant, and in places of large size, is not of the most valuable kind. Nevertheless, the country is not so barren as not to repay tillage, should a local market be made by a population entering the region to pursue other branches of industry: and the day may come, and certainly will come speedily, unless effectual measures be taken to stop the destruction of North American forests, when worse timber than the spruce and red pine of the Upper Ottawa, the Moose, and the Albany, will be in demand. Such a prospect is a poor consolation to cheer one on in building a thousand miles of railroad, through a wilderness, and almost as scanty is the encouragement to be derived from the few indications of mineral wealth; but, while these would not be inducements to build the road, they afford us some reason to hope that the road when built, and if built for the purposes of through traffic, will serve a valuable local end.

In 1871 Mr. Alexander McKenzie made a flying expedition (by order of the Engineer-in-Chief) by canoe up the Ottawa, and across the portage to the head waters of the Abbitibbi, which he descended to Moose Factory on James Bay, returning up the northern branch of the Moose river, and down the Michipicoten to Lake Superior. On the Moose river he found quartz in boulders in abundance, "containing apparent traces of gold, copper, etc., while galena," he says "is not to be found in its south branch." There are also, in his opinion, indications of petroleum on its western side, for about 130 miles southward from tide water, and the locality abounds with ferruginous and brackish springs. A better authority is Mr. Robert Bell, of the Geological Survey, who spent the summer of 1871, exploring the country N. E. of Lake Nipigon, and the head waters of the Albany. He reached the Albany from Lake Nipigon by the Ombabiki, and if his observation be correct, it sets at rest the vexed question of a lake with two outlets, for he describes his following the Ombabiki against the current, from Lake Nipigon to its source in Shoal Lake, three and a half-miles long and one mile wide, lying at "a distance of twenty-five miles north-east of the mouth of the river. This lake lies due north and south, and discharges both ways; the stream flowing northward towards the Albany, called the Powétik River, being nearly as large as the southern outlet." It is a pity Mr. Bell did not follow the Powétik into one or other of the main unmistakable branches of the Albany, as until this is done a doubt may exist as to whether it is a confluent of the northern river system at all, and does not twist round and find its way into Lake Superior. Mr. Bell's description of the Ojoké is not what we would expect to be that of a river within a few miles of its source. He leaves the Ojoké to cross a narrow water-shed to another branch of the Albany, whichhe follows through alternating stretches of lakes and rapid rivers to Martin's Falls; and thence 120 miles further to the junction of the Kenogami. In his 522 miles of journeying, he speaks only once of seeing a vein of quartz carrying a little iron pyrites, and once of detecting specks of copper pyrites in some dioritic schist. "But in one place, just below the mouth of the Goose River, or three miles below the point where the river turns south-east, bright red marl occurs on the north bank, and on a small island a mile further down, some loose fragments of a bright bituminous coal were found. The Hudson Bay Company's officers informed me that coal had never been brought into the country; and considering that the conveyance of even light and valuable goods is so expensive in this region, this is only what might have been expected, so that I cannot suppose this coal to have been brought here by human agency." Should good coal in available quantities be found within 300 miles of the heart of Ontario, and less than 200 from Lake Superior, the Pacific Railroad will be the most fruitful work Canada has ever engaged in. But it

is unreasonable to expect that parties of geologists surveying over 500 miles of lakes and rivers in a few weeks, will make mineral discoveries which are generally the result of very patient search! And therefore the few accidentally made give us good reason to believe that were the country even thinly peopled, others of more importance would quickly be announced.

On the shore of Lake Superior there is every indication of great mineral wealth. Silver Islet in Thunder Bay has become famous, and other silver locations give promise of a profitable yield. There is a large development on the islands and promontories of our shore of those same trap-rocks, which on the south shore are yielding such enormous quantities of native copper. Though on our side they have never been systematically explored, they are known to carry copper on Michipicoten Island in quantities that would be considered remunerative on Kewunah promontory. Gold also is known to exist on Lake Shebandowan and elsewhere. There is a fair presumption, therefore, from what has been found in the parts already visited, that the still larger area which will be rendered accessible by the railroad may unbosom still greater riches. At any rate the mining interest around Thunder Bay will be stimulated by the railroad.

Whatever route be taken round Lake Nipigon, there seems to be little alternative as to that from that lake to Fort Garry—as the same obstacles which exist in Nipissing and Moose river sections, here also indicate that the southern slope of the divide must be avoided, and the northern selected—the northern being rocky, bare of timber, and thinly covered with sandy soil—the northern flat heavily wooded, and, if there be any choice, more inviting to the agriculturist. The divide here, however, does not separate the waters flowing on one side into Lake Superior, and on the other into Hudson's Bay; as those flowing both south and north are carried by their respective chains of rivers and lakes to the junction of the Winnipeg and English Rivers, where they unite to flow together into Lake Winnipeg, and thence into Hudson's Bay. The area, therefore, between Lakes Nipigon, Superior, and Winnipeg, is almost as complete an island as the Province of Ontario, and has much the same triangular outline. The base is formed by Lake Nipigon, Nipigon River, and Nipigon Bay; the northern side by Sturgeon River, Lonely Lake, English River, and a chain of connecting lakes and rivers, whose waters flow from the northeast to the apex of the triangle, where they meet the discharge of the Lake of the Woods, Rainy Lake, and others which compose, at most, unbroken water communication with the base of our triangle on Lake Superior. The railroad is laid down almost from the centre of the base of this huge triangle, whose area is not less than two-thirds that of Ontario, to the apex. As the railroad will open up from end to end this tract, it will add a Province to the Dominion; and if its value be at all commensurate to its extent, a very rich one. Unfortunately size and value are often in inverse ratio to one another. At about 30 miles from Red River the road will issue on the Prairie. The only debatable division of this long section is, as already pointed out, that which unites the two extremes, and here three alternatives offer: either to run the main line north of Lake Nipigon, and connect it with Lake Superior by a branch 150 miles long, or else carry the main line to navigable water, on either Nipigon Bay, or Thunder Bay on Lake Superior.

As to distances, the advantage lies with the Nipigon route, for whereas the distance

| | Miles. |
|---|---|
| From Fort Garry to Mattawa by Northern route, main line, is.... | 982 |
| Branch from north of Lake Nipigon to Nipigon Bay..... | 110—1,092 |
| And that from Fort Garry to Mattawa by the Kaministiquia and Thunder Bay is..... | 1,038 |

| | Miles. |
|---|---|
| That which touches navigable waters on the Nipigon at ten miles from Lake Superior is only | 973 |

Unless therefore there be grave objections against Nipigon Bay as a port, or some strong argument in favour of Thunder Bay, the third route must be selected over the second ; for the first may be ruled out of court.

Thunder Bay may claim to possess now at Prince Arthur's Landing the largest settlement on the north shore of the lake, but this it owes to being the starting-point of the Dawson route, not to any advantages in itself. Thunder Bay is more exposed than is Nipigon Bay, which is effectually closed in by the St. Ignace, and the distance from Fort Garry to Thunder Bay is only 398 miles, while that to Nipigon is 416 ; but on the other hand, the distance from Thunder Bay to the Sault exceeds that from Red Rock, near the mouth of the Nipigon river, to the same point by nine miles. The ice on Thunder Bay, from its exposed position, breaks up sooner than that on Nipigon Bay ; but as both bays are navigable within fifteen days of the opening of the Sault Ste. Marie canal, and are generally free of ice for three weeks after the canal is closed, either harbour will answer in this respect as a railway terminus, for it will be in autumn that open navigation will be most important, as then the cereals will be seeking the cheapest possible route to Europe.

If the Nipigon route be selected, the navigation of the mouth of the Nipigon river must be improved ; if Thunder Bay, a breakwater must be built or the mouth of the Kaministiquia converted into a harbour. The *pros* and *cons* are so evenly divided on all points but that of distance, and in this very important consideration the balance on the side of the Nipigon route is so great as to leave no hesitation in deciding in its favour.

From end to end of this section there seem to be no engineering difficulties. Mr. Fleming says that : "in passing from Lake Nipissing to Lake Nipigon through the interior of the country, the ascent to the summit level will actually be less than that which is experienced in passing from Toronto across the peninsula of Western Ontario, by either the Great Western, the Grand Trunk, the Grey and Bruce, or the Northern Railways." And the ascent from the height of land from Winnipeg River, at the other end of the section, is so gradual that the total rise is only from 400 to 500 ft., and this is distributed over a distance of 230 miles.

The following particulars as to climate may be gleaned from the reports of the explorers. Mr. Rowan says :—" The question of snowfall is a subject of great importance when taken in connection with this work. Few, if any, reliable facts in connection with it, as regards the country now under consideration, have been hitherto known ; the following, from observations made by our own parties, will throw some light on the subject ;—Commencing at Ottawa, where the average depth in winter may be taken as about 3 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft., it decreases gradually as we proceed westerly ; in the neighbourhood of the Great Bend of the Montreal River it is 3 ft. 6 in. ; on the height of land north of Michipicoten, on Lake Superior, it is 2 ft. 8 in. ; west of Lake Nipigon it is 2 ft. 3 in. ; and at Red River from 2 ft. to 1 ft. 6 in. Near the shore of Lake Superior the depth will average between 3 ft. and 4ft.

" There is a marked difference, however, between the character of the snow which falls throughout the whole of the country to the west of the Montreal River and that which falls east of that longitude. In the former country there are no thaws during the winter ; the snow is consequently dry and light, and *never packs ;* while in the latter, on the contrary, frequent thaws cause it to pack, as in the settled portions of the country to the south. This is one great source of difficulty experienced in removing it from the track of a railway.

"On the shore of Lake Superior the thermometer will indicate, once or twice during the winter, from 39° to 42° below zero; in the interior it seldom, if ever, falls as low as this. In summer, during the day time, in the months of July and August, the heat is as great as in this part of Canada, but the nights are always cool.

"When once spring commences vegetation is very rapid; the ice and snow have hardly disappeared before the trees are in in full leaf.

"While on the subject of climate, I may mention that Mr. Crawford, the Hudson Bay Company's officer at Red Rock, (at the mouth of Nipigon River,) cleared about 15 acres of land last spring, on which he raised some very fine barley, oats, potatoes, and turnips. In his garden were peas, beans, carrots, cabbage, and a few heads of Indian corn. He informed me that when he lived at Nipigon Lake he had raised tomatoes in the open air."

The fact that the climate is more severe on the lake shore than that in the interior, is corroborated by the observations of Mr. Macoun, the botanist, who remarks :—"An opinion has gone abroad that the lands round Thunder Bay and up the Kaministiquia are unfit for settlement, owing to the extreme cold, and summer frosts of that region. That this opinion is erroneous can be easily seen by a careful perusal of the following paragraphs :

"Early in the year 1869, G. F. Matthews, Esq., of St. John, New Brunswick, read a paper on the occurrence of Arctic and Western plants in Continental Acadia. Amongst other valuable information, he showed that the mean annual summer temperature of St. John, N. B., Thunder Bay, Halifax, and Toronto, was as follows :

| | May. | June. | July. | Aug. | Sept. | Oct. | Mean Sum. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| St. John | 47.3 | 54.5 | 59.7 | 60.0 | 55.0 | 45.7 | 58.1 |
| Thunder Bay | 48.9 | 58.7 | 62.2 | 53.8 | 48.2 | 41.9 | 59.9 |
| Halifax | 48.0 | 56.3 | 62.3 | 63.7 | 57.0 | 47.0 | 60.8 |
| Toronto | 51.5 | 61.0 | 66.3 | 65.7 | 57.4 | 45.0 | 64.3 |

"In July of the same year I made large collections round Thunder Bay and up the Kaministiquia, detecting many sub-arctic and boreal forms close to the waters of the lake, but none two miles up the river. The cause of this was evident; almost constant rain and fogs prevail around the bay during the hot months, lowering the temperature, and giving a climate almost analagous to that of Halifax or St. John, along the shore of the lake, but with a far higher temperature as we go inland from any point on it.

"The vegetation around Lake Superior is noted for its luxuriance. All herbaceous plants have a tendency to increase beyond their normal size along the west side of the lake, and Americans report the same on the south side. The only cause that can be assigned for this is the humid atmosphere, combined with a sufficiency of heat to develop at least the leaves and stems of the plants.

"Leaving the low marshy flats at the mouth of the Kaministiquia, and ascending the river, a botanist is soon struck with the change in the aspect of the plants he passes.

"All the sub-arctic species with which the shores of the lake are fringed, disappear; many of the boreal forms become very scarce, and by the time the Mission (1½ miles from Thunder Bay) is passed, almost a complete change has taken place in the vegetation."

Mr. McKenzie, who it may be remembered made a canoe journey from the Ottawa to Hudson's Bay and back to Lake Superior, is of opinion that were the country explored this season, under cultivation—a condition only precluded by its vast extent and absence of communication—its climate would,

unless in certain localities, from local causes, differ little from the lower cultivated portions of the Province of Quebec, an evidence of which exists in the crops raised, under the present unfavourable circumstances, at the Hudson's Bay Company Posts north of the great Watershed. At Moose Factory, the extremes of temperature are − 40° in winter and + 89 in summer, the average during the coldest month being, so far as I could learn, about + 11°, or a little colder than at Abbitibbi, where I procured my figures from the register kept for the Smithsonian Institution. The climate of the country is very healthy, and even in the heat of summer the air highly invigorating; but early frosts frequently prevent grain ripening properly, especially at Moose Factory, where the soil is rich alluvial, and the crops over luxuriant for an early harvest. At new Brunswick House (on Moose River, on the very line of the railroad), "situated about 49° 8′ N. latitude, I procured a very fair specimen of ripe barley."

Mr. Bell's testimony agrees also in showing the prospect of settlement from adverse climatic influences not to be so hopeless, for he says that when at Martin's Falls, on the Albany (a point even farther north than the meridian of this part of the line,) "Mr. McKay, the gentleman in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's post there, kindly afforded me an opportunity of looking over the journals of the last forty years, which had been kept by his predecessors. From these I ascertained that the river between this point and James' Bay is open, on an average, six months of the year. Hay, turnips, and potatoes have been successfully cultivated for a long time at this post, and the cattle kept here thrive well."

If we must have a railroad uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific through Canadian soil, this section must be built. The length will be 973 miles, but the division which will carry the freight of the West to the navigable waters of Lake Superior will be 416. The road must run from end to end through a country not actually unfit for settlement, yet so unfavourable for agriculture that it will be cultivated only to supply a local demand. Whether such a demand will ever exist must depend upon lumbering or mining. The quality of the lumber is such as to forbid the supposition that it will be soon marketable. It is impossible to estimate what the chances are of the road developing a mineral region, owing to the scantiness of our information.

If much is still to be done in the way of surveys before work can be commenced on the Eastern section, still more is this the case on the Western. In the preliminary report of 1872, Mr. Fleming expressed himself more unreservedly favourable to the route by Tête Jaune Cache to Burrard's Inlet than he does in his last report. Evidently a more familiar acquaintance with the Thompson and the Fraser valleys, as well as with the country across the loop made by the former of these with the latter, has revealed greater difficulties than at first presented themselves. Then again, such strong advocacy has been given to the Peace River Pass, far to the north of the Yellow Head Pass, that Mr. Horetzky was detailed to make a cursory survey of it, which he did with results such as entitle the route to more careful exploration before it be dismissed. Even the character of the plains is being discussed as a doubtful subject, and when we seek for information that would enable us to arrive at a conclusion between conflicting opinions, the information is not to be found. It is contended, not only that the Peace River Valley is the proper gate through the mountains, but that in reaching it from the East the real fertile belt will be followed from end to end; whereas in traversing the plains from Manitoba to Edmonton, the fertile zone which extends from S.E. to N.W. is only cut across diagonally. It is further contended that the climate is more favourable to agriculture in lat 56° than in lat. 53°,

and that a lighter snowfall will diminish the cost of maintaining a railroad. But of this mild, wild north land, of which such glowing accounts reach us, we have but little precise information. Capt. Butler crossed part of it in the winter of 1872–73. Mr. Horetzky skirted it in the autumn of 1872, in running from Edmonton to Fort Dunvegan, on the Peace River; but while the accounts we possess are too ambiguous to carry conviction of the desirability of the route, the evidence both as to fertility and salubrity of the country east of the mountains, and as to the facility the Peace River offers of reaching the Pacific, is so strong that it would be folly in the face of it to decide on a southern route till the northern has received the amplest exploration. In fact, one cannot but be struck by the apathy —we will not say of the Government, for the Government only expresses the popular sentiment—but of the people with regard to the North-West. Either this immense territory is what it is described by its admirers as being, and what it was believed to be when acquired by Canada, or it is not. The first duty of Parliament is to take means for ascertaining this. When a thorough geographical exploration has been made which will determine the character of the soil and productions, not along certain beaten trails but over wide areas, we shall then know the value of what we possess, but not till then. The limited efforts now being put forth are worse than useless, for, being confined to so narrow a field and a single tract, they accustom the public mind to regard as a matter of course all territory beyond as admittedly valueless. No time should be lost and no expense spared in making the explanation thorough. If our North-West is the valuable acquisition we esteem it, exposing it to a thorough survey, and publishing the result in a style worthy of the subject, will enable us the more quickly to benefit by our treasures; if, on the contrary, its value be exaggerated, and it is not fitted to receive the multitudes our Pacific Railroad is being prepared to transport thither, the sooner we know it the better; and any expense incurred in learning our mistake will be well laid out. In the surveys now being conducted for the United States Government, of their territories, we have models of what such exploration should be, and in the publications in which the results attained are given to the world, we have works which attest the value the Government attaches to the regions they describe. Our Government might learn a useful lesson from Clarence King's report on the 40th parallel, and Hayden's Geological Reports on the Territories, both the popular and scientific series. Such explorations and such books cost money; but if we can afford to spend $100,000,000 in building a railway, we can spare $1,000,000 towards first acquiring and disseminating knowledge of the salient geographical features and physical peculiarities of the region which the railroad is intended to open. As it is, we are tolerably acquainted with the zone from Fort Garry to Edmonton. Colonel Robertson Ross gives us the impressions he gathered during a forced march through the country lying along the eastern base of the mountains, from Edmonton almost to the American line; and Mr. Horetzky, in like manner, tells us what he saw and heard, when hurrying at all speed northward from the same point, in the month of September, to the Peace River. Mr. McLeod adds to our heap of hearsay evidence regarding the same region; and Captain Butler narrates a sledge journey through it in mid-winter. From these sources we gather that the route which the Pacific Railroad would follow from Fort Garry to Edmonton is through a country by no means fertile throughout, and in many places so deficient in water that it is doubtful whether deep boring even can find it; that there are no doubt thousands of miles of cultivatable land in this zone, but that it is by no means as generally suitable for agricultural purposes as the country to

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the north of the Saskatchewan. Strange to say, the north branch of the Saskatchewan is described as the Northern Limit, or the Fertile Belt, in the surrender made by the Hudson's Bay Company to the Dominion. Yet Captain Butler avers that it will be found that there are ten acres of fertile land lying north of the North Saskatchewan for every one acre lying south of it; and Captain Butler's opinion, despite the dramatic exaggeration he throws into his style, is worthy of respect; for he has travelled over the ground with a traveller's eye, and spent more than a few months in the North-West. These authorities, and others as old as Sir Alex. McKenzie, tell us of a prairie on the Smoky and Peace Rivers of as wide extent as the prairie of Manitoba, more fertile and as mild; and that the whole country, from the Forks of the Saskatchewan north-west to this point, out of which half-a-dozen Manitobas might be carved, is more salubrious, and better wooded and watered, and in other respects more fitted for settlement, than would be that through which it is proposed that the Pacific Railroad shall pass from Manitoba to Jasper House. If it be so, there is no preference due to the southern passes through the mountains over the northern, on the score of the greater value of the prairies of the south over the mixed prairie and woodland of the north, and the route to the Pacific may be selected:

(1) In deference to the engineering facilities or difficulties presented by one over another of the passes; and,

(2) With a view to the road terminating in a safe and accessible seaport.

To understand the present position of the survey of the western or mountain region, we must have a clear idea of the general configuration of British Columbia, and this the labours of the railway exploring parties are enabling us to form; for as here the engineering difficulties of the undertaking culminate, to this section has been devoted most attention, and a marvellous amount of arduous work has been done. If much more should remain to be done ere the problem of a best route is settled, considering the great extent of country over which instrumental surveys have been made, and its mountainous character, we must not be surprised.

The Rocky Mountains from south to north present the same salient features. If a section of the continent from Omaha on the Missouri to San Francisco, along the line of the Union and Central Pacific Railways, be examined, it will be seen that the plains which commence at Omaha at 1,211 feet above the sea, rise, by a very gradual ascent, to Cheyenne, 6,062 feet. Here the Rocky Mountain range springs then from the plains. Its summit surmounted, the range descends westward to an elevated plateau whose mean elevation is about 5,500 feet, and its width about 1,000 miles. The plateau contains many lakes; in it takes its rise the Rio Colorado, and it is broken by many subsidiary ranges—some extending, as distinct chains, for great distances north and south, others forming isolated mountain masses, whose axes, however, always correspond with that of the main range. While the Rocky Mountains proper form the eastern rim of this elevated basin, the Nevada range forms the western. Its crest rises abruptly out of the plateau from the east, its western flank sweeps with a steep curve into the Sacramento Valley, almost to the level of the sea. To the west of the Sacramento Valley is a hilly region—the foot hills of the Nevada Range, cut off from their connection with the parent mountains and the San Jacinto River, which has grooved out of them a broad, deep valley. The Bay of San Francisco is a deep indentation in these foot-hills, but the only one, and therefore the only good harbour along the whole coast.

Let us now examine a section through the western half of the continent, ten degrees further north in Canadian territory. Here we

find the same elements as in the south, only some are developed into larger proportions —others are contracted, while the passage from a rainless into a humid climate is indicated by great rivers, whose restless flow has worn deep passes and precipitous cañons through the mountain ranges, and into the floor of the plateau.

Instead of the arid plains of Nebraska, rolling up to an elevation of 6,000 feet at Cheyenne, we have the fertile prairies of the Saskatchewan, which meet the mountains at an elevation of only 2,600 feet. Then, though here the Rocky Mountain Range attains, in its highest summits—Mounts Brown and Hooker—proportions even grander than it does in the Colorado Peaks, it is cleft so deeply by ravines—the beds in more than one instance of mighty rivers that rise within the range to the west—that the passage through the mountains may be made in several places without the traveller being aware by any steep alternation in level that he has even left the plains. One or other of these gaps will, of course, be chosen to give passage to the Railway. Within the Rocky Mountain Range is an elevated plateau such as we have described as inclosed between the same range and the Sierra Nevada in the south. This plateau has in British Columbia, however, an average elevation of only about 2,000 feet instead of 5,500 feet; its surface is likewise corrugated by secondary mountain ranges, such as the Selkirk and Gold, but it is much more deeply furrowed by water-courses than in its southern extension. In the latitude we are describing the Columbia and Fraser Rivers traverse the plateau diagonally from north-east to south-west, and with their tributaries, which generally join the main stream at right angles, cut it up in all directions with deep trenches, of which steep sides form precipitous escarpments, and whose bottoms are so narrow that the water often fills completely the gorge, not allowing, on either side, room to build a road. These river valleys, with their regular descent to the sea, would form admirable railway routes were it not for their impassable character even on the plateau, and which becomes still more marked when the rivers cut their way through the Cascade or Coast Range, rushing impetuously through gloomy defiles in which to build a railroad would involve carving a shelf for miles out of a wall of rock.

The Cascade Range is the continuation northward of the Sierra Nevada, and forms like it the western rim of the basin. In California, as we have seen, the Sierra Nevada slopes rapidly into the San Jacinto Valley. In this part of British Columbia the Cascade Range drops, by precipices thousands of feet high, into the Straits of Georgia. With the Valley of San Jacinto depressed a few hundred feet, it would form an arm of the sea corresponding to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca and Georgia, and the high land which occupies the coast of California would be an island, the representative in the south of the highest zone of the submerged mountain chain whose extension northward is indicated by Vancouver Island and the Queen Charlotte Group.

It will be understood, therefore, that while the deep indentations in the Rocky Mountains, which have been cut in one instance at least beneath the level of the enclosed plateau, afford easy highways through them from the east; the deep furrows which the rivers have grooved into the surface of the table land, added to the undulations, rising sometimes into mountain chains, into which it is broken, present a labyrinth of obstacles through which it is not easy to thread a way; and the difficulties become more insuperable when the Cascade Range is reached, for its western slope is a precipice whose base is lashed by the sea—except where rapid rivers have cleft through its narrow gorges—terminating in long sinuous arms of the sea, so narrow as to be unnavigable generally by sailing ships, and is enclosed by cliffs that tower almost

to the same level, yet dip, sheer and deep, into the water. So rugged is the coast of British Columbia, that from Milleh Callah, near the mouth of the Skeena River in the north, for 300 miles southward to Cape Cantim, not a stretch of sandy beach, it is said, offers footing to the shipwrecked sailor. There are, therefore, few safe, accessible harbours, very few gaps through the Cascade Range by which to reach them, not more than half a dozen possible routes through the Rocky Mountains by which to reach the plateau, and obstacles serious and innumerable to be overcome in crossing from one rim of the basin to the other.

Let us see what prospects the surveys hold out of this complication of difficulties being overcome. The least of them is in the passage of the Rocky Mountain Range, for at comparatively short distances there are, as already pointed out, valleys indenting the range, where streams flowing east and others flowing west, rise side by side. Proceeding northward :

1. At twelve miles from the United States frontier, from the *Kootanie Pass*—6,000 feet above the sea—the waters of the Billy River flow into the Saskatchewan, and those of the Wigwam into the Columbia.

2. *Kananoskie Pass*, 5,700 feet, is 50 miles further north.

3. *Vermilion Pass*, 4,903 feet, is only 30 miles north of the preceding, and, like it, discharges streams in opposite directions, as does also,

4. *The Kicking Horn Pass*, 5,200 feet above the sea; and 20 miles further north,

5. *House Pass* is next in succession, but its waters feed the North Saskatchewan on one side, and the Columbia on the other. Sixty miles of mountain now follow, with peaks rising over 14,000 feet high, yet the range again opens to such a depth that from the

6. *Yellow Head Pass*, only 3,700 feet above the sea, issue the Arthabaska to one side, and the tributaries of the Fraser River to the other.

7. Of the mountains and their passes to the north of this but little is known. Smoky River, a large feeder of the Peace River, issues from the range about 100 miles north of Yellow Head Pass, by what the Indians represent as a very low pass, through which an easy trail leads to the plateau.

8. One hundred miles still further north, the noble stream of the Peace River flows majestically through a grand chasm in the range at an altitude of only 1,580 feet, and therefore considerably below the average elevation of the plateau, a large area of which it drains.

Further north we need not look. To most it will seem we are already beyond the limit of possible agricultural prosperity when in the 56th parallel of latitude, but there is strong testimony to prove that we are not.

Mr. Macoun, whose memoir is the most valuable contribution yet made to our knowledge of this remote region, reports as follows of the climate and productions of the tract through which the Railroad would pass, were either the Smoky or Peace River passes chosen :

"Some farming is done near Slave Post, on the north-western end of the lake; but it is of the very rudest description, and year after year on the same spot both barley and potatoes are raised. The latter, instead of being an early variety, is a miserable winter one. It has been so long in the country that no one can tell when it was introduced. The same variety is raised at Dunvegan and St. John. At Dunvegan made inquiries about its introduction, and was told that it might have come in with *Noah. I thought it might.* Mr. McGillvery, whom I met at the Pembina, told me that their barley was never injured by frost, as it was always ahead of it. This year it was ripe by the 12th of August. Wheat has not been tried, but the Padre said it was just as warm as at Lac la Biche, where they raised great quantities of it. From my own observations I am satisfied that wheat would succeed, as I think there is a higher summer temperature here than at Edmonton. Not more than ten acres of land have ever been cultivated here, the people depending on the products of the chase and the fishery for subsistence.

Great quantities of white fish are taken in the lake, and the people have no dread of starvation.

"Made an excursion in the vicinity of the Post, and observed 184 species of plants. Not one of these indicate a cold climate. One hundred and thirty-two of this number grow in the vicinity of Belleville. Eighteen of the remainder were detected at Lake Superior. Thirty-four of the remainder were observed on the Saskatchewan.

"As far as I can judge, the whole of the land from Little Slave Lake to Smoky River, and on up to the base of the mountains, is of the very best quality. As I did not travel over the whole tract I cannot say from actual observation; but what I saw (at least 200 miles in length) of it was the best land I have seen anywhere. There was neither marsh nor swamp to any extent, but one wide extended expanse of rich soil, altogether devoid of stones. My observations bear out all that has been said of the fertility of the land along Peace River, though I was much disappointed to find scarcely any signs of farming at Dunvegan. Two small fields seem to be all that have ever been cultivated—the one for barley, the other for potatoes, and *vice versa*. This goes on from year to year. The same seed is probably used year after year, as it certainly is in the case of the potato. Game is much too plentiful for much attention to be paid to agriculture. What little is done is on a terrace about thirty feet above the river. One little field is cultivated on each side of the stream, which is over four hundred yards wide at this point. At Dunvegan, and between it and St. John, I particularly noted all the various species of plants, whether herbaceous or otherwise, and noticed a marked similarity between them and those found at Edmonton and Slave Post. The whole number observed was 212 species.

138 of these grow in the vicinity of Belleville.
19 were detected at Lake Superior.
52 were observed on the Saskatchewan.
3 had not been seen before.

"The three latter were cacti (*Opuntia Missouriensis?*) *Vaccinium myrtillus*, and *Rhodios*. It will be seen by this that the region of country along the Peace River has more of the prairie vegetation than the wooded country at Slave Lake. Its Flora indicates both a drier and warmer climate than they have at the latter place. The prairie vegetation is almost identical with that of Edmonton, except a few eastern species. This being so, can we not with justice say that what can be raised at Edmonton can likewise be raised on the plains bordering Peace River? Although summer frosts are not unknown at Dunvegan, they do little if any harm. It is very probable that no harm would be done by them on the level country outside of the river valley, owing to the exemption of it from the producing cause. The Padre at Dunvegan furnished a written statement to the effect that there were no spring frosts; and when a summer frost did occur, it was caused by heavy rain, about the time of the full moon, in August, followed by clear still nights. Now this is precisely the cause of our summer frosts, which do considerable local damage every year. Whenever there is a circulation of air there is no frost, as was pointed out to me by Mr. Kennedy, the gentleman in charge of St. John. A corner of his potato patch was killed this year, but it was sheltered from the wind, while that exposed to the air was left untouched. Both Mr. Horetzky and myself noticed that the temperature during October was lower in the valleys of rivers than on the level country above, and very probably this is the case during the summer.

"That the Peace River country has exceptional climate, anyone seeing it must confess. While we were travelling through it, the constant record was "warm sunshine, west wind, balmy atmosphere, and the skies of the brightest blue." Even as late as the 15th of October the thermometer was 40° at daylight and 60° in the shade at noon. Within the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains I picked up three species of plants in flower as late as the 26th of the same month. These facts, and many others that could be adduced, show conclusively that there is an open fall; and the united testimony of the residents makes it clear that spring commences before the first of May. There must likewise be a warm summer, as the service berries *(Amelanchier Canadensis)* were gathered fully ripe as early as the 15th of July, last year, by the miner we engaged at Edmonton, the same berries ripening at Belleville about the 10th of the same month. These berries are so sweet that we preferred them to currants in our pemican. From all the observations I made, both in respect of soil and vegetation, I am satisfied that the whole country between Slave Lake and the Rocky Mountains is a continuation of the prairie. The mountains we crossed between Fort Assiniboine and Slave Lake would therefore be a spur of the Rocky Mountains; and Sir John Richardson's remark, that there was a level country all the way from English River or Portage La Loche to Little Slave Lake would confirm this opinion. He even goes further, and on page 364 of his work says that:—"From Meathy Portage westward, though deeply furrowed by river-courses, and ravines more or less thickly wooded, partakes so much of a prairie character that horsemen may travel over it to Lesser Slave Lake and the Saskatchewan." If this opinion be correct, and I have no reason to doubt it, we can then assert with truth that the prairie country extends all the way from the Lower Saskatchewan by Lac

La Biche, across the Arthabasca, and thence to the mountains. Here, then, is a strip of country over 600 miles in length, and at least 100 in breadth, containing an area of 60,000 square miles, which has a climate no way inferior to that of Edmonton. I know that many doubts will be cast on the truthfulness of this statement, but from a careful perusal of many *published* tables of the climatology of the district in question, and my own observations, I can come to no other conclusion than this, that the day is not far distant when the most sceptical will believe even more than I now assert. The summer frosts are due to radiation, and whether the settlement of the country will have any effect in lessening them is a matter of speculation. It has always been so in Ontario that summer frosts have ceased as the country became opened up. May not this be the case in Rupert's Land and Peace River country?

"Regarding the quality of the soil throughout the entire region, my note book is unvarying in its testimony. I took every opportunity to examine the soil, and found it deep and fertile. It was principally clay loam, but had much the appearance of the *intervale* lands along streams in Ontario. Its average depth, where sections were exposed, was five feet, but owing to the clay subsoil it was practically inexhaustible. Days would elapse without seeing a stone except in the beds of streams, and swamps were unknown on the level country along Peace River."

Any one of these passes will give easy access to the plateau, but the first four are high compared with the others, and to reach them the road would have to run through the barren zone bordering on the American frontier. The Huron Pass is on the most direct line from Fort Garry to Westminster, but as after issuing from it, the Columbia River would have twice to be crossed, and the Selkirk and Columbia Ranges to be surmounted, the engineering difficulties would be greater and the route no shorter than by the Yellow Head Pass. This, early in the survey, was accepted as the probable gate of entrance. Therefore not less than six roads have been surveyed, with more or less accuracy, from three inlets on the coast to the Tête Jaune Cache—at the head of the Pass.

This Tête Jaune Cache is on one of the main branches of the Fraser, and the most suitable Pacific Port is at the mouth of the Fraser. Why not follow the river? Because, in the first place, while in a straight line the distance from the Cache to New Westminster is not over 300 miles, the course of the branch on which the Cache is situated, northward to its junction with the main river, and of the main river thence southwestward towards its mouth, is at least 700 miles. But even were the Fraser not so tortuous, its valley is for miles together a narrow rocky defile in which a rail track could be laid only at enormous expense. This objection excludes not only this roundabout route, but militates against the two projected Fraser valley lines, as one of its wildest cañons is not far from its mouth. Both of these follow the north branch of the Thompson, which rises not far from the Cache south-westwardly to Kamloops. So far no difficulty is met, but from Kamloops one continues onward for 128 miles to Hope on the Fraser, in the same direction, across a tract of country so mountainous that grades as high as 122 feet per mile are inevitable, and a tunnel of $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles would be required. The other route, to avoid this rough country, adheres to the valley of the Thompson, curves round with it to its junction with the Fraser at Lytton, and reaches Hope after a course of 165 miles. Of this route also Mr. Fleming is obliged to admit:

"Although no high summit is to be passed over, this section is far from favourable. Long stretches along the cañons of the Fraser and the Lower Thompson, occupying about half the whole distance, are excessively rough. On these sections formidable difficulties present themselves; the work would be enormously heavy, and the cost proportionate.

"Had the rivers Lower Thompson and Fraser flowed through wide valleys to the sea, this route would unquestionably have been the natural and proper line of the railway. The gradients from the summit of the Rocky Mountains at Yellow Head Pass

would have been very light, and would have proved very generally uniform and continuous. The passage, however, for these united rivers, through the Cascade Range is so extremely contracted that it would be a matter of great difficulty to find sufficient space for a railway through the remarkably narrow and rock-bound gorge cleft through the mountain."

We may consider this opinion as sealing not only the fate of these routes, but the doom of New Westminster and Burrard Inlet as the Pacific terminus. In the Report of 1872 Mr. Fleming seemed to anticipate no such difficulties, for he said, "The next important consideration is the establishment of the Railway route from Tête Jaune Cache to the Pacific Coast.

"It has already been mentioned that there will be no difficulty in building a railway with very favourable grades from Tête Jaune Cache to Kamloops. From Kamloops a survey has been made to Burrard Inlet, (the harbour of New Westminster,) except about seventy miles on the extreme western end of the line, and on the latter section no serious difficulties are believed to exist. This survey shows that a practicable line with favourable grades may be had, although the cost, particularly along the cañons of the Lower Fraser River, will be considerably above an average."

It was on such suppositions, the reliability of which has been so early disproved, that a contract was made with the Canadian Pacific R. R. Co., and that England was asked to lend $150,000,000. Fortunately England would not lend, and the road is not yet begun. Such experience may well teach that delays are not always dangerous.

The next harbor on the coast is at the bottom of Howe's Sound, and from it a route has been surveyed which would cross the Fraser about 30 miles above Lytton, and join the previous routes on the North Thompson; but all thought of the adoption of this has been abandoned on account of frequent and great changes in level: and therefore the engineer's hopes seem to turn to Waddington Harbor, at the head of Bute Inlet, as the terminus.

Burrard and Howe's Inlets are good harbours, and near the San Juan de Fuca straits, by which vessels will enter the Straits of Georgia from the Pacific, and it is to be regretted, therefore, that they are not as accessible from landward. The mouth of Bute Inlet is 100 miles further north, and the Inlet itself 45 miles deep, which will add seriously to the sea voyage of ships making the railway terminus: but should it be ever deemed advisable to bridge the Straits of Georgia, and make the splendid harbour of Esquimault or the Alberni canal on Vancouver Island the terminus, Bute Inlet must necessarily be reached; for between its mouth and Vancouver Island lies the Island of Valdes, which so nearly closes the channel that the longest gap to be spanned is only 1350 feet. Nevertheless, though practicable, the bridging of the straits would, as may be judged from the following extracts from Mr. Fleming's report, be so costly as not likely to be undertaken till our Pacific Railroad has monopolised the whole trade of Asia.

"For a distance of about 50 miles from Waddington Harbour, the only course for the line is to follow the base of the high rocky mountains which extend along Bute Inlet. On this section a great number of tunnels, varying from 100 to 3,000 feet in length, through bluff rocky points, would be indispensable, and the work generally, even with unusually sharp curvature, would be very heavy.

Careful examination has established the fact that to reach Vancouver Island from the mainland the following clear span bridges will be required:

At Arran Rapids.....clear span 1100 feet.

Carder's Channel,

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| first opening..... | " | 1350 " |
| second opening..... | " | 1140 " |
| third opening..... | " | 640 " |
| Middle Channel ..... | " | 1100 " |

Seymour Narrows,

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| first opening..... | clear span | 1200 feet. |
| second opening..... | " | 1350 " |

The length of the section across the group of islands known as the Valdes Islands, lying between the mainland and Vancouver Island, is about 50 miles. The channels to be bridged are of great depth, with the tide flowing at 9 knots an hour.

In crossing the Islands, heavy excavations and probably a few short tunnels would be required.

Taking everything into consideration, the work of construction on these 80 miles lying between Waddington Harbour and Vancouver Island, would be of a most formidable character."

What the inlet is, and what the scenery along a road issuing from it would be, is well described by Mr. Marcus Smith, who, though he failed to survey a practicable line, gathered information which leads Mr. Fleming to expect that such will yet be discovered.

"Bute Islet is one of those arms about 45 miles long, and between two and three miles wide, its direction is nearly due north, and it pierces directly into the Cascade or Coast chain, between walls of granite rocks, bold and rugged in outline, rising into domes 3,000 to 4,000 feet in height, and solitary snow-capped peaks 5,000 to 9,000 feet high, connected by by broken sierras, altogether forming a scene of gloomy grandeur probably not to be met with in any other part of the world."

"The Valley of the Homatheo, where we were now encamped, at the head of Bute Inlet, is about a mile and a half in width, with little variation for about 20 miles, it then narrows as we ascend the river, till at the distance of about 30 miles from the head of the Inlet it suddenly closes in, and the river rushes through a narrow gorge or cañon between walls of granite rising to several hundred feet in height.

"The Waddington Town site is on the left or east bank of the river on a flat near the head of the inlet, covered with spruce, hemlock, and cypress (or cedar) trees of large dimensions and a very fine quality of timber. A few miles up the hemlock and spruce almost disappear from the bottom lands, and cypress trees of enormous size take their place; these measure from five to fifteen feet in diameter at the butt, bell-shaped for twelve to twenty feet up from the ground, then gently tapering they shoot up straight and clear two or three hundred feet, forming perfect models for unconnected columns, such as monuments or light-houses.

"The Homatheo river is a turbid, glacier-fed stream, varying from one to three hundred yards in breadth, frequently divided by numerous small islets. It dashes across from side to side of the valley, striking against the granite cliffs which hem it in. These cliffs rise in places 300 to 500 feet in perpendicular height, and in steps from 2,000 to 5,000 feet; over these streams tumble in cascades like ribbons of silver, broken into spray in their descent. From the foot of these cliffs, where not washed by the river, the slopes are covered with huge fragments of rock, some moss-covered, others with the fracture quite clear, as if recently detached."

"We traced the line of Mr. Waddington's first attempt at making a trail through the great cañon by the side of the river, to the point where it was stopped by a perpendicular wall of granite; we then ascended the cliffs by a circuitous line to explore a route by which we could find footing to make the survey through the cañon."

"From these heights the scene presented was singularly wild and sublime; from our feet, over cliffs of 400 feet in height, fell in sheets of silver a beautiful cascade, at the foot of which our tent was pitched on a moss-covered stone. A hundred feet below the camp the Homatheo river, then a high flood, rushed out of the cañon with deafening roar; in every direction were grey walls of rock, thousands of feet high, serrated and broken by dark chasms; above all rose peak after peak clothed in snow of dazzling brilliancy, and connected by curtains of glaciers out of which issued torrents that fell in cascades till lost as they descended the gloomy chasms by which they found their way to the river. Nor amongst this wildness were there wanting the softer elements of beauty—in every crevice to the base of the snow-clad peaks, were clumps of evergreens, and lower down wherever a handful of soil could rest, it was sprinkled with wild-flowers, among which bloomed the sweet lily of the valley."

As to whether Waddington Harbour can be united with Yellow Head Pass at a reasonable cost, is undoubtedly a matter of uncertainty. The adherents of the Smoky or Peace River route question it, but propose that Bute Inlet be the terminus of whichever of their favourites be found most desirable. But whether either of them is more practicable is a matter of still more vague speculation. It is certain that by the Peace River the plateau may be reached. Lieut. Palmer ascended the plateau in the same latitude from the Pacific, when he surveyed the Bella Conla for a road to the interior in 1862. From his description of the table land there would seem to be no difficulty in traversing it by a direct and easy line. If this be so, and the country on

the Peace and Smoky Rivers be as described, these northern routes may be less objectionable than they appear at first sight. On the score of length, the Smoky River route does not compare very unfavourably with that by the Yellow Head Pass, taking Thunder Hill or the Plains as the starting point, and Bute Inlet as the terminus of both.

Mr. Horetzky gives the following table :—

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ROUTE, *via* TETE JAUNE CACHE.

| Route. | Remarks. | Elevation. | Miles. |
|---|---|---|---|
| From Portage la Prairie to Thunder Hill | Fine country for settlement | | 220 |
| From Thunder Hill to the crossing of the South Saskatchewan | Much open country, salt lakes, little wood | | 192 |
| From South Saskatchewan to the crossing near White Mud | Nearly all open country, salt lakes, hilly, and much exposed | | 350 |
| From White Mud to south end of Lac Brule | Swampy, cold, unfitted for settlement | | 170 |
| From Lac Brule to Tête Jaune Cache | Unsuitable for agriculture | 3,760ft | 110 |
| From Tête Jaune Cache to Bute Inlet either by Lac la Hache, or the North Fraser River and Fort George and Chilcotin | The Chilcotin valley is the only available district for settlement in this section. | | 450 |
| | | | 1492 |

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ROUTE *via* PEACE RIVER.

| Route. | Remarks. | Miles. |
|---|---|---|
| Prom Portage la Prairie to Thunder Hill | Fine country for settlement | 220 |
| From Thunder Hill to Fort a la Corne | Fine country ; for the most part wooded | 150 |
| From Fort a la Corne to Lac la Biche | Thick wooded country ; for the most part abounding in fish | 350 |
| From Lac la Biche to west end of Lesser Slave Lake | Wooded country ; not much known, but reported level | 170 |
| From west end of lesser Slave Lake to Smoky River | Fine country ; well wooded and watered | 65 |
| From Smoky to Pine River, Summit Lake | Beautiful country ; prairie, woods, coal | 170 |
| From Pine River, Summit Lake, to Lake McLeod | Not available for agriculture | 60 |
| From Lake McLeod to Quesnel | Very little of it available for agriculture | 140 |
| From Quesnel to Bute Inlet, *via* Chilcotin | (?) | 220 |
| | | 1545 |

How little was known of the coast further north, and the possibility of reaching the interior or descending to the coast by other inlets than those we have mentioned, Mr. Fleming himself points out, for he says :

"With regard to the practicability of reaching the Pacific coast at other points than those referred to, I have made every enquiry on the subject, but I cannot learn that examinations of any consequence, other than Lieut. Palmer's, have been made along the coast between Bute Inlet and the River Skeena since the time of the discoveries of Vancouver and Mackenzie, in 1793. Our information, therefore, is but vague, and the possibility of crossing the Cascade mountains

from the east, to any one of the many other Inlets which indent the coast, in the absence of all reliable information, can be nothing more than a mere conjecture.

"So little knowledge of this part of the coast has been recently acquired, that the latest Admiralty chart that I have been able to procure appears in all essential particulars to be an exact copy of the chart made by Capt. Vancouver 80 years ago."

It were well, however, if this ignorance were removed.

Mr. Fleming's summing up is well worthy of all consideration, for it candidly admits the more or less incomplete state of every section of the survey, acknowledges that a feasible route has not yet been discovered, and that, therefore, the eligible line we have been three years looking for remains yet to be found :

CONCLUSION.

In submitting this report with the voluminous appendices, I respectfully consider that I am justified in thus summarizing its conclusions :—

1. That although the information respecting the Rocky Mountain zone is not yet sufficiently complete to establish the line to the Pacific, several routes have, however, been found, on which the obstacles met with, although formidable, are not insuperable.
2. That there are reasonable grounds for the belief that the explorations in progress in British Columbia will result in the discovery of a line through the Rocky Mountain region, which, taking everything into consideration, will be more eligible than any yet surveyed.
3. That it is now established beyond doubt that a favourable and comparatively easy route, considering the line as a whole, has been found from Ottawa to the northerly side of Lake Superior. This result is the more satisfactory, as unfavourable impressions have been created regarding this portion of the country, many having considered it even impracticable for railway construction.
4. That it will be possible to locate the line direct from the northerly side of Lake Superior to the prairie region without unusually expensive works of construction, at the same time with remarkably light gradients, in the direction of heavy traffic.
5. That the main line from Ottawa to Manitoba can be located in such a way as to render unnecessary the construction of a branch to reach the navigable waters of Lake Superior.
6. There will be no difficulty in finding a comparatively easy route across the prairie region ; and that the bridging of the large rivers, with proper care in location, will form no great proportion of the cost of the whole extent of the railway.
7. That the lakes and rivers of the prairie region may be advantageously used in the introduction of settlers and in the construction of the railway.
8. That with respect to operating the railway in winter, the chief difficulties will be found on the western slopes of the two great mountain chains in British Columbia ; but, except in these localities, the Canadian Pacific Railway will have, on an average, considerably less snow than existing railways have to contend with.
9. That the practicability of establishing railway communication across the Continent, wholly within the limits of the Dominion, is no longer a matter of doubt. It may, indeed, be now accepted as a certainty that a route has been found generally possessing favourable engineering features, with the exception of a short section approaching the Pacific coast ; which route, taking its entire length, including the exceptional section alluded to, will, on the average, show lighter work and will require less costly structures, than have been necessary on many of the railways now in operation in the Dominion."

Our own summing up would be :

1. That, seeing that within the Rocky Mountain zone, whatever route be chosen, the line must be most costly in construction, and that no section of the main land of British Columbia is so thickly settled, or likely soon to be so, as to require railroad facilities, ample time should be taken in selecting a route which, while it will benefit British Columbia, will issue from the mountains on the plains where fertile lands will attract population, and at same time offer the greatest advantages and through traffic.

2. That, as little is known with certainty of the plains north of the north branch of the Saskatchewan, and as it is stated on reliable testimony that for 200 miles north of that latitude there stretches land more fertile than that through which the railroad

would pass between Fort Garry and Yellow Head Pass, with a climate not more severe, and covered in winter with even less snow, a thorough exploration of the North-West should at once be set on foot.

3. That as the rivers of the North-West can, at little expense, be rendered navigable, this should be done; and they should be used as channels of transport, not only while exhausting surveys and explorations are under way, but while the experiment of the settling of the Territory is being made.

4. That when there is a certainty that what will be produced there will supply with freight a line to Lake Superior, then that division of the woodland or eastern section should be built.

5. That as the road is to be built as a national undertaking, for purposes of domestic improvement, and not primarily as a through freight road, although in the hope of obtaining a share in the Asiatic trade, every effort should be made to curtail the distance from terminus to terminus as much as possible. This should be regarded as of secondary importance.

## THREE ANGELS.

THEY say this life is barren, drear, and cold,
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
Ever the same long weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife;
And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void
Which Dead-Sea fruit, long, long ago has cloyed,
Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife;
And yet—a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amidst the broken treasures scattered there
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair,
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife;
And yet—a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf:
Three Angels share the lot of human strife,
Three Angels glorify the path of life—

Love, Hope, and Patience cheer us on our way;
Love, Hope, and Patience form our spirits' stay;
Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

*Fraser's Magazine.* K. F. M. S.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE TORONTO. 249

# CURRENT EVENTS.

WE have safely gathered in a most abundant harvest, the proof of the fertility of our soil and of the industry of our people. Canadians of all sections, while they enjoy the common good, the fruit of their common labour, may remember how much there is that unites, and how little there is that divides us.

When the Government employed the reputed master of the party as their negotiator at Washington, they must have known that they were bespeaking for their Treaty the utmost possible amount of party opposition. So it has been; and to get at the real feeling of the country about the Treaty we have to skim off a good deal of hostile criticism produced merely by antipathy to its author. Having done this to the best of our power, we arrive at the conclusion that of those who deal in the native products of the country—the farmers, the lumberers, and the miners—the great body is in favour of the Treaty; that the shipowners are divided, according as it is or is not a vital object to them to be admitted to the American coasting trade; that the manufacturers, generally speaking, are adverse. Probably the manufacturers would be more divided if the Treaty did not entail the admission of English as well as American goods; but, as we have said before, the idea of discriminating against the Mother Country while we are a dependency is totally out of the question.

The framers of the Treaty are not eminently patient of difference of opinion. Their mode of removing objections from hesitating minds is that of Shakespeare's cook, who put the eels in the pastry alive: "she rapt them o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, down, wantons, down." They denounce the recalcitrant manufacturers as a minor section of the community, selfishly standing in the way of the good of the whole. Selfish, and unwilling to part with our advantages we all are, from the shark who has got the negro into his mouth, up to the poet who raves because a rival has borrowed his idea, or the negotiator who shows irritation because somebody has questioned the expediency of accepting his Treaty. What the Manchester Free Traders sought in their crusade against the Corn Laws was really cheap labour for their own mills; having got this, they threw off the mask of Liberalism and turned Tory. The farmer, the miner, and the lumberer, who pronounce in favour of the Treaty, are just as selfish as the manufacturer when he pronounces against it. Above every special interest is the country, to which we must all be true, but which, if she wants our hearty allegiance, must in her turn be true to us all, and regard all our interests, great and small, as having equal claims on her protection. If the stronger interests are to throw the weaker overboard whenever they have a momentary inducement to do so, the unity of the nation will be broken up, and the external enemies of our nationality will find allies in the heart of Canada. Under our circumstances as a young nation struggling to make good its position in face both of a powerful counter-attraction without and disruptive forces of no inconsiderable magnitude within, we are specially called upon, in all dealings with the foreigner, to hold firmly together, and to make it felt, alike by those with whom we deal and by all sections of our own citizens, that we are one people. The parts of the Treaty affecting our manufactures ought to be scrutinized as carefully, and with as firm a determination to accept nothing less than justice, as the rest. This is the ground which we hope to see taken by the independent party at Ottawa. Indis-

criminate opposition to the Treaty, especially if it springs from political motives, will not be sanctioned by the country.

That the manufacturing interest is small compared with the agricultural, is true at present, but may not be true hereafter. Some of those who have scanned with the keenest eyes the commercial destiny of Canada are decidedly of the opposite opinion, and there is much both in our climate and in the elements of our population to give colour to their view. The time was when the lumbering interest might have spoken of the mining interest, and perhaps of the agricultural export interest itself, as the exclusive advocates of the agricultural interest speak of the manufacturing interest now. We are in a state of development, in which we must guard and cherish the acorn for the sake of the future oak. To the farmer himself, the ruin of our manufactures can be no matter of indifference. A home market will always be better for him than a foreign one, and upon the development of our manufactures mainly depends the growth of the home market. What rendered the repeal of the Corn Laws such a success in England but the immense impulse which it gave to manufactures, and which, by enormously increasing the home market, far more than countervailed the loss arising from the removal of protection to the owners of the land?

There are people who, the moment the terms Protection and Free Trade are introduced into a commercial question, refuse to hear another word; who are ready to burn you alive at once for hinting that in a commercial transaction you would give any preference to your own brother over a Malay pirate. But these fierce upholders of economical orthodoxy should at least remember that the absence of legislative interference is not always synonymous with Free Trade, if by Free Trade is meant the undisturbed development of production as well as the unrestricted liberty of exchange. There are such things as Rings, and there is such a thing as the overwhelming influence of a great manufacturing power which is always able, by its command of capital and of organized labour, to prevent the natural growth of manufactures in other countries, and to maintain a world-wide monopoly under the name of Free Trade.

The sacrifice of import duties, and the consequent necessity of resort to direct taxation involved in the Treaty, seem to have been over-estimated; and our own expressions on that subject in our last number may require modification. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the disturbing effects of a great alteration in the tariff extend beyond the direct results of the alteration. In accepting the Treaty we shall be entering on a path which, our restraints in respect to taxing English goods being what they are, is pretty sure to lead to a considerable substitution of direct for indirect taxation.

Manitoba has been to us on a small scale what Kansas was to the United States. It has been the battle-ground for our British and French elements with their respective religions, as Kansas was the battle-ground for Free labour and Slavery. Ontario has played a part in the contests there analogous to that of New England, Quebec, to that of the Southern States. The late government, resting mainly on Quebec, but partly also on Ontario, and on British Protestant support in the Maritime Provinces, was, with respect to the Riel affair, in the position in which an American Government, resting at once on Massachusetts and South Carolina, would have been with respect to the struggle in Kansas. Every excuse which the awkwardness of such a situation can afford is needed to palliate the conduct of Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues, as it now stands revealed to us by the results of the Parliamentary inquiry, and especially by the disclosures of Archbishop Taché. In truth, make what excuses we will, it is difficult

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to bring the proceedings of Sir John A. Macdonald even within the pale of honour. It has been proved that, while with a solemnity which we have been taught to consider ominous in his case, he was protesting to us that he earnestly desired to bring Riel to justice, in private he was furnishing money from the Secret Service fund for the purpose of inducing the criminal to fly from the law, and of facilitating his departure. Under no possible circumstances can any one who is fit to be at the head of a nation descend to such practices as this. He who does so, however remarkable his tact and address, must be essentially wanting in strength of character as well as in integrity. The very language used in the transaction is such as to indicate weakness no less than conscious departure from duty. Malversation of the Secret Service money is comparatively a minor offence, but it is a grave offence in itself, and the suspicion of more extensive abuse which before existed, and which was strengthened by the obstinate refusal of the Government to submit the accounts to Parliamentary inspection, becomes almost certainty after this disclosure. Whether the promise of amnesty, which the head of the Government positively disclaimed, was formally made or not, signifies little ; though we are inclined to believe on the evidence of the Archbishop, who speaks like an honest man stung to anger by finding that he has been duped and made the instrument of duping others, that such a promise was made, not by the Government as a whole, but by Sir George Cartier, who shared the most intimate counsels of Sir John Macdonald. The assurance of impunity was unquestionably held out for the purpose of obtaining the mediation of the Archbishop ; he was allowed without a disclaimer on the part of the Ministers, to pledge himself to its fulfilment ; and the history of the tergiversations by which, when the wrath of Ontario broke out, and the "heterogeneous" elements of the Cabinet were terrified by the storm, the pledge was evaded, is humiliating to the country, and will always be a dark stain on Canadian annals. Sir George Cartier did not hesitate to suggest a legal stratagem, of the most pettifogging kind, by which the sovereign might be made covertly to amnesty murder while seeming only to amnesty political offences. Such was this preëminently loyal gentleman's notion of the manner in which it was incumbent on him to advise his Royal Mistress, and sustain the honour of the Crown. But while the Ministers prevaricated about the constitutional question of amnesty, they had themselves entered into personal relations with Riel which placed it out of their power to bring him and his fellow-criminals to justice as completely as any amnesty could have done. Through Governor Archibald they had made Riel their political confederate for the purpose of keeping Manitoba quiet, and they had thankfully accepted from his hands a seat in Parliament for Sir George Cartier. Riel is evidently included in the expression of gratitude telegraphed to Archbishop Taché by Sir George Cartier, for those who had promoted his election ; and when Sir John Macdonald instructs Governor Archibald to get Sir George elected, but "not to let late Provisional resign in his favour," it is clear, first, that it was the appearance only of such a connection that was dreaded, and, secondly, that Governor Archibald was understood by the Prime Minister to be in such relations with Riel as to be able to exercise a clandestine influence on his conduct. How Governor Archibald himself justifies his behaviour in taking part, as the representative of the Crown, in the party work of electioneering, not untinged in this case with treason, we have yet to see : the explanation tendered of the hand-shaking affair will hardly serve a second turn. While we cannot agree with the Ultramontane paper at Montreal, which the other day, called the murderer of Scott "the most heroic of all the Métis," we must own that his figure rises

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into a kind of respectability compared with those of some of the officials with whom he has had to deal. One thing is clear; the prosecution of Riel is at an end. A country is responsible for the acts, to some extent even for the irregular acts, of its representatives, and the world would cry shame upon upon us if after what has passed Riel were to be brought to trial for his life. We could hardly place him at the bar without placing at his side, as an accomplice after the fact, the Minister who instigated him to fly from justice, and provided him out of the Secret Service money with the means of flight.

History takes a broad view of the characters of public men; and Sir John Macdonald may comfort himself with the reflection that in the course of a long public life he has probably rendered services to his country sufficient to atone for the offences which have cast their shadow on the close of his career. He may still more plausibly plead the difficulties of his situation, the equivocal character of the instruments with which he had to work, and above all the exigencies of a system of party government without party principles, which he did not create, but from which it was not in his power to set himself free. Of personal corruption, even in the opinion of his bitterest enemies he is guiltless: if he has sinned, he has sinned from the love of power, not from the love of pelf; and probably he has never done anything, even when he was dipping his hand in forbidden funds, which to a vision distorted by the influences of party strife might not appear to be required by the interest of the country. In his fall he has retained to a remarkable degree the attachment of those who followed him in his triumphant hour; and he must therefore be eminently endowed with the qualities which secure the fidelity of friends. But the most enthusiastic of his old admirers can hardly dream that, after such disclosures, Sir John Macdonald can ever again be the chief adviser of the Crown and the head of a Canadian nation.

"(Private and strictly confidential.)

"OTTAWA, December 27th, 1871.

"MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP.—I have been able to make the arrangement for the individual that we have talked about.

"I now send you a sight draft on the Bank of Montreal for $1,000; I need not press upon your Grace the importance of the money being paid to him periodically (say monthly or quarterly) and not in a lump, otherwise the money would be wasted and our embarrassment begin again. The payment should spread over a year.

"Believe me Your Grace's

"Very obedient servant,

"(Signed) JOHN A. MACDONALD,

"His Grace the Archbishop of Boniface,

"Montreal."

This letter, in its effect on the reputation of the writer, is a parallel to the fatal telegram in the Pacific Railway case. We may add that, from its exceeding imprudence, it is not less remarkable than the telegram as an instance of the frailty of that political sagacity which lacks the moral element of true wisdom. It amounts to a full adoption of the course pursued by Sir George Cartier, and repels any attempt to exonerate Sir John Macdonald on the ground of his illness during a portion of those transactions. Surely no one who reads it, noting its sinister form, and remembering the fund from which the money was to be taken, will hesitate to pronounce that the writer, whatever popularity he may retain in private life, can never again be entrusted with the honour of the country. If any one does hesitate, it must be on the ground that public life in Canada is not to be governed by the same standard of morality which has prevailed in England; and to this assumption we once more emphatically demur.

The "Land-swap" affair in Quebec, is evidently black, too black to be defended even by the evil fidelity of party; probably

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it will lead to the fall of the "Conservative" government, for the two bad bricks can hardly be taken out without bringing the edifice to the ground. Thus perishes the last remnant of that powerful and ably led, though artificial combination which so long governed the country, and which consisted of British Toryism, Orangeism and Downing street connection, curiously united with the Anti-British and Roman Catholic Separatism of Quebec. That this combination had no natural basis, or real ground of existence under the circumstances of that period of our history which has just closed, it would be rash to maintain: but its days were evidently numbered; it rested on nothing which was truly Canadian; what was not French of it was merely Colonial; it appealed to no sentiment in the hearts of the rising generation, to whom Canada is not a colony, but their country. Thus, destitute of genuine support, saving the equivocal allegiance of the French Catholics under Sir George Cartier, (whose influence had failed before he died,) it was reduced at last to intrigue and corruption, by which it protracted its existence long enough to compromise gravely, in its North-Western operations, the destiny of the country. It is now dead, and for such a party there is no resurrection. It will be succeeded, as soon as its débris have been cleared away or absorbed, by a Conservative party of a different kind, a party whose Conservatism will not be exotic, but of home growth; not official, but national; which will seek to avert the dangers that beset infant freedom, to repress demagogism and sectionalism, not by binding the nation to waifs from the wreck of the political past, but by developing a sound and strong public morality around the central love of country, and whose connection will be, not with Downing street, but with England.

What course matters will take in Quebec, and what will be the relations of the new Government of that Province to the Government of the Dominion, is a question at once serious and difficult to answer. There appears to be some inclination to a further retirement into Separatism, and to the formation, in that interest, of a purely French Administration. "Ireland," said Sir Robert Peel, with wise frankness, "is my difficulty;" and we may as well own, with equal frankness, that Quebec is ours. French Canada is the historic nucleus of our nationality, and as such it is entitled to special consideration at our hands; but it has not yet been assimilated to the British elements between which it is interposed, and till it is assimilated, the statue of iron will have a waist of clay. "That the last gun for British dominion on this continent will be fired by a French Canadian" is a pleasant saying; but the zeal with which in two wars French Canada fought for the British flag, was the effect in no small measure of her enmity to New England, engendered by struggles between English Puritan and French Catholic, of which the memory has long since passed away. Lord Elgin's remark that French Canada would be more easily Americanized than Anglicized has, we fear, more bearing on the circumstances of the present day. In Switzerland, it is true, a perfect union has been effected between cantons differing in race, in language and in religion, but in Switzerland nationality, the great consolidator, has been at work.

The Ballot has been tried, in what we may call a tolerably typical constituency, without affecting the balance of parties, though it seems to be proved that of individual electors not a few deserted their party standard under the cover of friendly night. In the late general election in England the trial of the ballot was hardly fair. The classes who are most liable to coercion, and among which it was expected that the ballot would produce the greatest effect, are also for the most part too ignorant to understand at once the nature and efficacy of the safeguard. In

one of the peasant boroughs, of which there are now two or three in England, the family of the local potentate went about before the election telling the people that "the Duke would be sure to know how they voted," and it was found impossible to remove this impression from minds utterly uninstructed and imbued from infancy with servile fear. One thing, however, was plainly indicated—that the ballot is unfavourable to the influence of organizations of all kinds, whether political or industrial, and favourable to the gratification of self-interest and of personal predilection, antipathy and caprice. It is adverse to governments, because a government, especially if it undertakes reforms, is sure to make more personal enemies than friends. It is likely to make the ruin of any defeated party more complete, because only regard for opinion keeps the mass of men true to a falling cause. What relations it will ultimately establish between a member of Parliament and his constituents we can hardly yet discern; but there must always be connected with it a feeling of mutual mistrust not of the most wholesome kind. As a cover for the shameless gratification of envy and private grudge among the meaner class of minds, secret voting will, it is to be feared, aggravate that inveterate evil of democracies—the ostracism of distinguished men. We are rather too much given to a servile reproduction of British legislation. Though we are under the same Crown, the circumstances of this country, both political and social, differ in many respects from those of England. It does not follow that a security against electoral coercion is needed here because it is needed under such a domination as that of the territorial aristocracy of England.

It is announced that the Government will at once commence the grading of the railroad between Pembina and Fort Garry, as a measure of relief to the people of Manitoba, who have suffered from the grasshoppers, and have raised "a cry for some help from Ottawa." Thus in Manitoba as well as in Columbia, has been inaugurated, inevitably it may be, the system of undertaking public works for the purpose of circulating public money in the locality. We trust it will not be thought ungenerous to express a hope that the development of this system will be watched as closely as the Parliamentary influence of any provinces that may call for the expenditure will permit. Nothing could be more fatal to the ultimate prosperity of the provinces themselves than the corruption of their infant industry by Government subvention, which invariably, and it seems inevitably, brings waste and jobbery in its train. There was plenty of employment in Ontario for the farm hands for whom employment is to be thus created by the Government in Manitoba. It is a pity that the Governor-General's tour, which has been "sowing the earth" as far as Lake Superior with "the orient pearl" of official and municipal compliment, could not be extended to Manitoba. Lord Dufferin might have done us a practical service by looking at Manitoba with his own eyes; that is, if constitutional etiquette does not forbid a Governor-General to have eyes as it forbade the Queen of Spain to have legs.

It is further announced that the Government will at once proceed with the construction of the Pacific Railway from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, though no route for the western portion of the road has yet been determined on. We have no doubt that the step is taken deliberately, and we do not impeach its discretion. We only trust that it is taken on commercial not on political grounds, and, above all, that it is in no degree a concession to the slanderous denunciations of the London *Standard* and its compeers, which fancy that the only business of the colony is to build railroads for the gratification of Downing Street ambition, and for the extension of the political principles of Baron

Albert Grant. It is time that these organs and those who inspire them should be plainly told that the highest "treason" of which a Canadian Minister can be guilty, saving against the Crown, is a betrayal of the interests of Canada.

Emigration is, if not slack, at least not so brisk as might be desired. But it would be a mistake to ascribe this to any remissness on the part of the Government agents, or to their having been in correspondence with Joseph Arch, of whose influence, and of the fermentation caused among the peasantry by his movement, it was their obvious policy to take advantage. The fact is, as any one who visits England may speedily satisfy himself, that the employing classes there, landowning as well as manufacturing, are unanimously opposed to emigration, and are doing everything in their power to discourage it. Mr. Roebuck, who always gives the most violent utterance to the dominant sentiment of the hour, denounced as a traitor any one who should persuade an English peasant or workman to leave want at home for plenty in a colony. Pharaoh does not want to let the children of Israel go. Nor is Pharaoh much to be blamed, for if labour is not yet scarce in England, wages, even those of farm labourers, are rising, and the rise extends to Ireland. Political as well as economical considerations weigh in the scale against us. Even while emigration was regarded as a relief, the upper classes were more disposed to guide its current to Australia, or to the High Church settlement of New Zealand, where there is a chance of keeping the emigrant within the aristocratic pale, than to Canada, which was felt to be exposed to the democratic contagion of the United States. Of course the means of discouraging emigration are always to be readily found. Every emigrant has his period of home-sickness. This is the case even with the educated, who can summon reflection and forecast to their aid in combating the dark illusions of the hour; but in the case of the uneducated, whose narrow mental horizon presents nothing but unbroken gloom, the fit of despondency is deeper still. In this frame of mind letters are written like the doleful epistle of the shepherd settled near London, lately copied from the English papers into ours; and these letters being read to peasants trembling on the brink of departure from the familiar hamlet, and ignorant as their own kine of the land to which they are going, easily subdue their wavering resolution. Further mischief is done by the jealousies of the agents for different colonies and for the United States, each of whom runs down every country but his own. Resort is had to less direct means of influence: in the crisis of the labourers' strike a veracious American was brought forward to declare that he could supply the farmers with twenty thousand men from this side of the water at fourteen shillings a week. In truth, the prospects of English emigration to Canada are poor, and we must repeat the warning which we ventured to utter before, against undertaking vast enterprises in the fond belief that an unlimited supply of labour for their completion can be drawn from the old country.

An outrage was the other day committed in Toronto, against a man and woman who accidentally got in the way of a procession of Orange Young Britons. The man was dragged from his buggy, beaten and maltreated; the woman, it seems, did not escape ill usage. But what makes the case serious is, that the bystanders were afraid to interfere; that the police apparently were not very willing to act; and that even the press is cowed, and affects to believe that the man who pulled the victim of the outrage from the buggy was not a Young Briton — as though any one who was not taking part in the procession could have the slightest motive for the act. The timorous attitude of the press might have been explained by

political motives, but the explanation will not apply to the conduct of the bystanders or the police. It is an ominous occurrence. The more rational and right-minded members of the Orange Association must by this time have begun to reflect, as all rational and right-minded members of the community at large do, on the temper and habits which such an organization as Young Britonism is likely to produce in the young. In a nation like ours, enjoying an ample measure of freedom, really ruled by justice, and affording the fullest liberty of legitimate co-operation for political purposes, there can be no excuse for anti-social and anti-national combinations. The system is especially noxious when the members of the association are boys whose perception of the political object, if there be one, are very feeble, who have no idea of moral force, and who are therefore always prone to indulge their pride, and glorify their society by physical demonstrations, at the expense of the unassociated and peaceful population.

If the question were asked of a sensible Orangeman, what reason Orangeism has for its continuance in Canada, his answer would probably amount to little more than this, that a bond of union which has long existed, to which a large number of people are by custom and sentiment attached, and which above all is annually renewed by processions and convivialities, cannot easily be dissolved. There is in Canada no deadly war of races and religions such as gave birth to Orangeism in its native land. There is no Irish Catholic domination such as makes it excusable at least for a British Protestant to seek the support of a counter-organization at New York. Of the Canadian Rebellion all traces have faded away, and its memory ought long since to have been buried. To combat Roman Catholic error is the proper work of Protestant divines; at all events it can hardly be said to be the work of Orangemen, for, in the political struggles of this country, they have as often as not been found voting on the same side with the Roman Catholics. It is not a light thing to be a party to the perpetuation of groundless sectionalism in what would otherwise be a united nation. It is a still graver thing to direct the allegiance of the rising generation to anything narrower and less noble than their country.

This symptom, slight as it is, of a possible danger, leads us to remark that it is a necessary attribute and duty of the national Government to be always provided, in case of necessity, with such an amount of force as shall render it superior to any sectional combination, and sure of its ability, if local authorities fail, to step in and assert the supremacy of the law. The knowledge that such a force exists is the best security against any necessity for its employment. While the British troops were here the Government had strength enough and to spare, but their withdrawal opens the question for consideration. It is not necessary that the force should be of any particular description; it will be such as the circumstances and temper of the community permit; but it must be sufficient, thoroughly to be relied on, and capable of being called into action without the slightest difficulty or delay.

The Governor General has been very cordially received on the other side of the line, and entertained with the never-failing hospitality of Americans. At Chicago he would find many Canadians, whose hearts we hope are still warm towards their own country. Addresses, and replies to addresses, are commonly synonymes for dulness, turgidity, and nonsense. Some credit, therefore, is due to the Governor of Illinois, for avoiding at all events the first and by far the most serious of the three defects. From the comparative sobriety which has prevailed in American oratory, we were beginning to fear that the Eagle of American eloquence was dead; but it appears he was only moulting, and at Chi-

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cago he is once more strong upon the wing. In replying to addresses, Lord Dufferin's faculty is almost unique; on him appears to have fallen the mantle of the late Lord Carlisle, with the ever-gushing honey of whose lips, when he was Lord Lieutenant, even Ireland was satisfied. Yet perhaps neither of them ever achieved such a stroke of felicity as King Louis Philippe, who, when the Mayor of Portsmouth offered him a copy of the municipal address, replied, "It is unnecessary; your words are written on my heart." The identity or close relationship of the American and English tongues would preserve Lord Dufferin from such an untoward accident as that which befel Prince Napoleon, who, when the Mayor of Cork had read him an address in *French*, replied by deploring his inability to understand "la belle langue Irelandaise." One journal at Chicago is scandalized at the exhibition of Republican regard for aristocracy; but the editor's experience must be limited if the phenomenon strikes his mind as novel.

By the election for the Council of Public Instruction the Public School Teachers of Ontario have been for the first time brought collectively, as a profession, an interest and a power, under the notice of the Province. It happened that the election was one of a kind specially calculated to throw light on the character and tendencies of the constituency—questions not merely of educational policy or of personal qualifications, but of official and social morality having been raised by the circumstances of the contest. Without reviving the discussion of unpleasant topics, we may say that great anxiety was felt by the community as to the result, and that, even amongst those who dissent from the verdict, there are few who do not rejoice that a body so powerful for good or evil, so peculiarly charged—especially while religious influences remain enfeebled by religious doubt and division—with the moral training of the country, should have shewn itself sensitive on moral subjects, and resolved to repel any lowering of the standard of duty. In this point of view, at least, the teachers, should they ever have occasion to appeal as a profession to the country, may have reason to be grateful to those of their number who, at the eleventh hour, undertook, and carried forward to success, a struggle as arduous as it must have been distasteful to all concerned.

It is necessary, it seems, to point out that the issues on which the contest mainly turned, however disagreeable, were under the circumstances of the case, inevitable, and that the consideration of them by the teachers involved no violation of the sanctuary of private life. Part of the acts for which a moral indemnity was in effect sought, had been done not only in office, but actually in the exercise of official functions; part was matter of legal record as well as of the most manifest concernment to the public. As well might the rule in Shelley's case be called a violation of the sanctuary of private life, because the property about which the point of law arose was private. No excuse therefore has been furnished for libels on private character, or for the use of the literary dagger which has replaced the bravo's steel, and become the badge of a trade more cowardly and not less vile.

Nothing, in the shape of legislation at least, works perfectly well on the first trial. The Act regulating these novel elections will probably require some amendment in details; and it will be necessary to have it clearly laid down by authority that there is to be no interference on the part of Inspectors with freedom of election. If in any case threats have been used to influence the vote, as it is alleged they have, care will of course be taken to protect the persons threatened.

It is as well to keep in view the fact that the text of Mr. Hillyard Cameron's opinion as to the validity in this country of an Illinois divorce has not yet been given to

the public. The inevitable inference is that its purport has not been fairly stated; but even supposing that it has, a solemn decision of the British Privy Council in a very crucial case, where the conflicting laws were those of England and Scotland, points directly the other way. Whatever may have been already done in honest misapprehension of the law, calls for equitable construction at the hands of the community, especially when the position and feelings of a woman are concerned; but otherwise remarriage in Canada on an Illinois divorce will not take away the rights of a Canadian wief.

We have more than once had occasion to call attention to the dangers of municipal government on the elective system with universal or essentially democratic suffrage, especially with reference to questions of municipal taxation. In New York and in some of the Southern States which have been under the rule of negroes headed by carpet-baggers, the abuse of the taxing power has reached an appalling height. In Canada we have hitherto been comparatively free from it; but here also there is a liability against which it is always necessary to guard, and which in Toronto appears to call for special vigilance on the part of the holders of property at the present time. Legislatures when they direct an appeal to the suffrage on a grant of money forget that the voters are not an organized body capable of bringing their minds collectively to bear on the question. They are, under ordinary circumstances, a mere heap of grains of sand. To organize them, as they are organized for a Parliamentary election, is a laborious and expensive process which private citizens cannot be expected to undertake. On the other hand, a company desiring a grant can very well afford to spend a small percentage of the money in organising a sufficient number of voters for the purpose. We have the press to protect us it is true; but journals sometimes happen in these cases to be placed under peculiar restraints. Thus the holders of property are exposed to depredation, the legal form of which only makes it the more injurious. As we have said before, the question of municipal institutions is one of the great questions of this continent. We have gone on far too blindly applying the elective principle in cases where it was not really applicable, and where it was incapable of being properly worked. In the meantime the holders of property must act together as well as they can in their own interest, and in the permanent interest of the city, which will otherwise be left some day under a load of debt, with damaged credit, and impoverished by the flight of the wealthier class from fiscal oppression, while those who have wrought the mischief by the aid of a misguided democracy will have gone off with the spoil, and be enjoying it tax-free elsewhere. The taxes of Toronto are already heavy enough to make the question one of vital and pressing concernment to the citizens.

That the Ward-Beecher scandal will ever die it would be chimerical to hope, in a world whose daily bread is the sensation novel. But we trust the point has been reached at which in these columns leave may be taken of it for ever, and we may be no more called upon to bear even our very limited part in stirring up the "compost," the effluvia of which has poisoned the moral air more than anything since the case of Lady Mordaunt. To the statements of Mr. Beecher's accusers, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull and Mr. Theodore Tilton, we have never attached, nor do we now attach, any weight whatever. As to Mrs. Victoria Woodhull (who it appears has just departed for Europe after a final attempt to emancipate womanhood by swindling one of her own sex), her polluted lips are never opened except to advocate impurity or to defame innocence. And, without making an anatomical study of the character of Mr. Theodore Tilton, we may say that, whether

we look to the circumstances under which he comes forward, the mental habits and propensities which he reveals, the associates by whom he is surrounded, the incidents which are disclosed of his own career, the spiritual phraseology which he, in common with the other "white souls," affects, or the internal texture of his narrative in its successive editions, we are led to the conviction that a more untrustworthy witness never took the stand. Mr. Moulton is still partly enveloped in cloud, but through the cloud his moral lineaments are pretty distinctly seen. The only parts of the evidence which make any impression on us are Mr. Beecher's accusations of himself. And with regard to these, feeling as we do our total inexperience of the extraordinary social circle in which Mr. Beecher has moved, and of the no less extraordinary dialect in which the thoughts and emotions of all the members of that circle are expressed—being sensible that in the case of these people we are without any rule or measure to enable us to distinguish statements of fact from spiritual rhapsodies, or the utterance of mere compunction for a trifling offence from the utterance of remorse for a great crime—we gladly leave the decision of the question to experts, and acquiesce in the verdict of the committee, promising ourselves and our readers never, if we can help it, to touch the subject more.

It is impossible not to note at once, with pity and misgiving, the exaggerated position in which Mr. Beecher has been placed, and the extraordinary and almost intolerable stress laid upon the moral nature as well as upon the intellect of this self-accredited and self-sustained Pope. "I have been the centre," he says, "of three distinct circles, each of which required clear-mindedness, and peculiarly inventive or originating power: 1st. The Great Church. 2nd. The Newspaper. 3rd. The Book." He goes on to say how burdensome and exhausting each of these demands upon him was. It is a perilous thing for a man thus to undertake to be the source of spiritual life to a multitude of his fellows; and it is a perilous thing for the multitude to stake their spiritual faith and hope upon the infallibility and impeccability of a single man. Hypocrisy, at least the systematic and interested hypocrisy of a Tartuffe, is probably much rarer than it pleases cynics and suits libertines to suppose. What high professions ill-sustained more commonly indicate is, a genuine though ineffectual desire to be numbered with the good. But he who is always playing a part somewhat above himself can hardly remain entirely sound; and when a flaw appears in him, people rush to the conclusion that his creed is a lie, and that the man himself is an impostor. Suppose Mr. Beecher not to be innocent, it would not follow that he has been a mere hypocrite, that he has not done any good, or that we are not to trust virtue. But it would follow that we had better not have Popes.

With the truly tragic element of this affair is mingled an intensely comic element, which rises to the greatest height when, amidst the "white souls," appears Gen. B. F. Butler, tendering his spiritual services, first to one side and then to the other. He, no doubt, wishes to produce a pendant to his beautiful forensic essay in the Byron case. His presence completes the group formed by Mr. Tilton, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, Miss Claflin, Miss Susan Anthony, and Mrs. Cady Stanton. Rather amusing, too, is Mrs. Catherine Beecher, with her protest against the continuance of the investigation, on the ground, apparently, that to inquire into Mrs. Tilton's conduct, even when she had herself confessed her offence, would be an aggression upon "womanhood." Womanhood in the United States is, at present, like the currency, in a state of inflation, and a decided aggression of some kind will have to be made upon it before long, if the privileges of the modest and sensible portion of the sex are to be preserved.

In England, Parliament has closed the most barren session in its history for fifty years, not excepting those in which the mind of the nation was diverted from domestic improvement by the Crimean war. The "seven first-rate measures" have gone to the same limbo with many other embodiments of a number dear to mystery and fiction. The Scotch Patronage Bill has clung to life with Caledonian tenacity, and experience will soon decide whether the inauguration of the elective system is destined to be as its friends aver, the end, or as its enemies predict, the beginning of strife. The Public Worship Bill has also passed. While it was in the Lords, and its popularity seemed doubtful, the intentions of the Government respecting it remained undeclared, and it was even opposed by Lord Salisbury, one of the most important members of the Cabinet. But a certain amount of Anti-Ritualist feeling having been manifested by Parliament and the public, the Bill was taken up by the Government in the Commons, and Mr. Gladstone having, in an evil hour, brought forward some resolutions against it, the inducement of a triumph over him was added to that of catching the popular gale. Those who remember the High Church sentiments affected by Mr. Disraeli in Coningsby and his other political novels, when he was on the Young England "lay," or even his "Maundy Thursday" letters of more recent date, will be able to judge of the sincerity with which he now takes up the cry against Ritualism, and, according to their preference for strategy or sincerity, will sympathize with him or with his defeated rival. Dr. Pusey, however, may well cry with exultation that the Bill "has had its grinders drawn." Its only grinder in truth was drawn when the Lords threw out the amendment of the Commons, giving an appeal to the Archbishop in case the Bishop should decline to act. If there is a Prelate on the Bench sincerely disposed to repress Ritualism it is the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, originally, like our own Bishop Strachan, a Scotch Presbyterian, and though transmuted into an Anglican Prelate, imperfectly de-Presbyterianized and not at all de-Caledonianized by the process. Specially entrusted with the safety of a threatened establishment, and conscious of the indiscretion of startling manifestations, he would be disposed to exercise the repressive powers of the bill of which he is the author; but of his brethren, now that Dr. Thirlwall is gone, not one is likely to act; and the Bill will probably produce about as much effect as though its clauses were so many verses of a Ritualist hymn. So much pleased, however, is the House of Commons with its work, that it applauds a suggestion for extending the same legislation next session from the ritual to the doctrine of the church. The happy idea emanated from Mr. Lowe, who represents singularly well the fitness of the Houses of Parliament since the abolition of religious tests, to legislate on church affairs. Probably he might say, with about the same amount of truth as the late Lord Westbury, that he traced his success in life to his constant study of the Bible. Mr. Disraeli at once assented, seeing that assent would please the House, and feeling an airy security that no pledge will bind himself. So, formally speaking, the House of Commons stands committed to spending the next session in the work of a lay convocation. In the meantime Sir. W. Harcourt, in letters to the *Times*, the tone of which may be described by an adaptation of his own accurately framed distinction, as "ecclesiastical, not spiritual," tries to tranquillize the Ritualists by putting before them, as it were, a historic posy diligently culled by his loving hand, of all the passages in accredited works or documents, describing in the most galling and humiliating way the abject submission of the Anglican clergy to the secular power in the days of the Tudor Kings. These, he says, ought to be dear and familiar to every clergyman, as they will form sure antidotes to the

devotional allurements of the time. He fails to observe that in the time of the Tudors the secular power was, at all events, an Anglican King with an Anglican Parliament, whereas the Parliament of which he is himself an eloquent member is a religious menagerie, in which the beast is not always to be known by his skin, while the two chief advisers of Her Majesty are commonly supposed to have just enough Christianity between them to make one admirer of Judaism from an ethnological and personal point of view. Perhaps some of the serious readers of Sir W. Harcourt's letters may be led to moralize on the relations between the "spiritual" and the "ecclesiastical," and to consider whether it is possible for a community to be spiritual without being free.

The last week of the session was unfavourable to the Government, though it is far too strong at present to be materially shaken. It received in the elections the ardent and effective support of two bodies of men equal in power, though widely different in character, the publicans and the clergy. If every public house was a Tory committee room, so was every Rectory. The publicans had received their reward in the Bill giving back a portion, though a disappointingly small one, of the night to intemperance. The clergy, apparently, were to receive theirs in a clause of an Act relating to the Endowed School Commission, which restored to the Anglican Church a number of schools declared by a previous Act to belong to the nation. Some concession of the kind was probably indispensable, especially when the Government had shocked the avowed feelings of some of its clerical supporters, and the secret bias of a good many more, by taking up the legislation against Ritualism. Yet it is perilous policy; for this was the one question in the whole list of political topics which was sure to re-unite the broken and discordant sections of the Liberal party. But what was perilous in itself was made doubly so by the speech of Lord Sandon, who, as minister of Education, brought in the bill, and whose lips, usually most gentle, are conjectured to have been touched with fire on this occasion by Lord Salisbury. Whether from this inspiration, or merely from elation at the recent Conservative victory, and the promptings of his own State Church zeal, Lord Sandon made a speech so full of reactionary menace as to produce an immediate effect not only on the House but on the country, which does not want its sleep disturbed from either quarter; and to impose on the less enthusiastic members of the Government a very arduous task of explanation, aggravated by irrepressible outbursts of sympathy with Lord Sandon's fiery utterances among the less astute members of the party. The Opposition falling at once into their ranks under their half-discarded chief, advanced enthusiastically to battle, and though, of course outnumbered in divisions, having the outside feeling with them, succeeded after several nights of fierce debate in compelling the Government to retire with drooping banners from the field. Mr. Disraeli was fain to cover his defeat by pretending that he could not understand the clauses of his own bill, and throwing the blame upon the Government draughtsmen, an apology which was disclaimed by his less strategetical colleagues.

By the miscarriage of the Endowed School Bill, combined with Mr. Disraeli's sudden adoption of the Public Worship Bill as a Government measure, after allowing Lord Salisbury to commit himself deeply on the other side in the Lords, the plaster has been stripped away from what is called "the fissure in the Cabinet." Mr. Disraeli has assailed Lord Salisbury in the most open manner, and in the coarsest terms, calling him "a master of gibes, flouts, and sneers," and accusing him of "laying a trap" for the opponents of the Worship Bill in the House of Commons, the very last thing of which the chivalrous and impetuous Marquis was

likely to be guilty. It is thought that Lord Salisbury will do his duty to the country, by seeing the Indian famine to its end, and then consult the dictates of honour by resigning. If there was a Liberal party, such a rupture in the Government might be made fatal. But there is no Liberal party. There is nothing but the fragments of a broken organization, utterly heterogeneous in character, brought together perhaps for a moment, by a blunder of the enemy, but soon falling back into utter disarray. A new Club is projected as an instrument of re-union. A new journal would be more to the purpose. But what club or journal can produce real identity of councils between a man whose Liberalism is Republicanism, and a man whose Liberalism is Aristocracy, fancifully garnished with Woman's Rights and table-turning. Mr. Gladstone's hand must have been strong to preserve for six years the semblance of order in such a chaos. For the Republican party in England, impotent and odious as it is at present, there may be chances in the future. Though its avowed members are few, there is a good deal of half-formed sympathy with it among the masses; it fared better in proportion than Liberalism in the elections, and the course of events in Europe puts wind into its sails. Above all, it has the inestimable advantage of knowing its own mind. But the old party of Monarchical and Aristocratic reform, which, under the successive names of Whig and Liberal, has formed the organ of national progress since 1815, has probably done its work.

After appearing for a few weeks, with chequered fortune, on the field, Mr. Gladstone appears to have withdrawn to his Homeric tent, and to the philological and mythological studies to which he is unhappily addicted, though he has neither the leisure nor the learning to rival scholars in their own trade. But he has resumed the leadership (if leadership it can be called) of the Opposition. The Opposition has no other possible leader. Lord Cardwell, who was on the whole the best fitted for the post, has decamped from the Commons for the purpose of avoiding it. Lord Granville is a man of really great ability—when he can shake off the indolence of a grand seigneur—as well as of consummate tact and temper; but a leader in the House of Lords is a general directing a battle through the post. Mr. Forster has incurred the bitter hatred of one wing of the party by his Education Act, and still more by his sinister bearing while the measure was in progress towards his old Nonconformist friends. Mr. Lowe is a brilliant orator in a somewhat scholastic way; but he never speaks or acts without making enemies, and even in his short and obscure tenure of the Home Office he contrived to damage the Government seriously by a piece of blundering discourtesy surprising in a man of the world. Mr. Stansfield, though he has been very successful as an administrator, has not taken a leading part in debate, and his prominence as a Woman's Righter, besides giving him a fatal air of eccentricity, estranges the members of the party, not few in number, who have felt in the elections the talons of his female train. Mr. Goschen has a good position in the House, but is as yet little known in the country. If Lord Hartington was thought of by any one beyond the Whig clique, it was because his youth and rank might have rendered the post of warming-pan not incompatible with dignity in his case. The most eager of all the aspirants is of all the most unfit. Sir W. Harcourt is an exceedingly good speaker, in a rather stilted way, but he lacks every other quality of a leader, including common fidelity to political principles and friends. His attacks, open and covert, upon Mr. Gladstone, from whom but yesterday he received the Solicitor-Generalship, are offensive to every man of sense and taste; and they are aggravated by his fulsome adulations of Mr. Gladstone's rival, who leads him like a don-

key with a bundle of greens at its nose. The hope that a new man would arise to meet the need has been utterly disappointed. The degeneration of the House of Commons, marked as it is on both sides, is most marked on the side of the Liberals. A young Tory nobleman of talent may find a nomination seat, and thus get an early training in public life. But the Liberal benches are fast becoming a mere mass of "locals," men who, having made a fortune late in life, buy their way into Parliament for the sake of the social grade. These men are destitute of political knowledge, and having paid heavily for their seats, they do not feel bound to work. They die fast from the change of habits and the late hours; but

> "One plucked away, a second branch you see
> Shoot forth in gold, and glitter through the tree."

Another "local" succeeds, and even constituencies which have two or three seats can no longer find one for a statesman.

Mr. Gladstone's return to the leadership will be viewed with different feelings by different sections of the party. Of the Whigs, long been disaffected to him, the greater part have consummated their conspiracy by open secession, which has been proclaimed by the *Edinburgh Review*, as the organ of their section; but those who remain no doubt dislike Mr. Gladstone still. The *Pall Mall Gazette* turns green with malignity at the thought of seeing him restored to his place; but the *Pall Mall Gazette* is not politically Liberal at all; it belongs to the party bluntly called Tory-Atheists, and hates Mr. Gladstone bitterly for being a Liberal, still more bitterly for being a Christian. Its attempts to raise against him the cry of disloyalty to the Church Establishment are among the most singular moral phenomena of the time. The misgiving, however, is not confined to the Whigs or Tory-Atheists. As we have before pointed out, the weakness of Mr. Gladstone's position as a Liberal chief lies in this, that while he belongs politically to the party of progress, ecclesiastically he belongs to the party of reaction, and, unfortunately for him, ecclesiastical questions happen just now to be very prominent. To say that he is a Conservative in sentiment, a Liberal by accident, would be unjust; he has a real popular fibre, and though he has never shaken off a respect for rank rather unusual in one of nature's noblemen, he has amply merited the hatred of the territorial aristocracy, and has received it in full measure. Even in Church matters he is not Conservative, for he has a decided leaning towards "a free Church in a free State;" but he is sacerdotal, while the Liberal party is anti-sacerdotal the world over. The clique of old ecclesiastical friends by which he is personally surrounded estranges from him his political followers, and itself lends him no support; for the clergy of the Anglican Church are so strongly political that neither Mr. Gladstone's religious character, nor the sacrifices he has made for religion, have ever gained him a clerical vote. His favour as well as his sympathy is intercepted by this circle, which is one of the reasons why no group of personal adherents has formed round him: for few men are so disinterested as to follow fortunes which they do not share. That he gives his mind much to the business of the nation, and very little to the management of a party, would be a virtue under a national, but is a fault under a party system, and the same may be said of the total absence in him of the Oriental astuteness and suppleness, which are the most striking endowments of his rival. Still, no one, we believe, who has really measured the capacities of public men, and not formed his opinion from the gabble of critics, who talk about want of knowledge of the world without themselves knowing more of the world than is to be seen by the gaslight in their own offices, doubts that the greatest of English legislators and administrators is Mr. Gladstone. No one, in fact, approaches him in the power of framing and carrying a great

measure or working out a great administrative reform. In the multitude of his legislative achievements, it is almost forgotten that for a quarter of a century he has managed British finance, and so managed it that it has been the wonder and the envy of the world. His rival, in a Parliamentary life of forty years, has not carried, or even framed, a single measure except the extension of the suffrage in 1867, which was itself merely a plagiarism from the Whigs.

When the nation again calls for earnestness of purpose, Mr. Gladstone's hour will return. At present the nation hates earnestness of purpose; it has discarded Mr. Gladstone mainly because he has it; it has taken Mr. Disraeli mainly because he has it not. A profound change has been produced in the national character by the torrent of wealth which has poured in of late years. Hampden, Milton, even Chatham or Pitt would know their own people no more. Wealth and the enjoyment of wealth are the ruling motives in all hearts. To wealth everything bows, both in politics and in social life. No constituency will look at any but a wealthy candidate. The territorial and commercial plutocracies, once hostile to each other, have now combined, and together they reign, not only over the suffrages, but over the soul of the nation. Opulence, which while it laboured under any disability was liberal, the disability having been removed, has passed over to its natural side. A Jew has come in as a Conservative for Nottingham, and made a speech in the House of Commons in favour of religious education, in which he no doubt sees a second lock for his strong box. Secondary causes contributed to the Conservative triumph and the overthrow of the Liberal party —beer, Church-in-danger, the organized *residuum*, the unpopularity of individual members of the Government, the Treaty of Washington, the anger of the army and other interests which had undergone reform. But behind all was the influence of wealth. We do not know what Carthage may have been; but otherwise England is the mos tperfect plutocracy that the world ever saw.

If there is any great influence besides that of wealth, it is that of physical science. Scientific fatalism enters largely with sybaritism into the temper of the young men of the wealthier class, who are quite indifferent to politics. Even to poetry the change of taste extends: political poets like Wordsworth and Shelley charm no more; they have been supplanted by Owen Meredith and Swinburne. Political principle has retired to its old historic stronghold, among the Nonconformists; and Nonconformity has been weakened, far more than the State Church, by the decay of religion.

It is not a very satisfactory wealth this to which England has given her heart. In Florence, in Ghent, in the London of old, opulence was social: the merchant prince built his palace in the crowded city; lived among the people, made them partakers in his magnificence. The merchant prince of England lives in a luxury passing that of Eastern kings, but apart, secluded from the masses, and even from his own class. Between villa and villa there is frequently no social intercourse, or only that of formal dinners. Art is highly feed, yet it feels no impulse like that which it felt in Italy and Flanders: the architecture though costly is imitative, the painting, though technically elaborate, is dull. In place of creative genius, there is an immense but frivolous connoisseurship, which raves about trinkets and gives fifty thousand dollars for a china jug. The dulness of satiety is in the faces of the multitudes who roll round the park in carriages without number. Hence the craving for excitement, for a sensation novel, for a Shah, for a new Government. Even Ritualism springs in great measure from this source, and would be more easily cured by a spectacle than by a Worship Bill. Closely connected with the thirst of pleasure is a

levity of temper new to England, and almost reminding us of the populace of Byzantium —a levity which in the Franco-German war whirls round like a weather-cock from the side of Germany to that of France; denounces Napoleon III., and then rushes madly to his obsequies; insults and outrages the Americans, then flings itself into their arms, or rather grovels at their feet.

And beneath the gilded surface of plutocracy lie festering masses of want and misery, the materials of more than one Faubourg St. Antoine. Let a turn of fortune come, let rival navies rise, or commerce change her course, and much even of the highly paid and prosperous labour of England may become a hideous lazzaronism without the sun of Naples. For the artisan vies with the luxury of those above him, and spends an immense proportion of his earnings in sensuality. Mr. Greg, the fire alarm bell of plutocracy, keeps dismally booming in the midst of all the pageantry and feasting. He has no pleasure in the "well-filled larder and well-stored cellar," which to him are the sum of civilization, because there is ever before him the hated visage of a hungry "proletariat," which, the State religion having broken down, can no longer be put off to the next world. He fancies, yet hardly dares to hope, that another religious bar may yet be invented for the plutocratic door; and in his "Enigmas of Life" he follows up earnest exhortations to the rich to combine against the poor, with sentimental pictures of the next world, in a manner which rather reminds us of the Quaker in the story, who solved the double enigma of life by telling his boy first to sand the sugar and then to come down to prayers. It does not occur to him, in enumerating the "Rocks Ahead," that not the least dangerous of those rocks are that very plutocratic selfishness of which he is the organ, and that ostentation of luxury of which he is also the advocate, and which stimulates at once improvidence and envy among the poor.

The strike of the English Farm Labourers has ended as every one who had measured the relative strength of the opposing forces must have known that it would end, in the victory of the farmer, who had the wealth of the landowner at his back. The only wonder is that the struggle should have been maintained so long. Combating privation in his industrial war, the peasant has shown something of the same stubborn valour with which, when in arms for his country, he has often held the post of duty upon the blood-stained hillside, out-generalled and outnumbered, but caring for neither, and made the long and murderous day go down at last in victory for England. But the columns which he encountered on this occasion were columns which could not be rolled back like those which mounted to the attack at Waterloo, or those which at Albuera felt "the majesty with which the British soldier fights." Against overpowering wealth and territorial influence, with hunger as their sword, no valour or endurance can prevail. Yet a lasting effect will probably have been produced by this conflict. Hitherto the name of right has never been breathed by the British peasant, or by any one speaking on his behalf. He has been the sinew of the national prosperity; by his labour, unrivalled in dogged steadiness, England has been made the garden of fertility and beauty that she is; he, with the sweat of his brow has paid the cost of spendthrift ambition and class wars. Driven by want to "list," and when listed, held under discipline by a prodigal use of the lash, he has redeemed the blunders of aristocratic generals on many a field from Dettingen to Inkerman, and then retired broken and scarred, without so much as a medal (such, at least, was the fate of the Peninsular veterans), while wealth and titles have been heaped upon his more fortunate but perhaps less meritorious commander. Early and late he toiled, in all weathers, the whole year round. His wages over large districts were two dollars a week for himself

and his family, out of which he had to pay the rent of his house. His abode was a house in which neither health nor decency could dwell. His food was scarcely as good as that of a rich man's favourite dog, for, with the exception of an occasional scrap of bacon to give a flavour to his mess, he did not taste meat the year round. As was his food so was his clothing; in the days when the landlords and the cotton lords were still at war with each other, the cotton lords displayed in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester a pair of breeches, taken from a Dorsetshire peasant, which literally stood upright with patches and grease. The end, the regular and almost inevitable end, of this life of labour and endurance was penal pauperism, either in the form of out-door relief or within the gaunt walls of the Union Workhouse. There was a sad dignity in the weary composure with which the peasant looked forward to death, and seemed to regard "a decent funeral" as the goal and limit of his desires. No doubt in many individual cases his lot was alleviated by the kindness of his masters: provided he was submissive, unsuspected of poaching, and a regular attendant at the parish church, he received soup, in many shapes, from the great house or the rectory. Of late more systematic attempts have been made by the better class of landlords to improve his condition, though always in an eleemosynary form. Advantages had been allowed him in the way of gardens, or small allotments of land. A better cottage has, in many cases, been built for him. At county meetings he had received prizes for good behaviour, and for managing to bring up a family at a cost lower than that of a horse in the squire's stable. There had even been attempts to revive the image of "Merry England" by giving Harvest Homes, and blending, in a rather ghastly fashion, in one day's dancing and merriment, classes whose hearts were as wide as the social poles asunder. But that the farm labourer would ever claim a larger share of the produce of his labour as his right was an idea which never entered the squire's or the rector's mind, and which if suggested to them would have been rejected as the vilest and most wicked of all revolutionary dreams. As to the political franchise, people would as soon have thought of bestowing it on an ox. As little was it imagined that the peasants, whose vision was bounded by the horizon of the parish, who did not know the rate of wages five miles off, and who were thus economically at the mercy of their local employers, would ever learn, like the artisans, to combine in defence of their interests as a class. What they might mutter beside the ale-house fire nobody knew and nobody cared to ask. They were everything to the country, and they counted for nothing. It would not have been easy to say in what respect they were above the medieval serf. Under the law of settlement, which till recently prevailed, they had little more liberty, even of locomotion, than the serf, and were almost as completely bound to the feudal soil.

Suddenly is heard the trumpet clang of a demand for right, and with it comes startling proof that the peasant when ably led can combine as effectively and hold out as tenaciously as the artisan. Squire and farmer were filled with horror and astonishment; such horror and such astonishment as would have seized them had they been confronted with a demand for right by their horses and their kine. At length, recovering their presence of mind, they have put forth their power and quelled the strike. The newly-awakened sense of manhood and power they have not quelled, nor is it likely that they ever will. Henceforth the peasant is not a moral and industrial serf but a man. He will rise again from his fall; he will demand, and in the end obtain political rights. And it is better that it should be so even for those classes whose pride at present is galled by the change. English country life will become the sounder, and in the end

the sweeter for it. The squire, to recover his patriarchal influence, will have to live less in London and the pleasure cities of the continent than of late it has been his habit to do, more on his estate and among his people; and the result will be an accession to his real dignity and his real happiness. The farmer and the farmer's wife will have to doff the airs that they have borrowed from the aristocracy, and treat the labourers and their wives more as their equals; whereby they also will gain in true respectability as well as in security and comfort. England altogether will be the stronger, the safer and the better when beneath the lawns and garden of that paradise of wealth no longer slumber the suppressed fires of a Jacquerie. Industrial wars, like ordinary wars, are odious and wasteful; but like ordinary wars they may sometimes have their justification as the only means of breaking a chain and vindicating a right.

The peasant leader is no doubt tasting the bitterness of defeat, though he is not, like the defeated leaders of insurgent serfs in the days of chivalry, crowned with red hot iron or hung in chains upon a church steeple. Nevertheless, Joseph Arch will hold his place in history. A natural leader of the peasantry, puritan in mould, a devout and religiously abstinent, his figure stands out in bold contrast with those of the ordinary leaders of the artisans. And he has played his part well. He has combined those whose combination was deemed impossible; he has held in perfect order and obedience to the law, masses of ignorant and exasperated men, in whose uprising the Bishop of Manchester saw the approach of a peasants' war; with no resources but those which he could himself create he has organized and conducted a social movement on the largest scale against the vast phalanx of wealth and power in such a way as to extort respect and strike fear, even if it does not turn out that he has gained a moral victory. Alone he has done it, or without any support but that which has been gained for him by an eloquence, uncultivated of course, but genuine, prompt, and strong. That his peasant soul should remain wholly unaffected by his dizzy elevation it would have been absurd to expect; but he has kept his head wonderfully well. He has known how to use the rein as well as the spur; he has given the word for no useless strikes, and after struggling hard for victory, he seems to have frankly recognized the hour for retreat. Hot words he has uttered, not without frequent provocation, but he has never incited to violence, while some of his highly educated opponents have. With self-seeking he has never been charged, much less with corruption; and he had the self-knowledge and good sense to resist a very natural temptation to run for a seat in Parliament in one of the peasant boroughs. To confound such a man with the trading agitators and demagogues who are the pests of civil society would be most unjust. History will hereafter be written with more attention to the condition of the masses than it has hitherto been; and the unlettered liberator of a humble class will go into the Walhalla of the future before many a political tactician and phrasemonger of his day.

It is right to add that the circumstances of the struggle seem to have revealed the presence of a surplus of labour in some districts at least. In these cases the lot of the labourers can of course be permanently raised only by emigration. Probably the general result will be greater economy of labour, at the expense perhaps of the perfect trimness of the country, and a larger introduction of machinery, which, as it will require comparatively skilled hands, will again raise the wages and the condition of the peasantry.

The annexation of Fiji fulfils Mr. Disraeli's boast that the bounds of the Empire should be extended, and is another step towards the formation of a British Dominion in the Pacific

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which will some day bring England into contact, perhaps into collision, with the United States in that part of the world. The annexed islands are fertile and salubrious; of the natives, some tribes are cannibals, but the greater part are mild and feeble savages, whom the missionaries have done their best to civilize, but who are perishing, as usual, under the influence of the trader. One alleged ground for annexation is, that if we did not take the islands they might be taken by Germany, who, because she has repelled an attempt on her life and punished the assailant, is credited with boundless designs of conquest. It happens that, at this very moment, Germany is disclaiming the intention of obtaining a cession of Porto Rico from Spain, expressly on the ground that she regards the colonial system as belonging to the policy of the last century, and has no desire for distant annexations. Ambitious for himself and his country as Bismarck may be, he has too much sense to imagine that the strength of Germany in the hour of peril would be increased by dividing her forces between the Rhine, Porto Rico, and Fiji.

In France our anticipations have been fulfilled. Prorogation, not dissolution, is the word. Impotent, detested, and degraded, the Assembly still clings to life like a doomed malefactor when the hour of execution is drawing nigh. Such an exhibition of political worthlessness has hardly been seen, even by the land which saw Robespierre's Convention and Napoleon's Senate. The election for Calvados indicates an increase of Bonapartism. To that ignominious haven the nation seems to be turning in sheer weariness of tumbling on the cross-waves raised by the conflicting tides of faction. Should this be the result, the Legitimists and Orleanists will have killed the Republic for the time, no doubt, but they will have rolled the stone to the door of the sepulchre of Monarchy for ever. It is not impossible that the recognition of the Spanish Republic by the great powers, and the speedy downfall of Carlism which that event portends, may have an influence on the course of things in France.

"Thrilling adventures on the path to Freedom—Received by his wife, and placed on board a steamship." Such is the caption under which that perennial fountain of literary delight, the *New York Herald*, gives an account of the escape of Marshal Bazaine. A less important occurrence in any point of view but that of the picturesque penny-a-liner never figured in current events. Bazaine was the scape-goat of French vanity; when he had served that purpose, there was no sort of object in maintaining him any longer at the public cost, and the chances are that he escaped, if not with the connivance, through the total carelessness of the authorities. There could otherwise have been no difficulty in keeping him safe in his island prison. His escape can cause no anxiety to any party, nor will any attempt be made to recapture him. He is a soldier, not a statesman, and in Mexico his only policy was that of the hangman. Probably the people of France are secretly rather grateful to him for having spared them the necessity of blaming themselves for their reverses; and he had the wisdom to keep to himself his real plea, which was that, after its defeat at Gravelotte, his army would not fight.

The recognition of the Spanish "Republic" by the great powers, may have been partly a measure of humanity. Carlist atrocities are no doubt exaggerated by the Republican press; but they are really great, and have always been so. Cabrera in a former war signalized his loyalty and piety by burying prisoners up to their necks in the ground and making his cavalry ride over them. In the murder of a German officer by a Carlist chief, indiscretion was added to barbarity. In the main, however, we may

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be sure that the British Foreign Office, under the prudent administration of Lord Derby, was guided, as it ought to be, simply by the rules of diplomacy, which required the recognition of a *de facto* power. The Carlist insurrection remains confined to its original seat; even there it is manifestly kept in existence by foreign aid; while Serrano's government is indisputably master of the rest of Spain. Political sympathies and antipathies are no longer allowed, as in the days of the Holy Alliance, to prevail in British councils over the principles of international law. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the present Conservative government of England puts any force upon its own inclinations in recognizing the military government of Serrano. Religious Toryism of the old school—the Toryism which traced its lineage to the political faith of the Jacobites and the Cavaliers—is extinct in England, or faintly survives in the breasts of Lord Salisbury and a few who, like him, strive to maintain, in the evil times on which they feel themselves to be fallen, the image of ancient loyalty and honour. The Conservative party, in the main, is neither Legitimist nor Anglican, but plutocratic. It has long since discarded Divine Right. The Church it regards chiefly as a political safeguard, the Throne as an influence useful in maintaining habits of submission among the common people. It is simply the party of the rich; and all governments which will protect wealth and the enjoyment of wealth, against the troublesome aspirations of poverty, however illegitimate, however unconsecrated in their origin, are sufficiently conservative in its eyes. Its sympathies are in fact rather with military absolutism than with any other form of government. The French Empire, at once arbitrary and luxurious, with a brilliant court for millionaires to show their diamonds in, is the model regime of the plutocrat; and the restoration of the Empire is, of all political objects in Europe, the one which he most ardently desires. For Henri V. plutocracy has no regard—at Paray-le-Monial it scoffs. Carlism and and Medievalism generally are as alien to it as the picture of a martyrdom over a millionaire's sideboard is to the wines which blush below. The Spanish "Marshalate" will suit it perfectly well so long as Serrano governs without the Cortes.

Spain is nominally a republic, and it may be safely said that she has been wrested for ever from Philip II. and the Inquisition. But it will be long before her people in general acquire the power of real self-government. The great mass of them are totally without education, and they have all had, in every respect, the worst training which it was possible for a nation to undergo. Mr. Grant Duff, a clear-sighted and cool-headed observer, says, in his Studies in European Politics:—

"Our own impression is that the form of Romanism which prevails in Spain is lower, and retains less of the real spirit of Christianity than that which exists in any other Catholic country with which we are acquainted. Over the lower classes it still has very considerable hold, but rather as a superstition than a religion. On the other hand, the creed of the bulk of the men among the educated classes is pure indifferentism, and probably in their hearts the majority of those who are opposed to religious toleration oppose it in order that they may not have the trouble of settling what attitude they are to take up towards the religion of the state. At present they are Catholics, as a matter of course, just as they are Spaniards. If they could be anything else, they would be ashamed to profess belief in a system which they utterly despise. This state of things need surprise nobody; it is the natural result of the forcible suppression of free thought, and is seen in a less degree even in those countries—pagan and other—where public opinion, and not penal legislation, is the supporter of the existing creeds. We cannot expect that miserable hypocrisy, injurious alike to morality, to literature, and to statesmanship, soon to pass away; but a beginning is made. Any one who knows Spain could mention the names of Spaniards

who are as enlightened in these great matters, and as earnest, as the best among ourselves."

We must be patient, therefore, and not draw conclusions adverse to freedom or enlightenment because a nation just released from the darkness of its medieval prison-house knows not at first how to use its long-shackled limbs, and is dazzled by the unwonted light.

# SELECTIONS.

## FROUDE'S "ENGLISH IN IRELAND."

*(From the Fortnightly Review.)*

THE portion of history which is the subject of Mr. Froude's latest narrative has stood in need, it may be granted, of fearless treatment and of plain speaking; and it cannot be denied that Mr. Froude has brought these qualities to the discharge of his task. He has probed the sore spots of Irish history with an unsparing hand, and has certainly placed himself under no restraint in speaking his mind. If the work has not been for him a labour of love, there are at least no signs that its most revolting and loathsome details are in any way repugnant to his feelings and taste. So much must be granted. But these concessions made, I must express my opinion, for what it may be worth, that a more essentially unfair, ungenerous, and mischievous book than "The English in Ireland," it has rarely been my fortune to read. I speak as an Irishman, and a friend to the legislative union of the two countries; and I say that this book is well fitted—indeed is to all appearance deliberately designed—to reopen afresh wounds which were just closing, to exasperate in the highest degree the political passions of a people of whom political passion has long been the bane, to kindle new ardour in the ranks of Home Rule, and to fortify among the Protestant population prejudices already only too strong, which have been, and I fear still are, amongst the chief hindrances to the good government of Ireland.

Mr. Froude's book belongs to a class of writings which bears much the same relation to history in its highest acceptation—to such histories as Grote's, or Mommsen's, or Macaulay's, or Freeman's—as novels with a moral bear to fiction of the highest order. All fiction that is of any value aims at throwing light on some form or aspect of human nature; and all history that is not worthless serves to teach us politics by example; nor have the greatest historians refrained from pointing in their pages the lesson of their story. But this is an entirely different thing from writing history in order to enforce a foregone political conclusion. History in the former case is primarily descriptive and explanatory. It aims at placing before us the persons and transactions of past ages, and tracing their connection and sequence. If political lessons are taught, they are taught by the way, and always in subordination to the main design. In the latter case, the political doctrine is the principal business; and description and explanation are employed mainly in order to its illustration and enforcement. Now of the didactic method of writing history, we have an egregious example in Mr. Froude's most recent performance. It is emphatically a history with a moral. This character is revealed in its opening sentences, and scarcely disappears from view throughout the some fifteen hundred pages that compose the work. It will not, therefore, be improper to examine it from the author's point of view, and to attempt some estimate of the political teaching of which it is made the vehicle. In doing this I make no pretension—indeed I am not in a position—to challenge any of Mr. Froude's material statements: I take the story as he tells it—the facts as he has furnished them to me; and I ask how far these are in corroboration of the political lessons which he inculcates? how far his philosophical theories help us to a just and sound estimate of English rule in Ireland?

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The school of political philosophy of which Mr. Froude is an adherent, has, through the writings of Mr. Carlyle and his admirers and imitators, become tolerably familiar to the world. Mankind, according to this scheme of ideas, are resolvable into two races, or orders —those fitted to rule, and those who are only fit to serve. As Mr. Froude puts it, "the superior part has a natural right to govern, the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings." Thus stated, the doctrine sounds exceedingly like the simple assertion that might makes right; but Mr. Froude goes on to say:—"Among wild beasts and savages, might constitutes right. Among reasonable beings, right is for ever tending to create might." This latter phrase is perhaps, for a master of style, a little obscure, but, as we read on, it becomes abundantly evident that, whatever be the precise relation between right and might, in Mr. Froude's philosophy they are in effect convertible terms. The governing castes and nations are invariably "the nobler and wiser sorts of men,"—in which fact consists the justification of their pretensions to fill the part to which they aspire—in contrast with "the ignorant and selfish," who "may be and are justly compelled for their own advantage to obey a rule which rescues them from their natural weakness." This, and this only, we are told, is the true principle of nationalities, overriding and subordinating all other grounds of cohesion, such as natural frontiers, race and language. Starting from these premises, it need scarcely be said that Mr. Froude regards political liberty as an *ignis fatuus*, and representative institutions as elaborate contrivances for conducting nations to perdition. Laws and administration are estimated by him, not according to the historic method with which modern research and philosophy have made us familiar, not with reference to the condition and stage of progress attained by the people amongst whom they exist, but according to an assumed absolute standard of right and wrong. In framing laws for the government of a people, accordingly, the last thing which a politician of Mr. Froude's school would think of attending to, is the traditions, customs, and general state of civilisation prevailing among the people for whom they are intended. Instead of this, he would proceed to evolve from his moral consciousness those laws of absolute justice which "correspond most nearly to the will of the Maker of the Universe, by whom, and not by human suffrage, the code of rules is laid down for our obedience." The true analogy, in short, for human laws, according to Mr. Froude, is—as he is never weary of insisting—that furnished by the physical laws of nature; and to attempt to repeal or modify the legislation of a country in order to adapt it to the changing requirements of a progressive community, is as absurd as it would be for a mechanician to propose to repeal the law of gravitation, or for a painter to seek to alter the laws of perspective, or of light and shade.

Something of this sort, as nearly as I can make it out, is, in faint outline, the political philosophy propounded by Mr. Froude in his new volumes; and what I wish now to consider is, the degree of corroboration furnished to this remarkable speculation by the history of "The English in Ireland," as told by its author. What then has been the character of English rule in Ireland throughout the five or six centuries over which Mr. Froude's survey extends? As he has depicted it—saving only a period of eight years to be presently noticed—it has been a succession of the most enormous blunders incessantly repeated, committed partly through gross ignorance and indifference, partly from an insatiable and grasping selfishness, and ever issuing in the most frightful calamities—an exhibition *ad nauseam* of the most utter incapacity for government ever furnished by a civilised nation. For a considerable portion of the whole period, indeed, Ireland could scarcely be said to be governed at all. It was simply allowed to drift, with this result, that, after some three centuries of such rule, "a hundred thousand families divided Ireland, whose ways of life, and whose notion of the objects for which life was given them, were the ways and notions of savages."

. . . . "It would be more honour to the king," says a writer whom Mr. Froude quotes, "to surrender Ireland altogether, than to suffer his poorer subjects to be so cruelly oppressed by the nobles, and the nobles to be at war with themselves, shedding blood always without remedy." After the period here refer-

red to, indeed, some deliberate efforts were made, notably in the reign of James I., to introduce something like law and order into the country, and to start the people on the way they should go. But the failure was always ignominious and disastrous. The settlement of James I. was followed in some twenty years by the rising and massacre of 1641, on which the country fell once more into a condition of utter anarchy. Then came the golden reign of Cromwell—the one oasis, according to Mr. Froude, in the surrounding desert of English misgovernment. "Cromwell alone of all such governors understood the central principle of Irish management." The principle in question is thus described :—"The worst means of governing the Irish is to give them their own way. In concession they see only fear, and those that fear them they hate and despise. Coercion succeeds better : they respect a master hand, though it be a hard and cruel one. But let authority be just as well as strong ; give an Irishman a just master, and he will follow him to the world's end." (Vol. I. p. 38.)

It may at once be granted that in Cromwell's scheme of Irish policy there are to be found, along with the harsh and bloody lines with which it is scored, those grand features of decision and thoroughness which are characteristic of all that he attempted. But when Mr. Froude calls it a great success in government, an experiment amply justified by the results, he is simply speaking without the data which alone could warrant such language. What are the facts ? The entire duration of the Cromwellian settlement in Ireland is comprised within a period of eight years. The rebellion was not finally put down till 1652, and the Restoration came in 1660. The Irish had been crushed with relentless severity. "The waste of life in the war," says Mr. Froude, "compared with the population of the country exposed to its ravages, stands unparalleled in the annals of mankind" (p. 129). Under such circumstances it is not very wonderful that there should have been peace for eight years, nor that—the three most fertile provinces having been given up to English and Scotch immigrants, naturally among the most enterprising of their countrymen—a certain prosperity should in this time have set in. Similar phenomena had been witnessed before, as they have been witnessed since, in Ireland, at times when, according to Mr. Froude, the misgovernment of the country was extreme. But even during those eight halcyon years the signs were not few or doubtful of the trouble that was impending. A social war had already commenced. Bands of outlaws ravaged the country, plundering and murdering wherever they got the chance. "The colonists found themselves shot at in the woods and fields, and their farmsteads burnt over their heads" (p. 135). And then Connaught still remained—a refuge and centre to which disaffection could securely rally, where the traditions of hatred and revenge would be stored up, and where the native race might bide its time till the season of England's necessity came. "The Cromwellian settlement of Ireland," says Mr. Froude, "was infinitely favourable to her future prospects, *if* the wound, at last cauterized, was never allowed to reopen" (p. 136). There is wonderful virtue in an "if ;" but the question is, what were the probabilities that the "if" in this case would be realized ? And while the whole question of the permanent results of the Cromwellian settlement thus confessedly hangs on an "if," where is the warrant for describing it as a grand success in government, amply justified by the event ? Mr. Froude's opinion upon this point is therefore simply Mr. Froude's opinion, which his readers will accept or reject according to their estimate of his political sagacity.

Not to dwell on this point, which is after all a mere episode in the general narrative, let us pass to the next great stage in the history of English rule in Ireland—the plan of government adopted after the close of the civil wars under William III. As it affected the Catholics apart from the rest of the population, it was determined mainly by the legislation embodied in the notorious penal code, so long the scandal and by-word of Europe. Mr. Froude is not satisfied with the penal code, but his objection to it is that it was a half-hearted scheme—it did not go far enough. "What was there," he asks, "in the circumstances of Ireland that, when it was once more subdued, the English Government should have hesitated to apply the same rule there which Louis XIV. was finding necessary for France ? . . . To call the repression of opinions which had issued so many times in blood and revolt by the name of

religious persecution, is mere abuse of words" (vol. i., pp. 212, 213). Ireland should therefore have been governed as Protestant France was governed after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. "The existence [in France] of Protestant communities was held inconsistent with the safety of the State. Nonconformists were imprisoned, exiled, deprived of their estates, or put to death. No schools or churches were allowed to them to teach their creeds in, not so much as six feet of ground in which their bodies might rest when dead, if they died out of communion with the Church." The English Government ought to have profited by this example, and, *mutatis mutandis*, have gone and done likewise. Ireland ought to have been dragooned; by which simple but effectual process, Mr. Froude assures us, it would have been possible, "without real injustice, to have made Ireland a Protestant country" (vol. i., p. 209) As it was, however, the English Government, though their conduct fell short of the vigour and thoroughness of the hero of the dragonnades, nevertheless did show what I suppose Mr. Froude would call a commendable desire to do something in the right direction, and the result, as I have just said, was the penal code against the Catholics. There is no need that I should describe this notorious system, which must be familiar to all readers in the pages of Burke. Suffice it to say that by it the Catholics were deprived of the power of purchasing land or of acquiring any lasting interest in land, of entering the professions or the universities, of exercising their religion except by connivance or special indulgence, of educating their children—in short, of all the ordinary rights of citizens: while a number of harassing and degrading provisions, with an almost devilish ingenuity, aimed at introducing dissension into families, thus marring also their domestic life. The remaining population, a small minority of the whole, consisted of Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and other Dissenters. Of these, the Protestant Episcopalians, a minority within a minority, were selected for special favour, and to them was intrusted such political power and privileges as it was the policy of England not to retain in her own hands. Their Church became the Established Church of Ireland; care, however, being taken that all the more lucrative offices should be filled by Englishmen, who, for the most part, lived in their own country, and performed their duties by deputy. The Protestant Nonconformists—in this respect not more fortunate than the Catholics—were, by the Test Act, excluded from municipal functions, and thus from all possibility of influence in the borough elections, while the predominance of landlord power in the counties rendered them equally without influence there. But perhaps the temper of the English governing classes towards the Irish people as a whole is best seen in the commercial legislation of the period. In the time of Charles II. the principal and indeed almost the only external trade of the country was the cattle trade with England. This trade the English Parliament did not hesitate to proscribe by penal statutes; and if this preposterous legislation was soon after repealed, it is at least certain that this course was not adopted from any tenderness for Irish interests. By William III.'s time the woollen trade, an industry singularly suited to the condition of the country, had struck root, and there was every prospect that, if unmolested, it would have rapidly grown into a thriving trade. But English commercial jealousy at once took alarm. The exportation of manufactured woollens from Ireland was absolutely prohibited; that of raw wool was also prohibited, except when sent to the English market. It was supposed that England would thus at once obtain her raw material cheap and secure a high price for the manufactured article. Under the influence of similar motives Ireland was not permitted to share in the benefits of the navigation laws, the effect of which was to exclude her from all trade with the colonies of Great Britain. It is proper to state that this side of English legislation in Ireland is denounced by Mr. Froude with becoming emphasis. Perhaps the animating spirit of the policy in question has never been more clearly shown than in his description of an incident which occurred in the early part of the eighteenth century.

"The trade in butter and salt meat, which England had graciously consented to leave, with the vast profits to be made out of wool smuggling, tempted alike landholders and leaseholders to stock meadow and mountain with sheep and black cattle. In 1727 the average size of the farms in the three southern provinces ranged from 800 to 1,000 Irish

acres. The tenants were forbidden in their leases to break or plough the soil. The people, no longer employed, were driven away into holes and corners, and eked out a wretched subsistence by potato gardens, or by keeping starving cattle of their own on neglected bogs. . . . They grew up in compulsory idleness encouraged once more in their inherited dislike of labour, and enured to wretchedness and hunger; and, on every failure of the potato crop, hundreds and thousands were starving." (Vol. I., pp. 396, 397.)

To remedy in some degree this state of things, the heads of a Bill were passed through the Irish Houses of Parliament providing that for every hundred acres which a tenant held he should break up and cultivate five; and, as a further encouragement, that a trifling bounty should be offered by the Government on corn grown for exportation. Before this Bill could become law it was necessary that it should obtain the approval of the English Council, and it was sent to England for this purpose. But the Council absolutely rejected the Bill; not at all, it should be observed, for its violation of any economic principle, the plan proposed being quite in keeping with the prevailing notions on commercial legislation, but for the following reasons, as explained by Mr. Froude.

"The real motive was probably the same which led to the suppression of the manufactures; the detestable opinion that *to govern Ireland conveniently, Ireland must be kept weak*. . . . . A motive so iniquitous could not be confessed; but the objections which the Council was not ashamed to allege were scarcely less disgraceful to them. The English manufacturers having secured, as they supposed, the monopoly of Irish wool on their own terms, conceived that the whole soil of Ireland ought to be devoted to growing it." It was pretended that the Irish farmers, forgetting their obligations to England, and wickedly thinking only of their own interests, were diminishing their stock of sheep, breaking up the soil, and growing wheat and barley. The allegation unhappily was utterly untrue. But the mere rumour of a rise of industry in Ireland created a panic in the commercial circles of England; although the change existed as yet only in desire, and the sheep-farming, with its attending miseries, was increasing rather than diminishing. Stanhope, Walpole, Sunderland, and the other advisers of the English crown, met the overtures of the Irish Parliament in a spirit of settled hostility, and with an infatuation which now appears like insanity, determined to keep closed the one remaining avenue by which Ireland could have recovered a gleam of prosperity." (Vol. I., pp. 399, 400.)

Eight years passed and then indeed,

"After a famine in which thousands of the peasantry had died, they (the supporters of the measure) did succeed in wringing out of the English Council a consent that the prohibitory clauses in the leases should be cancelled, and that in every farm a certain small portion should be under the plough. After a great potato failure, when the roads were covered with starving beggars, and in every cabin there was one dead or dying, the Irish Parliament at last did at length, in the year 1728, obtain thus much in the way of concession. (Vol. I., p. 403.)

The condition of the people who lived under this enlightened and beneficent rule was, it will readily be believed, not very flourishing. Mr. Froude has gone into great minuteness in depicting it, and has produced a picture of social anarchy and misery which we may hope is a little overcharged. According to him, the habitual occupation of Irishmen, throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, consisted in crimes of the most horrible kind—murder, arson, and riot, faction fights and duelling, agrarian crimes, smuggling with its attendant lawlessness, the mutilation of Protestant clergy, the "carding" of tithe-proctors, the abduction and ravishing of women (of which latter offence no less than five highly coloured and sensational pictures are worked out by Mr. Froude in full detail). These were the occupations of their private life and leisure hours. In politics the atmosphere was one of stifling corruption, and the government of the country was only carried on by the systematic bribery of more than half of the two Houses of Parliament.

Such, in its main features, is Mr. Froude's account of the character and effects of English rule in Ireland during the period over which his narrative extends. Comparing it with his philosophy of government, one is led to ask where is the evidence in his story of that "natural right to govern," which he attributes to the English nation, and by which he justifies their dominion in Ireland? Is it to be seen in the "mutilated and miserable" penal code which beggared and degraded the Catholic masses — "keeping men alive," says Burke, "only to insult in their persons every one of the rights and feelings of humanity?" in the

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monopoly of political power given to the small minority of Protestant Episcopalians? in the corruption that pervaded every branch of political administration? in the treatment of the Presbyterians, which drove from the country the most thriving portion of its inhabitants? in the commercial legislation which Mr. Froude has stigmatized with such just emphasis?—a policy, as he assures us, deliberately conceived and founded on "the detestable opinion that to govern Ireland conveniently Ireland must be kept weak?" Or are we to look for the natural right of England to govern Ireland in the effects of her rule? in the all but universal misery, degradation, and demoralisation in which it kept those who lived under it? Are these the notes of a righteous government—of the presence of a nation having a "natural right" to rule? Mr. Froude indeed seems at times to have an uneasy consciousness that his philosophy and his history are not in perfect accord. In the sensational chapter on "Irish Ideas"—a name which he finds it humorous to give to the horrible atrocities which his own narrative shows were mainly the product of English misrule—he has this remark: "Had the Catholics been treated equitably, it may be said, they would have been orderly members of society. The answer is that crimes such as these were the normal growth of Ireland; they had descended from a time when Protestantism was an unknown word, and Popery and Irish ideas were supreme in the land." (Vol. I., p. 420.) If Mr. Froude has no better answer than this to give, and it would seem that he has not, his political philosophy is in a bad way. For, putting aside the utterly unwarrantable assumption that the Irish people, left to themselves but with the advantage of increasing intercourse with Europe, were incapable of civilised progress, what more complete refutation, on Mr. Froude's own principles, of English pretensions to govern Ireland can be conceived than the fact that, after the experiment had been going on for some five hundred years, the Irish people still remained in the condition of savagery in which England had found them; that the state of society which was "normal" in the thirteenth century was still normal in the eighteenth? This is what Mr. Froude confesses, who founds the right of government on the right of the strong to "rescue" inferior races "from their own weakness," to compel them to obey "for their own advantage." In short it comes to this—either Mr. Froude must discard his philosophy as the disordered dream of a literary man out of harmony with the tendencies of his time, or he must confess that the claim of England to govern Ireland, throughout the whole period over which his narrative extends, was without moral justification. The English having utterly failed, according to his showing, to perform the functions of a governing nation, ought, on his principles, to have retired from the country. The Irish not having been "rescued from their natural weakness," had, on the same principles, a perfect right to rebel. It is thus that Mr. Froude's history illustrates his philosophy. In common with others of his way of thinking, he has a lofty contempt for "theoretical politicians," whom he never loses an opportunity of sneering at. One is tempted to ask in what school of practical statesmanship he has graduated? Pending enlightenment upon this point, the foregoing *reductio ad absurdum* may serve as an example of the straits into which a writer may be drawn who disserts on politics, alike without theory or experience to guide him.

Nothing is more remarkable in Mr. Froude's political views than the absolute confidence with which they are advanced. Throughout his narrative, extending over five hundred years, the Irish problem, which was a difficulty for all who had to do with it, never for an instant presents any difficulty to him. At every crisis he is master of the situation, and sees, as if written in sunbeams, the true path to be pursued. What enhances the wonder is, that Mr. Froude in his political opinions is all but absolutely singular. Of all the English public men who came to the front in the eighteenth century, one and one only, according to him, possessed the key to the Irish enigma; this unique politician being no other than—George III.!* It may be confidently asserted that Mr. Froude would now fail to find a single responsible statesman in any civilized country bold enough to endorse his views. We have already seen how he would have acted after the conclusion of the civil war in William III.'s reign, and the

* "The English in Ireland," Vol. III., pp. 124, 472.

methods by which, "without real injustice," he would have converted the Irish to Protestantism. Let us now pass to the latter end of the eighteenth century and study his judgments on the government and politics of Ireland during that critical time. The position of affairs was this:—The native Irish, not having been converted to Protestantism, were ground to the earth under the rigours of the penal code; Presbyterians were excluded by the Test Act from Municipal offices and practically from Parliamentary influence; so much political power as England was inclined to part with was monopolized by the small minority of Protestant Episcopalians; and this was exercised subject to the control vested by Poyning's Act in the English Council, whose assent was required to the heads of all bills introduced into Parliament. The Parliament itself was a mere burlesque of a representative assembly. Two-thirds of the seats were nomination boroughs, and commonly about half the members were placemen—a state of things which, of course, issued in the most flagrant and scandalous corruption. Such being the position of affairs, a liberal movement set in, having for its objects the legislative independence of the country, which was compromised by Poyning's Act, freedom of trade, and the removal of political disabilities from Catholics and Dissenters. One by one the fetters which bound the Catholics were struck off. They were permitted to hold valuable interests in land; they were permitted to enter the professions, to enter the University; they were admitted to the electoral franchise, and they claimed Catholic emancipation. The Nationalist party in Parliament, led first by Flood and afterwards by Grattan, taking advantage of the difficulties of England during the American War, and availing itself of the support of the Volunteers, wrested from her the right of self-government, and compelled the abolition of the iniquitous trade-laws by which Irish industry had been crushed. Triumphant thus far, the same party aimed further—at the complete emancipation of the Catholics and a reform of Parliament. The agitation for the two latter objects brought matters to a crisis. Earl Fitzwilliam came over in 1794–5 with instructions, as he understood them, to make the required concessions. The Nationalist party regarded the game as won, but a sudden change of counsels in England threw all into confusion. Earl Fitzwilliam was recalled, his policy disavowed—in deference, it is guessed, to George III.'s scruples; and a determined stand was taken against further concessions to the reformers. The result, considering the temper of the times—the revolutionary tide from France being now at its spring—was what might have been expected. At once the people turned from constitutional agitation to secret conspiracy. The society of United Irishmen had already been organized in the North, deeply imbued with French principles, and avowedly aiming at revolutionary objects. It was now joined by the mass of the population, and the rebellion of 1798 became inevitable. Such are the salient points of the narrative which occupies Mr. Froude's two last volumes; and it is his main purpose to show that throughout this protracted struggle the liberal party were, with a single exception, constantly in the wrong, the party of resistance as constantly in the right. The exception was the demand for freedom of trade, which Mr. Froude is obliged to admit was reasonable and just, though he is careful to hint a doubt whether the evil inherent in the policy of concession may not have outweighed the gain that accrued from a just measure. With this exception, however, every step taken by the liberal party, from the first relaxation of the penal code down to the demand for Catholic emancipation and Parliamentary reform, is, either expressly or by implication, condemned by Mr. Froude. I wish now to examine the grounds on which this sweeping condemnation has been pronounced.

They will be found to resolve themselves into two:—first, what seems to be a sort of first principle with Mr. Froude, the assumption that it is an ineradicable attribute of Irish nature not to be satisfied by concession, which, he says, it always interprets as evidence of fear, and to be only kept in a healthy condition by a regimen of compulsion; and, secondly—an argument that runs through his two last volumes—that the liberal policy represented by Grattan and his party led, by logical necessity, to Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, two measures which would have entailed a Catholic majority in the Irish Parliament, and resulted, Mr. Froude thinks, in a repetition of the attempt made by the Irish Parliament in James II.'s

time to upset the Acts of Settlement. Let us consider these two positions.

From his axiom concerning Irish human nature Mr. Froude appears to reason somewhat in this way:—as concession is sure not to satisfy the Irish, any boon asked for by them ought to be refused, since, if conceded, the concession is at once made the occasion for fresh demands, which, if conceded, lead again to further demands, and so on indefinitely, till at length something is demanded that cannot be yielded, when it becomes necessary to have recourse to force. In ruling Ireland, therefore, it is argued, the better course is to disregard altogether the feelings and wishes of the people, and to compel them into the right path by simple and direct force. If this argument deserves an answer, Mr. Froude may be required to mention a party in English history, or in the history of any other progressive nation, from the Greek and Roman commonwealths down to the present moment—to mention a party, I say, which, placed under political disabilities, has remained satisfied with any concessions short of full political equality. In a well-known aphorism, suggested by his study of the struggles of English parties, Hallam has said that there is no middle term between the persecution that exterminates and the toleration that satisfies. Mr. Froude, it seems, has not so read history. He considers it an exceptional and portentous thing that the Irish Catholics, having had the most galling of their fetters knocked off, should not have hugged their remaining chains; that having been permitted to take a farm on lease, they should actually have demanded to purchase land out and out; nay, should have gone on to seek for admission to the professions, and even to aspire to political rights. Oliver Twist "asking for more" did not do greater violence to Mr. Bumble's sense of propriety, than Mr. Froude's philosophy suffers from the pertinacious demands of the Irish Catholics. The phenomenon, he thinks, can only be explained by something peculiar and abnormal in Irish nature. This reference to "Irish nature," it may be said by the way, plays quite a large part in Mr. Froude's historical elucidations. It serves him as a sort of conjuring phrase by which whatever is strange, extravagant, corrupt, or atrocious in Irish history, is at once and satisfactorily explained. When an act is labelled "Irish," it is thought that all has been said upon the subject that need be said. In this way practices that are perfectly normal in certain stages of human progress, as marauding habits, intertribal warfare, faction fights, &c., are set down as monstrous manifestations of Irish nature, or, if Mr. Froude happens to be in a humorous vein, as examples of "Irish ideas."* As regards the use of the argument in the present instance, it needs scarcely be said that the strange thing would have been if the Irish Catholics had been satisfied with partial concessions. Had they been so, this, and not their dissatisfaction, would have proved them to have been an exceptional type of mankind; it would have proved, not that the previous concessions had been well bestowed, but quite the contrary, that the recipients were unfit to take their place in the ranks of a free community.

I turn now to Mr. Froude's second ground for condemning the conduct of the Irish liberal party—its inevitable issue, as he thinks, is an attack upon the Acts of Settlement. And here I will freely admit that, the liberal movement once started, no logical halting-ground was possible between the first removal of disabilities and the two crowning measures demanded

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* That Mr. Froude has thus made Irish nature a sort of standing explanation of all that is remarkable in Irish History, does not prevent him from saying something exactly the opposite of this. Thus a little further on we come upon this passage:—"We lay the fault on the intractableness of the race. The modern Irishman is of no race, so blended now is the blood of Celt and Dane, Saxon and Norman, Scot and Frenchman. The Irishman of the last century rose to his natural level whenever he was removed from his own unhappy country. In the Seven Years' War Austria's best generals were Irishmen." . . . . "Strike the names of Irishmen out of our own public service, and we lose the heroes of our proudest exploits—we lose the Wellesleys, the Pallisers, the Moores, the Eyres, the Cootes, the Napiers; we lose half the officers and half the privates who conquered India for us, and fought our battles in the Peninsula." . . . . "What they can be even at home we know at this present hour, when, under exceptional discipline as police, they are at once the most sorely tempted and the most nobly faithful of all subjects of the British race." (Vol. II. p. 127.)

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by the liberal party—Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform. I admit also that the passing of these measures would probably have resulted in a Catholic majority in the Irish Parliament, supposing, that is to say, that the Irish Parliament had continued to exist; and further that, having regard to the terrible condition to which English misrule had brought the country, such a state of political forces would have involved very serious danger to the Acts of Settlement. But conceding all this, I still ask whether, if civil war there was to be, it would not have been better to have taken issue with the Catholics on the question of maintaining the Acts of Settlement than on that of excluding them from political rights, and of resisting the reform of a parliament corrupt to the core. There is, after all, some virtue in a just cause; and an Irish rebellion, breaking out after every substantial grievance had been redressed—every grievance, that is to say, the redress of which was consistent with the maintenance of rights of property recognised for more than a century, and to the defence of which the honour as well as the interest of England was undoubtedly committed—would at least not have been more formidable than the rising of 1798, in which the Irish fought under the exasperation of a cruel disappointment, and for rights, their title to which, even then widely recognised, has since been universally conceded.

It is pertinent, moreover, in replying to Mr. Froude on this point, to remark that what constituted the real danger of the situation, at the crisis in question, was the hard and fast line drawn between the Catholics and the possession of the land; and that the maintenance of this line was not a part of liberal policy, but of that policy which Mr. Froude has defended and eulogised. Mr. Froude's attitude with reference to this question is made clear by a remark which he makes *apropos* of the possibility of considerable quantities of Irish land being thrown upon the market about the year 1773. Such an occurrence, he says, "would, on many accounts, have been of priceless service. Not the least so that, as Catholics were still unable to hold real property in Ireland, it would have recruited the ranks of the Protestant gentry with new and wholesome elements." (Vol. II., p. 158.) In other words, Mr. Froude would have been in favour of making the severance between the Irish Catholics—three-fourths, be it remembered, of the total population—and the land of the country even more complete than it already was. His position, therefore, is this: he is the defender and eulogist of the policy which created the real danger and difficulty of Irish government; and the danger and difficulty thus created he urges as a reason for permanently excluding the Catholics from political rights. How completely the danger contemplated by Mr. Froude might have been eluded by a liberal policy with regard to the land, may be understood by considering the present state of Ireland. I am no advocate of an Irish Parliament, and I think it probable that, supposing one were ever got to work peaceably, it would indulge in not a few unwise and possibly dangerous freaks of legislation, from which the land would not be exempt; but I do not believe that any one who knows Ireland would have any apprehension that such a Parliament would touch the Acts of Settlement. And why? Simply because the Irish Catholics are now extensively owners of the Irish soil, or of valuable interests in it. Had this result been brought about in the eighteenth century—though I admit the separate existence of an Irish Parliament would still have been a difficulty—at least the particular bug-bear, disturbance of the Acts of Settlement, with which Mr. Froude seeks to frighten his readers into a belief in a retrograde policy, would not have existed. In other words we are brought to this conclusion, that a liberal policy, frankly and prudently applied to the circumstances of Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century would, there is every reason to believe, have prevented altogether the sanguinary outbreak of 1798 and the legacy of bitter memories it has left, and would, in all probability, have greatly accelerated the material prosperity and social quiet which the liberal policy of later times is at length, whatever Mr. Froude may say to the contrary, beginning to produce. But supposing it were otherwise, and that such a policy involved all the dangers that Mr. Froude anticipates from it, even so we should have to consider what was the alternative to this policy. According to Mr. Froude, concession necessarily entailed concession, and the path of concession led in the end to civil war: if, then,

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this issue was to be avoided, the only safe course was to resist concession from the start; to take stand on the penal laws as they existed, say in 1761, and to frame our policy deliberately with a view to hold the Irish Catholics in permanent bondage; to keep, that is to say, three-fourths of the inhabitants of Ireland as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the remaining fourth; to do this in the midst of the progressive enlightenment of the eighteenth century, under the influence of the ideas kindled by the French revolution, nay, (for the reasons against concession would be still as strong as ever) to continue this course down to the present time, and while Russian serfs and American negroes were living emancipated, to exhibit to Europe the spectacle of a kindred nation in chains! Was this a policy that England could have adopted? and supposing she were capable of adopting and carrying it into effect, does Mr. Froude imagine that the conscience of Europe would have endured the scandal? Mr. Froude does not in so many words tell us that this is the course that ought to have been pursued, but it is to this result and no other that all this moralising on Irish history, and all his railing at Irish liberal policy, most distinctly tend.

It has already appeared that among Mr. Froude's historical virtues consistency is not the most eminent; but the examples hitherto given of failure in this respect have been comparatively trifling and unimportant. As the reader is aware, he has very strongly approved and justified all the confiscations that have ever taken place in Irish history, from the landing of Strongbow and his followers down to the civil wars of William III. It has also appeared that, according to him, "the central principle of Irish management" consists in *not* giving the Irish their own way; that conciliation of Irish ideas is a mistake, and that the people ought to be coerced to accept from their master what seems to him good. Having had these doctrines inculcated on us in season and out of season through the greater portion of three volumes, it is somewhat disconcerting towards the end of the third to encounter the following passage:—"The kingdom of Oude is of the same size as Ireland. Seventeen years ago it rose in rebellion, and the entire population was as bitterly hostile to British rule as Ireland in 1641 or 1798. Thirty Englishmen now govern Oude with perfect ease, and administer its affairs in perfect order. . . . . *It would have been better and happier by far had England never confiscated the lands of the Irish, had she governed Ireland as she governs India,* and never attempted to force upon her a landed gentry of alien blood." (Vol. III. pp. 460-462.) So then after all, the confiscations were a mistake, and those "true ideas" by which Cromwell sought to govern Ireland—"laws, so far as intellect can discern them, appointed by the Maker of the world," were but a *pis aller*—an inferior alternative to a system of policy exactly the reverse of all that Mr. Froude's work was written to enforce. "Having chosen the second alternative," he continues, making an awkward attempt to save his consistency, "having given the land and the constitution into the hands of men of her own race and creed, principle as well as prudence should have taught her to remember their difficulties," &c. (Vol. III. p. 462.) Still, if there had always been that better way of governing, it seems passing strange that throughout all the political dissertations with which these volumes abound we should have had no hint of it till it is unexpectedly flashed upon us at the very close of the work; nor does one see why, because the land of Ireland was confiscated, the maxims of policy which were found to answer in India should have had no application to Ireland. For example, if any one attribute more than another can be predicated of Anglo-Indian rule, it is the marked difference it has invariably shown towards the laws, institutions, and traditions of the people of India. Every custom, not positively criminal, has been respected; the native religions have not only been tolerated, but in many instances endowed; the Hindoo and Mohammedan codes have been incorporated into the jurisprudence administered in our courts; the land settlements are elaborate attempts made, with whatever success, certainly in good faith, to give effect to the ancient traditions and practices of the country. If this method of government has been found efficacious in India, why should it not have been attended with equal benefit to Ireland? Granted that the land was confiscated, was this a reason for disregarding Irish customs, in settling the country under the new

owners—for maintaining an established church which could only be a standing insult and menace to the faith of the majority of the people—for aggravating the material injury by outraging in every direction native sentiment? It will be instructive to compare Mr. Froude's notions of governing Ireland with those of an Indian administrator fresh from India, and steeped in the traditions of Indian statesmanship. A few years ago, when the Irish Land Act was before Parliament, Sir George Campbell happened to be in this country, and took advantage of his leisure to visit Ireland and study the land question. The fruits of his investigation were embodied in a small volume, which he published at the time, and which contained some practical suggestions as to the sort of legislation that was needed. And what was the purport of these suggestions? Why precisely the reverse of all Mr. Froude would have us do. Mr. Froude says that no regard should be paid to Irish ideas and practices. Sir George Campbell tells us, on the contrary, to take Irish ideas and practices as the basis of our land legislation. He, in short, proposes to apply to Ireland the same principles which he had seen bearing good fruit in the portion of the empire with which he was familiar. There is a sense, indeed, in which "governing Ireland according to Irish ideas" would mean something very different from what Sir George Campbell advocated. The duty of England to Ireland would not, I imagine, in his view, be fulfilled by simply shutting her eyes to the dictates of expediency and justice, and giving effect to the clamours of the noisiest section of the people. This is one thing; but to take account of the customs and ideas of the people, and to aim at promoting justice and well-being among them by steadily working in the grooves which these indicate, is quite another. It is in this sense that the principle of governing in conformity with the ideas of the governed has been understood in India; and in advocating a policy the exact opposite of this for Ireland, Mr. Froude has set at defiance not merely Indian experience, but, I do not hesitate to say, the experience of all countries, and of all ages.

Fairly to appreciate Mr. Froude's treatment of the Irish rebellion of 1798, the reader must bear in mind the judgment he has passed on English government in Ireland. This has already appeared to some extent, and will be placed beyond doubt by a few more extracts:—

"The wrongs of which America has to complain were but musquito bites by the side of the enormous injuries which had been inflicted by English selfishness on the trade and manufactures of Ireland. Why was Ireland to submit when America was winning admiration by resistance? Why, indeed? save that America was in earnest. The Irish were not. America meant to fight. The Irish only meant to clamour and threaten to fight."* (Vol. II., p. 83.)

* Burke could not draw a bill of indictment against a whole people; but Mr. Froude has no scruple in flinging about imputations of cowardice against the Irish race—possibly because he knows that, a few pages on, he will say something which shall imply the possession by the same people of the most heroic valour. Notwithstanding numerous passages like that quoted in the text, he confesses in his narrative of the rebellion that nothing could exceed the courage shown by the Irish peasantry and their leaders.

"Lord Carlisle had found, in common with every Viceroy who preceded him, that when he spoke to the cabinet of wrongs done to Ireland, and recommended a measure or measures as tending to remedy them, he had been received either with impudent neglect or contemptuous refusal. English rule in Ireland had become so shameful a parody of all that is meant by righteous and legitimate authority, that nature herself repudiated it. Ireland could not and would not be governed any longer by English laws. Lord Carlisle thought, and avowed that he thought, that she might be governed well and happily by laws of her own; while, if England refused to consent to an arrangement, he anticipated inevitable convulsions, the end of which no one could foresee." (Vol. II., p. 319.)

"The long era of misgovernment had ripened at last for the harvest. Rarely since the inhabitants of the earth had formed themselves into civilised communities, had any country suffered from such a complication of neglect and ill-usage. The Irish people clamoured against Government, and their real wrong from first to last had been that there was no government over them; that, under changing forms, the universal rule among them for four centuries had been the tyranny of the strong over the weak; that from the catalogue of virtues demanded from those who exercised authority over their fellow-men the word Justice had been blotted out. Anarchy had borne its fruits. The victims of scandalous administration had risen at last to demand redress." (Vol. III., pp. 348, 349.)

"England, for her own purposes, condemned the

I do not think it would be easy to express condemnation of a government in stronger terms than some of those I have quoted; to assert more strongly the responsibility of England for the evils that afflicted Ireland; or to recognise more fully the terrible provocation offered to the Irish people for rising in revolt. And yet within a few pages of some of these extracts Mr. Froude finds it possible to write as follows:—"The Irish Catholics . . . . . failed to recognise that, alike in 1641 and 1798, *no injury had been done to them, and no hurt had been designed against them*, till they had either taken arms in rebellion, or were preparing for it so openly that the Government were compelled to take their weapons from them. The burglar who kills a policeman is none the less guilty of murder because the policeman began the quarrel by laying his hand upon his shoulder." (Vol. iii., p. 414.) If this had been an isolated passage unsupported by anything further, one might be inclined to suppose some accident—a loose leaf from some other work, perhaps, getting mixed up with Mr. Froude's manuscripts. In truth, however, the illustration of the burglar and the policeman in this passage strikes the key-note of Mr. Froude's account of the rebellion of 1798, and gives us the standpoint from which he has stigmatised with unqualified severity the conduct of the rebels, and, on the other hand, justified in ample measure all the rigours put in force on the Government side. The Irish people who, a few pages before, had been the plundered, impoverished, demoralized victims of scandalous administration rising at last to demand redress, suddenly become burglars wantonly assailing with felonious intent the legitimate authorities placed over them in the order of Providence and only bent on preserving order for the common good—the same authorities whom, but a short time previously we had been told, "nature herself repudiated," but whose cause Mr. Froude now espouses with such intolerant zeal that even the most extreme exercise of their power in crushing the revolt falls short of his desires. I venture to say that so flagrant a contradiction—so radical an inconsistency in the very heart of an historical plot, in the fundamental conception of the crowning catastrophe of a great drama—has rarely been committed by historian before. That catastrophe is presented in one page as the natural and necessary outcome of English misrule: in the next, as the wanton and unprovoked rising of "a treacherous race, whom it was no longer possible to bear with;" and between these two theories—though the latter steadily preponderates—Mr. Froude oscillates to the end.

Still it is from the point of view of the policeman seizing the burglar that the contest is on the whole described and judged; nor is there any attempt to do justice to the contending parties even as thus conceived. The massacres and horrible cruelties committed on the Catholic side, are elaborately described; every detail, fitted to strike the imagination, to shock the feelings or to fire the passions, is carefully picked out and set in full relief in Mr. Froude's pages,* while the equally horrible and atro-

country to barrenness, and its inhabitants to misery and want. She rejected them when they petitioned to be incorporated in the empire. She extinguished their manufactures and their shipping, and discouraged them long even from cultivating their estates, lest the value of her own land should suffer from the rivalry. . . . . If they were politically corrupt England had begun with prostituting their patronage and misappropriating their revenues. If they were discontented and mutinous, never in the history of the world had any subjects more just grounds for complaint." (Vol. III., p. 461.)

* Mr. Froude's desire to be picturesque in his account of these occurrences sometimes carries him into bathos. For example, after describing the night attack on the garrison at Prosperous, where a detachment of the North Cork militia were brutally slaughtered, he writes:—"Those who had been concerned in the night's work had come back expecting to find as complete a sweep of their comrades as they had made themselves of Swayne and the North Cork. Finding the day gone against them, they either dispersed or stole into their quarters unperceived. Esmonde, especially, contrived to reach his room, *to wash, dress, and powder himself, as a dog would do after a midnight orgie among the sheep*, and presented himself in his place in the ranks as if he had never been absent." (Vol. III. p. 363.) We have heard before of Mother Hubbard's dog, who, when his mistress was abroad, used "to dress in his clothes:" but the dog in Mr. Froude's simile, who not only dressed, but washed and powdered himself, quite throws into shade the performances of our old favourite.

cious acts committed on the Government side in the suppression of the revolt are slurred over in summary sentences, generally with a reminder that the victims merely received the due rewards of their deeds. Considering the opinions that Mr. Froude has put on record respecting the mode in which Ireland was governed by England, one would have expected here from an English historian, if only for the grace of the thing—I do not, of course, speak of generosity—some little allowance for Irish errors and vices—some touch of compunction for the terrible calamities brought by his countrymen, however inevitably, upon the Irish race. But Mr. Froude has no such weaknesses. He is a marvellous adept in that sort of vicarious stoicism that loves

> "When others bleed to kiss the rod,
> Resigning to the will of God;"

and not merely does he endorse all the rigours put in force—rigours which revolted and disgusted some of the best of those who were charged with their execution—but actually goes out of his way to suggest that they should have been heavier and bloodier. Referring to the escape of a portion of the rebel army from Vinegar Hill, he remarks that, if the mistake which made that escape possible was intentional, "it was misplaced leniency. Nothing but some decisive and overwhelming evidence of the consequences of a rebellion *carried out in the spirit which had been shown in Wexford*, would ever convince the Irish of the hopelessness of measuring strength with England, or prevent a repetition of the same folly, when opportunity seemed again to offer itself." (Vol. III. pp, 442-3.) There is, perhaps, some doubt as to the exact force of the words which I have italicised; but, taking the passage with its context, there can be no doubt at all that it amounts to a suggestion that it would have been well if the entire army at Vinegar Hill had been put to the sword. It is in this spirit, Mr. Froude thinks, that the Irish Rebellion should have been suppressed.

A few words before I conclude, on a question which has even yet something more than an historic interest—the measures resorted to by the Government previous to the outbreak for the seizure of arms and other purposes of suppression. Amongst these was the practice of torturing by flogging, half-hanging, and what was called pitch-capping—putting caps of boiling pitch upon the head; all which were employed against the peasantry in the hopes of making them disclose the places where the arms were concealed. The officer most directly responsible for these proceedings was General Lake, but they appear to have been approved by the Irish Government, and Mr. Froude thus comments on them:—

"The seizures were not effected without severity. ....Entire villages combined in determined resistance. Individuals, of whose guilty complicity secret information left no shadow of doubt, were compelled to reveal the hiding-places by the whip and the picket. Houses were burnt and entire families were exposed to serious suffering. Particular officers, it is likely, exceeded their orders. The officers of the yeomanry were taken from the local gentry, whom the murder system had not disposed to feel tenderly towards the accomplices of assassins. In some very few instances the innocent may have been confounded with the criminal. When society is disorganized, and peace can only be preserved by the strong hand, such misfortunes occur inevitably, and the responsibility for them rests with those who have rendered the use of force indispensable." (Vol. III., p. 238.)

This defence has been supplemented by a reviewer of Mr. Froude's in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who puts the case thus:—"Suppose the Indian mutiny could have been prevented by flogging a certain number of Sepoy conspirators till they gave the information necessary to enable the Government to prevent the outbreak; ought English authorities to have hesitated to flog at the expense of causing all that followed? And if so, on what ground?" This is no doubt a very convenient, though perhaps a somewhat cool, way of begging the question. Is it not equally open to me to put the case in this fashion?—Suppose the flogging of a certain number of Sepoy conspirators would have had no appreciable effect on the issue of the Indian mutiny, but would have very greatly exasperated the passions of the people, and increased the horrors of the struggle, ought English authorities to have flogged? and if so, on what grounds? Hypothesis for hypothesis, one way of putting the argument seems as good as the other; but the question is, which coincides most nearly with the facts of the Irish case. Now I maintain that mine does; nor need I go

beyond Mr. Froude's pages to demonstrate this. From that narrative it very clearly appears that the break-down of the Irish rebellion was mainly due to two causes :—to the collapse of the conspiracy in the North at a critical moment, upon the Northern Protestants discovering that the war was assuming a religious character in the South ; and secondly, to the failure of the French to send their contingent in time. Mr. Froude admits that in the early part of June there was nothing to prevent Father John Murphy, the leader of the insurrectionary forces in Wexford, from marching by way of Arklow and the coast line to Bray, from which he could have threatened Dublin, where the masses could only be kept from rising by the presence of a considerable garrison. Camden, he tells us, was now, for the first time, really alarmed. The reports from the North were less favourable, and Walpole's defeat might decisively turn the scale.

"'The salvation of Ireland,' the Lord-Lieutenant wrote in a letter to the Duke of Portland, 'on which Great Britain as an empire eventually depends, requires that this rebellion should be instantly suppressed. No event but instant extinction can prevent it from becoming general, as it is notorious that the whole country is organized. The Chancellor, the Speaker, all the friends of his Majesty's Government, whom I am in the habit of consulting, have this day given it as their solemn opinion, and have required me to state it as such, that the salvation of Ireland depends on immediate and very considerable succours. A few regiments will perhaps only be sent to slaughter or to loss. This opinion is perfectly well founded. General Lake agrees. I make this appeal to your Grace in the most solemn manner.' It was quite certain," Mr. Froude adds, "that at this particular moment Father John could, if he had pleased, have reached Dublin with ease. He had 20,000 men with him at Ballymore. He would have doubled his numbers before he had arrived at Bray, and at Bray he would have been but a day's march from the city." (Vol. III., pp. 404, 405.)

But at this crisis of the struggle the Northern Protestants took alarm, and the Northern contingent, which had been regarded by the Government as the most formidable element of the rebel army, never came to the front, and disappeared with a flash in the pan. At the same time the French failed to make their appearance, and only arrived when the movement had been already crushed. The Government had thus time to receive reinforcements, and having only to do with the Southern outbreak, had little difficulty in suppressing it. In spite, therefore, of all the barbarities practised in the abortive attempt at suppression—in spite of the pitch-cappings, floggings, and dragonnades throughout the country—it remains quite clear that the rebellion would, at all events for a time, have succeeded, if the Government had not been saved in the very crisis of its fate by causes for which it had to thank its good luck. The cruelties which disgraced its conduct were without appreciable effect on the issue of the struggle. Unhappily they were only too effective in exasperating the passions of the combatants, and in imprinting bitter memories which time has not yet effaced, and which this unhappy narrative will prolong.

J. E. CAIRNES.

# CURRENT LITERATURE.

"THE First Partition of Poland" is the title of the first paper in the current number of the *Fortnightly*. Herr Sybel states that all the evidence that can be obtained on this subject has now been laid before the public, even to the archives of St. Petersburg of the time of Catharine II. By way of preliminary to his examination of the motives for the partition, the writer gives an interesting account of the territories forming the ancient Kingdom of Poland, the relative proportion of the nationalities and religions of the population, and finally, a view of the peculiar characteristics, good or bad, of the people and of their form of government. In 1762, Catherine II. became Czarina, and proceeded to

confirm and extend the strong influence Russia had always exercised in Poland. Frederic II. of Prussia, from a desire for peace, after the Seven Years' War, allied himself with Catherine; Maria Theresa looked with no particular affection upon either of them. The Partition in fact arose from no particular lust of territory on the part of any of the powers; it was a gross crime against Poland, but not a deliberate scheme until it became a necessity to avoid a general war. This danger arose from the conquest of Turkish provinces by Russia after a war commenced by the Sultan; Austria refused to permit Russia to annex these provinces, and Frederic, longing for peace, but as much opposed to the partition of Poland as Maria Theresa when she called it "a sinful negotiation," entered into the scheme to avoid a European war. Thus his statement in "Memoirs since 1763," long doubted by historians, has proved to be true beyond question. This, of course, is no adequate excuse for the nefarious transaction. Prof. Cairnes contributes a vigorous attack on Froude's "English in Ireland." Mr. Lecky had already dealt that unveracious historian some severe blows, principally regarding questions of fact. Prof. Cairnes deals chiefly with principles. We are sure every unprejudiced reader who has read the so-called "History" will agree with Mr. Cairnes when he says "that a more essentially unfair, ungenerous and mischievous book it has rarely been my fortune to read." The principles are odious, the facts distorted or selected, according to the Froudian system, to suit a theory; and history becomes a romance and a delusion. "Imaginary Geometry and the Truth of Axioms" is a chapter from the forthcoming volume of Mr. G. H. Lewes' *Problems of Life and Mind*. It is a defence of Euclid's Axioms against the attacks of Helmholtz and others. Mr. Algernon Swinburne has a characteristic lyric entitled "The Year of the Rose." It is certainly vigorous in conception, and musical also [illegible] rhythm and rhyme, although it has some peculi[illegible] pp, 4[illegible] the latter respects.

[illegible] the [illegible]. A. Freeman's paper on "Federalism and [illegible]sed Rule" is written with the historian's usual cl[illegible]ness and distinctness of his historical vision. It is a calm and judicial view of the question, such we should be entitled to expect from the writer. He b[illegible]es Mr. Butt's scheme to be impracticable and [illegible] beer[illegible]s why he thinks so. His principal proposition is that the plea of Federalism raised on behalf of Home Rule is fallacious. This is done by examining the Federal principle historically. The deduction is thus made that Federation has never been "a proposal to put a laxer tie instead of a closer one, but to put a closer tie instead of a laxer one or no tie at all." This is, of course, the reverse of the process intended by the Home Rulers. The pertinent question is then put, If Mr. Butt intends that there should be local Parliaments also for England and Scotland. He protests that Irish members at Westminster will not vote on purely local questions regarding England and Scotland? But who is to judge what are local and what are Imperial questions? And are the Irish members to walk out of the House when the former are discussed, or to be turned out by the Sergeant-at-Arms? Mr. Freeman considers "that total separation would be a less evil than such a scheme of Federation, or whatever it is to be called, which is now proposed."

M. Henri Rochefort contributes a French article —something of a novelty in English magazines. It is a review of "Recollections of the Revolution of 4th September, (1870,)" by M. Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction under Trochu and Thiers. Rochefort recommends a new volume entitled—"*Oublis*"—what M. Simon has forgotten, and then proceeds into one of those slashing and reckless displays of attack and defence to which the readers of *La Marseillase* and *La Lanterne* used to be regaled with. There is no denying the writer a sort of glittering ability—but the jewels are paste instead of diamonds. He hits off a character in a sentence:—McMahon is "the type of ignorance and imbecility;" Dufour is "the plague of all governments he has assisted;" Thiers is M. Simon's "Pythoness;" and Gen. Trochu is "that political and military comedian by the name of Trochu." His heroes are Gambetta, Raspail, Felix Pyat and Delescluse. For a man who is physically a coward, and who ran away at the first sound of danger, it was certainly rather impudent to speak of Delescluse as one who died bravely on his barricade.

In contrast with this wild Parisian rhetoric, is the calm, lucid, and well-reasoned paper of Mr. John Morley. It is the concluding chapter of an essay "On Compromise," to which we have already referred. Its main text, as we stated on a former occasion, is this:—"That men should refuse to sacrifice their opinions or ways of living (in the self-regarding sphere) out of regard to the *status quo*, or the prejudices of others; and this, as a matter of course, excludes the right of forcing or wishing any one else to make such a sacrifice for us." The present chapter considers the final question—what are "the limitations which are set by the conditions of society to the duty of trying to realize our principles in action." The essay will, in all probability, be published in a separate form, and we may then have an opportunity of reviewing it at greater length and under more favourable circumstances. The *Fortnightly* concludes with the initial chapters of a story by George Meredith, entitled "Beauchamp's Career," which promises well.

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## CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER AS READ IN THE CATACOMBS.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

FEW places in Rome are more attractive to the student of Christian archæology than the Lapidarian gallery in the palace of the Vatican. In this long corridor,* are preserved a multitude of epigraphic remains of the venerable past—shattered wrecks of antiquity, which have floated down the stream of time, and have here, as in a quiet haven, at length found shelter. The walls on either side are completely covered with inscribed slabs affixed to their surface. On the right hand are arranged sepulchral and votive tablets, altar-dedications, fragments of imperial rescripts and edicts, and other evidences of the power and splendour of the palmy days of Rome. On the left are the humble epitaphs of the early Christians, rudely carved in stone or baked in terra-cotta, and brought hither chiefly from the crypts of the Catacombs.

Of greater interest to him who would rehabilitate the early ages of the Church, and

"To the sessions of sweet silent thought
Would summon up remembrance of things past,"

is this long corridor of inscriptions than any of the four thousand apartments of that vast palace of the Popes, with their priceless bronzes, marbles, gems, frescoes, and other remains of classic art. He will turn away from the noble galleries where the Laocoon forever writhes in stone, and Apollo, lord of the unerring bow, watches his arrow hurtling towards its mark, to the plain marble slabs that line these walls. Here the monuments of pagan and of Christian Rome confront each other. The spectator stands between two worlds of widest divergence, and cannot but be struck with the immense contrast between them. On the one hand are recorded the pride and pomp of worldly rank, the varied titles and manifold distinctions of every class of society. The undying historic names of Rome's mighty conquerors, the leaders of her cohorts and legions, mingle with those of her proud patrician citizens, and alike display on their sepulchral slabs the august array of *prænomen*, *nomen*, and

* It is eight hundred feet in extent, and contains about three thousand inscriptions.

*cognomen*, which attest their lofty social position or civil power. The costly carving and elaborate bas-reliefs of many of these monuments indicate the wealth of those whom they commemorate. The elegantly-turned classic epitaph, with its elegiac hexameters, breathing the stern and cold philosophy of the Stoa, or an utter blankness of despair about the future, or, perchance, a querulous and passionate complaining against the gods,* show how the races without the knowledge of the true God met the awful mystery of death. The numerous altars to all the fabled deities of the Pantheon, the vaunting inscriptions and lofty attributes ascribed to the shadowy brood of Olympus — "unconquered, greatest and best"—read, by the light of to-day, like an unconscious satire on the high pretensions of those vanished powers.

On the other side of the corridor are the humble epitaphs of the despised and persecuted Christians, many of which, by their rudeness, their brevity, and often their marks of ignorance and haste, confirm the truth of the Scripture, that "not many mighty, not many noble are called." Yet these "short and simple annals of the poor" speak to the heart with a power and pathos compared with which the loftiest classic eloquence seems cold and empty. It is a fascinating task to spell out the sculptured legends of the Catacombs, that vast graveyard of the primitive Church, which seems to give up its dead, at our questioning, to bear witness concerning the faith and hope of the Golden Age of Christianity. As we muse upon these half-effaced inscriptions:

> "Rudely written, but each letter
> Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
> Full of all the tender pathos
> Of the Here and the Hereafter,"

we are brought face to face with the Church of the early centuries, and are enabled to comprehend its spirit better than by any other evidence extant. These simple epitaphs speak no conventional language like the edicts of the emperors and the monuments of the mighty, or even the writings of the Fathers. They lift the veil of ages from the buried past and make it live again, lit up with a thousand natural touches which we seek in vain from books. They give us an insight into the daily life and occupations, the social position, domestic relations, and general character of the Primitive Christians, of which we get few glimpses in the crowded page of history. To him who thoughtfully ponders them, these unpretending records become instinct with profoundest meaning. They utter the cry of the human heart in the hour of its deepest emotion, and in the solemn presence of death. We hear the sob of natural sorrow at the dislocating wrench of hearts long knit together in affection's holiest ties; we witness the dropping tears of fond regret over the early dead; and seem to listen to

> "The fall of kisses on unanswering clay."

We see the emblematic palm and crown rudely scratched upon the grave wherein the Christian athlete, having fought the fight and kept the faith, "after life's fitful fever sleeps well." We read, too, the intimations of the worldly rank of the deceased—sometimes exalted, more often lowly and obscure, and frequently accompanied by the emblems of their humble toil.† The very names writ-

* As in the following: PROCOPE. MANVS. LIBO. CONTRA. DEVM. QVI. ME. INNOCENTEM. SVSTVLIT; "I, Procope, lift up my hands against the God who has snatched away me innocent."

ATROX O FORTVNA TRVCI QVÆ FVNERE GAVDES
QVID MIHI TAM SVBITO MAXIMVS ERIPITVR.

"O relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel death, why is Maximus so suddenly snatched away from me?"

† Many of the inscriptions are in Greek, which seems to have been largely employed even by the Latin-speaking Christians, probably because in it the new Evangel was first proclaimed. Thus the new wine of the Gospel flowed from that classic chalice which so long had poured libations to the gods.

ten on these marble tablets are often beautifully and designedly expressive of Christian sentiment or character. Sometimes the correspondence of name and character is indicated, as in the following:* ΣΙΜΠΛΙΚΙΑ Η ΚΑΙ ΚΑΛΩΝΥΜΟΣ, "Simplicia, who was also rightly so called;" HIC VERVS QVI SEMPER VERA LOCVTVS, "Here (lies) Verus, who ever spoke verity." These names were frequently assumed in adult age, when the convert from Paganism laid aside his former designation, often of an idolatrous meaning, in order to adopt one more consistent with the Christian profession. Thus we have such beautifully significant names as INNOCENTIA, "Innocence;" CONSTANTIA, "Constancy;" PRVDENTIA, "Prudence;" ΠΙΣΤΙΣ, "Faith;" ΕΛΠΙΣ, "Hope;" ΑΓΑΠΗ, "Love;" ΕΙΡΗΝΗ, "Peace;" ΕΥΣΕΒΙΟΣ, "Pious," and the adjectives FIDELIS, "Faithful;" CASTA, "Pure;" BENIGNVS, "Kind;" ENGENVA, "Sincere;" DVLCISSIMA, "Most Sweet;" and the like.

Sometimes, too, a pious word or phrase was used as a proper name, as among the ancient Hebrews and the English Puritans. Thus we have such examples as QVOD VVLT DEVS, "What God wills;" DEVS DEDIT, "God gave;" ADEODATVS and ADEODATA, "Given by God;" RENATVS, "Born again;" REDEMPTVS, "Redeemed;" ACCEPTISSIMA, "Well pleasing;" ΕΥΣΠΡΟΣΔΕΚΤΟΣ, "Accepted," and ΣΩΖΟΜΕΝΗ, "Saved."

Some of the names in these inscriptions were probably given by the heathen in reproach and contempt, but were afterwards adopted by the Christians in humility and self-abasement. It is difficult to account otherwise for such names as CONTVMELIOSVS, "Injurious;" CALAMITOSA, "Destructive;" PROJECTVS, "Cast out;" and especially such opprobrious epithets as FIMVS and STERCORIA, "Dung" and "Filth." In the last there may be an allusion to the words of St. Paul, "We are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day." Thus the primitive believers bound persecution as a wreath about their brows, exulted in their "glorious infamy," and changed the brand of shame into the badge of glory.

Sometimes a sort of pun, or play upon words, occurs, as in the following: HIC JACET GLYCONIS, DVLCIS NOMINE ERAT, ANIMA QVOQVE DVLCIOR VSQVE; "Here lies Glyconis; she was sweet by name, her disposition also was even sweeter;" HEIC EST SEPVLCRVM PULCRVM PVLCRÆ FEMINÆ; "Here is the beautiful tomb of a beautiful woman." Much of the paronomasia, however, is lost in translation.

Most of the names, as might be expected, are of classical origin. We find also indications of the custom of adopting the names of the reigning dynasty. The modern Victorias and Alberts find their analogies in the Aurelias and Constantinas of the Aurelian and Constantinian periods. The lofty *prænomen*, *nomen* and *cognomen* of the Pagan epitaphs do not appear in those of the Christians. Having renounced the pride of birth and place and power, they laid aside their worldly titles for the new name given in baptism. In some instances the name of the deceased is not recorded in the epitaph at all; perhaps, as Fabretti suggests, because "they wished them to be written only in the Book of Life."

These sepulchral slabs also frequently give intimations of the social rank and occupations of the departed. Sometimes, especially after the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the Empire, the enumeration of titles indicates exalted position and the holding of important offices of state, as for example the following: JVLIVS FELIX VALENTINIANVS VC. ET. SP. EX-SILENTIARIO SACRI PALATII EX COM. CONSISTORII COM. DOM.; "Julius Felix Valentinianus, a man

* In several of the following inscriptions the classical reader will detect irregular spelling and construction, which must be taken as we find them.

of the highest distinction and consideration, ex-Silentiary of the Sacred Palace, ex-Count of the Consistory, Count of the Household Troops." (A.D. 519.)* We have also such examples as SCRINARIVS PATRICIÆ SEDIS, "Secretary of the Patrician Order;" ARGENTARIVS, "A money dealer;" VESTITOR IMPERATORIS, "Master of the Imperial wardrobe," etc.

The great body of Christians, however, were of lowly rank, many of them probably slaves, by which oppressed class most of the arts of life were carried on. It was the sneer of Celsus that "wool-workers, leather-dressers, cobblers, the most illiterate of mankind, were zealous preachers of the Gospel;" but Tertullian retorts that every Christian craftsman can teach truths loftier than Plato ever knew. The emblems of the occupation of the vine-dresser, carpenter, mason, currier, wool-comber, shoemaker and the like, occur on many of the funeral slabs. We find also such records of trade as: PISTOR REGIONIS XII., "a baker of the twelfth district; ORTVLANVS, *(sic)* "a gardener;" HORREARARIVS, "a granary-keeper;" CARBONARIVS, "a charcoal seller;" POPINARIVS, "a victualler;" BVBVLARIVS DE MACELLO, "a flesher from the shambles;" CAPSARIVS DE ANTONINIAS, "a keeper of clothes at the Antonine baths;" QVADRATARIVS "a stone squarer;" POLLICLA QVI ORDEVM BENDIT (*sic*) DE BIA NOBA (*sic*), "Pollicla who sells barley in the New Street;" JOHANNIS V. H. OLOGRAFVS (*sic*) PROPINA ISIDORI;" John, a respectable man, a book-keeper in the tavern of Isidorus;" and less reputable than any, VRBANVS V. H. TABERNARIVS, "Urban, a respectable man, a tavern-keeper." This last, however, is of date A.D. 584, when the purity of faith and practice had greatly degenerated. While many of Rome's proudest monuments have crumbled away, these lowly records of the early Christians have been preserved for our study.*

Very often some phrase expressive of the Christian character or distinguished virtues of the deceased is inscribed in loving remembrance by his sorrowing friends. These testimonies are calculated to inspire a very high opinion of the purity, blamelessness, and nobility of life of the primitive believers, all the more striking from its contrast with the abominable corruptions of the Pagan society by which they were surrounded. With many points of external resemblance to heathen inscriptions, there is in those of Christian origin a world-wide difference of informing spirit. Instead of the pomp and pride of Pagan panegyric, we have the celebration of the modest virtues of meekness, gentleness, and truth. The Christian ideal of excellence, as indicated by the nature of the praises bestowed on the departed, is shown to be utterly foreign to that of heathen sentiment. The following are characteristic examples:

IN SIMPLICITATE VIXIT, AMICVS PAVPERVM, INNOCENTIVM MISERICORS, SPECTABILIS ET PENITENS; "He lived in simplicity, a friend of the poor, compassionate to the innocent, a man of consideration, and penitent." INFANTIÆ ÆTAS, VIRGINITATIS INTEGRITAS, MORVM GRAVITAS, FIDEI ET

* See McCaul's "Christian Epitaphs of the First Six Centuries."

* It may not be uninteresting to notice some of the trades and occupations mentioned in Pagan epitaphs. They are of a much wider range than those of the Christians, indicating that the latter were a "peculiar people" excluded from many pursuits on account of their immoral or idolatrous character. We find such examples as: MAGISTER LVDI, "master of the games;" MINCATVR POCVLI, "toast-master;" DOCTOR MYRMILON. "teacher of the gladiators;" DERISOR OR SCVRRA CONVIVIORVM, "buffoon or clown of the revels;" STVPIDVS GREGIS VRBANI, "clown of the city company of mountebanks." One of the most remarkable is that of FANATICVS in the temple of Isis, *i. e.* one hired to stimulate the zeal of the votaries of the goddess by wild and frantic gestures, attributed to the inspiration of the Deity.

REVERENTIÆ DISCIPLINA, "Of youthful age, of spotless maidenhood, of grave manners, well disciplined in faith and reverence."

It is especially in the domestic relations that the tender and pure affections of the Christians are most beautifully exhibited by the record of them in the Catacombs. His heart must be callous indeed, who can read without emotion these humble memorials of love and sorrow which have survived so many of the proudest monuments of antiquity. Their mute eloquence sweeps down the centuries, and touches in the soul chords that thrill with keenest sympathy. The far-severed ages are linked together by the tale of death and grief—old as humanity, yet ever new. The beauty and tenderness of Christian family-life is vividly portrayed, the hallowing influence of religion making earthly love the type of love immortal in the skies. The tie that knits fond hearts together becomes the stronger as death smites at it in vain; the language of affection becomes more fervent as the barrier of the grave is interposed.

Especially is this the case when sorrowing parents mingle their tears at the tiny grave of their babe consigned to earth's cold embrace from their loving arms. The warmest expressions of endearment are lavished on the tombs of little children. Thus we have such tender epithets as AGNELLVS DEI, "God's little lamb;" PALVMBVLVS SINE FELLE, "little dove without gall;" PARVVLVS INNOCENS, "little innocent;" DVLCISSIMVS, CARISSIMVS, "most sweet, most dear;" DVLCIOR MELLE, "sweeter than honey;" ΓΛΥΚΥΤΕΡΟΣ ΦΩΤΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΖΩΗΣ, "sweeter than light and life."

Sometimes a natural expression of sorrow occurs, as PARENTES DOLENTES, "the parents grieving;" PARENTES MISERI FVNEBRIS ACERVITATE (*sic*) PERCVSSI TITVLVM ERIGI JVSSERVNT, "the wretched parents, smitten by the bitterness of death, command this tablet to be set up;" ADSERTORI FILIO KARO (*sic*) DULCI, INNOCO (*sic*) ET INCOMPARABILI, "To Adsertor, our dear, sweet, guileless, and incomparable son."*

The indications of filial affection toward departed parents are often exceedingly tender, as for example the following:—DOMINO PATRI PIISSIMO AC DVLCISSIMO, "To our highly venerable, most affectionate and very sweet father;" PATRI DVLCISSIMO BENEMERENTI IN PACE, "To our sweetest father, well-deserving, in peace."

The conjugal affections have also their beautiful and appropriate commemoration. Frequently the bereaved husband recounts with grateful recollection the fact that his married life was one of perfect harmony, unmarred by a single jar or discord: SEMPER CONCORDES SINE VLLA QVERELLA. The expression MALE FRACTVS CONJVX, "the sore-broken husband," betokens the intensity of conjugal grief which, it is sometimes said, bewails the lost "in tears with bitter lamentation," GEMITV TRISTI LACRIMAS DEFLET. Often occurs the phrase, INCOMPARABILIS CONJVX, "incomparable wife," frequently with the addition OPTIMÆ MEMORIÆ, "of most excellent memory." Sometimes we read the simple words, QUI AMABAT ME, "who loved me;" also the phrase, CARVS SVIS, "dear to his friends," or NVNQVAM AMARA MARITO, "never bitter to her husband."

The spirit of these inscriptions will be best seen in a few examples, as the following:—BIXIT (*sic*) MECUM ANNIS XXII. MENS IX. DIES V. IN QVIBVS SEMPER MIHI BENE FVIT CVM ILLA, "She lived with me twenty-two years, nine months, five days,† during which time it ever went well with me in her society." DEO FIDELIS, DVLCIS MARITO, NVTRIX FAMILIÆ, CVNCTIS HVMILIS, AMATRIX PAVPERVM. "Faithful to God, agreeable to

* In an epitaph from Naples is the exquisite utterance of a sorrowing heart, IN SOLIS TV MIHI TVRBA LOCIS, "In lonely places thou art crowds to me."

† Sometimes the hours and fractions of an hour of life are mentioned.

her husband, the nurse of her own family, humble to all, a lover of the poor."

In the following, which is more than usually irregular in its lettering, a disconsolate husband mourns the wife of his youth, with the pleasing illusion that such love as theirs the world had never seen before:

DOMNINÆ
INNOCENTISSIMÆ. ET. DVLCISSIMÆ. CONJVGI.
QVÆ VIXIT ANN. XVI. M. IIII. ET FVIT
MARITATA. ANN. DVOBVS. M. IIII. D. VIIII.
CVM QVA NON LICVIT FVISSE. PROPTER
CAVSAS PEREGRATIONIS
NISI MENSIBVS. VI.
QVO TEMPORE VT EGO SENSI EXHIBVI
AMOREM MEVM
NVLLISVALLII. SIC DILIXERVNT.

"To Domnina, my sweetest and most innocent wife, who lived sixteen years and four months, and was married two years, four months and nine days;* with whom I was not able to live, on account of my travelling, more than six months; during which time I showed my love as I felt it. None others ever loved each other so."

Similar language of mingled love and grief occurs in Pagan inscriptions, but without the chastening influence of Christian resignation. Thus we find frequent record of over half a century passed in marriage, SINE JVRGIS, SINE ÆMVLATIONE, SINE DISSIDIO, SINE QVERVLA; "without contention, without emulation, without dissension, without strife." With ceaseless iteration the virtues of the deceased are lovingly proclaimed, as in the following examples: CONIVGEM FIDELISSIMAM, "most faithful wife;" MARITÆ PIISSIMÆ DVLCISSIMÆ RARISSIMÆ, "to a most sweet and pious wife of rarest excellence;" ANYMONE OPTIMA ET PVLCHERRIMA LANIFICA PIA PVDICA FRVGI CASTA DOMISEDA, "Anymone, best and most beautiful, a spinner of wool, pious, modest, frugal, chaste, home-abiding." In a poetic dialogue a husband expresses a wish to die that he may rejoin his wife, while she hopes that her premature death may prolong his days. He says:

AT NVNC QVOD POSSVM FVGIAM LVCEMQVE DEOSQVE
UT TE MATRUA PER STYGA MORTE SEQVAR.

To this she replies:

QVODQVE MIHI ERIPVIT MORS IMMATVRA JVVENTÆ
ID TIBI LICTVRO PROROGET VLTERIVS.

Such examples of conjugal affection recall to mind the love of Alcestos, in the Greek myth, dying for her lord; and of Arria, in the Roman story, refusing to survive her husband, and, having plunged the dagger into her own breast, exclaiming with a smile —"*Pæte non dolet,*" "It hurts not, my Pætus."

But we have also illustrations of the fatal facility of divorce among the Pagan Romans, and of the domestic strife and crime resulting therefrom. In the following epitaph a discarded wife laments the murder of her child by the usurper of her rights: MATER FILIO PIISSIMO MISERA ET IN LVTCV ETERNALI VENEVICIS NOVERCÆ, "To her most affectionate son, the wretched mother, plunged in perpetual grief by the poison of his step-mother (raised this slab)." There is also a curious inscription written jointly by two living husbands to one deceased wife, in which she is designated "a well-deserving consort."

We should do scant justice to the blameless character, simple dignity, and moral purity of the primitive Christians, as indicated in these epigraphic remains, if we forget the thoroughly effete and corrupt condition of the society by which they were surrounded. It would seem almost impossible for the Christian graces to grow in such a noxious soil and fetid atmosphere. Like the snow-white lily

* It will be observed that Domnina must have been married before her fourteenth birth-day. We have noticed frequent records of marriage at fifteen and sixteen years of age; also one at twelve, and another at less than eleven.

springing in virgin purity from the muddy ooze, they are more lovely by contrast with their foul environment. Like flowers that deck a sepulchre, breathing their fragrance amid scenes of corruption and death, are these holy characters, fragrant with the breath of heaven amid the social rottenness and moral death by which they were encircled. It is difficult to imagine and impossible to portray the abominable pollutions of the times. "Society," says Gibbon, "was a rotting, aimless mass of sensuality." It was a boiling Acheron of seething passions, unhallowed lusts, and tiger-thirst for blood, such as never provoked the wrath of Heaven since God drowned the world with water, or destroyed the cities of the plain by fire. Only those who are familiar with the scathing denunciations of popular vice by the Roman Satirists and the Christian Fathers, can conceive the appalling depravity of the age and nation. Christianity was to be the Hercules to cleanse this worse than Augean impurity. The lofty morals and holy lives of the believers were a perpetual testimony against abounding iniquity. The Christians recoiled with the utmost abhorrence from the characteristic vices of the times, and became emphatically "the salt of the earth"—the sole moral antiseptic to prevent the total disintegration of society.

Although three-fourths of the Pagan epitaphs are those of slaves or freedmen, out of eleven thousand Christian inscriptions scarce half a dozen are designated as of these classes.* The Gospel of liberty smote the gyves at once from the bodies and souls of men. The wretched bondsman, in the intervals of toil or torture, caught with joy the emancipating message, and sprang up ennobled by an immortalizing hope. Then

"Trampled manhood heard and claimed its crown,"

and the meanest hind was elevated by faith in the Unseen to the loftiest peerage of the skies.

It was the especial glory of Christianity, however, that it rescued woman from the unspeakable degradation into which she had fallen,—that it clothed her with the domestic virtues, enshrined her amid the sanctities of home, and employed her in the gentle ministrations of charity. "The Greek courtesan," says Lecky, "was the finest type of Greek life—the one free woman of Athens." But how world-wide was the difference between these Greek hetairæ—a Phryne or an Aspasia, though honoured by a Socrates or a Pericles—and the Christian matrons, Monica, Marcilla, or Fabiola! So much does woman owe to Christianity! "Under Pagan institutions," says Gibbon, "woman was not a PERSON, but a *thing*." Her rights and interests were lost in those of her husband. She could be repudiated or divorced at will. Woman, in turn, reckless of her good name, had lost the most immediate jewel of her soul. The Lucretias and Virginias of the old heroic days were beings of tradition. The Julias and Messalinas flaunted their shame in the high places of the earth; and to be Cæsar's wife was *not* to be "above suspicion." But Christianity taught the sanctity of marriage as a type of the mystical union between Christ and his Church, and asserted the absolute sinfulness of divorce save for one supreme cause. In its recoil from the abominable licentiousness of Paganism it regarded modesty as the crown of all the graces; and against its violation the heaviest ecclesiastical penalties were denounced.

The rites and benedictions of the church were early invoked to give their sanction to Christian marriage; and doubtless in the dim recesses of the Catacombs, and surrounded by the holy dead, youthful hearts must have plighted their troth, and have been more firmly knit together by the common perils and persecutions they were called

* "Apud nos inter pauperes et divites, servos et dominos, interest nihil:" "With us there is no difference between the poor and the rich, slaves and masters."—(Lactant. *Div. Just.*, V., 14, 15.

to share. Gilt glasses have been found affixed to many of the graves, with representations of a man and woman standing with clasped hands before a marriage-altar, while the figure of Christ appears between them, crowning the newly-wedded pair.

The strong instinct of the female mind to personal adornment was, in the early centuries, suppressed by religious conviction and ecclesiastical discipline; and Christian women cultivated rather the ornament of "a meek and quiet spirit" than the meretricious attractions of the heathen. "Let your comeliness be the goodly garment of the soul," says Tertullian; "clothe yourself with the silk of uprightness, the fine linen of holiness, and the purple of modesty, and you shall have God himself for your Lover and Spouse."* The simple and becoming garb of the Christian matron is exhibited in many of the representations of *oranti*, or praying figures, in the chambers of the Catacombs.

With the corruption of the church and the decay of piety under the post-Constantinian emperors, came the development of luxury and an increased sumptuousness of apparel. The refined classic taste was lost, and splendour was the only expression of opulence. The mosaics in the more ancient basilicas, and occasional representations from the Catacombs, illustrate the increased love for costly adorning. The primitive simplicity of dress gave place to many-coloured and embroidered robes. The hair, often false, was tortured into unnatural forms, and raised in a towering mass upon the head, suggesting comparison with certain modern fashionable modes, and was frequently artificially tinted. The person was bedizened with jewellery—pendants in the ears, pearls on the neck, bracelets and a profusion of rings on the arms and fingers. St. Jerome inveighs with peculiar vehemence against the attempt to beautify the complexion with pigments. "What business have rouge and paint on a Christian cheek?" he asks. "Who can weep for her sins when her tears wash bare furrows on her skin? With what trust can a face be lifted toward heaven which the Maker cannot recognize as his workmanship?"

We thus see, from the evidences afforded by ancient epigraphy as well as from the testimony of history the immense superiority, in all the elements of true dignity and excellence, of primitive Christianity to the corrupt civilization with which it was confronted. Its presence ennobled the character and purified the morals of mankind. It raised society from the ineffable slough into which it had fallen, and imported tenderness and fidelity to the domestic relations of life. Notwithstanding the corruptions by which it became infected in the days of ecclesiastical power and pride, even the worst form of Christian faith was infinitely preferable to the abominations of Paganism. Its influence gave a sanctity before unknown to human life. It averted the sword from the throat of the gladiator, and plucked helpless infancy from exposure to untimely death. It threw the ægis of its protection over the slave and the oppressed, raising them from the condition of beasts to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints. With an unwearied and passionate charity it yearned over the suffering and sorrowing everywhere, and created a vast and comprehensive organization for their relief, of which the world had before no example, and had formed no conception. It had blotted out cruel laws, written like those of Draco in blood, and led back justice, long banished, to the judgment-seat. It created an art purer and loftier than that of Paganism, and a literature rivalling in elegance of form, and surpassing in nobleness of spirit, the sublimest productions of the classic muse. Instead of the sensual conceptions of heathenism, defiling the soul, it supplied images of purity, tenderness and pathos, which not only fasci-

* *De Cultu Fœminarum*, ii., 3-13.

nated the imagination, but hallowed the heart; and instead of exalting martial prowess and lauding the caprices of imperial power, it set before man the sanctity of suffering and of weakness, and the supreme majesty of gentleness and truth.

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## INDIAN SUMMER.

OH! these days,
Autumn days!
When the languid earth lies dreaming
In a sort of golden haze;
When amidst the verdant woodlands
Stand the maples all ablaze:
Gold and crimson, brown and orange.
How they rise,
Glowing pyramids of color,
To the skies.

When the summer tasks are done,
And the song-birds southwards gone,
And no sound
Stirs the voiceless, breathless forest;
Save when, far away and seldom,
The ripe acorn strikes the ground;

Or when leaves,
With a melancholy rustle,
And unstirred by any breeze,
Circling downwards from the trees,
Spread around
A rich carpet brighter tinted
Than the cunning Persian weaves.

Oh! these days,
Autumn days!
Who can paint the glow and glory
Of these halcyon Autumn days?

P. C. L.

# THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

(*From the French of M. Edmond About.*)

## CHAPTER I.

### PHOTINI.

MY name is Hermann Schultz; my father is an innkeeper whom the railways have ruined. The day on which I, by competition, obtained a mission from the Botanical Gardens, was high holiday in our family. My brothers anticipated that on my return from Athens I would be appointed Professor at the university: my father had another idea, he hoped I would return a married man. In his capacity of host he had witnessed several romantic adventures, and was convinced that it is only on highways that good fortune is met with. At least three times a week he would cite the fact of Lieutenant Reynauld's marriage to the Princess Ypsoff. The princess occupied No. 1 suite of rooms with her two maids and a courier, paying twenty florins a day for the accommodation, while the French lieutenant was lodged in No. 17, under the eaves, and paid one florin and a half. Yet, after a month's sojourn in the inn, he left in the same carriage with the Russian princess. Now, what possible reason could a princess have for taking away a lieutenant in her coach, unless it was to marry him? My poor father, with fond paternal eyes, imagined me far handsomer and more elegant than Lieutenant Reynauld, and did not doubt that sooner or later I must meet with a princess who would infallibly enrich the whole family. Either at *table d'hôte*, in a railway carriage, or on board a steamer, I would surely become acquainted with her. Respecting his illusions I refrained from suggesting to him that princesses would hardly travel in third-class carriages, and as for lodgings—my means compelled me to select only very modest ones, where princesses would hardly put up. And to tell the truth, I disembarked at the Piræus without having experienced even the very smallest adventure. The presence of troops had raised the price of all things at Athens. The *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, the *Hôtel d'Orient*, and the *Hôtel des Etrangers*, were all alike inaccessible, and it was owing to the kindness of the chancellor of the Prussian legation, to whom I brought a letter of introduction, that I managed to find a lodging. He conducted me to the house of a pastry-cook named Christodule, who lived at the corner of the *Place du Palais* and Hermes street, where I was fortunate enough to secure board and lodging for the sum of one hundred francs a month. Christodule is an old soldier, decorated with the Iron Cross in memory of the War of Independence, and wears his national costume, (consisting of a scarlet cap with a blue tassel, silver jacket, white skirt and gilt gaiters,) even behind his counter, to sell cakes and pies. Maroula, his wife, is very stout, like most Greek women over fifty years of age;—her husband purchased her for eighty *piastres*, during the height of the war, at a time when the sex were very dear. She was born in the island of Hydra, but dresses in Athenian style—black velvet jacket, light skirt, and silk handkerchief twisted in her hair. Neither Christodule nor his wife understood one word of German, but their son Dimitri, who is *domestique de place*, and dresses in French style, understands all the various *patois* of Europe, and speaks them also to some extent. However, I do not require an interpreter, for, although

by no means endowed with the gift of languages, I can speak broken Greek as fluently as English, Italian and French.

I dined at the same table with Christodule and the other boarders in the house. The first story was divided into four rooms, the best of which was occupied by a French archæologist, M. Hippolyte Mérinay. He is a short man, between the ages of eighteen nd forty-five, of a florid complexion, mild, and very talkative, and endowed with two master passions,—archæology and philanthropy; and is a member of various learned societies as well as of several benevolent confraternities. Although a great preacher of charity and well off, his parents having left him a considerable income, I never recollect seeing him give one cent to a poor person, and I am firmly persuaded that his knowledge of archæology was far greater than his love for the human race. He had at some time been awarded a prize by a provincial academy for an essay on the price of paper in the time of Orpheus, and encouraged by his success, had travelled to Greece to collect materials for a more important work, which was nothing less than determining the quantity of oil consumed in the lamp of Demosthenes while he was writing his second Philippic.

My two other neighbours were not nearly so learned, and the occurrences of ancient times did not trouble them. Giacomo Fondi was a poor Maltese in the employment of some consulate, who earned one hundred and fifty francs a month by sealing letters, and I fancy any other occupation would have suited him far better. Nature, which peopled the Island of Malta so that the East might never lack street porters, had given to poor Fondi shoulders, arms and hands similar to those of Croton's Milo; he was born to handle the club, and not to burn sticks of sealing-wax.

Little William Webster was an angel—*i. e.*, an angel from the United States of America. He was twenty years of age, fair, rosy and chubby. The house of Webster and Sons, of New York, had sent him to the East to study the trade of exportation. He worked all day long in the warehouse of the Brothers Philip, and read Emerson at night; in the early mornings, at the glistening hour of dawn, he went to the house of Socrates to practise pistol-shooting.

The most interesting member of our community was, without exception, John Harris, young Webster's maternal uncle. On the very first occasion on which I dined with this strange fellow, I understood America. John was born in Vandalia, in the State of Illinois. I am not aware whether the Harris family is rich or poor—whether they sent their son to college or let him seek his own education. One thing is certain, that at the age of twenty-seven he relied upon himself only, trusted to himself, was surprised at nothing, believed nothing impossible, never procrastinated, triumphed over every difficulty, believed all things, hoped all things, tried everything, rose again if he happened to fall, began over again if he was disappointed, never faltered, never lost courage, and went straight on his course in happy mood. He has been husbandman, schoolmaster, lawyer, journalist, gold-digger, manufacturer, trader; has read everything, seen everything, practised everything, and traversed half the globe. At the time I made his acquaintance he was commander of an advice-boat at the Piræus, manned by sixty men and four cannons; he discussed the Eastern question in the *Boston Review*, carried on business with an indigo house in Calcutta, and, besides all this, found time to come and dine three or four times a week with his nephew Webster.

As for the people themselves, I seemed to know very little of them, even after four months sojourn in Greece. Nothing is more easy than to live at Athens without associating with the natives of the country. I frequented neither *café* nor theatre, read neither the *Pandore* nor the *Minerve*, but

lived quietly at home with my hosts, my herbarium, and John Harris. I might have been presented at the Palace, thanks to my diplomatic passport and my official title; and, having handed my card to the master of the ceremonies, I could count on an invitation to the first court ball, and for this occasion kept in store a scarlet coat, embroidered with silver, which my aunt Rosenthaler brought for me on the eve of my departure from home. It had been the uniform of her late husband, assistant tutor of natural history at the Philomathic Institute at Minden. My good aunt—sensible woman—knew that a uniform, especially a red one, is invariably well received in every country.

Unfortunately, there was no dancing at court during the whole season: the delights of winter were the blossoming of the almond, peach, and citron trees. There were vague rumours of a grand ball to take place on the 15th of May. It was mere town-talk, however, accredited only by some semi-official papers, and not to be relied on. My studies, like my pleasures, progressed slowly. I knew the botanical garden of Athens thoroughly from end to end; it is not very extensive, and contains but few varieties. The royal garden offered more resources. An intelligent Frenchman collected all the vegetable riches of the country, from the island palms down to saxifrage from Cape Sunium. I spent many long days in the midst of Mr. Bareaud's plantations. The garden is open to the public only at certain hours, but, fortunately for me, I could speak Greek to the sentinels, and out of love for the language they let me in. Mr. Bareaud and I never wearied of discussing botany and conversing in French.

Every day I herborized to some extent in the surrounding country, but never dared venture very far, as there were brigands encamped in the neighbourhood of Athens. and, although by no means a coward, as the sequel to this narrative will prove, I yet cling to life. It is a gift from my parents, and I desire to retain it as long as possible in memory of them. During the month of April, 1856, it was dangerous to leave the city, and even imprudent to dwell within its walls. The brigands do not by any means spare their own countrymen and reserve their harsh treatment for strangers alone, but a Greek despoiled by his brethren resignedly submits to his fate, saying to himself that, after all, the money does not go out of the family. The populace sees itself robbed by the brigands as a woman among the common people allows herself to be beaten by her husband—admiring the manner in which he deals his blows. Native moralists bemoan the excesses committed in the country as a father deplores the pranks of his son; he is scolded in public and admired in secret, and is far preferred before, the neighbour's son who has never caused himself to be spoken of.

This is really a fact, and at the time of my arrival the hero of Athens was truly the scourge of Attica. In the salons and *cafés*, at the barbers' and druggists', in the miry streets of the bazaars, in the theatres and Sunday entertainments, everywhere Hadgi-Stavros was spoken of, sworn by, and admired. Hadgi-Stavros the invincible, the terror of the gendarmes—Hadgi-Stavros, king of the mountains.

One Sunday, when John Harris was dining with us, I led on Christodule to speak of Hadgi-Stavros. In former times our host had frequently associated with him, especially during the War of Independence, when robbery was less inquired into than it is now-a-days.

Emptying his glass of wine and smoothing his grey moustache, he commenced a long story, frequently interrupted by sighs. He informed us that Stavros was the son of a priest of the Isle of Tino, born no one knows exactly in what year—Greeks in the good old times but rarely knew their age, for civil registers date only from the downfall of the country. His father, intending him for the

church, had him taught to read, and at the age of twenty he travelled to Jerusalem and added the title of Hadgi, *i.e.* pilgrim, to his name. On his return Hadgi-Stavros was captured by pirates, and the conquerors, finding him apt, metamorphosed him from a prisoner to a sailor. Thus he commenced to wage war against Turkish vessels, and in fact against all those having no cannon on board. After leading this life for a few years he wearied of working for others and determined to establish himself on his own account, but having neither boat nor means with which to purchase one, he was compelled to exercise his trade of piracy on land. The revolt of the Greeks against Turkey permitted him to fish in disturbed waters, and he never knew exactly whether he was a brigand or insurgent, or whether he was the commander of robbers or partisans. All money was alike acceptable to him, whether it proceeded from friend or foe, from a simple robbery or from some glorious pillage. This wise impartiality rapidly augmented his fortune, and his reputation soon caused numbers to flock to his standard. Lord Byron dedicated an ode to him, and the poets and rhetoricians of Paris compared him to Epaminondas and even to Aristides. Flags were embroidered for him in the Faubourg St. Germain; they sent him subsidies; he received money from France, England, Russia, and, I might almost assert, even from Turkey. At the end of the war he, along with other chiefs, was besieged in the Acropolis of Athens, and lodged in the propylæum between Margaritas and Lygandas. They one and all kept their treasures at the head of their bed. One fine summer's night the roof fell in and crushed every one except Hadgi-Stavros, who was smoking his *narghilé* in the open air. He became heir to his companions' wealth, and it was unanimously conceded that he deserved it. An unfortunate event put a stop to his success. Hadgi-Stavros had retired to the country with his money, and now he witnessed a strange sight. The powers who had given freedom to Greece now endeavoured to found a monarchy, and offensive words, such as government, armies, and public order rang in the ears of Hadgi-Stavros. When the public treasurer's employé called upon him to collect the yearly taxes matters came to a crisis. After relieving him of all his money, Hadgi-Stavros flung the hated government official out of the house, and himself escaped the arm of justice by fleeing to the mountains.

His former companions in arms were scattered throughout the country: the State had assigned them lands, which they cultivated sullenly, while eating the bitter bread of toil. On hearing that their former chief had quarrelled with the law, they sold their lands and gladly joined him once more. He, on his part, judiciously leased his property, for he had remarkable qualities as an administrator.

Peace and idleness had made him ill, but the mountain air revived him to such an extent that, in the year 1840, he contemplated getting married. He was assuredly over fifty, but men of his stamp have nothing to do with old age, death itself looks twice ere taking them in hand. He married a rich heiress belonging to one of the best families in Laconia, and thus became allied to some of the greatest people in the kingdom. His wife followed him everywhere, but died shortly after the birth of her daughter, and henceforth he took care of the child himself.

Paternal love gave him new energy. In order to amass a royal portion for his daughter he studied the question of money, on which he had hitherto possessed very primitive ideas. Now, instead of heaping up his dollars in strong boxes, he invested them, he studied the art of speculation, made several journeys through Europe under the guidance of a Greek from Marseilles, who acted as interpreter. During his sojourn in England he was present at an election in

some rotten borough in Yorkshire : this fine spectacle inspired him with deep reflections on the subject of constitutional government and the profits arising therefrom, and he returned to his own country determined to turn to account his native institutions by getting an income out of them. He burned down a number of villages in the service of the Opposition, and destroyed others in the interests of the Conservative party. When a ministry was to be overthrown it was only necessary to apply to him; he proved by conclusive arguments that the police was badly constructed, and that the only means by which to obtain some slight security was to change the cabinet. But by way of retaliation, he gave some severe lessons to the foes to order by punishing them according to their sins. His political talents became so well known that he was held in esteem by all parties; his advice in matters of election was almost invariably followed, so much so that, contrary to the principles of representative government, which requires a single deputy to express the will of several men, he alone was represented by thirty deputies.

The cruelty of Hadgi-Stavros has been greatly discussed. His friend Christodule proved to us that he did not do evil for the sake of any pleasure he found therein. He was a sober man, never drank to excess, and generally treated those prisoners kindly from whom he expected to receive a ransom. In the summer of 1854 he arrived with his band one evening at the house of M. Voïdi, a substantial tradesman, in the island Eubœa. He found the family assembled, together with an old judge from the tribunal at Chalcis. M. Voïdi and the judge were playing a game at cards, and Hadgi-Stavros offered the latter to play for his freedom. They did so; the chieftain lost and submitted with a good grace, but he carried off M. Voïdi, his son and daughter, leaving the wife so she could attend to their ransom. On the day of abduction the merchant was suffering from gout, his daughter hada fever, and the little boy was pale and sickly. Two months later they returned home in perfect health, having been cured by fresh air, exercise, and kind treatment. The whole family recovered health for the sum of fifty thousand francs —was that too high a price? "I confess," added Christodule, that our friend is pitiless so far as bad payers are concerned, and that if a ransom is not paid at the expiration of the stipulated period, he kills his prisoners with commercial exactitude—it is his manner of protesting notes. Whatever may be my admiration for him, and the friendship which unites our two families, I have not yet forgiven him the murder of two little girls from Mistra. They were twins, fourteen years of age, beautiful as two marble statues, and both affianced to young men from Léondari. One morning they left home to sell cocoons at the spinning mill: they carried a large basket between them, and ran lightly and joyously along the road like two doves harnessed to the same chariot. Hadgi-Stavros carried them off to the mountain, and wrote to their mother that he would send them back for ten thousand francs—payable at the end of the month. The mother was a widow in easy circumstances, owner of two mulberry trees, but short of ready money, as indeed we all are. She tried to raise the sum on her property, but that is a difficult matter, even at a high rate of interest, and she could not collect the entire amount in less than six weeks. No sooner had she the money than, loading it on a mule, she started on foot for the camp of Hadgi-Stavros. On entering the wide *langadi* of Tugète, just on the spot where seven fountains are to be seen under one plane-tree, the mule halted suddenly, and refused to advance another step. Then the poor mother beheld her little girls lying on the road-side—their heads nearly severed from their bodies. She took them up herself, and, placing them on the mule, brought them back to Mistra. She never shed a tear, but lost her reason and died within a short time. I know that Hadgi-Stavros

regretted this act; he believed the widow to be rich and unwilling to pay, and had therefore killed the two children by way of making an example. Since that event debts due him have been paid promptly, nobody has ever dared to let him wait."

"*Brutta carogna!*" exclaimed Giacomo, striking a blow so heavy that it shook the house: "If he ever falls into my hands I will pay him a ransom of ten thousand blows with my fist, which sum will permit him to retire from business.

"I," said young Webster, "would just like to see him at fifty paces from my revolver. And you, uncle John?"

Harris, for all response, whistled an American air between his teeth.

"I can hardly believe my ears," said good M. Mérinay, in his flute-like voice. "Is it possible that such horrors are committed in the nineteenth century? Have you no horse and foot police?"

"Certainly we have," replied Christodule; fifty officers, one hundred and fifty-two brigadiers, and twelve hundred and fifty gendarmes, of whom one hundred and fifty are mounted. It is the best troop in the kingdom—after that of Hadgi-Stavros."

"What astonishes me," I said in my turn, "is that the old rascal's daughter does not interfere."

"She is not with her father."

"Where is she then?"

"At boarding-school."

"In Athens?"

"You ask too many questions; I only know that whoever marries her will make a good match."

"Yes," said Harris, "it is asserted likewise that Calcraft's daughter is not by any means a bad match."

At these words Dimitri, Christodule's son, blushed scarlet.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, addressing John Harris, "there is a vast difference between an executioner and a brigand. The profession of executioner is an infamous one, that of a brigand, on the contrary, is honourable. Government is compelled to keep the executioner of Athens in the fortress, otherwise he would be assassinated, but no one bears any malice towards Hadgi-Stavros—the highest people in the country would be proud to shake hands with him."

Harris was about to reply, when the shop bell rang and the servant appeared, accompanied by a young girl about fifteen or sixteen years of age, dressed like the latest fashion-plate in the *Journal des Modes*. Dimitri rose, saying: "This is Photini."

"Gentlemen," said the pastry-cook, "let us change the conversation. Stories of brigands are not intended for young ladies' ears."

Christodule introduced Photini to us as the daughter of an old companion in arms, Colonel Jean, governor of the fort at Nauplie. The young Athenian was ugly, as nine-tenths of the native girls are; she had pretty teeth and hair, but that was all.

We were not surprised that the daughter of a simple colonel should be so expensively attired to spend her Sunday at the house of a pastry-cook; we knew the country sufficiently to be aware that the love of dress is the most incurable evil in Greek society.

Photini was a pupil at a boarding-school at Hétairie—a school established on the model of *la légion d'honneur*, but governed by far more liberal and tolerant laws. Not only are the daughters of soldiers admitted, but at times even the heiresses of brigands.

The daughter of Colonel Jean knew a little French and English, but her excessive timidity prevented her from shining in conversation. I learned later that her family reckoned on our perfecting her in foreign languages. Her father having heard that Christodule lodged respectable and learned Europeans, had asked the pastry-cook to let her spend her Sundays at his house, and the arrangement seemed to suit Christodule, but more especially his son Dimitri. The young man almost devoured

the poor girl with his eyes, while she never perceived his admiration. We had purposed going all together to hear the band play. This is a grand entertainment which takes place every Sunday. Everybody assembles in fine attire in a dusty field to hear valses and quadrilles played by a military band; the poor go on foot, the rich in carriages, and the fashionables on horseback. When the last quadrille has been played every one returns home, with dusty clothes and contented heart, saying, "We enjoyed ourselves vastly." Doubtless Photini expected to show off her grand toilet at the music, and Dimitri was looking forward to appear by her side, having bought a new coat for the occasion. Unfortunately it began to rain so heavily that all were compelled to remain at home, and by way of killing time, Maroula invited us to play at bonbons.

Not feeling any very great interest in the game I concentrated my attention on a little side-play going on at my left. While the young Athenian's looks were all directed towards the indifferent Photini, Harris, who never once cast his eyes in her direction, seemed to attract her by an invisible force. He held his hands carelessly and whistled Yankee Doodle, quite regardless of the company. I believe Christodule's narrative had made an impression on him, and that in spirit he was trotting over the mountains in search of Hadgi-Stavros; at all events, whatever his thoughts might have been busy about, they were certainly not of love. Possibly the young girl did not either dream of love, for Greek women as a rule are very indifferent, yet still she gazed at my friend John as a lark gazes at a mirror. She did not know anything concerning him, neither his name, country, nor fortune; she only saw him, knew he was handsome, and that was enough.

The rain did not weary of falling, nor Dimitri of ogling the young girl, nor she of looking at Harris, nor Giacomo of crunching bonbons, nor M. Mérinay of relating to young Webster a chapter of ancient history, to which the latter paid no attention. At 8 o'clock Maroula laid the cloth for supper. Photini was seated between Dimitri and me, who did not covet the place. She spoke little and ate still less; at dessert, when the servant spoke of taking her home, she turned to me and, with a visible effort, whispered the question—

"Is Mr. Harris married?"

I took a delight in puzzling her, and answered: "Yes, mademoiselle, he married the widow of the doges of Venice."

"Is it possible? How old is she?"

"Old as the hills—like them eternal."

"Do not make fun of me, I am a simple girl, and do not understand your European jokes."

"In other words, Mademoiselle, he is wedded to the sea. He commands the American guard-ship *Fancy*."

Her face became so radiant with joy at this intelligence that I forgot her ugliness, and for a moment almost thought her pretty.

## CHAPTER II.

### MARY ANNE.

THE studies of my youth have developed in me one grand master passion —*i. e.*, a thirst for knowledge, or, in other words, curiosity. Until the day of my departure for Athens my one delight was study, my one grief ignorance. Science was my love, and as yet no one had ever attempted to deprive her of her place in my heart. I walked through the world as through a vast museum, with a magnifying glass in my hand. I observed the pleasures and pains of others as facts worthy of notice, but unworthy of either envy or pity, and was no more jealous of a happy household than a couple of palm-trees wooed by the breeze. I had about as much sympathy for a heart lacerated by love as I had for a geranium nipped by the frost. After having dissected

living animals one is scarcely sensible of the cries of quivering flesh, and I would have proved a splendid spectator at a combat of gladiators.

Photini's love for John Harris would have excited pity in any one save a naturalist: the poor creature loved passionately and loved in vain. She was too timid to let her love appear, and John Harris was too great a blunderer to perceive it, had it even occurred to him. Who could fancy that he would feel interested in an ugly girl from the banks of the Ilissus? Photini spent four more days in his society, the four Sundays of the month of April. She gazed at him with her languishing eyes from morn till eve, and yet never summoned up courage to open her lips in his presence. Harris whistled peacefully, Dimitri growled like a young dog, and I smilingly observed this strange malady from which my constitution had hitherto preserved me.

Meanwhile my father wrote to me that business was very dull, travellers few, and living very dear; that our opposite neighbours had emigrated; and that if I had met with a Russian princess my best course would be to marry her at once. I replied that I had so far met with no one to bewitch unless it was the daughter of a Greek colonel; that she was seriously smitten, though not with me; that I might possibly become her confidant, but never her husband. As to other matters, my health was good and my herbarium magnificent. My researches, hitherto confined to the outskirts of Athens, might now be extended: a feeling of security was beginning to reappear, for the brigands had been repulsed by the gendarmerie, and all the newspapers announced the dispersion of Hadgi-Stavros' troops. In a month at farthest I could return to Germany and secure a situation which would furnish bread for the whole family.

On Sunday, the 28th of April, we read in the *Siècle d'Athènes* of the grand defeat of the King of the Mountains. The official reports said that twenty of his men were disabled, his camp burned, his band dispersed, and that the gendarmerie had pursued him as far as the marshes of Marathon. This news, so agreeable to strangers, seemed to give less pleasure to the Greeks, more especially to our hosts. Christodule, for a lieutenant of the phalanx, was certainly lacking in enthusiasm, and the daughter of Colonel Jean almost wept while listening to the account of the brigand's defeat. Harris, who had brought the paper, never dissimulated his joy, and as for me, to regain possession of the country enchanted me. On the morning of the 30th I set out with my box and cane; Dimitri wakened me at four o clock; he too was going to join an English family, who, on their arrival at the *Hôtel des Etrangers* a few days before, had engaged him to attend them on their excursions. I walked down Hermes Street to the cross-way, and then took the Eolian road. On the horizon, directly in front of me, the *Parnès* reared their summits like an indented wall;—this was my destination.

After two hours' walking I entered the desert. Traces of vegetation here disappeared, and only tufts of coarse grass, some long stalks of dried-up king's spear and bird-grass, were to be seen on the arid ground. The sun was rising, and I saw distinctly the fir-trees covering the mountain-side. The path I had selected was not a very certain guide, but I directed my course towards a group of houses scattered here and there on the slope of a mountain, which were apparently the village of Castria.

I cleared the Eleusinian Céphise at one bound, greatly to the disgust of the little turtles playing here in the water like common frogs. A hundred paces further on the road disappeared in a deep and wide ravine, hollowed out by the rains of two or three thousand winters. I fancied, with some degree of reason, that this ravine must represent the road, for during my former

excursions I had noticed that the Greeks dispense with the trouble of tracing a road whenever the water has been obliging enough to burden itself with that labour. Plunging into the ravine, I continued my walk between two steep banks, which completely hid from view the plain, the mountain, and my destination. The road had so many windings that soon it became a difficult matter to know what direction I was taking, and whether I was not turning my back upon the *Parnès*. My wisest course would have been to climb either of the banks and discover where I was, but they were so perpendicular, and I, being tired and hungry, felt unwilling to quit the shade. Seating myself on the gravel, I drew out of my box some cold lamb, bread, and a bottle of wine, and comforted myself with the hope that some one would pass along the road presently and inform me of my whereabouts. In fact, just as I contemplated stretching myself on the earth to rest, I fancied I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and, putting my ear close to the ground, felt convinced several riders were approaching. Buckling my box on my back, I prepared to follow them in case they should take the road to the *Parnès*. Five minutes later two ladies appeared on horseback, dressed in English travelling costume, while behind them walked a youth, in whom I at once recognized Dimitri.

I took off my felt hat politely to the two ladies, who seemed, however, to pay little attention to my salutation, and shook hands with Dimitri, who gave me all necessary information in a few words.

"Am I on the road to the *Parnès?*"

"Yes; we are going there likewise."

"Can I go along with you?"

"Why not?"

"Who are these ladies?"

"My English patrons. The milord remained at the hotel."

"What sort of people are they?"

"Peuh! Bankers from London. The old lady is Madame Simons, from the house of Barley and Co.; the milord is her brother, the young lady her daughter."

"Is she pretty?"

"That is a matter of opinion—I prefer Photini."

"Are you going as far as the fortress of *Philé?*"

"Yes. They have engaged me for a week at ten francs a day and my board; it is I who organize the excursions, and selected this one for to-day in hopes of meeting you. But what is the matter with them now?"

The old lady, annoyed at seeing her servant monopolized by a stranger, had put her horse to a trot in a place where, from the memory of man, no horse had ever trotted before. The other animal endeavoured to follow suit, and if we had conversed longer we should have infallibly become distanced. Dimitri hurried to overtake the ladies, and I heard Madame Simons say to him in English—

"Who is this Greek to whom you were talking?"

"He is a German, madame."

"Ah! what is he about?"

"He seeks herbs."

"Then he is an apothecary?"

"No, madame, he is a scholar."

"Ah! Does he understand English?"

"Yes, madame, very well."

"Ah!"

These three "ahs" of the old lady were uttered in three different keys, and indicated in a very marked manner the progress I made in her esteem. Still she did not address me, and I followed the little caravan at some distance.

Dimitri dared no longer talk to me, but marched in front like a prisoner of war. All he could now do for me was to cast some friendly glances in my direction—glances which seemed to say, "What minxes these Englishwomen are." Miss Simons did not once turn her head in my direction, and I

was unable to decide in what respect her ugliness differed from that of Photini. I perceived that she was tall and well made, her shoulders broad, her waist round as a cane and flexible as a reed, while all I could see of her neck reminded me of the swans in the Zoological Gardens.

The mother turning to address her, I hastened my steps in the hope of hearing her voice, for have I not said I am very inquisitive? I arrived in time to hear the following conversation.

"Mary Anne!"

"Mother."

"I am hungry."

"And I am warm, mother."

Mary Anne's voice penetrated into my inmost heart, and I experienced a totally new sensation. In my whole life I had never before heard anything quite so fresh and silvery as this exquisitely modulated voice. The sound of a shower of gold falling on my father's roof would truly have appeared less sweet. How unfortunate, thought I, that the most melodious birds are necessarily the ugliest ones; and I dreaded seeing her face, yet longed to gaze upon it, so powerful a hold had curiosity over me.

Dimitri purposed making the ladies halt for breakfast at the *Khan de Calyvia*, a badly-constructed wooden inn, but where one is always sure of finding a leathern bottle of resinous wine, brown bread, eggs, and a whole regiment of venerable hens, which by death are transformed into "chickens" by virtue of metempsychosis. Unfortunately the *khan* was deserted and the door closed. At this intelligence Madame Simons spoke very querulously to Dimitri, and turning round she displayed to my view a face as angular as the blade of a Sheffield knife, and two rows of teeth like wooden fences.

"I am English," she said, "and claim the privilege of eating when I am hungry."

"Madame," replied Dimitri, piteously, "you will breakfast in half an hour at the village of Castria."

I, having breakfasted, gave myself up to melancholy reflections on Madame Simons' ugliness, and muttered the Latin aphorism between my teeth, "*Qualis mater, talis filla.*"

From the *khan* to the village the road is particularly disagreeable, a sort of stair-case between a perpendicular rock and a precipice which would cause an attack of vertigo even in chamois themselves. Before entering this path Madame Simons inquired whether there was not another way.

Dimitri praised the path, saying there were many hundred times worse in the kingdom.

"At least," continued the good lady, "hold the bridle of my horse; but what will become of my daughter? Could you not manage to lead both horses? This path is truly detestable; it may be good enough for Greeks, but it was never made for English people. Is it not so, sir?" she added, turning towards me.

I was introduced now, and, bowing with all the elegance with which nature has endowed me, I answered in English—"Madame, the road is not so bad as it seems at first sight; your horses are sure-footed, I know them, having ridden them both, and if you desire it you can have two guides, Dimitri for yourself and me for your daughter."

Without waiting for an answer I advanced boldly and took hold of the bridle of Mary Anne's horse. The blue veil had been blown back by the wind, and I beheld the most adorable face which ever bewildered and unsettled the mind of a German naturalist. For the sake of your peace of mind I trust you may never happen to meet with similar eyes. They were not surprisingly large, neither black nor blue, but of a peculiar and personal shade of their own—a glowing yet velvet-like brown, only met with in Siberian humming-birds and some garden flowers. No comparison can do justice to their charm. And to think that poor Dimitri thought her less beautiful than Photini! Truly love is a disease which stupefies its patients. I, who

never lost my reason, can certify that this world never saw a woman in any degree to be compared to Mary Anne. Her features were somewhat wanting in regularity, she had not the profile of a statue; possibly Phidias might have refused to carve her bust, but Pradier would, on bended knees, have implored her to give him some sittings. I must admit that her nose was neither straight nor aquiline, but genuine French *retroussé*, and that her left cheek had a dimple quite wanting in her right, but to my dying day will I deny that these conformations detracted from her beauty. She was as beautiful as any Greek statue, but in a different way. Beauty is not measured by an immutable type, although Plato has so affirmed in his divine divagations; it varies according to time, people, and the different culture of people's minds. Two thousand years ago the Venus of Milo was the most beautiful girl in the Archipelago, but I do not believe she would prove the most beautiful woman in Paris in the present year.

I led Mary Anne's horse all the way to the village of Castria, and yet the subject of our conversation left as little trace in my memory as the flight of a swallow leaves in the air. The sound of her voice was so sweet and gentle that I could listen to naught else. I felt as people do at times at the opera, when the music is so sublime that it is impossible to understand the words. She seemed to inhale the fragrant mountain air with visible delight. I need but close my eyes to recall her appearance; so beautiful, so full of life and happiness. I knew the animal too she was riding; it was *Psari*, a white horse from Zimmermann's riding-school. The habit was black, that of her mother bottle-green, made in a style eccentric enough to display her independent taste. Madame Simons wore a black hat of the absurd shape adopted by men of all nations and countries, while her daughter's was of grey felt, such as were sported by the heroines of the *Fronde*. Both wore gloves of chamois kid. Mary Anne's hand was rather large, but admirably shaped.

The village of Castria was deserted, like the Khan of Calyvia. Dimitri did not know what to make of it. We alighted near the fountain facing the church, and went knocking from door to door—nowhere could any one be found. No one was in the priest's house, no one at the magistrate's; the authorities seemed to have removed with the population. All the houses of the community are composed of a roof and two openings, of which one serves as door, the other as window. Dimitri took the trouble to break open two or three doors to satisfy himself that the inhabitants were not asleep, but all his trouble was in vain, it only brought about the rescue of an unfortunate cat, forgotten by its owners, who immediately started off in the direction of the forest.

Now Madame Simons lost patience. "I am an Englishwoman," she said, addressing Dimitri, "and no one makes a fool of me with impunity. I will complain to the legation; I engaged you to take me on excursions through the mountains, and you lead me over precipices. I ask you to procure food for me, and you expose me to the danger of death from starvation. We were to breakfast at the *khan*, and find it forsaken; I persevere and follow you to this village, and lo! all the peasants have left. This is not natural. I have travelled in Switzerland, a country of mountains, and yet there I lacked nothing. I always had breakfast whenever it suited me."

Mary Anne endeavoured to calm her mother, but the good lady would not listen. Dimitri explained to the best of his ability that the greater number of the inhabitants being charcoal-burners, their profession necessarily scattered them over the mountain. Any way as yet but little time was lost; it was now only eight o'clock, and we were sure to find an inhabited house and breakfast in ten minutes.

"What house?" inquired Madame Simons.

"The convent farm. The monks of the *Pentélique* possess large estates above Castria, where they raise bees. The priest in charge of the farm has always a plentiful supply of wine, bread, honey and chickens; he will give us our breakfast.

"He will have left home like every one else."

"If so he won't be far away. The time for swarming is at hand, and he dare not leave his hives for any length of time."

"Go and see then; as for me, I have travelled far enough this morning, and do not purpose remounting my horse before having breakfasted."

"Madame, it will not be necessary to mount your horse," replied the patient Dimitri, "we can tether our animals to the trough; we will arrive more speedily on foot."

Mary Anne persuaded her mother to go on; she was dying of curiosity to see the priest and his winged tribe. Madame Simons and her daughter looped up their habits, and our little party set out. The path was steep and narrow, and might have proved pleasant to the goats of Castria. All the green lizards basking in the sun wisely disappeared on our approach, but not before eliciting a series of shrieks from Madame Simons, who hated reptiles, and after fifteen minutes' walk we were rewarded by setting eyes on an open house and a human face.

The farm-house was a small red brick building, surmounted by five cupolas, neither more nor less than a village mosque. From a distance it had quite an elegant appearance—clean without and dirty within, as is the case with most eastern dwellings. Close by, on the ground under the brow of a hill studded with thyme, were to be seen about one hundred beehives. The king over this domain, the priest, was a young man about twenty years of age, stout and hearty, dressed in peasant's garb, all except his cap, which, instead of being red, was black; by this sign Dimitri recognized him.

On seeing us approach, the young priest raised his arms and gave signs of profound amazement. "What a strange creature!" said Madame Simons, "what reason has he to be so much surprised at our appearance? It would almost seem as if he had never before seen English people."

Dimitri, who was some steps in front, advanced and kissed the monk's hand, saying with a strange mixture of respect and familiarity:

"Bless me my father. Wring the necks of two chickens, and you will be well paid.

"Unfortunate youth," said the monk, "what do you want here?"

"Breakfast."

"Did you not see that the *khan* down there was abandoned, and that the village was deserted?"

"Had we seen any one we would assuredly never have climbed up here."

"You are then agreed with them?"

"Them? Whom do you mean?"

"The brigands."

"Are there any brigands in the *Parnès?*"

"Yes, since the day before yesterday."

"Where are they?"

"Everywhere."

"Dimitri turned hastily towards us saying: "We have not a moment to lose, the brigands are in the mountain. Let us hurry to our horses. Courage ladies, and run if you please."

"That is a little too much," said Madame Simons," must we start without having breakfasted.

"Madame, your breakfast might cost you dear. Hasten for the love of Heaven."

"It seems like a conspiracy; there are no brigands, I don't believe in brigands. All the newspapers announce their dispersion; besides, being English, if any one were to touch a hair of my head ———."

Mary Anne was much more alarmed, and leaning on my arm she asked me whether I thought we were in danger of death.

"Not in danger of death, but of being robbed."

"What does it signify?" pursued Madame Simons, beginning to argue, but she was interrupted by Dimitri and Mary Anne seizing her by the hand and dragging her towards the path whence we had so lately emerged. The little priest followed her, gesticulating violently all the while, and I felt inclined to push her from behind. A short imperative whistle made us all stop suddenly.

I raised my eyes. Two shrubs and mastic-trees grew on either side of the way, and from each of these protruded three or four rifles, while a voice shouted in Greek:

"Seat yourselves on the ground!"

When this command had been obeyed, the guns were lowered, and it seemed to me I had never before noticed the desperate length of Greek rifles.

The only difference existing between devils and brigands, is that while the former are not so black as they are painted, the latter are far more filthy than is usually supposed. The eight bullies surrounding us were so dirty that I should have liked to hand them my money with a pair of tongs. With some effort it was possible to guess that their thin caps had once been scarlet, but no laundress could ever have brought back the original colour of their clothes. Their hands, faces, and even their moustaches were of a reddish grey, like the ground over which they trod.

The chief of the band which had captured us was distinguished by no outward sign, unless that his face, hands and attire were somewhat richer in dust than those of his companions. He stooped over and examined us so closely that I felt his moustache graze my face; you would have supposed him a tiger scenting his prey before devouring it. Having satisfied his curiosity he said to Dimitri:

"Empty your pockets."

This command was instantly obeyed; the youth turned out a knife, a tobacco pouch, and three Mexican *piastres*, about sixteen francs.

"Is that all?" demanded the brigand.

"Yes, my brother."

"Are you the domestic?"

"Yes, brother.

"Take back one *piastre*, you must not return to town without money."

Dimitri bargained. "You might leave two," he said, "I have two horses down yonder from the riding-school and must pay their day's hire.

"You can explain to Zimmermann that we took your money."

"And if he desires payment in spite of this?"

"Tell him he is lucky to get back his horses."

"He is well aware that you don't take horses. What could you do with them in the mountains?"

"Enough of this. Tell me who is that tall lean fellow by your side?"

I answered for myself: "An honest German, whose spoils will hardly enrich you."

"You speak Greek well. Empty your pockets."

I took out about twenty francs, my pipe and handkerchief.

"What is that?" inquired the grand inquisitor.

"My handkerchief."

"What for?"

"To blow my nose with."

"Why did you tell me you were poor, it is only *milords* who use pocket handkerchiefs. Take that box off your back. Good. Open it."

My box contained some plants, a book, knife, a small packet of arsenic, and the remnants of my breakfast.

"You ought to have a watch," said the brigand, "put it along with the rest."

I delivered up my watch, an heirloom in our family, weighing about four ounces. The wretches passed it from hand to hand. I hoped that admiration, which renders men

better, would dispose them to restore some of my property, and begged the chief to leave me my tin box; but he rudely ordered me to keep silent. "At least," said I, "return me two dollars to enable me to get back to town." He replied with a sardonic laugh—

"You will not require them."

It was now Madame Simons' turn. Ere putting her hand in her pocket she challenged them in her paternal tongue.

"Reflect well on what you are about to do," said she, in a threatening tone of voice. "I am an Englishwoman, and English citizens are inviolable in every country of the world. Whatever you take from me will prove of little use, and will cost you dear. England will avenge me, and you will all be hanged at the very least."

"What is she saying?" queried the speaker among the brigands.

Dimitri replied: "She says she is English, and ——"

"So much the better, all English folks are rich. Tell her to do as you did."

The poor lady placed on the sand a purse containing twelve sovereigns, but as her watch was secreted, and, as they did not search us, she kept it. The clemency of our conquerors likewise permitted her to retain her pocket-handkerchief.

Mary Anne threw down her watch along with numerous little charms, and a satchel which she wore like a mountaineer. The brigand seized eagerly upon this latter article and drew forth a *nécessaire*, a bottle of smelling salts, and about a hundred francs in English coin.

"Now," said the impatient beauty, "you will let us go—we have nothing else."

She was soon made aware that the meeting was not over.

The chief now crouched before the booty, called the priest, counted over the money in his presence, and handed him forty-five francs. Madame Simons nudged me with her elbow. "You see," said she, "the monk and Dimitri have delivered us into their hands, they are sharing the spoils."

"Not so, madame," I replied at once, "Dimitri received only a trifle of what was stolen from him. What you have witnessed is done all over the world. On the banks of the Rhine, when a traveller has ruined himself at *roulette*, the banker at the gaming table gives him sufficient funds to enable him to return home."

"But the monk?"

"He received one-tenth of the plunder in virtue of an immemorial custom. Do not reproach him, but rather be grateful to him for having wished to save us when his convent was interested in our capture."

Our discussion was here interrupted by the adieux of Dimitri, who had been set at liberty.

"Wait for me," I said, "and we will return to Athens together."

He sadly shook his head, answering in English so as to be understood by the ladies.

"You will be detained as prisoners for some days, and will not see Athens again until your ransom has been paid. I will advise the milord of your detention. Have the ladies any commissions to give me for him?"

"Tell him," said Madame Simons, "to hasten to the Embassy, thence to the Piræus in search of the Admiral; let him complain at the Foreign Office, and write to Lord Palmerston. We will be rescued from this place by force of arms, or by political authority, and I do not wish a single penny to be spent for my freedom."

"I pray you," said I, somewhat less angrily, "to tell my friends in what hands you left me. If a few hundred *drachmes* are wanted for the ransom of a poor naturalist, I am sure they will provide them without much difficulty. These highway gentlemen will not set too high a price on my head; I have a mind to ask them, ere you leave, what I am worth.

"That will be useless, my dear Monsieur Hermann, it is not they who fix the sum for your ransom."

"Who then?"

"Their chief—Hadgi-Stavros."

*(To be continued.)*

## MYSTERY.

I KNOW not if in other's eyes
She seemed almost divine;
But far beyond a doubt it lies
That she did not in mine.

Each common stone on which she trod
I did not deem a pearl:
Nay it is not a little odd
How I abhorred that girl.

We met at balls and picnics oft,
Or on a drawing-room stair;
My aunt invariably coughed
To warn me she was there:

At croquet I was bid remark
How queenly was her pose,
As with stern glee she drew the dark
Blue ball beneath her toes,

And made the Red fly many a foot:
Then calmly she would stoop,
Smiling an angel smile, to put
A partner through his hoop.

At archery I was made observe
That others aimed more near,
But none so tenderly could curve
The elbow round the ear:

Or if we rode, perhaps she *did*
Pull sharply at the curb;
But then the way in which she slid
From horseback was superb!

She'd throw off odes, again, whose flow
And fire were more than Sapphic;
Her voice was sweet, and very low;
Her singing quite seraphic:

She *was* a seraph, lacking wings.
That much I freely own.
But it is one of those queer things
Whose cause is all unknown—

(Such are the wasp, the household fly,
The shapes that crawl and curl
By men called centipedes)—that I
Simply abhorred that girl.

* * *

No doubt some mystery underlies
All things which are and which are not:
And 'tis the function of the Wise
Not to expound to us what is what,

But let his consciousness play round
The matter, and at ease evolve
The problem, shallow or profound,
Which our poor wits have failed to solve,

Then tell us blandly we are fools;
Whereof we were aware before:
The truth they taught us at the schools,
And p'raps (who knows?) a little more.

—But why did we two disagree?
Our tastes, it may be, did not dovetail
All I know is, we ne'er shall be
Hero and heroine of a love-tale.

C. S. C.

# THE MARCH TO COOMASSIE.*

A SUSPICION has lately crossed the minds of Englishmen that the enthusiasm which they have lavished upon the troops who returned victoriously from the Gold Coast may have been a trifle in excess of that which the occasion demanded; and, as a consequence, an incipient reaction is beginning to be perceptible in public opinion, which is not only weary of banquets and speeches, but is also conscious that foreigners have been poking cynical fun at the exuberant demonstrations of joy which have been called forth by the success of a three-months' campaign against African savages. It has been already pointed out that the expedition had everything in its favour which could provoke enthusiasm or excite interest. In sustained, but not unduly prolonged, excitement, in the occasional interruptions of communication with the advancing army—pauses provocative of interest because suggestive of disaster—in the real rapidity of execution when the time for action came, and in the display of vigour, force, and success—the expedition was as dramatically complete as it was militarily perfect. We can, if we like, brush away the after-dinner speeches, and obliterate much of of the over-adjectived laudations of public writers; but we shall find that there remains much that is suggestive, a good deal that is grand, and not a little to be proud of, in the march to Coomassie.

Mr. Stanley was, we should imagine, a capital correspondent of the *New York Herald*. No one better could have been found. He knows the palates for which he is catering, and he caters accordingly. But these necessities of his situation, into which he enters *con amore*, do somewhat incapacitate him for the office of historian. To learn the whole and the true story of the campaign, other works must be read, and other authorities must be consulted, besides the bulky volume of this vivacious and keen-sighted correspondent. His book, however, has many excellent points; for Mr. Stanley is observant, indefatigable, and usually writes lucidly as well as candidly; and as he is also a foreigner, and as such does not hesitate to criticize the English operations from a military, political, or national point of view, we shall not do badly if we place ourselves, at least partially, under his guidance on our *Anabasis* from Cape Coast Castle to Coomassie.

We need not accompany our author in the steamship from Liverpool to the Gold Coast, though the voyage had one most important and most enduring influence upon his book; for on board he accidentally came across the "Soldier's Pocket-Book" edited, "to my surprise," he adds, by "Sir Garnet Wolseley." Of this book as a whole, Mr. Stanley is pleased to speak well, though he says, "were the book reviewed bit by bit, there is many a place where Sir Garnet might be hit very strong *(sic)* on tender points;"—a criticism which, considering the relative acquaintance of critic and author with the subject treated of, is certainly much more amusing than damaging. However, in this volume Mr. Stanley discovers that, "if my memory serves me right," Sir Garnet calls correspondents a "curse to modern armies;" and this discovery affects the whole tone of the account of

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"COOMASSIE AND MAGDALA: the Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa." By Henry M. Stanley. (New York: Harper Brothers.)

"THE ASHANTI WAR. A narrative prepared from the Official Documents by permission of Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley," &c., &c. By Captain Brackenbury, R.A., Assistant Military Secretary to Sir Garnet Wolseley, &c., &c. (Edinburgh & London: Wiliam Blackwood & Sons.)

"FANTI AND ASHANTI." By Captains Brackenbury and Huyshe. (Blackwood & Sons.)

the expedition; for it very evidently affected the "Special's" temper. There are hardly five consecutive pages in which some reference is not made to this opinion of Sir Garnet's, or to his reluctance to communicate items of intelligence to the gentlemen of the press. The author's wrath and scorn, which is always at boiling point, fairly bubbles over when, on one occasion, the Commander-in-Chief, in his advance to Coomassie, telegraphed orders to the *Sarmatian* to steam away to Gibraltar with some important intelligence, without ever informing the correspondents that he intended to do so. Possibly the *Herald* would have been better pleased to have had the news "special" from its own correspondent, but the English public was, we imagine, satisfied with the authenticity of the news vouched for under General Wolseley's own hand. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Stanley should have allowed this vexation to rankle so long in his bosom, and to such an extent tarnish his page. It colours all his views of Sir Garnet's character and deeds, and seems to make it incumbent on him always to speak of the General with a sneer, an insult, or with a faint, unwilling, and damning praise. In re-writing his letters for publication as a book, he would have shown good taste, and rendered his publication far more valuable, if he had suppressed nine-tenths of his grumblings about "the gentlemen of the press."

As we omit the voyage to Africa, so we will also omit the history of the troubles on the Gold Coast as narrated by Mr. Stanley, who has evidently not taken the trouble to get hold of the right end of the thread in the skein that is, it must be confessed, rather a tangled one. That he should have been ignorant of the real causes of the war before he went there is merely saying that he was no better informed than the rest of the world. That he should be unable, after his return, to compile from official and other sources, and personal observations, such a succinct history as would place the important facts clearly and concisely before the reader, shows either carelessness or incompetence. In the little work "Fanti and Ashanti," by Captains Brackenbury & Huyshe, written and published as it was, hurriedly, so as to meet the then urgent craving felt by the public for some reliable and succinct statement of affairs on the Gold Coast, a far clearer account of the history of the English relations with Ashanti is given than by Mr. Stanley. And in the larger work by one of the same authors, which we have placed at the head of this notice, if not all that can be said, at least all that need be learnt on the subject, is put before us.

It is now sixty-seven years since the great inland Kingdom of Ashanti first came into collision with the English; and it must be confessed that our relations with that people have usually been most unsatisfactory: for, in war as well as diplomacy, we have not only sometimes shown to little advantage, but have frequently been most unmistakably worsted. For several years we not only were the unwilling and helpless witnesses of the tyranny exercised by the Ashantis over the tribes living nominally under our protectorate, but we at one time distinctly recognized the right of the King of Ashanti to a kind of tribute from us. Those old bygones, however, are bygones, and the recent war arose not from any misunderstanding about our treaties, but in consequence of the transfer of the Dutch possessions on the coast to the English. Still, the previously-admitted supremacy of the Ashantis must be borne in mind, as it doubtless was one of the main instigators in their recent attack upon a power over which their traditions told them they had not unfrequently obtained a triumph in the field.

Considering the trouble which had sprung from the divided authority on the Gold Coast—for the various trading and military posts of the English, Dutch and Danes were at one time hopelessly intermingled—the acquisition of the whole

territory by the English not only seemed the natural, but also a most promising solution, of the difficulty. Mr. Stanley, in his imperfect account of the negotiation, omits to notice the extreme care taken by the English Government to have nothing to do with any of the Dutch possessions on which any native potentate, but especially the King of Ashanti, had any lien, or the transfer of which to another protectorate would be unacceptable to the people themselves. The ratification of the treaty between England and Holland was withheld until Colonel Nagtglas produced to the British Governor a renunciation by King Koffee Kalcalli of all claims upon Elmina, about which there had been some uncertainty. This formal document satisfied the English Government, and the purchase of the Dutch possessions was at last completed. The ink, however—to use the common expression—was hardly dry, when the Ashanti monarch revoked his abnegation of rights over Elmina, and again commenced to interfere in the affairs of the Protectorate. Hence, ostensibly at least, arose the late war, in which we found ourselves saddled with the alliance of a crowd of worthless, cowardly and apathetic "kings" and tribes, who would not help us to help them against the attacks and oppression of a foe in every respect their superior. Mr. Stanley, who is, and perhaps rightly, severe upon the apathy and disregard for the advancement of the country which has marked the period of English rule on the Gold Coast, is much surprised that we should have adopted as allies the Fantees, that "miserable and worthless tribe." But he answers his own surprise by naïvely saying, "It may be said, in justice to the English, that they could not help themselves; that they found the Fantees in possession of the country and of Cape Coast itself, and had no right to displace them for the Ashantis or any other people; that such a course on their part would have been the grossest injustice. It is true the English could not have done this arbitrary act without incurring great guilt:" and, this being the case, it does not speak highly for Mr. Stanley's own ideas of justice, that he should be so "surprised" that the English had not thrown over a people to whom circumstances, and not their own choice, had bound them. Few things, however, stand out clearer, as we read the official documents bearing upon affairs at the Gold Coast, than the constantly repeated desire of the English Government to facilitate, rather than obstruct, the intercourse of the Ashantis with the sea-board. The latter have been likened to the Montenegrins—a resolute, liberty-loving people, anxious for an outlet on the coast by which to prosecute peaceful trade and develop their own resources. The simile is but too flattering to the Ashantis, and is, besides, utterly beside the truth. The English have encouraged them to trade, but they have never approached the sea except as marauders, destroying all within their reach, asserting claims over, and imposing tribute upon, all adjacent tribes, and mainly desirous of a chance of purchasing arms and ammunition by which to maintain the by no means beneficent supremacy which they had obtained.

However, we do not wish to enter into the complex history of our connection with Ashanti. Behold us now—the autumn of 1873—brought face to face with the fact that, at a moment when it was unexpected, and with a force with which the local authorities found themselves quite incapable of coping, the Ashanti army crossed the Prah, the dividing line between their own territory and the Protectorate; and, deriving support either from the sympathy of those who aided them, or from the plunder of those who were hostile to them, they advanced almost without opposition up to the very walls of Elmina and Cape Coast Castle itself.

When the British Government became convinced that, in spite of Colonel Harley's assurances, and in opposition to Mr. Pope

Hennessey's opinions, a real and very serious Ashanti war was on their hands, they immediately, and wisely, decided on combining the civil and military power on the Gold Coast in the hands of one competent officer, and such an officer they found in Colonel Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was sent out to administer the Government, and to act as Major-General on the Coast. So great was the reluctance to expose European soldiers to the deadly climate of the Coast—of which indeed the effects had fatally manifested themselves on the few marines who had been sent out to assist Colonel Harley—that no white troops accompanied the General, although every possible preparation was made beforehand, so that no time should be lost if, after visiting the scene of action, Sir Garnet reported that the native forces were unequal to the task of crushing the Ashantis. That they would be unequal to it he had no hesitation in very speedily deciding. He landed at Cape Coast Castle on the 3rd Oct., and on the 13th he wrote a long despatch reporting that without three English regiments it would be impossible to carry out the wishes and fulfil the expectations of the Home Government. Late on Nov. 17th this despatch reached London; a Cabinet Council was summoned; and the same evening orders were telegraphed to the *Himalaya* and *Tamar* to start at once with the 23rd Fusiliers and the Rifle Brigade. These ships sailed on the 19th and the 21st, and the 42nd Highlanders, who were selected when Sir Garnet's application for a third battalion was received, sailed on Dec. 4th in the Allan steamer *Sarmatian*.

At the date of Sir Garnet Wolseley's arrival the Ashantis had overrun the Protectorate, and were within a few miles of Cape Coast Castle and Elmina. A few miles N. of the latter, which is itself about 12 miles E. of the former town, was a large Ashanti camp, which was drawing supplies from the disaffected or terrified villages on the coast. On the 13th Oct.—ten days after his arrival—the General, who had carefully laid, and as carefully concealed, his plans, steamed off at midnight for Elmina, whence at daybreak, with a miscellaneous force of Houssas, labourers, part of 2nd W. I. Regiment, a few blue-jackets, and about 150 marines, he commenced his march against Essaman, where an Ashanti outpost was established. The enemy was not discovered until, in a path through thick bush, a Houssa was shot, the muzzle of the musket almost touching his body. Then a fusillade began on all sides at once, and it was with the greatest difficulty that our men, English as well as native, could be restrained from uselessly firing away all their ammunition. The enemy tried his usual tactics of turning the flank and attacking the rear; but discipline, the Snider, and a 7-pounder gun soon made themselves felt, and the Ashantis fled. Several other villages were visited, but they had been deserted, and were burnt. It was in this trifling action, in which all the Staff were personally engaged, that Colonel M'Neill—so well known to many of us—was dangerously wounded. The result, however, of the day's work was very important. It gave confidence to our allies; it taught the Ashantis that we were not afraid to follow them into the bush, and in their own warfare and on their own ground were their superiors; while it also proved that Europeans, if carefully handled, will stand a long day's work on the Coast—many of the men having marched 21 miles.

Having thus cleared his left flank—for the Ashanti army made at once a retrograde movement—and trusting to Capt. Glover to make all secure on his right flank, the General concentrated his attention and resources upon preparing a road inland over which the European troops could, on their arrival, march to the Prah and thence invade Ashanti. Without maps, without any Intelligence Department, with but very few dependable men, and only a handful of officers under his command, and with an

extreme scarcity of labourers—a difficulty that increased daily until it nearly ruined the expedition—it was a work of enormous labour to push forward road-works and to fortify the necessary posts in a country where the climate was so deadly, and where, to the deep swamps and impenetrable jungle, was added the obstacle of a watchful and bloodthirsty foe. England has showered honours and lavished an enthusiastic welcome on the regiments that took part in the campaign; but the real hard work was endured by those few officers who landed on the Coast in October. By them the whole details were organized, the roads made, the native "kings" brought to have some faint comprehension of what we expected of them, native levies were raised, drilled, and taught confidence and steadiness—and all in the face of an enemy, and an enervating, if not deadly, climate. The most disheartening work of all fell to the share of those officers who were sent as emissaries to the various Kings and Chiefs, from whom it was hoped, if not expected, that material assistance could be obtained. The same story is told by all of them—first evasions, then promises, then evasions again, and, lastly, a point blank refusal to move, or a confession that he was unable to control his subjects, were the invariable tactics of each of their sable majesties. That *anything* at all was obtained from such allies is much to the credit of those by whose tact, forbearance, and firmness, such results as were obtained were brought about. "I had the greatest trouble with him," writes Lieut. Graves, of King Akinnie of Acoomfie, "as he is a true type of the lazy, palm-wine-drinking, good-for-nothing African, who, like all the other native princes, has got the idea into his head that the European officers are to do all the real hard work of running all over the country collecting troops, while his majesty lies all day on his back smoking and drinking. Their total apathy, indifference, and want of energy, is almost maddening at times." And the King of Acoomfie may be taken as a fair specimen of his class.

Notwithstanding all this, however, native forces were gradually raised—one battalion being placed under the command of Colonel Evelyn Wood, and the other under Major Russell. The most successful corps were Captain Raitt's Houssa Battery and Lieut. Gordon's Houssa Company, of which we shall hear again before we reach Coomassie. The former became in a few weeks so efficient that the detachment of the Royal Artillery which arrived from England in the *Sarmatian*, was never sent up to the front; and in all the trans-Prah actions "Raitt's guns" were always in the thickest of the fight, and, especially at Amoaful, contributed most materially to the success of the day. Lieut. Gordon seems to possess naturally a wonderful power of controlling and gaining the confidence of the natives. In pushing unsupported to the front, in holding advanced posts, in fording or swimming rivers in search of the enemy or in quest of intelligence, "Gordon's Houssas" became the crack corps of all the native levies. Among the subordinate officers employed in the Ashanti war, no names stand out clearer in the record than those of Raitt, Gordon, Lord Gifford, and Sartorius.

After the fight at Essaman, the Ashantis commenced a retreat in an E. direction, towards the main road between Cape Coast Castle and the Prah. Along this road our working parties had advanced as far as Dunquah, some 20 miles, whilst a post had been fortified at Abrakampa, about 15 miles from the coast, and lying a few miles to W. of the road. On the 28th Oct., a fortnight after Essaman, an advance was planned from both Abrakampa and Dunquah, with the hope that, the one force marching N., and the other W., they might, near the point of intersection of their two routes, attack the retreating enemy both in front and rear. But, owing to the refusal of some native allies to march, the manœuvre was only partially successful. Most of the sailors and marines,

the only available white troops, were again embarked, and the native forces were at the front almost without support, when the Ashantis made a most determined attack upon Abrakampa, lasting from 4 p.m. till after midnight. The General collected all the available forces and started from Cape Coast Castle to reinforce the garrison. Major Russell, however, had successfully repelled the attack, though he was still in danger and unable to make any aggressive movement. As soon as the new arrivals recovered the effects of the terribly fatiguing march—necessarily made in the hottest of the day—from the coast, attacking parties were sent out, and by them the already-commenced retreat of the enemy was converted into a flight. For some days "touch" of the retreating foe was altogether lost, and work was resumed on the road, and our outposts reached Mansue, about half way to the Prah, when the enemy was again encountered in some force. His retrograde movement was, however, still being continued, and the officers on the route gave him good reason for accelerating his steps. Caution and 'dash' were demanded of all employed on this service, as there was no possibility of always detecting the presence of the enemy, whose sudden attacks threw the native levies into the most uncontrolled dismay. Once, at Faysowah, Colonel Wood was obliged to retire before an overwhelming force; but the coolness and vigour of the staff officers soon restored confidence to the disordered Houssas, Kossoos, and Assins, of whom our column was composed. As no more white troops could be sent to Colonel Wood's assistance, extreme caution became necessary; but events subsequently proved that the Faysowah action had had a more demoralizing effect upon Amanquatia's troops than upon our own allies. Our advance was steadily pushed on until, on Dec. 10, Captain Butler reached the Prah, and found that the whole Ashanti army had recrossed into their own land.

And thus ends the first scene in the Gold Coast drama. Within two months from his arrival Sir Garnet Wolseley and his Staff had, without further assistance than a few men—never exceeding 200—from the fleet, organized a local force and conducted a campaign which resulted in the discomfiture of the large Ashanti army; and before an English regiment appeared on the coast, the Protectorate was relieved of the presence of the enemy.

Pending the arrival of these troops life was naturally uneventful to the unfortunate "Correspondents" at Cape Coast Castle. To Mr. Stanley, chafing as he did under the reserve with which the General and all his Staff thought it desirable to guard their plans, existence became almost intolerable, and so he determined on a trip down the coast—that is to the eastward—in a small steam launch which his employers had placed at his disposal, in order that he might obtain some information of the whereabouts and the proceedings of Commander Glover. This officer, who had been Administrator at Lagos, and had made himself well acquainted with the country and the tribes in its rear, had offered his services to the Government, and had been deputed to raise a force at Accrah and Addah, and then to chastise some refractory tribes on or near the Volta; up which river he was then to proceed and, with his native allies, create a diversion in favour of our main advance from Cape Coast Castle by entering the Ashanti territory from the W. Mr. Stanley's first expedition as far as Accrah was uninteresting, though he gives us a few graphic sketches; as for instance, this one of scenery on the coast:—

"By hugging the shore closely we were enabled to detect beauties that are never seen by passengers travelling on the steamers. Tiny nut-brown villages, modestly hiding under a depth of green plantain fronds and stately silk cotton trees, which upheld their glorious crowns of vivid green foliage more than fifty feet above the tallest palm tree: depths of shrubbery wherein every plant struggled for life and breathing-space with its neighbour, through which

the eyes in vain attempted to penetrate beyond a few feet ; tracts of tall wavy grasses, tiger spear, and cane, fit lurking places for any beasts of prey, varied by bosky dells, lengthy, winding ravines literally choked with vegetation, and hills on the slope of which, perhaps, rested the village of a timid, suspicious sub-tribe."

In a second trip down the coast, Mr. Stanley was fortunate enough to find the object of his search at Addah Fork. Despite his anxiety to see Captain Glover, the correspondent, American though he is, seems to have been beaten in a dressing-race in the morning, for before he was out of his tent the famous "Golibar" was off and at work. However, Mr. Stanley started in pursuit, and "soon discerned the sturdy form of Governor Glover striding hither and thither, and recognized his cool, calm voice giving orders. He was superintending personally the loading of the *Lady of the Lake* for an up-river trip with ammunition ; he was giving orders to a blacksmith ; he was shewing a carpenter what his day's duties were to be ; he was speaking to the engineer about his boilers ; he was telling the coloured captain at what hour to be ready, and what sand-bars to avoid ; he was assisting a man to lift a box of ammunition on his shoulders ; he was listening to a Yoruba's complaint about some unfairness in the distribution of accoutrements ; he was inspecting the crews of the steam launches ; he was directing some of the steamboat men how to treat wild bullocks ; he was questioning the commissariat officers about supplies ; he was rebuking the Accra king, Tarkey, for the dilatoriness of his men ; he was specifying the day's duties to a Houssa sergeant—he was here, there, and everywhere ; alert, active, prompt, industrious. He was general-in-chief, quartermaster-general, military secretary, pilot, captain, engineer, general supervisor of all things, overseer over all men, conductor of great and small things—a most remarkable man—and, in short the impellent force of his army."

Such a man seemed admirably qualified for the work which had been allotted to him to do ; and it is no wonder that the correspondent, who had been nibbling his pen-top in the languid irritation of enforced idleness at Cape Coast Castle, should become enthusiastic over his hero, whom he not only found hard at work but also most obligingly communicative as to his present deeds and future intentions. In this respect the comparison which Mr. Stanley draws between the frank and talkative "Golibar" and the inaccessible and correspondent-hating Sir Garnet is, of course, to the disadvantage of the latter. But it never seems to have occurred to him that there was any difference either in the responsibilities of the two officers or in the work in which they were engaged. Captain Glover's expedition was intended as a diversion on the left flank of the Ashantis, and the more they heard of the preparations making on the Volta the sooner they would retire from the Protectorate. Sir Garnet's object, especially before the arrival of the white troops, was to mask his intentions so that he might strike sudden blows and make the most of the small force at his disposal.

The lower part of the Volta, like most sluggish rivers in the tropics, is one large unhealthy lagoon, with mangrove bushes "seeming as if they grew on stilts, for so the varied painted stems appear, entangled amongst one another, and disgustingly naked," and "swarming with crocodiles, hippopotami, divers, cranes, pelicans, storks, whydahs, paddy-birds, and ibis by thousands." Pushing through this unhealthy region, they reach Blappah, Glover's highest fort, which is under the command of Capt. Sartorius, who like all his comrades, was sanguine of success, and, as events proved, much underrated the obstacles ahead. Glover's entire force consisted at this time, the middle of December, nominally, of 23,000 men ; but two months had already elapsed since he had reported that he should be ready "to take the field in a

fortnight." General Wolseley wrote to him that the English troops would reach the Prah about January 15th, and that he hoped that Glover's force would also cross the Prah about that day. This he readily undertook to do, "with a force, at the least, of 16,000 effectives;" but on Christmas Eve, the day before the Head-Quarters Staff was to leave Cape Coast Castle for the front, there came a dispatch from the Volta, in which Captain Glover confessed that he could not hope to reach the Prah *within forty days*. Few men better knew the character of the Western African tribes, but even he had not made enough allowance for the dilatoriness, timidity, and generally unsatisfactory character of those whom he had undertaken to lead. It has been asserted by Mr. Stanley and others that General Wolseley did scanty justice to the labours of Captain Glover, whom he is also said to have treated with scant courtesy. But Captain Brackenbury's book shews the reverse to have been the case. It was impossible that a General who had laid his plans in dependance upon the promises of aid voluntarily made to him should not feel some annoyance when weeks and months passed and the promises remained unfulfilled. But Sir Garnet constantly wrote to and of Captain Glover in the most friendly terms, and Captain Brackenbury, while describing the first collapse of his force, speaks thus of him: "Nowhere could a man be found more thoroughly and completely capable of dealing with these men than Captain Glover. His indomitable energy, his personal courage, his tact and knowledge of native character, made him unrivalled in such a task; but all these qualities were spent in vain and broken to pieces, like waves upon a rock, when they encountered the hopeless character with which they were now brought into contact." The work which Captain Glover did accomplish, and its effects upon the success of the campaign will appear hereafter.

At last—at last the English troops arrived, "too late and yet too early," as Capt. Brackenbury says: too late for the blow which might have been struck from the strategic position of Mansu while the Ashantis were in retreat; too early for the advance into Ashanti territory, because, owing to the leisurely manner in which the enemy retired over the last 30 or 40 miles to the Prah, owing to our inability to harass him with native forces only, the completion of the road had necessarily been delayed. General Wolseley had promised not to keep the English regiments a day longer on shoret han was absolutely necessary, and, therefore, no sooner had the transports arrived than they were ordered to sea for a fortnight, with instructions to rendezvous at Cape Coast Castle on January 1st. The immense exertion, the indefatigable energy which was required, in order to provide not only a road for these troops, but sleeping accommodation, commissariat stores, and, above all, transport, can only be understood by a careful study of the official reports and the correspondents' letters. It was a work of enormous difficulty, and at times it became absolutely impossible to maintain a sufficient and regular supply of porters along the line of 73 miles from the coast to Prahsu. Some 500 men were at one time required daily to carry up ammunition alone. None of these men could be trusted to work except under supervision; each must work with his own tribe, and Europeans could not possibly distinguish the tribes—even with so-called interpreters the means of communication were limited; then half the men would desert; the other half would refuse to march; and so on. Of course, when the troops landed and the demand for transport was trebled, the difficulty was more than trebled, and the whole expedition *very nearly* failed in consequence. Men of a W. I. regiment were utilized as bearers, and the 42nd Highlanders themselves volunteered to carry up stores.

Having made every possible arrangement

for the march, and entrusted the duty of landing the troops to his Brigadier, Sir Archibald Alison, General Wolseley and Staff left the Coast on Dec. 27th.

The instructions which were at this time issued for the regulation of the march, for the health of the troops, for their guidance in action, concerning the treatment of native allies, &c., were as comprehensive as they were simple and admirable. Everything seems to have been not only thought of, but *thought out;* routine was ignored, and the best way to do the best thing was alone considered. It was at this moment, when time was of supreme importance—for the season was already far advanced—and when every movement had been timed and calculated to a nicety, that Capt. Glover reported his utter inability to carry out his promised advance. The only thing to do was to direct him to give up all his intended operations against the tribes on the E. of the Volta, and to march with such forces as he *could* rely upon to the Prah. At Inquibim, the first halting-place, "we have for the first time," says Mr. Stanley, "an idea how the British Government can and does take care of its troops. Accommodations for sleeping, in the shape of immense sheds thickly thatched and walled with plantain leaves arranged symmetrically, are constructed, to relieve the soldiers from further labour upon arrival in camp. Under these sheds are long platforms of split bamboo, raised a couple of feet above the earth to prevent the tired men from throwing themselves upon the ground, as they arrive hot and perspiring from their march. Opposite these sheds are the spacious huts constructed for the reception of stores and for the accommodation of control and regimental officers. In the centre of the camp is an open shelter, covering an enormous iron tank weighing about two tons, which contains a filter invented by Captain Crease, R.M.A. One of its qualities is, that it filters beautifully clear water as fast as it may be required. The tank contains many hundred gallons of water. By this provident measure the thirsty troops are saved from the inconvenience and illness consequent upon drinking the unfiltered water of these parts, the properties of which have an exceedingly bad effect upon the constitution of Europeans." Arrangements identical with those at Inquibim had been made at all the stations up to the banks of the Prah.

"From Cape Coast to Mansu, the land, stripped of its thick garniture of forest and jungle, would appear to be undulating; some land-waves higher than others, some troughs or dells deeper than others; but there is a general uniformity of undulation, all of which is covered with forest undergrowth of all tropical trees and plants. This intense block-like mass of vegetation spreads out on each side of the road, and the road, shaded by the commingling and embracing branches, is more like a tunnel than a highway."*

"When the first two stages from Cape Coast had been passed, we left the region of low bush and entered that of the primeval forest. In fifteen or twenty miles from the coast the absence of the dead shade of the great forest trees allows of the growth of many brilliant and beautiful flowers—convolvuluses of almost every colour that can be imagined, from the darkest purple to the palest saffron; passion flowers, brilliant scarlet spikes on a plant with foliage like a young plantain; delicately-scented mauve-coloured sweet peas, and rich orange bell-shaped flowers upon a kind of tree-hibiscus. As we entered the great forest this profusion of flowers ceased, and we came upon the region of orchids and ferns. There was no botanist among our party, and science has lost an opportunity of registering the wonderful beauties of this great primeval African forest—beauties which at first strike the eye as almost marvellous in their grandeur, but which in time become more drearily mono-

* Stanley.

tonous, more oppressive to the spirits, than words can possibly describe. Not one spark of colour ever lights up the endless green. Sometimes in the dismal swamps grand white lilies are to be seen, but never anything brighter; never is there one gay hue. To live from day to day always shut in by this dense wall of foliage on either side, always the same dark green, always the same luxuriant growth of huge ferns, palms and creepers interlaced and tangled in a thousand weird forms—for days and weeks never to catch a glimpse of a real horizon—always enclosed by these walls, which none the less imprison because they are of leaves and not of stone—to live thus palls upon the senses with a deadly and depressing weight.

"Our morning marches were often commenced before the dawn, in the dead stillness of the night; and it was strange to walk on in advance and hear the great forest wake. For an hour or so before dawn the most absolute silence reigns, but just before the first glimmer of light is perceptible it appears as though everything commenced to move, and as if life existed where no sign of life is to be seen. Indescribable sounds, mysterious rustlings are to be heard; and if one listens intently it seems as though one could hear the very pulse of nature beating. Then with a rush comes the light, and with the light the noises become more distinct."*

Along this forest-road, whose streams had been bridged, morasses made passable, and dense bush cleared away, the troops commenced their march on January 1. The Rifle Brigade were landed first. At 1.45 a.m. the first man got into the boats of the *Himalaya*; at 3.20 the last man marched from the beach, and at 6.35 the whole of the men and baggage had arrived at Inquibim.

The 42nd Highlanders followed, but owing to the impossibility of providing transport only a small detachment of the 23rd R. W. Fusiliers was landed; while the Royal Artillery were kept on board because Capt. Raitt's Houssa Battery had arrived at such a state of efficiency that English gunners were not needed. "I witnessed," writes Stanley from Prahsu, "the evolutions of the Houssa force yesterday, as conducted by Capt. Raitt, and I must candidly confess that few European artillerymen could have gone through them in better style; they certainly could not have done so well under the hot sun in which the Houssas worked."

General Wolseley reached Prahsu on the 2nd January, "mounted in solitary state on the top of a light buggy, which had been drawn all the way from Cape Coast by six strong Fantees;" and on the same day the town-crier of Coomassie was brought in by our outpost from across the river with letters from the King. The envoys were detained until some white troops arrived, and then, after witnessing the performance of the Gatling gun, they were sent away with Sir Garnet's reply to his Majesty—which required the immediate release of all the white captives, the payment of an indemnity of 50,000 oz. of gold, and an agreement to sign a treaty of peace at the capital. On the 12th another letter was received from the King, who sent down Mr. Kühne, the German missionary, as an earnest of his wish for peace, and besought the General not to advance into the Ashanti kingdom. To this the General replied, that without the delivery of all the captives, and of hostages as guarantees of his good faith, no attention could be paid to the King's request.

Before the bridge was thrown across the Prah by the engineers, Russell's and Wood's regiments had been already for several days occupying advanced posts on the road to Coomassie before any white troops were pushed forward. The delay was owing, as usual, to the insufficiency of transport; the men detailed for regimental service having been from necessity taken to carry up stores and ammunition from the coast. It had been intended to lay down a narrow gauge

* Brackenbury.

railway for part of the distance, and indeed the locomotives and six miles of rails were sent out; but as the country proved to be obviously unsuited for such an undertaking being carried out in the limited time allowed for the expedition, the remainder of the stock was counter-ordered. It struck Canadians as extraordinary, when the English army was starving and freezing on the bleak Crimean plateau, between which and its base of supplies there stretched six miles of impassable slough, that no one had the sense to send out a few cargoes of planks and construct a plank road from Balaclava to the front. So, in this case, a plank road even as far as Mansu would, with or without a supply of quadrupeds, have overcome half the difficulty of transport.

The first European troops that crossed the Prah were the Naval Brigade, but the advance into the unknown roadless country was entrusted to the native forces. Foremost of all went Lord Gifford's scouts, with orders to "feel for" the enemy in every direction, but not to attack him unless compelled to do so. Then came Russell's regiment, followed by Raitt's Artillery and Wood's regiment, and that by the 2nd West India Regiment. The greater part of these native corps were left to garrison the various posts on the road, and the white troops advancing through them thus came to the head of the column when it approached the Ashanti forces. Of course the advance corps had to clear the road, make fortifications, and provide quarters for those in rear. "At Akrofoomie, the second trans-Prah station, we found the camp in course of construction. Half-naked black wood-cutters make the place resound with blows of axe and hatchet, others are swarming on the tops of sheds at thatch-work; others, with spade, shovel and pick, are clearing weeds, grass and dead vegetation away. Busy activity is exemplified by the aspect of labour which the hurrying forms of helmeted officers, and men, black and white, give the scene. In a few days the scene will be that of an orderly, well-conducted camp, under rigid discipline; for so quickly do ready hands and skilled minds change and subdue the virgin forest."* Several streams were passed; the Foomoosie river ran "just like an English trout-stream, boiling clear and bright over rocks, and then falling into deep pools." Moisey, at the foot of the Adansi Hills, is the next station. Then comes the steep pull up the hill-side, 1,260 yards from the foot to the summit. On the latter a clearing was made and occupied by a portion of Wood's regiment. This is the first and only view obtained over Ashanti land, but it contains no point of interest, as nothing could be seen but interminable forest covering the undulating slopes of these spreading hills. Just below them lies the village of Quisa, the first station in the Ashanti kingdom.

So far the advance had been unimpeded. On more than one occasion Lord Gifford had been confronted by a small body of Ashantis who warned him not to advance, but they themselves retreated, having their arms reversed in token of their not being at liberty to attack him. On the 23rd January another letter was received by Sir Garnet from Quisa, in which the King promised to pay the indemnity, but begged that the English forces might not advance any further. He also sent down all the other white prisoners, M. Bonnat, a French merchant, and Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer and their two children. One of the objects of the expedition had thus been accomplished. The General, however, did not accede to the King's request for delay. He stated distinctly his intention of reaching Coomassie—as a friend, if the King agreed to his terms; as a conquering enemy if he rejected them. The Ashanti army, after its return from the Protectorate had disbanded, and it was owing to that circumstance that our occupation of such a strong position as the Adansi Hills had not

* Stanley.

been opposed. Now, however, the King was assembling his troops—whence his intense desire to delay the advance of his foes. The advance, of course, was continued; and at this moment despite all the disappointments that had been experienced, some encouraging news was now received from the columns that were intended to operate on the east of the main body. Captain Butler had, with immense labour, induced a few native kings to follow him—just enough to make the Ashantis believe that an attack was to be made in that quarter; while still further east Captain Glover, loyally conforming to the General's instructions, against his own opinion and in the face of great difficulties, did actually cross the Prah on the 15th inst., although with a force numbering only 750 men; with which, however, though with very small supplies both of food and ammunition, he continued valiantly his march for Coomassie. Captain Dalrymple was in the meantime trying, but with scant success, to push forward a column of native levies to the west of the main advance.

On the 24th January headquarters reached Fommanah, and remained there four days until sufficient stores could be collected for a further advance. On the 29th the march was resumed; more letters were received from the King begging for delay, and it did not need Mr. Dawson's ingenious warning—"Please see 2 Cor. chap. ii., ver. 11"—to make the General see through the insincerity of his professed desire for peace. The reply sent was to the effect that no further halt would be made till the terms were complied with or Coomassie was reached. Writing from Fommanah: Mr. Stanley says "You will naturally ask what an Ashanti house is like. The house wherein my press colleagues and myself are lodged may be taken as a fair specimen of Ashanti architecture. Externally this house presents us with four houses, each of which is about ten feet long by six wide, standing corner to corner, and enclosing a quadrangle. Abutting against two of these houses are two others of similar size joined together by a wall of mud and pierced by a doorway which admits you into the outer court, or court of receptions; for the inner court is evidently devoted to family uses, or for retirement and privacy. The exterior of the house is plain and unpretending, but on entering the court-yard we are at once struck with the fact that a strangely original people have been found in the Ashantis. We lift our eyes to the walls and elevated alcove, and are astonished at the immaculate cleanliness of it and the elaborate ideas of ornamentation which they possess. For the height of three feet above the ground the walls are painted an ochrish red colour, and so is the floor, but above this they are of a waxen white, covered their entire length and breadth with designs in alto-relievo half an inch thick; cornices are set off with many grooves, friezes with singularly bold diamond-shaped designs with embossed centres; the pediments are something of the Ionic order, severely plain and square, the walls with intricate scroll-work relieved by corollas in alternate squares. * * * Close by our house is a shady spot, formed by two banian trees, a gum tree and a palm tree, railed round and enclosing a circular space which I have no doubt is devoted to fetich uses. The altar is composed of poles lashed together, resting on forked uprights. The sacred vessels consist of the bottom of a glass bottle, an earless mug, and a very ancient china tea-cup. Bits of cloth, rag, cotton and twine, form the only approach to hangings; splashes of cornmeal-water mark the trees over which the fetich priest flung his consecrated liquid."

A reconnaissance to Borborassie brought on the first brush with the Ashantees, and the first loss on our side—that of Captain Nicol—since crossing the Prah. On the 30th it became abundantly clear that the oft-repeated rumours of the intention of King Koffee Kalcalli to strike one desperate blow for his kingdom at the village of

Amoaful were correct, and on the following morning the troops marched out of camp fully prepared for action. Nor did they wait long. Preceded by Gifford's scouts, the 42nd Highlanders led the advance; followed by the 23rd and the Rifle Brigade. The left flanking column, consisting of some sailors and Russell's Regiment, was commanded by Colonel McLeod: the right, containing more sailors and Wood's regiment, by Colonel Wood. It would be impossible to convey an accurate or intelligible account of the fierce battle that ensued, in the limited space at our command. The main column found that the road on which it was advancing soon descended into a swamp, on the other side of which rose a steep hill. On this high ground, which swept round to the left in a semi-circle round the swamp, the Ashantees had well chosen their position, and they defended it with great skill and gallantry. The advance of the 42nd was made under a hot fire from all sides, the road being through dense bush; but ground was gained every minute. The left column, having to clear its own way through the bush, necessarily made slower progress, but Col. McLeod succeeded in gaining the crest of the hill and clearing out the enemy. It was while leading on the engineer labourers to clear the bush for the advance of this column, that Captain Buckle, R. E., was shot through the heart. Meanwhile, the right column had found the bush too thick to allow of its advance much beyond the village of Egginassie. As a consequence, the Highlanders, forcing the enemy back in the centre, became separated from their flanking columns, and the Ashantees penetrated to their rear. However, communication was speedily re-established by reinforcements which were sent forward by the Major-General. The success of the passage across the swamp was mainly due to the admirable practice made by Capt. Raitt's Houssa guns, which poured rounds into the thickest masses of the enemy whenever a position could be found favourable for their use. The action began soon after daybreak, and it was half-past 12 before the Brigadier reported that Amoaful, the village in rear of the position, and the highest point on the hill, had been taken by the 42nd. The left flank of this position was at this time tolerably well cleared of the enemy, and Col. McLeod had struck in to the main road in rear of the 42nd. But the right was entirely "in the air," Col. Wood's column being still hotly engaged. But by two o'clock the action here too was over. Defeated by our main attack, the Ashantees now tried the effect of harassing our rear and breaking our communications. Insarfu was threatened, and a most determined attack was made on Quarman, which continued all night and part of the next day, but the garrison, having been reinforced from front and rear, beat off the enemy.

The next day, February 1st, the large village of Becquah, lying to the left of the road, was cleared of the enemy, chiefly by Lord Gifford's scouts. It was more particularly for his gallantry on this occasion that that young officer was awarded the Victoria Cross. The action, owing to the dash with which the scouts carried the village, was short, the main body of the troops not having been employed at all. During the day a good deal of fighting ran along the line of communication between Amoaful and the three posts next in rear. In the afternoon, the enemy having been beaten at all points, the Rifle Brigade was ordered up to the front. The next morning, with Russell's regiment in front, supported by the Rifles, a further advance was made, and, with little resistance, Agemmamu was reached at noon; and here General Wolesley determined to halt for the day, though his advanced posts, later in the day, occupied Adwabin. A great deal of difficulty was experienced in bringing up the supplies, as nearly every convoy had to run the gauntlet of a fire from Ashantis in the bush. A good deal of bag-

gage was lost. A very determined attack was made on Fommanah, a village which was too large for defence by the small garrison left there. The indefatigable Colonel Colley, the head of the transport department, had gone back there to look after some convoys, and found the place very hotly attacked. Capt. North, 47th Regiment, was very badly wounded here; but the enemy was eventually repulsed. Four days' supplies were now collected at Agemmamu, and Colonel Colley having undertaken that in five days a fresh convoy should arrive at that place, the General decided upon making his further advance upon Coomassie as a flying column. The English soldiers were asked whether they would undertake to make their rations for four days last, if necessary, for six, and they all responded cheerfully and willingly to the request.

It was evident that the defeat at Amoaful had dispirited the Ashantis, and there were signs all along the road that the retreat of of the King's army had been something very like a flight. Their faith in fetich seemed to cling to them to the last. "Each village had its human sacrifice lying in the middle of the path. The sacrifice was of either sex, sometimes a young man, sometimes a woman. The head, severed from the body, was turned to meet the advancing enemy, the body was evenly laid out with the feet toward Coomassie. This laying out in this manner meant, no doubt—*Regard this face, ye white man, ye whose feet are hurrying on to our capital, and learn the fate awaiting you.*"* But still the Ashantis did not trust only to such obstacles to stop the advance of the English. Between Adwabin and the Ordah river, on the 3rd February, a severe fire was opened on the head of the column; but the river bank was won, and, a footing on the stream secured, Russell's regiment, which behaved remarkably well, was pushed across, the water being waist deep, and under cover of the work which they threw up on the other side, the Engineers, under Major Home, immediately commenced the construction of a bridge. That night the force bivouacked on the bank of the river, and a most uncomfortable night it must have been, as the rain fell steadily, and, all the baggage having been left behind, no one had a change of clothing. During the march on this day another appeal for delay was received from the King, but, being no more satisfactory than before, the answer merely announced Sir Garnet's intention to march to Coomassie.

At 7 a.m. on Feb. 4th, the column passed the scarcely-finished bridge, and then began one of the most interesting and dashing of modern fights. Five hundred yards in advance of the village of Ordahsu the enemy was posted in force. Russell's men were first engaged, but as they threw themselves down to fire and did not gain ground as rapidly as pleased Colonel McLeod, he passed some of the Rifle Brigade to the front, and speedily carried the village. It was here that Lieut. Eyre was killed. The enemy, broken in front, wheeled round and made a most determined onslaught upon our right flank, but still the advance continued. The baggage and supplies were all ordered up to the captured village, and as they passed, the detachments that had been holding the road as far as the river were drawn in, "and the enemy allowed to close, with shouts and war songs, round our rear, Russell's regiment being formed across the road in rear of the village. One loud sustained war-shout from the enemy told us of their rejoicing at seizing our communications and cutting us off, as they believed, from our bridge and our camp, which by this time a body of them had entered, destroying the shelter huts constructed on the previous night."†

* Stanley.

† Brackenbury.

However, the self-contained little army cared no more for its communications. It meant to be in Coomassie that night, and in Coomassie it was. The 42nd was now sent to the front, the Rifles being fatigued, and the final advance began. To disregard flank attacks, and to march on at all hazards, was the order. The new tactics of "marching past ambuscades with salutes of bullets on either flank," were evidently beyond the experience of the Ashantis. We cannot do better than quote the Brigadier's (Sir Archibald Alison's) report of Colonel McLeod's advance: "Placing himself at their head, he gave the word to advance. I accompanied him with my staff. On first debouching from the village, a tremendous fire was opened on the head of the column from a well-planned and strong ambuscade, six men being knocked over in an instant. But the flank companies worked steadily through the bush; the leading company in the path sprung forward with a cheer; the pipes struck up, and the ambuscade was at once carried. Then followed one of the finest spectacles I have ever seen in war. Without stay or stop, the 42nd rushed on cheering, their pipes playing, their officers to the front; ambuscade after ambuscade was successfully carried, village after village won in succession, till the whole Ashantis broke and fled in the wildest disorder down the pathway, on their front to Coomassie. The ground was covered with traces of their flight. Umbrellas and warchains of their chiefs, drums, muskets, killed and wounded, covered the whole way, and the bush was trampled on each side as if a torrent had rushed through it. No pause took place until a village was reached about four miles from Coomassie, when the absolute exhaustion of the men rendered a short halt necessary. So swift and unbroken was the advance of the 42nd, that neither Raitts' guns nor the Rifle Brigade in support were ever brought into action."

As at Amoaful, so at Ordahsu, the Ashantis had chosen their ground and laid their plans well, and against a less determined advance they might have been successful. Throughout all the fighting, the enemy was only once seen at all in force in the open; Lieut. Hart witnessed some 150 men entering a clearing. "Their arms were all sloped; every man was closed up to what we call fronting distance; their pace was quite regular, though much slower than our quick march, and except for that, and the fact that they were all talking, they moved as do our best-drilled soldiers." Their attacks on our flank and rear were prepared beforehand, as a large clearing was found, concealed by a belt of bush, in which they massed a large body of men for this purpose.

General Wolseley continued to hold the village of Ordahsu, which was incessantly attacked by the enemy on all sides, until he received positive information of the success of Colonel McLeod's advance. This news on being received was communicated to the troops and translated to the natives, and "they raised such a ringing cheer, that almost as by magic, the enemy's fire ceased and not another shot was fired by him. He knew that cheer could have but one meaning, lost heart, and gave up the game."*

Then the whole force advanced. The last report from the Brigadier told Sir Garnet he had taken all the villages but the last; and very soon that fell too. Two piteous letters from Mr. Dawson, a captive, were received, begging for delay, but the General's sole reply was "push on." Little resistance was offered at the last; the foe was dispirited, crushed and vanquished. The King had directed the defence from Ahkanwassi, two miles in rear of Ordahsu, where on a golden stool under the shade of plantain leaves, he awaited the issue, until the steady advance of the Highlanders, and the near-singing of the Snider bullets, told his Majesty that neither fetich, diplomatic arts, nor Brummagem arms had availed him aught, and that

* Brackenbury.

his power was broken and gone. Then he took himself off, retreating with the semblance of his army, no one knew where. At 5.30 the head of the column entered Coomassie, and when, three quarters of an hour later, Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived, he found the 42nd drawn up quietly on parade in the great market-place, which rang with three hearty cheers for Her Majesty the Queen.

And so the goal was reached. Of subsequent events we must refrain from saying much, as this article has already far exceeded the intended limits. The General's first care was, after billeting the troops, to take means to send a letter to the King, and that pithy epistle was despatched, which commenced thus:—"King! you have deceived me; but I have kept my promise to you. I am in Coomassie;" and in which again an offer was made of concluding a treaty. No definite reply was received to this letter, though several messages purporting to come from the King were delivered during the next day. However, His Majesty did not put in an appearance; no one knew, or would tell, where he was, and no hostages were sent in. We were in Coomassie, but even that success did not compel the King to come to terms. What was to be done? General Wolseley decided that unless the King came in on the 5th of February, the next morning the retreat should commence, and the town should be burnt. For thus deciding he has been severely criticized. Events subsequently proved that the rain which fell so plentifully on the night of the 4th was not really the beginning of the wet season; and also that the Ashanti army was thoroughly broken up, and that the King was really anxious to make peace. Still there can be no doubt that Sir Garnet was justified n thinking he had ample reason for deciding as he did. Major Russell reported, on the 5th, that the bridge over the Ordah was 18 inches under water, and the stream still rising. The rations with the force were only sufficient for two or three days more, and it was then uncertain whether more convoys could push through. "It was out of the question," says Captain Brackenbury, "to undertake any operation that might involve another battle, because any increment to our list of sick and wounded would have placed it beyond our power to move them back to Agemmamu, as there would neither have been hammocks nor bearers sufficient for the purpose." Prize agents were therefore appointed, and a limited amount of loot was allowed to be sent down to the coast. Then the engineers were set to work to mine the Palace. All that night they worked unceasingly, and when the troops began their march at six next morning, the work was not finished. A party was told off to fire the town. A full hour had elapsed since the main body marched off. "Anxiety was exhibited by those remaining with the rear guard at the great delay in the firing of the mines at the palace, and the distance which in consequence existed between the main body and the 42nd, which was to follow: but no such anxiety was shown by Col. McLeod. The same quiet demeanour was shown here as under the enemy's hottest fire, and he remained behind the rear company till the party of Sappers and the last Engineer labourer had passed to the front. At nine o'clock he rose and waved his hand: it was the signal for the front company to march, and Coomassie was left a heap of smoking ruins."*

Into the wisdom or the necessity of this deed we cannot now enquire. Sir Garnet halted for some days at Fommanah, where the envoys from the King overtook him, and paid an instalment of 1,000 oz. of gold dust, and the draft of a treaty was agreed upon. The camp at this place was suddenly startled one day by the sudden appearance of Capt. Sartorius. This gallant officer had led the advance of Glover's force from the Volta across the Prah, to within a few miles of Coomassie, where his chief had sent him on,

* Brackenbury.

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in ignorance of General Wolseley's achievements and whereabouts, to open communication with the main column. As he rode on he learnt that Sir Garnet had begun his retreat; but with only 20 men he pushed on, passed unmolested though the smoking ruins of the capital, and overtook, on the 12th, Headquarters at Fommanah. On that day Captain Glover himself reached Coomassie, after one of the most wonderful marches on record. Hurrying on, in obedience to his superior's orders, he crossed the Prah on the day on which he was instructed to do so, though he had only 750 men with him, many of them being almost worthless, while his stores of ammunition and supplies were almost nothing. It was well established afterwards that this diversion had exercised a material influence on the success of the campaign, as a large body of Ashantis were detailed to watch Glover's advance. The apparently abortive expeditions of Captain Butler and Captain Dalrymple had also produced the same effect; a large force having been detached from the main army to watch the lines along which these officers were supposed to be advancing. Captain Glover falling in to the main road, brought up, as it were, the rear of the army of invasion. As he passed along, the stores were cleared out at each station, the fortified posts dismantled, and all that could not be moved destroyed. On the 21st of February the last troops reached the bridgehead at Prahsu. On the 23rd they were withdrawn across the river, and the bridge over the Prah was then destroyed.

So ended the Invasion of Ashanti.

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## LOVE'S OCTOBER.

O LOVE, turn from the unchanging sea, and gaze
Down those grey slopes upon the year grown old,
A-dying mid the autumn-scented haze,
That hangeth o'er the hollow in the wold,
Where the wind-bitten ancient elms enfold
Grey church, long barn, orchard, and red-roofed stead,
Wrought in dead days for men a long while dead.

Come down, O Love! may not our hands still meet
Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,
Forgetting May, deeming October sweet—
—O hearken, hearken, through the afternoon,
The grey tower sings a strange old tinkling tune!
Sweet, sweet, and sad, the toiling year's last breath,
Too satiate of life to strive with death.

And we too—will it not be soft and kind,
That rest from life, from patience and from pain,
That rest from bliss we know not when we find,
That rest from love which ne'er the end can gain?—
—Hark, how the tune swells that erewhile did wane!
Look up, love!—Ah, cling close and never move!
How can I have enough of life and love!

WILLIAM MORRIS.

# RUSSIAN REMINISCENCES.

BY ANAT IVE.

*(Concluded.)*

## CHAPTER IV.

AT last all the guests had arrived and dinner was announced. Everybody was well pleased with the entertainment, and numerous were the compliments of which Roslaf was made the unwilling recipient. He was pre-occupied and puzzled, for he did not know when or how to offer his "presents" to the magnates of Totma. Lavin, however, having foreseen the difficulty, called him aside, some time after dinner, when the young folks were vigorously dancing and the older ones merrily discussing the crops and the market prices at the bar, or making preparations for "a little game" at cards.

"It is time now, Roslaf. Have you got the bank-bills ready?"

"I have. But how is it to be done?"

"Follow me and you shall see?"

They went up into Lavin's bed-room. On his table lay a parcel. He mysteriously untied it, and uncovered to wondering Roslaf five neat cigar-cases, and nearly filled them with genuine Havannahs, which he had bought for his own use before leaving St. Petersburgh. Then he said:

"Now, where is your money? All ready in envelopes, and addressed! That's right! You are a sagacious pupil. Put one envelope into each of these cigar-cases, but first write upon them: 'To be opened in private.'"

This was soon done, and having deposited the cases in his pockets, and received Lavin's further instructions, Roslaf rejoined the crowd. Having found the Master of Police, he first invited him to take a glass of wine with him, and then led him into a private room. Here Roslaf, after some hesitation, at last succeeded in delivering himself of the following speech:

"As my friend Lavin has told your High-born Honour, I intend to spend some time in this town, and I consider myself happy to have gained the friendship of a man of your Honour's high standing. I flatter myself that you will ever bear me the same good-will which you have shown to-night, by honoring me with your presence; and even this very hour I want to appeal to your friendship for me, and to ask a favour of you."

When Roslaf had got so far he stopped, partly for want of breath, and partly from astonishment at the peculiar change of expression of the Police-master's face. The bland smile had given place to an expression of searching suspicion, and while he cautiously surveyed Roslaf, the latter plainly read his thoughts.

"He wants a favour. What could it be? I don't know him. I must be careful not to commit myself!" He bowed and said hesitatingly:

"A favour! What may I be able to do for your Brightness?"

"Oh, it is but a trifle, but it would greatly oblige me, nevertheless. I know that good cigars are scarce in this town, and as I have a few left, I beg of you to accept some of me, with this case, as a mark of my esteem."

"Certainly, certainly, my friend!" exclaimed the worthy gentleman, greatly relieved. "And I will light one on the spot."

He opened the case, and, noticing the envelope, pulled it out and read the inscription. Then he cast a sidelong glance at

Roslaf, who pretended not to observe him. After looking hard at the envelope for some time he seemed to guess what it contained, and, therefore, having replaced it in the case, advanced towards his host, shook him by the hand and exclaimed in a cordial manner: "Thank you, my friend, these are splendid cigars." Then he whispered into Roslaf's ear the Russian proverb: "One hand washes the other."

In a similar manner the other four cigar-cases were disposed of.

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The evening wore on, and by 10 o'clock all the crowd had left, and Roslaf and Lavin discussed their plans for the future.

It was determined that Lavin should "deliver up" Roslaf to the Police-master the very next morning.

This was done, and although this gentleman was rather surprised, yet he not only graciously promised to keep everything secret, but also gave Roslaf unlimited liberty, imposing upon him only the condition that he was to notify him in person when he intended to leave the town for more than three days. This was done immediately, for Lavin had proposed to devote an entire week to his new friend, in order to introduce him to the gentlefolks in the vicinity of Totma, and Roslaf had eagerly accepted the proposal. He knew that it would be vain to hope for a speedy termination of his banishment, and he could not make up his mind to spend three or four years, or perhaps much more of his young life, amidst the common-place surroundings of Totma and its vulgar society. He, therefore, had made up his mind to seize the first good opportunity for flight, and rather for ever to expatriate himself than to submit to an arbitrary punishment. Having this end in view, Roslaf was well pleased with Lavin's proposal, as it would permit him not only to gain a practical knowledge of the country immediately surrounding the town of Totma, but also habituate the Police-master to his absence from town, whilst on his intended frequent and protracted visits.

When Lavin had set out on his journey back to St. Petersburgh, Roslaf hired some furnished apartments of a respectable old widow, and to all appearances comfortably settled down to the humdrum life of the little town; yet he neglected no opportunity of increasing his knowledge of the country, and gathering such information as might prove useful to him in his meditated flight. Several months passed by, and the winter had set in, increasing the facilities, or rather lessening the difficulties, of travelling in this almost trackless country, and introducing the usual sleighing excursions, either for distant pic-nics or wolf-hunts. This was the most convenient time for Roslaf's purpose. Upon mature deliberation he had come to the conclusion that it would be best to take a southward direction, instead of the road to St. Petersburgh, as there were no telegraphs running southward, and it would be considered a matter of course that he would try to regain the capital. Thus he would be likely to be left to pursue his journey without molestation, whilst the westward roads would be strictly watched. He had provided himself with ample means, and established communication with his mother, which was not likely to be intercepted. His intention was to proceed southward about as far as Charkof, spend a few months in travelling about in some popular disguise, in order to allow the first excitement which would necessarily follow the news of his flight to subside, and then, after spring had fairly set in, to take a northward direction towards St. Petersburgh and Cronstadt, in order to seize an opportunity of embarking for England. He was, however, in great indecision as to the mode of his flight, and the means of obtaining a passport with another name. He could not think of using his own, as that would have been equal to a deliberate surrender into the hands of the police, and he was aware that to travel without one was almost

equally dangerous, for in Russia a man without a passport is, *ipso facto*, a criminal, and if apprehended, and refusing to give his name and place of registration, is sent to Siberia for perpetual settlement. However, an unforeseen circumstance helped him over this difficulty. Whilst on one of his frequent visits to a gentleman living some twenty miles east of Totma, he went out shooting and lost his way in the woods. After wandering about all day, at last, a little before sunset, he heard the faint cry of a child. Following the sound he found a little boy of about seven years of age, evidently the son of a peasant. He was lying on the ground moaning and unable to move. Roslaf asked the little fellow what was the matter, and learned that he had climbed a tree to catch a young crow, had missed his footing and fallen to the ground. Roslaf carefully examined his limbs and found that he had dislocated his hip. He at once proceeded to set it, during which operation the poor child fainted. When he recovered again, Roslaf tenderly took him up, and, following his directions, soon arrived at a small and lonely clearance in the woods which contained his home. The parents' gratitude was overwhelming, for said they: "Our Vania would undoubtedly have perished in the wood, had you not brought him home. He had gone to stay a week with his aunt, six miles from this place, right through the forest, and as he knew the way perfectly well we should have thought him safe with her."

Vania's father, Trofimof, was a well-to-do pedlar, had seen a great deal, although quite young yet, and was an intelligent man. The original quaintness of his conversation and his rich humour so well pleased Roslaf that he often visited him whilst staying with his friend, and at last, to the pride and delight of Trofimof and his young wife, Katia, he spent a whole week under their quiet roof.

When considering the means of obtaining a passport, it occurred to our exile that he could not do better than disclose his circumstances to the sagacious and experienced pedlar, and obtain his counsel and assistance. Trofimof listened attentively, and at once assured Roslaf that he might cheer up, as there was no great obstacle in the way.

"I told your Brightness before," he continued, "that I make several peddling journeys every year, which last from two to three months each. I am just now about setting out on my first sleighing-trip, and have got my yearly peddling license properly signed by the authorities. This would be very opportune to your Brightness if you do not despise the garb of a pedlar, for you know that a pedlar's license serves to all intents and purposes as a passport."

"Despise it! Not by any means, Trofimof. On the contrary, I think there could not be found an assumed character better calculated to suit and account for the irregular movements I may have to make in order to elude the vigilance of the police."

"Quite right, your Brightness. With a pedlar's license in your pocket you would be almost safe, and if you will accept mine and use my name, you are welcome."

"Thank you, Trofimof. You shall not repent of your friendly act."

Trofimof approved of Roslaf's plan of starting southward, his own business leading him westward, where he was known by every child within a hundred miles and therefore never required his license, whilst Roslaf, in *his* direction, might fearlessly exhibit it whenever necessary, for Trofimof was not known thereabouts. Trofimof speedily procured a light covered sleigh, such as is generally used by pedlars, and repainted it in his barn, so that it might not be known again. A cream-coloured pony was also bought and, under cover of darkness, conveyed to Trofimof's stable, where it was transformed into a dark-bay one. The sleigh was filled with cheap dry-goods, woodcuts, and toilet and fancy articles from the pedlar's stock, and a complete outfit of wearing

apparel for Roslaf was selected from the same source. When everything was ready Roslaf returned to Totma, remained in town for a few days, spent an evening at the Police-master's, and intimated his intention of leaving Totma for another week or longer, in order to visit a Mr. Sokolof, a gentleman living about thirty miles west of Totma, *on the high-road to St. Petersburgh.* Consent was granted, as a matter of course, and the next morning Roslaf left for Mr. Sokolof's. This visit was undertaken merely with the intention of making the officials believe that the fugitive had chosen the western road. Having dismissed his driver Roslaf left Sokolof's after only a few hours' stay, on foot, on pretence of an appointment, and went to meet his friend Trofimof, who was awaiting him in the appointed place with his covered sleigh and fast ponies. They reached Trofimof's home in safety the same night, and, after a good rest, the next morning was spent in the final preparations for Roslaf's journey.

As an additional precaution Roslaf wrote a letter to a very doubtful friend of his in Totma, in whose faithfulness he knew he could not trust, telling him that he had left for St. Petersburgh, and requesting him to keep the news secret. Although this man did not know that Roslaf's sojourn in Totma had been compulsory, yet Roslaf expected that, immediately on receipt of this letter, he would go to the Police-master's, whose friend he was, to communicate the news, and thus serve Roslaf's intention of hoodwinking the police. The letter was dated eight days ahead, and delivered into the hands of Trofimof, who very much enjoyed the ruse, and promised to post it on the day of its date, and in a little village about sixty miles west of Totma, whither he was to drive for the purpose, in order to give the impression that the letter had been posted there by the fugitive himself whilst on his journey westward.

The ruse succeeded admirably, and concentrated all the attention in that direction, whilst Roslaf, who was then about two hundred miles south of Totma, steadily pursued his journey.

## CHAPTER V.

IT would be beyond the scope of this sketch to follow Roslaf from day to day on his protracted journey. We therefore content ourselves with selecting such incidents and observations only as throw a light upon the peculiarities of his country and its people. He was lucky enough to escape all persecution from the police, and highly enjoyed his erratic life of freedom. He appreciated the opportunities it offered him of forming a more intimate acquaintance with the hospitable, childlike and generous people of his wide fatherland, whom centuries of slavery and oppression have not succeeded in degrading. Never having travelled before, Roslaf saw many things that were as new to him as to any of the readers of this hasty sketch, and therefore it may perhaps be well to recount a few of such circumstances as excited his curiosity. A prominent one is the existence, in almost every village of note, of a so-called "wise woman." Physicians, as a matter of course, are to be found only in the towns, and their place in the country is held by those "wise women" who not only enjoy the superstitious reverence of the people, but really seem to have some claims upon it. For not only do they possess a knowledge of diseases and the curative powers of herbs, often performing cures in cases that baffle the skill of physicians—but the agencies they employ are so mysterious, or at least so generally unknown, that they promise a field of investigation which may amply repay the unprejudiced seeker after truth.

Anxious to learn, and not given to the habit of ridiculing a thing merely because he could not account for it, or because it often was enveloped in or accompanied by unnecessary secrecy, and the ridiculous pretences

of the performer, Roslaf had made up his mind to improve every opportunity for separating the dross of senseless superstition from the genuine curative agencies employed by these women. With this view he had taken up his residence with one of them for an entire month, and by an offer of payment had induced her to show him most of her art. He found, however, that it consisted merely in a mnemonic knowledge of certain causes producing certain effects, without the slightest idea of the "rationale" of their action. Notwithstanding this, however, he was not disappointed, as he succeeded in acquiring some very valuable knowledge. I will mention one peculiar remedy for snake poison, as Roslaf afterwards had an opportunity of testing its efficacy, and succeeded beyond expectation, and as it may prove useful to some one else. It consists in the application of live frogs, young or old, to the wound caused by the fang of the serpent. We anticipate: on a rainy day of the following spring, Roslaf had claimed the hospitality, for himself and his horse, of a peasant farmer, living in a lonely part of the broad southern prairies, called Steppes, in Russia. The children of the peasant, some seven or eight, were all out playing in a marsh that stretched itself across that part of the country. Presently they came home, crying and carrying their little five-year-old brother, whose face was very much flushed, and one hand and arm swollen.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, father, we were all playing, and Petia saw a black snake and caught it by the neck; and it turned and bit him.

The mother and father became as pale as death, and the former burst into passionate tears, exclaiming:

"Oh, my Petia, my Petia, my darling, must I lose you so soon?"

The little fellow, in a burning fever, was laid on the couch and undressed. His hardly perceptible wound was between the thumb and forefinger.

"Is there no doctor near?" asked Roslaf. "I will saddle my horse and fetch one."

"There is not one within forty versts (thirty miles), and if there were, he would be of no use. Never yet did a doctor cure the bite of a black snake. It is sure death, and in three hours our little one will breathe no longer!" said the poor man, wiping his eyes with his sleeve.

Roslaf bethought himself of the frogs, and at once sent out the rest of the children to gather as many as they could. In about half an hour they had collected about a hundred, as the marsh was swarming with them. Poor little Petia by this time had become insensible, and his head and the whole of his right side were so terrribly swollen that the distended skin had a glassy appearance, and his features were altogether obliterated. Pushing aside the swelling with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, Roslaf laid the first frog, a young one, flat on the wound. He seemed convulsed, and was dead in half a minute. The same result with the next dozen. By and by the swelling immediately around the wound began to soften and fall, and the frogs lived longer. Another supply was brought in for the night, and the next morning the little fellow was considerably better. Roslaf stayed another day, until all danger from the poison was over, and at last left, loaded with blessings.

Roslaf found himself at Charkof long before it was time for him to take a northward direction. He resolved, therefore, to continue the same southward course, and push forward as far as the Black Sea. During his journey through the Government (province) of Poltava he was frequently followed by a wolf or two, which however proved too shy to come uncomfortably near. Twice only did they inspire him with some apprehension.

One frosty night he was driving along the high-road in the same Government, and was approaching a gloomy forest of pines and firs. Before reaching it he had to pass

through a small village, which he found in a state of great excitement. The cause was the death of one of the villagers. He had left his home on the morning of the previous day—a Sunday—in order to attend mass in the neighbouring village, about ten miles distant, and on the other side of the forest. After church he had dined with some friends, and at last set out homewards considerably intoxicated. He never reached his home. On the Monday afternon several men coming through the forest found his heavy sledge, and the scanty remains of his yoke of oxen lying on the road. Of himself there was nothing left but his skull and a few of his bones, gnawed clean. These were gathered up and taken to the village, where Roslaf witnessed the horrible sight. He had been torn by wolves whilst lying helplessly drunk on his sledge.

Notwithstanding this proof that the wolves were dangerous at the time—it was January—Roslaf made up his mind to proceed that very same night, for he feared less the savage brutes than the police, and he thought that in the last village he had recognised the face of a man from Totma in a sleigh, drawn by a troika (three horses abreast), and he wished to put as much space as possible between himself and this man.

As he approached the wood the howling of the wolves was heard more and more distinctly, and his pony became very uneasy. When he was fairly in it, he saw some five or six of the animals in the middle of the road, snarling and snapping at each other, and tugging at some dark mass lying on the ground. This Roslaf conceived to be the carcases of the oxen, as he saw a sleigh standing close by. To return would have been useless, for the animals had seen him and the horse, which when once fairly in sight of his enemies, gnashed his teeth and exhibited signs of fury rather than of fear. Before Roslaf could come to a decision, however, the horse had dashed right into the midst of the wolves, caught up one of them by the back of the neck with his teeth and dragged him along at a furious pace, leaving his bewildered comrades far behind. At last he dropped the wolf, reared up and brought down his forefeet on the skull of the brute, audibly fracturing it, then neighed defiantly, and pursued his road as if nothing had happened. Roslaf was astonished at the behaviour of his pony, but was told on relating his adventure in the next village, that it was not uncommon for entire horses, such as his pony was, to attack wolves whenever they encountered them.

The second adventure was of longer duration, and scarcely less exciting. It happened in the extreme south, on the road between Chersòn and Nicolàyef. The country here is one vast prairie, where in winter the road is indicated by whisks of straw fastened to long poles stuck into the ground, as no track remains visible for any length of time, but is soon obliterated by the ever-shifting and drifting snow. In the fall of the year the soft ground in these parts often cracks open after a heavy rain, forming indented gaping fissures, often many yards wide and generally very deep. These openings are produced as suddenly as the cracking of a glass tumbler by hot water.

One afternoon, after dark, Roslaf left the lonely roadside inn where he had baited his pony and rested, and proceeded in a northward direction, following the friendly whisks. But soon all traces of them disappeared, as a heavy wind-storm had swept over the country a few days previous, and had uprooted them. Not knowing which direction to take, and having been told that it was but seven versts to the next village, he resolved to allow the horse to follow his own instinct, trusting that he would take him there in a short time. The horse did not seem at all in doubt about the direction, but trotted on confidently, sniffing the frosty air from time to time, and pricking up his ears as if conscious of the trust reposed in his abilities, and anxious to acquit himself to

his master's satisfaction. And so he would have done but for the following circumstance :—When within sight almost of the village, the road describes a curve, in order to avoid one of those cracks, which now, of course, was filled with snow, closely packed at the bottom, through the weight of the upper strata, and light and loose almost as feathers on the top. The pony kept a straight line, and, consequently, he and the sleigh, with its contents, were suddenly buried in the snow. So sudden was the descent that Roslaf at first could not realise his position. All around him was dark and cold, and several seconds passed before he could understand that he was firmly planted in the snow, head downward. After some frantic efforts, and half suffocated, he succeeded in liberating himself, and began to listen for a sound from the pony. He heard him vigorously blowing and snorting, and at last saw his head emerging close by his own, as Roslaf had been thrown forward in the fall. As the moon had not risen yet, he resolved to wait her appearance before making any attempts at liberating himself. It was six o'clock, and the moon would not rise before nine! He had not been in the pit very long when he heard the howling of wolves, which rapidly drew nearer. At last one after the other made their appearance above the edge of the crack, until he counted sixteen of them, hungrily gazing down with their red and green glowing eyes, or sitting on their haunches and howling most dismally. And what so dismal as the howling of a wolf, in a cold, dark winter's night, on a lone, sounding prairie, bordered by an echoing forest? Both Roslaf and the horse kept perfectly quiet, paralysed by their helpless condition. At last, however, Roslaf remembered that the sound of a bell was at least as disagreeable to the wolves as their howling to him. He therefore loosened the tongue of the bell on the horse's bow, and began to ring it vigorously. The effect was surprising. At its sound the wolves set up the most desperate shrieking and yelling, as if in exquisite torments, yet crept as closely to the edge of the fissure as they could, just as the dog will lie down under the very piano whose sound distresses his nerves. From time to time they would snarl and snap in the direction of the bell, as if in desperate self-defence, and their behaviour seemed to be like that of animals under the power of a mighty spell, against whose influence their every nerve and muscle rebelled, and yet from which they were unable to flee. This concert lasted for above an hour, Roslaf never for one moment ceasing to ring the bell, nor the brutes to howl.

Suddenly the bell's tongue broke, and a rush caused Roslaf to look up, but he was at once blinded by the spray of snow which came down upon him. When that had settled he saw that none of the wolves had remained. As soon as the sound of the bell had ceased, the frightened brutes had darted off towards the wood, and presently he heard their voices far away as they fled across the plain.

When the moon rose, Roslaf found that one of the narrow ends of the fissure presented a gentle slope, and after a couple of hours of hard work, he succeeded in getting everything up again on *terra firma*, when he soon reached the village, very little the worse for his snow-bath. The next day a terrible snow-storm set in, but as Roslaf had been warned not to set out on his journey, he remained in the village, and thus escaped all danger. For three days did the storm rage, sweeping over the prairie with all the fury of a hurricane on the waste of the waters, and driving before it the snow in dense white columns, obscuring the light of the day and shaking to their foundations the lowly and solid mud-houses of the village. Before the evening of the second day the whole village had disappeared under the whirling snow, and Roslaf experienced the sensation of being buried alive. The house

was dark and cold, for the fire could not be lighted, as the chimney was covered with snow, and the resinous pine-strips, which in the winter serve these people instead of candles, consumed too much of the air necessary for breathing. The time was spent mostly in sleeping, all huddled together on the great family lair—the top of the bake-oven, and covered with sheepskins—in singing and telling stories.

On the third day the snow-storm must have ceased, for when our prisoners awoke on the fourth morning after their incarceration, they perceived some rays of light coming in through a chink, high up under the gable, and thereby knew that the snow was settling. The chimney was cleared and a cheerful fire once more spread a genial warmth through the bleak room. The snow continued to settle very fast, and the following morning the people began to dig themselves out and to clear their streets and yards, with so much success that towards evening the village presented its usual appearance.

Roslaf's pony needed a good rest, therefore his master decided on staying another week in the village, where he was treated as an honoured guest not only by the common folks, but also by the priest and "starosta" (elder). It so happened that during his stay the yearly *matrimonial show* took place. This is an ancient custom of the peasantry, but is now fast falling into disuse, although even St. Petersburgh still retains it. As a matter of course this day is observed as a general holiday, and all the marriageable young girls, from the age of fifteen upwards, dress in their best, bedeck themselves with all available jewellery and ribbons, and gather in some appointed street, slowly walking up and down in single rows like geese, or posting themselves in a long row on one side of the street. This lasts generally for a couple of hours, and I need not say that in such a concourse of girls there is all the time plenty of chatting and chaffing, and laughing and teasing. Whilst the ladies thus disport themselves, the young men, in their becoming tight-fitting blue coats, sheepskin or felt caps or hats, and bright polished boots, promenade up and down the street, in order to pick out the girl or girls to whom they intend to send their "svahas" or female match-makers, who, in the meanwhile, may be seen busily running up and down the row of girls, in order to get a commission from some of them to carry the offer of their hands to the swains that may have moved their maiden hearts.

All was bustle and merriment in the village on this important occasion, and the streets resounded with the songs and shouts of the young guests from the neighbouring villages and small towns. Roslaf joined in the promenade of the young men, and many were the tender glances he received from the blushing beauties; and when at last he gathered around him a few of the swains, and led them in a merry song, expressly composed by himself for the occasion, the admiration of the ladies vented itself in loud acclamations and expressions of praise.

Having received his share of applause, Roslaf took refuge in the house of the priest, where he intended quietly to spend the afternoon. But he had not been there long when a respectably dressed old peasant woman entered the room, bowed slowly to the sacred pictures, signed herself with the cross, and making another stately bow to Roslaf, addressed him in solemn tones:

"Hail, my bright falcon! How lonely thou art! why dost not come out into the free air, and select thee a dove to take to thy heart, to love thee and stand by thee in trouble and sickness. Hast thou not seen the lovely one that sent me? Does not thy soul yearn after her? Come, take my hand and look at her!"

"I thank thee, good mother. The maidens of our country are fair, and thou art kind, but I will not yet give up my liberty."

"Thou art wrong, my son, thou art very

wrong. It is not good for thee to be alone. She is fair as the day, and mild and tender as a dove. She has silver and jewels, and of dresses very many. Her family is most honourable of all in this village, for she is the Starosta's daughter. She is young—an opening rosebud. Yet she is tall as the bending birch and as strong, and can cleave the wood for thy household, and carry water, and take care of thy property and of thyself too, shouldst thou of a holiday be overcome by the 'green wine,'" (whiskey) etc., etc.

It was with some difficulty that Roslaf could convince her that he did not intend to marry. Three more svahas waited upon him, but none succeeded in securing to herself a fur-jacket, the customary remuneration for her trouble when successful.

On leaving this village, Roslaf once more turned southward, until he reached the north shore of the sea of Azof. Here he was for a short time the invited guest of the chief of a wandering Crimean Tartar tribe, of whom we will only say that their mode of life is strikingly like that of the Canadian Indians, in whose wigwams Roslaf spent a few weeks in the year 1871. The only differences are such as are necessitated by the difference of the surroundings. The former move from place to place in large, heavy, covered waggons, of the rudest construction, and drawn by camels.

The next journey Roslaf undertook was again in a northward direction, with the view of reaching St. Petersburgh without any further deviations, as the roads were becoming bad here and there, through the warm southern winds.

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## CHAPTER VI.

WHEN on his way to St. Petersburgh, Roslaf happened to call at the house of the manager of a gentleman's estate in the Government of Poltava. The manager politely acceded to his request to feed the horse and its master, and while the horse was resting and Roslaf was sharing the dinner of Pan (Mr.) Dombrofsky, the latter took such a liking to his talkative guest that he invited him to stay a few days.

"You know," said he, "that we do not get many visitors in this wilderness, and even of those I do get, not many are welcome."

His invitation was gladly accepted. The Pole made no secret of his aversion to the Russian government of his country, and many and hot were the political disputes between these two. The one the champion of the Government of Alexander, the other the incarnate enemy of everything Russian. In nothing could they agree, except in their denunciations of the reigns of old Nicholas and his predecessors, and it was in vain that Roslaf tried to demonstrate how, under the Government of the noble Alexander, Poland's people had gained in every respect; that they enjoyed more civil privileges than ever they did under their own national rule, —even more than the people of Russia—and that the country, although still miserable and desolate, enjoyed a greater amount of prosperity than it had done since her history began. Pan Dombrofsky was blinded by an indiscriminate hatred of everything Russian, as his family had been ruined by the liberation of the Polish serfs, and, therefore, after admitting the truth of every one of Roslaf's arguments, he invariably closed their disputes in woman-like fashion, saying:—

"Ah, well, that may be so, but still it is a shame that you Russians should thus rob and oppress us. But our day will come, and Russia shall still creep in the dust before my beloved country."

A whole month did Roslaf stay with the generous Pole, who did everything in his power to amuse and detain his guest. Fox-hunting, hare-hunting and wolf-hunting were their most frequent pastime; and, for the

benefit of sportsmen, I may add that the fox and hare are always hunted when the snow lies fresh on the ground, and the animals leave a track behind them. As both of them are found in great abundance in those parts of Russia, and as the fox is hunted for his much-prized red fur, and the hare for his flesh, they are shot down as soon as possible, from the saddle, and immediately skinned. The flesh of the fox is given to the stag-hounds, which are used to bring him to bay. The wolf in winter is followed in a sleigh, drawn by a spirited troïka, but this sport is merely a pretext for the drive. The true wolf-hunt takes place in the fall, when the ground is frozen hard, but not yet covered with snow. The wolf is hunted in the same manner as the fox by the English, and when at last the poor brute sits down on his haunches, panting and snapping at the dogs that surround him, the first rider that comes up dismounts and puts an end to this vile and cruel amusement of the well-bred savages, by breaking or dislocating the neck of the animal with one stroke of the short and heavy Cossack whip. To the honour of the "barbarous" Russians I must add that this latter mode of hunting is *not* a national one; but an imitation of the civilized and "noble" English hunt.

One day there set in a great thaw, which continued for several days, until the thick layer of snow on the roofs had partly melted away. One afternoon, during this thaw, Roslaf was sitting at the window reading, and as he lifted up his eyes he noticed something strange on the roof of the large barn, which, being fully sixty feet long, completely enclosed the opposite side of the farm-yard. He looked upon it more attentively, and it seemed to him as if the whole of it were wriggling and moving. "It must be the effect of the twilight," he thought, but, continuing to look, he saw that the whole surface of the roof was closely covered with some small dark-coloured animals, and presently, as Pan Dombrofsky opened the door in coming into the house, he heard a confused noise, like the squealing of innumerable very young sucking pigs. This noise grew louder and more piercing every moment, whilst the dense mass of animals wriggled and writhed and struggled in the most bewildering manner. At last their motions became so rapid, and they crept and leapt between and over each other, and tumbled and rolled, and turned and twisted about in such confusion, that it was almost impossible to discern the shape of any one of them, but the whole of them seemed like some clayey, muddy water in full seething.

"What in the name of wonder is that?" exclaimed Roslaf.

"Why, did not you know them?" answered Pan Dombrofsky. "They are rats. They have come out to drink and to enjoy the warm weather. They always do in a thaw, or after a rain!"

"Did you say rats? But there are thousands of them!"

"So there are."

"But they must destroy an enormous amount of your grain."

"Of course they do, the pests."

"But why do you not destroy them?"

"How would you do it? If you were to take a gun and shoot into their masses, you would kill but very few, comparatively, and the next minute they would all be upon you, and tear you to pieces. They are extremely fierce, and it is very dangerous to meddle with them. They kill every cat that we get, and, look, even the mastiffs have crept into their kennels."

"You astonish me! But could not you poison them?"

"Easily. But the result would be the loss of all our stores. For they would creep into their hiding-places among the grain, there to die, and in the spring their carcases would putrify, and the effluvia would render all the grain and flour so obnoxious that not even the pigs would touch it."

"But surely you must have some means

of saving your grain from their depredations, or destroying them?"

"Certainly. It is very easy to prevent their access to the stores, by building the store-houses of brick or mud, with floors and ceilings of the same materials. As to destroying them, we leave that to the rat-catchers."

"The rat-catchers? Well, I remember when at school I once read a German story, entitled 'The Rat-catcher of Hameln,' where it is represented that the man charms them away, but of course, I took that to be a mere silly tale!"

"Not so silly as you think. For we get rid of our rats in a similar manner. If you stay a couple of weeks longer with me, you will have an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings, as we expect the man some time this month."

A few days afterwards the man came. Every living thing was carefully locked up. The rat-catcher, a ragged old peasant, took up his position in the middle of the yard, pulled a common willow flute out of his bootleg, and began to play some slow-measured tune. By-and-by he played faster and faster, until it was almost impossible to discern any tune or time at all. During his play, numbers of rats were issuing from various dark corners, some actually jumping from the roof. Their numbers kept ever increasing, from all sides did they come, and especially from the large barn they came running in one uninterrupted, eager stream, until the whole yard was alive with them. They squatted around the charmer, close and closer, until not an inch of the snowy ground was visible. Their eyes were all directed towards him, and a strange stillness came over them. They sat as if spell-bound. Now the charmer relapsed into the slow measure he had played at first, and carefully pushing aside the rats before putting down his feet, he slowly walked out of the yard into the open steppe. The rats followed in serried columns, and as if drowsy. When they were fairly out of the yard, Pan Dombrofsky went into the stable, and led out two horses, already saddled, mounted one and invited the bewildered Roslaf to mount the other, which he did. Both followed the swarm of rats at a safe distance. The rat-catcher had increased his pace to as fast a walk as he could keep up in the deep snow. For two long hours did he walk on, always playing his drowsy tune, and the rats followed as steadily as a well-trained body of troops. At last he arrived at a spot where a large quantity of boiled meat, mostly old horses, had been scattered on the snow. A horse stood by, tied to the leg of one of the quarters. The charmer, still playing, hastily untied and mounted it, and galloped away, halting a long distance off.

In an instant the animals threw themselves upon the feast provided for them, and soon hid all the meat under their bodies, fighting for it and squealing with all their powers. This lasted for about a quarter of an hour, when numbers of them were seen frantically rushing away from the main body, and running and leaping through the snow in all directions.

"Now it is time for us to be off," said Pan Dombrofsky, spurring his horse. "They will soon spread over the ground for half a mile around, and should we remain here they would jump up at our animals and bury their teeth in their legs and bodies until they would hang from them in clusters. Their bite is always dangerous, but is poisonous now, and would be sure death to our horses, as the meat has been boiled in poisoned water. To-morrow they will lie dead in the snow."

Roslaf was exceedingly anxious to ascertain what agency the rat-catchers employed to fascinate the animals, but the man could not be induced to divulge his secret.

The next week Roslaf tore himself away from his pleasant host to enter upon the more dangerous part of his adventures; the return to the capital and flight to England.

## CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Roslaf reached the town of Tver, south of St. Petersburgh, the spring had fairly set in, navigation was open and the ice-bound ships in the docks of Cronstadt were preparing to set out on their voyages. In Tver, Roslaf sold his sleigh and horse, parting with a heavy heart from the latter—his trusty friend in all his journeys, dangers and difficulties.

Fearing to meet accidentally with a person to whom he might be known, Roslaf did not venture to take the train to the capital, but joined a party of pilgrims, all of them of the lower classes, who were returning to St. Petersburgh on foot, after having paid their devotions to the sacred picture of Saint Nilus in the monastery of the same name. He arrived in the capital footsore and heartily disgusted with the pilgrimage and the pilgrims.

Having hired a furnished room, with board, in the Wiborg suburb, a poor and obscure part of the beautiful city, he sent a letter to his mother, asking her to meet him in the Alexandrofsky Park, unattended and veiled. What were their feelings on this interview, after so long and dangerous a separation, and in the midst of the still greater dangers surrounding Roslaf, the reader's own heart will tell him. This meeting was to be their last one on earth. Both felt it, and even now the remembrance of that last meeting with a loving mother burns as a hot iron in Roslaf's aching heart. Five years of struggle, of hardship and sorrow, have been unable to lessen the acuteness of his grief. When Roslaf returned to his lodging, he found a letter awaiting him, carefully sealed and addressed to Ivan Ivanof, the name he had given to his hostess.

He opened it with sad misgivings. It contained a narrow strip of paper, and on it, in Lavin's handwritng, he read :

" Burn this at once. You are recognised. Your landlord is a spy. Flee. This night you are to be arrested."

Poor Roslaf stood transfixed. He at once resolved to leave for Cronstadt the next morning, but in order to deceive his landlord, the spy, he invented the following artifice to account for his absence during the night. He went to the bath house, and standing outside, waited until he saw a young lad coming out. Tapping him on the shoulder, he said :

" Here, little brother. Will you oblige me if I pay you for it?"

" Won't I? Of course I will, for money !"

" Very well ; do you know Anna Gavrilovna, who lives in Svenskaya street?"

" I do. I live in the same block, and I guess you are their new lodger?"

" You are right. Well, go to her and tell her you saw me at the bath, and that she need not mind getting tea ready for me, as I have met with a friend here, and am going to stay all night with him. Here are ten copeks for yourself, and here is a rouble (60 cents) for Anna Gavrilovna. Give it to her and tell her to get a very nice dinner with it, for two, for I am going to bring my friend with me, about one o'clock to-morrow. Do you understand?"

" Perfectly well. I will tell her what you said. Good night."

" Now I am likely to be free in my movements until to-morrow noon," said Roslaf, with a sigh of relief.

He went to a low tavern, asked for a supper, a room and bed, and spent the rest of his evening in speculating upon the means of his escape. The next morning he got up early and, having had his breakfast, proceeded to the Alexander Bazaar, consisting chiefly of second-hand shops, where one may expect to meet with anything and everything that ever is, or rather was, used by man. No matter what you may need, only " give it a name," and lo, it is produced, provided always that it be second-hand. Here Roslaf entered the shop of a

dealer in second-hand clothing, and having picked out a Scotch cap and such articles of clothing as would be most suited to give him the appearance of a foreign sailor, he proposed to the dealer to give his own smart suit of blue cloth in exchange for them, if he were to offer him a reasonable sum of money for the difference in the value of the two suits. This offer was eagerly accepted, and after much haggling, which Roslaf, to avoid suspicion, prolonged as much as possible, he received five roubles into the bargain, and left the shop to all intents and purposes a foreign sailor. In this disguise he went to a French barber's and had his hair and beard cut in the German style and afterwards dyed a very dark brown, for it was naturally of a very light colour. With some burnt umber, which he bought in a drug-shop, ready for use, he stained his face, neck, hands and arms in such a way as to give himself the appearance of a dark complexioned man. In order to do this he had retired into the upper story of a house in the process of building, upon which, that day, there were no workmen engaged. Having surveyed himself in the small glass on the back of his pocket hair-brush, and being satisfied with his appearance, he boldly entered the street, imitating the swinging gait of a sailor. He had to traverse the city in all its length, along its main streets, in order to arrive at the Cronstadt steamer landing-place, therefore he thought it safest to hail a droshka, a small open carriage, in order to be driven to it, and thus avoid the danger of a face to face meeting with an acquaintance.

Arrived at the wharf, Roslaf found the steamer was about to start, and he walked on deck, passing the two policemen with apparent indifference. Once on board and started, Roslaf soon ascertained that there was nobody there whom he knew, and therefore in order to perfect himself in his assumed broken Russian, he entered into a lively conversation with his neighbour, a good-natured, fat-faced tradesman, playing the part of the German sailor to great perfection. Arrived at Cronstadt, he thought it would be the wisest plan to wait a few weeks before attempting to leave the country, as his intention might have been guessed by the experienced police, and it was likely that a sharp look-out would be kept on all ships leaving the harbour. He therefore, for a while, was careful to keep at a distance from the docks, and took his lodgings in a cheap boarding-house, kept by a Swedish woman, for the accommodation of sailors of all nations, whose company, under the present circumstances, was very useful and instructive to him. Speaking German like a native, it was not difficult for Roslaf to sustain the part of a genuine Berliner, even among the Germans.

Having ingratiated himself with his honest and kind-hearted landlady, Roslaf, after a while, confided to her that he had no passport, and wished to leave Russia. She advised him to go and board for a while with a German widow, who kept an hotel which was frequented mostly by English and German captains, and to try to induce some one of them to smuggle him out of the country. All attempts of this nature, however, proved utterly useless, as the experienced English mariners knew how dangerous it would be to their interests to attempt the abduction of a fugitive from Russian law, and no payment that Roslaf offered, however considerable, could induce them to run the risk. The Swedish and Finnish captains sailing between British and Russian ports were also tried, but unsuccessfully. Poor as most of them were, their dread of Russian vengeance was too great even for the temptation of the very considerable sum offered to them. Prospects looked dark, but Roslaf did not intend to be discouraged. Sometimes he considered whether it would not be as well to retrace his steps, once more to recross Russia and to enter Persia, in order thence to proceed to England. But

the same difficulty stood in his way, the want of a passport, for Trofimof's license had expired. One afternoon, whilst taking a walk in a quiet street, Roslaf was suddenly stopped by a heavy hand, which grasped his arm. He quietly turned round, expecting to see the face of some fellow-boarder; but, oh horror! it was that of a policeman, whom he had often seen in St. Petersburgh, and to whom he must have been personally known.

Roslaf quickly looked around him. Not another human being was near. On one side, the street was bordered by the dead walls of the government store-houses—on the other, by the inner walls of the fortifications of the Citadel. A sudden twist liberated him from the careless grasp of the policeman, and turning round, he confronted him, and putting both hands into his pockets, pulled out, with his left hand a well-filled purse, with his right, a glistening pocket revolver, a masterpiece of Belgian workmanship. Holding both before the face of the bewildered policeman, he explained:

"A sound, a step, and you are dead man. Be quiet, stand still and listen to me, and this,"—shaking the purse—"may be yours."

The policeman did as he was bid, but with a countenance which, besides apprehension, expressed nothing but the most intense astonishment and curiosity.

Roslaf hid his revolver in his breast-pocket, and sitting down on one of the large stones that were lying about, opposite the policeman, said:

"I suppose you were sent here from St. Petersburgh purposely to apprehend me, if possible, as you knew me personally."

"Knew you? man, are you mad? How should I know every loafing sausage-maker? (Nickname given to the Germans by the Russians.) But stop, I was indeed sent here to find a man whose face I had the honour of knowing in St. Petersburgh, some eight months ago. But you—"

He stopped short, as if struck by a sudden thought, and looked Roslaf in the face, attentively, searchingly. Then he said slowly:

"German sailor, and speaks Russian like a Christian! Ho, I know the voice! Your Brightness, I arrest you."

"If you can. You will be dead first." Out came the revolver, the muzzle almost touching the policeman's nose, who bent back until his head touched the wall.

"Put that thing away, please, for mercy's sake! It makes my blood run cold to look into that dark hole. Those things go off so easily!"

Roslaf dropped his weapon and exclaimed, angrily, stamping his foot on the ground.

"What a fool I have been, thus to betray myself to this fellow."

"What a fool you have been!" echoed the policeman with great feeling.

"But what in the world made you grasp me by the arm, if you did not know me" asked Roslaf.

"How *could* I know you, thus disguised? *Nobody* would know you. I merely wanted to ask you for a match, as I wanted to steal a short smoke in this retired place."

"Well, Markof," said Roslaf, "you will not think of trying to arrest me, for if you hold your tongue and do not betray me, this purse shall be yours. It contains a hundred roubles."

He swore a most solemn oath that Roslaf had nothing to fear from him, and pocketed the purse with exulting joy and innumerable expressions of gratitude.

"As you are a friend now," said Roslaf, "I may want your advice and help. Where do you live?

"In the Connaya Street, No. 60. I have a tenement of my own, as my wife lives with me."

"That is lucky," thought Roslaf, and asked: "How many rooms have you got?"

"Three, but I want to let one of them."

"Very well, I take it. It will be safer for me to live with you, as that would place me

beyond suspicion. If you keep me until I escape, and help me as much as you can, you shall have another hundred roubles on the day I leave Cronstadt."

Markof stood for a while, weighing the greatness—to him—of the reward offered against the fearful risk he incurred if his part in the transaction should be discovered. At last he said:

"Agreed! Rely on me as on yourself. But not a word to my wife. You know—a woman's tongue. And do not speak Russian so well. Say you are waiting for a brother from inland to join you, or something of that kind, you know."

The same evening Roslaf became the lodger of the very man who had been sent to apprehend him, and whose interest it now was to help him to escape for his own safety's sake. The next morning, after breakfast, Markof entered the room of his lodger, who had assumed the name of Hans, and told him, with an air of great self-complaisance, that he had devised a means of obtaining the necessary papers for him.

"I know a poor woman in Cronstadt," said he. "She is the widow of a copyist, and has got a son of about your age. This fellow had been a sailor on board English vessels for several years, and the woman told me some time ago that he intended to go and settle in England, where he has got a sweetheart. If you like to make it worth his while to let you have his papers and to keep his peace until you are beyond the reach of our police, I think you may get away. Shall I go and see the woman."

"By all means. But how will the man explain the loss of his papers after I have got away?

"That is easily done. After you are safely at sea he will petition the police for a new foreign passport, declaring that he lost his own, and in three weeks' time, and at an expense of about ten roubles, including '*private fees*,' he will obtain new papers."

The plan appeared to Roslaf to be very promising, and he awaited the return of his host with great anxiety.

But when he did return, his disappointed looks shattered all poor Roslaf's hopes.

"Just one hour too late. He sailed this morning."

Although Roslaf was much annoyed at this failure, yet the very attempt had given him a fresh impulse and a new idea, which was likely to be successful in the end.

Having invited Markof into his room, he told him that he thought it would be well and easier to obtain the papers of some *foreign* sailor, and Markof not only highly approved of the plan, but wondered how it had not occurred to himself before. "And," said he, "there is nobody more likely to transact this business more satisfactorily than that woman, the Swedish boarding-house keeper, with whom you lodged. However, you had better not show yourself in the streets, and let me go and arrange things with her."

He went, and entering the humble home of the Swedish widow, put on an air of great dignity and severity.

"Madam, I am a policeman from St. Petersburgh, sent here on purpose to apprehend a man who is trying to leave the country against the wish of the authorities."

Poor "Madam," became very fidgety.

"I have succeeded in catching that man, and he has confessed to me, that he not only lived with you for a week, but that you tried to help him to escape."

The poor woman began to cry hysterically.

"Yes, madam, you are a lost woman, unless I choose to keep this thing secret. As for him, he will do so if I ask him. Is it worth my while to do so?"

"Oh sir," said she, laying her trembling hands imploringly on his sleeve, "I am but a poor widow. All I have at present is but twenty-five roubles. Take it, do take it, and do not ruin me, for God's sake!"

She opened a drawer, and after searching in it for a while she produced a small roll

of greasy bank notes, which she laid into Markof's open palm.

The latter carefully put the money into his pocket, then drew himself to his full height, and said, pompously:

"Well, madam, listen to me. I will keep your secret if you promise me two things. The first is that you pay me another twenty roubles in two months' time. The second is this—I want you to buy for me of some foreign sailor, coming from England, his papers of discharge from his ship, and to make a bargain with him that he stay with you for two weeks, at your cost, before trying to obtain other papers. Let him say that he lost his own. Will you do it?"

"I will, I will, if I can. I will try my best, Mr. Officer."

"Very well, and look here, I myself will pay for the papers, whatever he may ask for them. Make the best bargain you can, but at the same time get the papers at any cost. You may come and tell me when you find a man willing to do so. Here is my address."

With these words he stalked out of the house.

At dusk, Roslaf, too impatient of leaving everything in the hands of Markof, paid the widow a visit, and having at last succeeded in allaying her fears and suspicions, he was told all about Markof's mode of serving him.

He was exceedingly indignant, and at once refunded the twenty-five roubles, telling the overjoyed widow that if Markof made another attempt at extortion, she should boldly defy him, and tell him that, if he accused her, she would at once go to the Police-master's and tell him that Markof himself had not only been concealing the fugitive, but also ordered her to procure for him the papers necessary for leaving the country. This threat afterwards effectually protected the widow from Markof's visits.

The next morning the widow came with the desired papers. They belonged to a German sailor who had come from Shields, as cook on a Whitby vessel. During the voyage he had so badly burnt the inside of his arm that he was unable to work. He had gladly accepted the offer of ten roubles and free board for his papers, and as Roslaf did not speak English, the German sailor tried to find a captain that was willing to engage him at "*a shilling a month*," or, in other words, to take him on board on condition that he should work for his passage. Roslaf did not wish to be classed as a passenger, for fear of exciting the suspicion of the Russian Naval Police Inspectors. In a few days a passage was found on board a Hull steamer, and, dearly as Roslaf loved his native country, he was unspeakably happy when he saw its shores fading away in the distance.

So much had he become accustomed to a life of continual danger, that it was a long time before he could realize that at last he was free, beyond the terrible grasp of despotism, and protected by the strong arm of "Glorious Old England."

## FELLOW-SUFFERERS.

I.

Alas, poor tree! had I thy bravery,
Or couldst thou weep in concert to my sighing!
Around us leaves lie dead;
I wail, but thou dost spread
Bare arms of benediction o'er the dying.

II.

Thou their first stay and last, from bud to leaf,
And this thy thanks, poor tree,—
That they all fall from thee
Like summer-friends when summer days are over;
Till thou dost stand alone,
With all thy greenness gone,
For winds to mock and winter snows to cover.

III.

Lightly the zephyr came, as lightly hied;—
But these, when first he wooed,
Forsook their real good,
Knowing thee faithful and the wind untried;
Reproach them—they will hear!
Their graves are very near—
Close at thy roots the prodigals abide.

IV.

Ah, not reproach, but rather dirge and prayer:
They, as they lie and die,
So low, who late were high,
Fare worse for loss of thee than thou canst fare;—
The wind that whispered, *lied*—
Kissed once, and flung aside,
And scent of death is on the autumn air.

V.

Alas, poor tree! thy fate and mine agree;—
Alike our desolation and despair!
A thousand leaves left thee,
'Twas but a dream left me,
Yet is my life, as thine own branches, bare.

ALICE HORTON.

# DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE ON A RAFT.

A HOLIDAY cruise on a timber raft does not, at the mere mention of it, suggest first thoughts of a very favourable character. It would not probably move the "old salt" to enthusiasm, or rouse the spirit of *dilletanti* yachtsmen. But a little reflection by a staid landsman not given to nautical exploit save in its mildest forms; not gifted with a levelness of head sufficient to warrant the climbing of masts, or physical control adequate to the exigencies of a rolling sea; will convince him, at least, that there are some peculiar features, some characteristic attractions connected with such a mode of seeking diversion, which recommend it as worthy of consideration. Travel by raft has no touters, no guide-books, no flaming advertisements to laud, or even to indicate the advantages it possesses over the usual modes of transit; so it must of necessity look for patronage to those who are fond of meditation, are not in a hurry, and are content with occasional spells of excitement. The ordinary summer tourist, who does the St. Lawrence and other fashionable routes in a steamboat, and fancies that the chief end of man has been attained, that the cup of pleasure has been drained to the dregs, and enjoyment penetrated to the kernel, will welcome with gratitude the information that there is a world of novelty yet unconquered, and a means of slaking a thirst for sensation yet untapped. But this ordinary tourist must not give way to extravagant ecstacy at the announcement; the charms of raft travel are for the few, not the many; and, as has been hinted, the capacity to discover and appreciate them is limited by conditions of an onerous character. However, there are palpable advantages in favour of the raft tourist over those enjoyed homeopathically by the steamboat passenger. Fashion does not sit enthroned on a raft; its behests are there ignored, and the needs of the occasion alone control. Hence little luggage is required, and the freedom from incumbrance which this secures signifies lightness of heart, the natural consequence of exemption from the importunities of zealous hotel-porters and energetic hackmen, as well as a total immunity from the agony which accompanies the crashing and smashing of one's best and perhaps only trunk. The raftsman on his voyage does not have his temper tried by the impertinence of waiters, which, apart from its moral worth, is a boon only appreciable to its full extent by the steamboat passenger desirous of cultivating a relish for his victuals. He is not compelled to appease his appetite at the expense of his manners by being compelled to fight his way to his meals under penalty of languishing in semi-starvation until the third table is rung up. He is not driven to decide between dyspepsia-producing beefsteak and a variety of dry delicacies which give the table of a steamboat a unique, a too familiar, a never-to-be-forgotten appearance; or to strain the axis of his mind in the endeavour to decide fairly between the merits of the tea and the coffee, or to arrive at a definite conclusion respecting their similarities and differences. He is not moved to bitter envy by witnessing nice distinctions drawn between those who shall get state-rooms and those whose fate it is to be accommodated with spaces under the piano or on the dining-table; nor is his bachelorhood, if so it be, put to open shame by a curt negation of its claims to attention until everybody else is told off. He is not kept awake at night by the giggling of girls, nor put to sleep in the day-time by their incessant chatter. No! the raftsman is his own waiter. He takes his meals when

prompted to eat by a natural hunger which does not come and go at the sound of the dinner-bell; his place at table is anywhere and everywhere he chooses to sit; his diet is simple,—pork, hard tack, bread, potatoes, tea undisguised by chalk-milk and untoned by sanded sugar, and game, sometimes, such as the hen-houses along the shore deliver into his piratical grip; his sleeping apartment is a shanty of pine boards specially built for airiness, and capable of coming down at a moment's notice; his bed, consisting of two military blankets with a valise pillow, is always ready made; his tub is the river, ever at hand; his "constitutional" is on wood pavement, ever free from dust. He has abundant leisure to view the scenery; he can read, write, talk and walk, or sleep, just as he pleases, and in fine, is as nearly his own master as he can well be. The sense of complete freedom expands his chest, and no untrammelled son of the desert can experience more complete buoyancy of spirit than does the shaggy unkempt tourist who drinks in the fresh morning air as he saunters up and down a 100 foot log in the middle of the river, or, extended at full length, basks in the sunshine listening to the plash of the waves as they gently lave the sides of his raft. So that a comparison between the two modes of travel shows advantages on the side of the seemingly less enjoyable, which in their æsthetic, dietetic, social and moral character, go to mellow the hard feeling incident to first thought on the subject of raft navigation. Were it desirable to depress the scale too much in favour of the raftsman's view, it would be open to his sympathizers to throw in the continuous opportunity for fishing which the steady movement of the raft furnishes—but some unoccupied ground must be left to the imagination.

The raft is quite safe so long as its constituent logs keep together. Should it resolve itself, or be resolved into its elements in deep water, danger is to be apprehended, for every one cannot walk on, or even keep astride of a log in the water. Blondin and Blondinists could perhaps; but unaccustomed raftsmen find it rather slippery work. Any one who is perfect at paddling a tub could hold his own on a log; but the tendency to roll is a source of such danger to the isolated squatter on square timber, as to justify a casual observer in mistrusting its efficiency as a life preserver. Walking on a detached log means not a succession of steady steps, but a movement akin to what one understands by St. Vitus's dance. The raft proper is composed of what are technically called drams, each of which is a complete raft in itself; in fact a raft is a number of drams chained or roped together. The timber intended to be rafted down to Quebec is taken from the booms, say in Toronto bay, and built up in drams. Huge sticks of pine, ash, elm, or oak, are laid side by side to the width of about fifty-two feet, and to the length of about two hundred and fifty feet, with a space of two feet between the ends of the logs, so as to give them room to play in a rough sea; these are bound to traverses, or cross-pieces, laid every three feet, by withes of young ironwood, oak or hickory trees rendered pliable by a twisting machine. The bottom being thus laid, it is loaded in tiers until the dram draws from three-and-a-half to six feet of water, according to the quantity or weight of timber. A shanty is built of pine boards on the middle of the dram, and the dram thus honoured is called the Cabin Dram: the cook's house adjoins the shanty, and in it are stored barrels of pork, biscuit and bread. Around the bow, stern and sides of the dram, rullocks are constructed at an elevation of three feet, and oars thirty-six feet long and about fifty pounds weight are provided. It takes fifteen men a month to build one of these drams. For going through the canals, the drams are built about twenty-four by one-hundred and twenty, and in a less secure manner than those intended to take the chances of the rapids. It is said to be as cheap to

take a raft through the canals as down the river, and the more valuable timber, such as oak and pine, goes by the former route, as the risk of loss is of course much diminished. One wonders why all the timber does not go through the canals, when the dangers of the rapids are taken into consideration, and it is remembered that no Insurance companies extend their ægis over the timber man. If a dram sticks on a shoal, or is run on the beach, it takes a deal of pulling and hauling to get it off again, the cost oftentimes being from two to five hundred dollars. When everything is ready, the drams are lashed together, two and two, and a tugboat steams off with them down Lake Ontario, and thence along the river St. Lawrence to Prescott.

The distance between Toronto and Kingston was accomplished in eighty-five hours, and the captain of the *Edsall* felicitated himself on the speed and strength of his tug, but expressed regret when he recollected that his vessel was paid according to the time occupied, that is, about $200 a day. Eighty-five hours between Toronto and Kingston (one-hundred-and-sixty-five miles), is a good long time to an "amateur casual," on a raft, though to a timber man it represents a short raft passage between the points named. Three days of sunshine, three days of gossip with the men, three days devoid of stirring incident, save a slight blow which set the timber creaking in a manner sufficiently startling to give a good idea of what a storm could do if it only chose. To a timber raft badly put together, a storm on the lake means "scatteration" in its most destructive sense, and a log hunt for a month afterwards. But our parallelogram went quietly and smoothly onward. The men slept and ate, and ate and slept during the day, and sat up all night telling stories, singing songs and dancing. All nationalities were represented, but the French and English speaking Canadians especially vied with each other in tales of adventure and the recital of personal experience. There was Antoine, who had laid the axe to the roots of great trees in Western Canada and in Michigan, and was now on his way to his domicile of nativity. His had been a life of hard labour, speckled with oases of romance, and he seemed nothing loath to pass it in panoramic review for the entertainment of his fellows; but his forte was, like a true sentimentalist, music. He sang, with an air of resolution, the songs of French Canada, and when incited to melody showed a wonderful skill in giving his voice the *tremolo* much affected by popular singers, thus realizing Charles Lamb's description of the piping of the gentle giantess. "The shake which most singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility or tremulousness of pipe she carrieth quite thro' the composition, so that her time to a common air keeps double motion—like the earth running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis." His favourite air, and indeed that of all, was the canoe refrain, *En roulant ma boule*, the chorus of which was rendered with great spirit, its accompaniment being a violent working of the arms, intended to represent paddling. The words of this song extend over thirteen verses, so a few will suffice as specimens :—

Derrièr' chez nous, ya-t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule (*chorus*),
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant (*chorus*),
En roulant ma boule.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant
En roulant ma boule,
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Then there was Pierre, who was making his yearly pilgrimage to his home, or rather his wife's home—for poor Pierre had been

blessed with a shrew, and like the simple-minded fellow he is, took to the woods every fall, worked hard all winter chopping, and about midsummer found himself again rafting towards the consumer of his wages. His matrimonial felicity was not perfect, as a week under the roof of his little white washed cottage seemed to render him equal to another year's absence, another year's endurance of cold and shanty hardship, another year's existence on pork diet. Hugh, the cook, had his budget of songs of the "Mother Darling" class, as well as of the dramatic, which were made to tell by the addition of fanciful bits of clog dances, while his border tales were of the most incredible kind, fearful robberies of fowl, and dreadful legends as to the eating capacity of the winter shanty men. The Foreman of the raft was a mine of statistics, and full of interesting details as to the lumber trade, which he prefaced with a characteristic song, descriptive of the raftsman's life—

Voici l'hiver arrivé ;
Les rivières sont gelées ;
C'est le temps d'aller au bois
Manger du lard et des pois.
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons !
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons !

Pauv' voyageur que t'as d'la misère !
Souvent tu couches par terre,
A la pluie, au mauvais temps
A la rigeur de tous les temps.

Quand tu arrive à Québec,
Souvent tu fais un gros bec
Tu vas trouver ton bourgeois
Qu'est là, assis au comptoi'.

——Je voudrais être payé
Pour le temps que j'ai donné.
Quand l'bourgeois est en banq'route,
Il t' renvoi manger des croûtes.

Quand tu retourn' chez ton père,
Aussi pour revoir ta mère ;
Le bonhomme est à la porte,
La bonne femme fait la gargotte.

——Ah ! bonjour donc, mon cher enfant !
Nous apport'-tu ben d' l' argent ?
——Que l' diable emport' les chantiers !
Jamais d' ma vie j'y r'tournerai !

In his less musical moments the Foreman becomes communicative, and is nothing loath to tell respecting his operations in the woods, his hauling the logs to water, his draining lakes to gorge the shallow streams and rivers down which they float the logs, and to give, with dates and items, all the minor details which go to make up his business life. His information is varied, and he appreciates at its true value the great forest. From him we learn such facts as the following : Canada possesses almost every variety of ornamental wood, and at great International Exhibitions displays not less than sixty-four varieties of timber. The great variety of kinds, and the abundance in quantity of our forest woods, is the reason that the greater number of them have no intrinsic value here. Oak, pine, walnut, maple, elm, tamarack, and cedar, are our chief exports. Last year the total exported produce of our forests reached $28,586,816 in value, the largest quantity being of white pine. Next in value come Agricultural Products, and after them Animals and their produce. At the late lumberers' convention at Ottawa, Mr. Little stated that the forests of the United States and Canada, taken together, will not afford a supply of white pine for more than twelve or fifteen years at the utmost, at the present rate of consumption. Such a statement carries with it a significance which those who look into the future would do well to ponder over. The exhaustion of Canadian forests means the loss of our chief source of export. But the rapid consumption going on signifies to the lumberman that every year his work will be further and further back from civilization, and that his hardships, if not his wages, will steadily increase.

The hours went by very slowly in doing Lake Ontario's 180 miles, but the leisure thus afforded to familiarize oneself with the men, and to admire the sticks of timber, the excellencies of which were repeatedly pointed out, was, as may be seen, somewhat improved. Once through the lake and past Kingston, it

might be supposed that the scenery of the Thousand Islands would dispel the languor which had at times manifested itself in all. Though willing to answer when questioned, the raftsman, like the Indian, is never garrulous. Gazing at the waves as they rippled by, with sunshine pillowed on their tiny crests, or lazily watching the shore where the dozing hills nodded a seeming recognition with their cloud night-caps, he yielded him to the soporific spirit of the scene, and became silent, dreamy, and sometimes even sleepy. Nepenthe had been found. Even the Thousand Islands, with their luxuriantly tinted foliage, their overhanging branches, and dainty bowers, their myriad forms of substance and shadow, their winding passages, their delightful changes of landscape, their seventy miles of lingering sweetness—all, all failed to dispel torpor or awaken into activity the ratiocinative faculties. We gazed and enjoyed and gazed and dozed. The solitude, the stillness, the exquisite beauty of the scene, the balminess of the atmosphere, intoxicated like sweet incense, and stole away all sense of life; dreamland with its figments and pigments was ours, and for many a moment, a set of beings happy and contented as ever roamed the Elysian fields, were the somnambulists of our raft. Our sleep was not dull, heavy, abject unconsciousness, but rather delicate, soft quiescence—rest to the body, holiday to the mind. The griefs and disappointments of the past clothed themselves in wedding-garments and danced like dervishes *vis-à-vis* to the joyous possibilities of the future. In truth, the Thousand Islands were to us the Thousand-and-one Nights of oriental fiction. But this somniferous delirium was too painfully delicious to last, and like everything mundane, came to an end. At Prescott we were restored to the consciousness of life's realities by the departure of the steam-tug, and beneath the shadow of the famous old windmill which had witnessed some of the pranks of '37, the drams shook off the coils that had so long united them, and each made ready to do for itself in its downward course. Pilots came on board, huge oars were shipped, men were hired in quantities, fifteen or sixteen to a dram, and after a few strokes from the long oars, which looked amazingly like monstrous *antennæ*, our raft was in the current moving along with a speed startling in its contrast to the former creeping motion. The rapids now began to be referred to with respect, and even the current, as it swept our parallelogram around islands, through narrow channels, shaving shoals and rocks that looked uninvitingly near, became a subject of conciliatory compliment. Steady work at the oars has taken the place of indolence, and the men shout to each other in French, Indian and English; brisk repartee and stentorian laughter indicate rising spirits; and the timid tourist, partaking of the general excitement, leaps from log to log for the purpose of reassuring himself as to their adhesive qualities, and recalls the lines of Sangster:

"All peacefully gliding,
The waters dividing
The indolent bateau moved slowly along.
The rowers light-hearted,
From sorrow long parted,
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song.
'Hurrah for the rapid! that merrily, merrily
Gambols and leaps in its tortuous way;
Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,
Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray.'

"More swiftly careering,
The wild rapid nearing,
They dash down the stream like a terrified steed;
The surges delight them,
No terrors affright them,
Their voices keep pace with the quickening speed:
'Hurrah for the rapid! that merrily, merrily
Shivers its arrows against us in play.
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Our spirits as light as its feathery spray.'

"Fast downward they're dashing,
Each fearless eye flashing,
Though danger awaits them on every side;
Yon rock—see it foaming
They strike—they are drowning!

But downward they speed with the merciless tide :
No voice cheers the rapid, that angrily, angrily
Shivers their bark in its maddening play,
Gaily they battled it—heedlessly, recklessly,
Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray !"

The river has a glazed appearance ; its very oiliness indicates something wrong underneath the surface ; the revolving eddies in their corkscrew movements predicate trouble ahead ; and the accelerated speed of the raft forewarns one of danger that lurks not far in the distance. We are beginning to go down hill very swiftly. No wonder. From Lake Erie to Montreal, 367 miles, the descent is 564 feet. Vessels coming up through the seven canals constructed to avoid these St. Lawrence rapids ascend 116 miles of river in actual horizontal distance, overcoming a fall of 225 feet above the level of tide water, and this in a river said to discharge 4,300,000 tons of fresh water annually into the ocean. So there is good reason for our raft making good time onwards—it is going down the first pair of stairs. But the white caps of the Galops have little temper for us as we plough through, for the tumble of this rapid is less fierce than we, in our innocent excitement, anticipated. Not a stick is displaced, and confidence in the buoyancy and strength of our platform rises several degrees. Grown bolder by slight experience, we express loudly our desire to encounter the famous Long Sault, the most magnificent of all the rapids, and whose dangers were, in the olden time, especially dreaded. Says Mr. Boulton, in his Topographical description of Upper Canada (1824) : "Boats may pass near shore, but where misfortune has driven either a boat or a raft into the very strong part of the current, it hath seldom happened that a life has been saved. A melancholy instance of the danger of this occurred in the late French war, when several boats and their crews were entirely lost." But enquiries of an historical nature were cut short abruptly, after reaching smooth water again, by the appearance of a canoe which angled towards the raft for awhile, and finally succeeded in coming alongside. Its passengers were two Indians, a white-haired old gentleman, evidently papa, and a fair faced girl, evidently papa's daughter. The transfer of this new and unexpected freight to the cabin-dram was a work of short duration, and thence an explanation of the angelic visit was soon promulgated, to the effect that daughter had long cherished an "intense, eager, and insatiable longing" to "shoot the rapids," and that papa had insured his life, and given reluctant consent on one condition, viz. : that he should accompany her. She carried a dainty satchel containing wine-biscuits for nibbling purposes, and papa, like a sensible man, displayed anxiety respecting the movements of substantial hampers, which the keen-scented cook followed about with radiant countenance. The new arrivals occasioned much excitement. The Indians at the oars betrayed no sign, save that their black eyes flashed for an instant. The French grimaced at each other. The English slapped their kees violently but said nothing. The surprise was too much for vocal expression. Never had such a thing been dreamed of in raftsmen's annals as the shooting of the Long Sault by a young lady. She was not very strong looking, but she had delicate features, long wavy hair which fluttered gaily in the breeze, a *petite* figure, and eyes full of sunshine and sweetness. It seemed to grow on us that she was neither merry nor giddy ; her demeanour rather bespoke characteristics such as thoughtfulness and kindness. When she seated herself on a coil of hawser, and quietly took to her "tatting," to the discomfiture of some on board who would have been glad to furnish her with full statistics relative to the dimensions of the canals, and to point out to her the peculiar excellencies of the various sticks of timber, the oarsmen looked very knowing and sarcastic. Some persons transferred their valuable information and services

to papa, who showed his appreciation of several hours' run of learned conversation by breaking out, in the middle of a table of condensed mathematics, with an allusion to his hampers. The allusion was caught up with alacrity, and a motion towards the victuals had a seconder in everybody not engaged at the oars. The contrast between hard-tack and sponge-cake is great! The gulf between fat pork and chicken is vast! A land appetite and a water appetite are totally different things! *Aqua vitæ* and *aqua fortis* have nothing in common. The little lady was somewhat sly, for no sooner were potations ended than she demanded a song. Each looked at the other; one had a cold; another had left his music at home; but silence was cut short by the irrepressible Antoine, who looked tenderly at the maiden, then ferociously at his companions, and sang out to a delicious minor air:

Isabeau se promène,
Du long de son jardin,
Du long de son jardin.
Sur le bord de l'île,
Du long de son jardin;
Sur le bord de l'eau,
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

Elle fit une rencontre
De trente matelots,
De trente matelots.
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

Le plus jeune des trente
Il se mit à chanter, etc.

—La chanson que tu chantes
Je voudrais la savoir, etc.

—Embarque dans ma barque,
Je te la chanterai, etc.

Quand elle fut dans la barque,
Elle se mit à pleurer, etc.

—Qu'avez-vous donc la belle,
Qu'avez-vous à pleurer? etc.

Je pleure mon anneau d'or
Dans l'eau il est tombé, etc,
Ne pleurez point la belle,
Je vous le plongerai, etc.

De la troisième plonge,
Le galant s'est noyé,
Le galant s'est noyé.
Sur le bord de l'île,
Le galant s'est noyé
Sur le bord de l'eau,
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

This melancholy story was quickly ousted from memory by other and more lively airs, so that the impromptu pic-nic was a great success. The little lady looked pleased, and laughed right merrily when her experiments on hard-tack resulted in a vain endeavour to indent it with her pearly molars and incisors. An offer to file her teeth to the requisite sharpness was declined with a profusion of thanks which abashed the offerer as completely as if he had been smothered in rose-buds. Further enjoyment of the festive occasion is cut short by the announcement that the rapids are near. The pilots take their position, and in a few moments the drams, one after another, spring forward with fearful velocity, and plunge violently into the breakers of the Long Sault. The waves leap to the encounter as if they would dash themselves over the restless timber, but exhausted by their own fierceness, tumble headlong in masses of white foam. The dram stops, a convulsive throb gives motion seemingly to every fibre of the timber—but it is for an instant. The pilot shouts; the men strike their oars deep in the water, and the dram, like an expert surf-diver that it is, takes a header through the loftiest breaker; the bow oarsmen drop on their knees and cling to the traverses. For a few seconds they are lost to sight in tempests of spray, while an undulating spasm seizes the dram and runs through its entire length, causing every portion in turn to heave and toss like a wounded serpent, and straining every withe to its utmost tension. But the stoppage is momentary. Again the all-powerful current clutches the dram, and, rendered

more fierce by impediment, drags us onward, down narrow passages between rocks, over precipices of water, past threatening shoals, cutting the crest from pyramids of surge, and riding victor-like upon clouds of sparkling spray until, wearied with triumph, we lose all consciousness of the hydra-headed dangers lurking on every side, and give fancy and imagination free rein to revel in the sights of grandeur and beauty which flit before our eyes like an enchanted panorama.

It is hard to say who of the non-raftsmen exhibited the most equal courage during the passage, but, though she had sat by herself in the middle of the dram, had looked very pale, trembled very much, and let slip a few tears when the last white cap was left astern, the little lady was pronounced by unanimous vote to be a true raftsman; and several sunburnt, big-shouldered fellows carried a large stick of timber near to where she sat (which they shortly brought back again), to secure the opportunity of whispering to her, "You are a trump, miss." At any rate when she again asked for a song, big Barreau, who had slain his thousands of trees, and rafted innumerable drams down the rapids, for the first time volunteered a song. He commenced:

"Nous avons sauté le Long Sault,
Nous l'avons sauté tout d'un morceau.
Ah! que l'hiver est long!
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons,
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!"

but fell back, blushing violently, after racking his memory in vain for the words of the second verse.

When the drams were moored in safety at Smart's Bay (opposite Cornwall) that Friday night, an oar was laid between the dram and the shore as a sort of "gang-plank." It is scarcely necessary to say that those who wished to go ashore dry had to do some nice feats of balancing. The little lady and her papa were taking leave of us. Papa performed on that oar like an elephant on a tight rope, and would in all probability have got wet had he not beat a hasty retreat. At these demonstrations of papa's the little lady laughed very undutifully and declared her intention of "going first." The words were scarcely uttered before there was a splash heard, and the little lady was carried ashore, like a child, in the brawny arms of a six-foot raftsman who found no difficulty in walking through four feet of water, even with her as a load. She doubtless was a little startled, but the gallant fellow meant well, and his act was a farewell tribute to her pluck.

Before eleven o'clock next morning the drams were lashed together; then set out for Coteau with a steam-tug at their head. The procession moved solemnly through Lake St. Francis, the monotony being broken only by passing steamboats, propellers or grain barges, whose passengers eyed us with an interest which was flattering. Perhaps some of them regarded us as on our way to destruction, and shed pitying tears. We certainly grieved for their captivity, though we too were "cribbed, cabined and confined." It is not pleasant sometimes to be an object of interest; but on a raft one learns to endure with patience even a stare through a field-glass. When we were glared at by lady passengers on the steamboats, even the most sunburnt of us showed a heightened colour. By this time constant exposure had blackened some complexions, and given to others a scarlet hue whose brilliancy almost answered the purpose of flint and steel at night. Bardolph's nose was not a circumcumstance to noses on board. More than one person might have had applied to him, with appropriateness, Falstaff's apostrophe to his famous swash-buckler: "Thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp." But as all were more or less sun-painted—complexion veils being out of the question—there was little comparison of hues. Like ladies at a ball or an opera, we by common consent tabooed the subject. At seven in the

evening our destination was reached, and, as the French raftsmen whose assistance was required for the next rapids would not run them on Sunday, we spent that day in the village. At five next morning we found the raft fairly alive with men. There were ten drams, and each dram took about seventeen additional hands and a pilot to work through, at a cost of about $2.50 per man, and $6.00 to the pilot. According as the drams were unfastened, they moved off, the big sweeps making not unpleasant music as they struck the water in steady unison. The bell of the village church rang out a parting blessing ; the men crossed themselves and knelt for a few moments to pray for a safe journey ; and the women and children on shore waived adieux to their fathers, husbands, brothers and lovers—for certainly it seemed that we had carried away the entire male population of the pleasantly situated but exceedingly quiet village. The Coteau and the Cedars (about nine miles apart) were taken at the rate of twelve miles an hour, with the loss of a few sticks of timber, which were driven out of the bottom of the dram as it bounded over a huge boulder, and plunged its bow too deep into the water. One unlucky dram, immediately behind us, had entered the rapid sideways, and being caught in an eddy, whirled and twirled its huge length around until its helpless gyrations almost dizzied those who watched it. Tired with its plaything, the current at last shot it high and dry on shore at a safe but puzzling spot, where its crew had to go to work at the unsatisfactory task of re-rafting. Five miles further on the Cascades were encountered, with the well known Split Rock guarding the entrance like a granite Cerberus. The dangers of the rapids are lost sight of by the tourist on a steamboat: to appreciate them one must, as it were, mingle in the fray, feel on his cheek the foam cast up by the seething waters around him, have his ears filled with their din, and his eyes startled by the rock apparitions which emerge and disappear in an instant, like porpoises at play. The Ile des Cascades lies a short distance from the Pointe des Cascades and, with two or three other smaller islands, breaks the current of the river at its entrance into Lake St. Louis. Here the drams shoot into the whirl of waters produced by a sudden declivity in the river, whose bed is obstructed by rocks in some places, and scooped into cavities in others. The bow oarsmen receive the first shower-bath with resolution, but on the approach of a dense mass of upreared water, rush to the middle of the dram to avoid the onset. Too late ! they are knocked down like ten-pins, and left (luckily for them) sprawling in all directions on the sticks of timber, to which they cling with the tenacity of barnacles. Though rocking like a cradle our good ship rises and plunges forward with desperate energy and equal strength, and gains headway again in the current. A feeling of awe creeps over one, gazing thus upon the contest. The descending waters are precipitated with great velocity between the islands, repelled with seemingly an equal force by the rocks and hollows underneath, then thrown up in spherical figures high above the surface, and driven back once more upon the current. Through this tempest the pilot guides his unwieldy charge, skimming shoals which seemingly block all entrance, and, by a skilful and swift turn, grazing reefs which are apparently unavoidable at our headlong speed. Once more we are through in safety, and in Lake St. Louis have a little leisure to think of absent friends. Soon they come along one after another, but "not the six hundred;" instead of nine, only seven put in an appearance, and we hear with selfish complacency that one is aground and the other "absent without leave," no one knows why. But as the rule is every one for himself, we proceed on our way towards Nun's Island, having first disembarked the Coteau oarsmen. A steam-tug awaited our arrival at the foot of the rapids and took us in tow. While going through the lake we learned

that the Beauharnois canal, 11½ miles long, built to avoid these three rapids, has a rise of lockage of 82½ feet. Six o'clock in the evening found us at anchor near Chateauguay.

The last rapid was to be run on the morrow, and, the night being before us, a little relaxation was indulged in. Visitors from the shore came aboard in canoes, and we were soon on speaking terms with the civilized descendants of the Caughnawaga Indians. Theirs was not a visit of ceremony; they meant business. The Lachine could not be run without their assistance. The foreman of the raft gave audience to the most Indian-looking of the visitors, and after a brief powwow, we learned that a selection of pilots and oarsmen had been made. Each pilot has his gang of men who accompany him on every voyage down, and by arrangement with him their services are secured. The wages given are $2½ per man, $8 or $10 apiece to the pilot and sub-pilots. These wages are earned only when the drams are moored in safety at Montreal; when a dram is wrecked no one gets paid; when put on a shoal, the crew work away until it is taken off, no matter how many days, and receive no further pay than if the usual time were consumed. So, "no success no pay" is the rule of the river adopted to secure due precaution and skill in pilotage. There is no higgling over wages. Custom has laid down a tariff, and none expect more or will take less than the usual fees. In a very short time, therefore, everything is arranged, and the Indians depart as silently as they came, with strict orders to be on board at three o'clock next morning. The raftsmen huddle together in the shanties, the fires are stirred up, and cards, dancing, jokes, stories and songs find their place in the programme of the night. The tourists are told that the most dangerous rapid, the Lachine, has yet to be run, and are plied with tales of hair-breadth escapes from drowning; of drams that had broken from their mooring at night in a gale, and had shot the rapids without pilotage; of drams that had struck rocks in such a manner as to cause the sticks of timber to bounce up high in the air; of drams that had been sucked into eddies and had bathed their crews in six or seven feet of water; of drams that had gone to pieces, and whose unleashed logs had jammed and pounded every one on board into unrecognisable pulp—in fact all the rafting horrors of years are renewed for the especial benefit of the laymen whose fortune it is to be present at the night's recital. But no terror was equal to the ridicule which would have been ours had we gone ashore on the eve of the event which was to cap the climax of the voyage; or to the contempt which would have rendered our names immortally luminous in raftsman's story had we yielded to the promptings of an unbiassed discretion; so, looking as cheerful as possible, we stowed away a more than liberal allowance of hard-tack, potatoes, and tea, and contributed a fair share of the heroic to the night's entertainment. Martyrs to rashness, we could not help endeavouring to recall the particulars of our life policies, so spent a moment or two in wondering whether the suicide clause applied to rapids. But the argument of the 1st Clown in Hamlet, act V. sc. 1. reassured us: "If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is will-he, nill-he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life." This train of thought was consoling, and to the surprise of many, one of us without invitation or pressure announced himself as a volunteer songster. His song was "The night before Larry was stretched." It was too lugubrious, so another broke in with—

> "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
> Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
> Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
> Ne sait quand reviendra."

This was too suggestive; but the unexpected display of temerity, as may be sup-

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posed, raised the tone of the meeting, and a refrain, thrilling, though scarcely intelligible, followed :

"C'était un vieux sauvage,
Tout noir, tout barbouillé,
Ouick' ka !
Avec sa vieille couverte,
Et son sac à tabac,
Ouick' ka !
Ah ! ah ! tenaouich' tenaga
Tenaouich' tenaga, ouick' ka !"

The neighbourhood being full of legend, it was to be expected that a little prompting would draw out some story-teller. An attempt was only too successful. Jean Baptiste (it is as thick here as Jones or Brown elsewhere) remembered, at great length, that his grandfather had rescued from the Lachine a young Indian warrior and an Indian maid, the course of whose love had been as obstructed as the channel through the rapid. The lovers had walked into the river, one frosty morning, hand in hand, intending to drown in each others' arms, but the aforesaid grandfather being lynx-eyed and an early riser, discovered them before they had got far into the stream, and brought them out by raising his gun to his shoulder, and threatening to riddle them with buck-shot. They returned sadly to the shore. The warrior shot himself next day, but the maiden, grieved to the heart at his folly, lived on for many years which she improved by becoming an expert hand at a raft oar, and earning large wages in the rapid. The romance has never been done into verse, so ballad writers may, with impunity, make use of the melancholy particulars. What confirms one's belief in the truthfulness of the story is the fact that a few years ago, when men were scarce hereabouts, womens' rights so far as work was concerned being recognized, squaws were hired to assist at the oars, two of them being considered equal to one man. The love story had the effect of turning the channel of song from the heroic to the sentimental, and the young man Henri trolled out lustily :

"Vive la Canadienne,
Vole, mon cœur vole,
Vive la Canadienne,
Et ses jolis yeux doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux, tous doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux.

"Nous la menons aux noces,
Vole, mon cœur vole,
Nous la menons aux noces,
Dans tous ses beaux atours.

This was too much for the cook, who declared that if the entertainment was to last all night, supper might be indulged in with recklessness. His remarks were loudly cheered, and by way of response he brought in supper in his arms, that is to say, he dived into the hard-tack barrel, and cast upon the table large supplies of biscuit rigid enough to make any teeth, save those of a raftsman, water. False teeth would never serve a useful purpose on a raft. But hard-tack goes very fairly, if well soaked, and the eater has in its favour the prejudice acquired by long abstinence from anything else. It economises time also, which is of some importance on board a raft, as it obviates the conventional objection to a person going about with his meals in his pocket. By way of dessert the cook treated us to some raspberries and raw onions, which he had received from a squaw the day before, in exchange for grease. After this prosaic interruption of the feast of reason which had characterized the night, it was deemed best for all to go to sleep. Ten minutes after the advice had been given all hands were snoring. At three in the morning the Indians came on board, according to orders, and by six everything had been got ready, and the drams cleared for the run. Twenty-six men rowed on each. The sun was shining out gloriously ; not a breath of wind stirred the surface of the river. The oars swung in their holders with a uniform thud. The men pulled, of course, standing up, and as they

were on the lowest tier or bottom of the dram, they moved constantly in five or six inches of water. However, damp feet are not a cause of anxiety to a raftsman. Between Lachine and Caughnawaga the breadth of the St. Lawrence narrows to about half a mile. As we pass the churches on either shore, the men drop on their knees and say their prayers,—some for a moment or two, others for a longer time. There is little or no noise save the splash of oars, and there is much less profanity than is usually heard. "Don't swear till we get through the Lachine," says one rebukingly to an irate companion. The roar of the rapid is now heard. The pace is getting faster and faster every instant. The drams stretch out in line of battle, and the pilot's voice is more frequently heard shouting his orders: "En haut," meaning row away at the bow; "à derrière," at the stern. Now, the bow oars are alone at work; now, the men at the stern make their oars bend with a will; now all, at bow, stern and sides, pull with their utmost strength. Everything depends on how and where we enter the rapids, and as the pilot mops his brow with his red handkerchief, we know that the time has come for all his presence of mind, all his skill. A few feet to the wrong side may suffice to cause him the loss of his pay, and ourselves the loss of our lives. From Caughnawaga to the lower extremity of the rapid, a distance of nearly four miles, there is a gradual shelving descent of the rocky bed of the river. The stream in passing down acquires an irresistible impetus, and towards the lower part runs with a velocity of eighteen miles an hour, until it is separated by some islands below into several channels. Into this ravine we glide with tremendous rapidity, and take the first pitch like a cork, all hands seeking a dry spot in the middle of the dram, until a heavy wave strikes and passes over. Straight onward the dram speeds, the men giving their whole strength to their oars to keep it in the proper course. Now a corner is to be turned, and the violence of the waters is such that the men in the bow can with difficulty retain their places. There is a very Babel of voices. The pilot, notwithstanding his Indian blood, springs to and fro on the timber, and shouts excitedly to the men in a mixture of Indian and French, and the sturdy fellows yell encouragement to each other, with savage appreciation of the danger. Wave after wave gathers itself in a mass and tumbles on us as if seeking to conquer by sheer weight of water; wave after wave dashes itself to fragments against our sturdy side. The shanty leaps into the air; over goes the stove; down come the stove-pipes; the withes can almost be heard to shriek with the agony of extreme tension, and the sticks of timber move restlessly in their faithful clutch. The excitement culminates in a roar of triumph, as the drams swings round the point of danger and cleaves the waves with a hissing sound which tells how fearful is the speed. The men again leap to their oars. In a moment or two we have passed through a stretch of comparative calm; shot over a rocky ledge on the crests of billows so much engaged in smashing each other as to be careless of the use to which they were put by us; and gone headlong down the third pitch. The dram emerges spluttering, and shakes its high sides like a Newfoundland dog. The men are again at their posts, dripping but joyful, and the pilot stands quietly mopping huge patches of perspiration from his face. "A pretty rough passage, pilot," one ventures to observe. "The best I have had, Sir; you brought luck with you." The Victoria Bridge was now in sight, and after passing underneath one of its spans, we were, about two o'clock, brought to anchor near Montreal. Some of the drams, which came out of the rapid too far to the south, found themselves carried by the current on shoals, where they were forced to lie until towed off by steamboats. A good many sticks of timber were floating about, which men in canoes rescued and delivered up on payment

of 50 cents a stick for salvage. These men are called "Le gang quarante" or the Forty Thieves, as their honesty in returning lost timber is questionable. Next day the raft started for Quebec in charge of a steam-tug. As the three days' voyage down was somewhat monotonous, and as the reader is by this time familiar with, if not tired of, life on a raft, it will suffice to add that for generosity, profanity, recklessness, industry, kindness, courage, endurance and simple mindedness, mingled in an olla podrida of manhood, no class will compare with the stalwart swarthy fellows who annually take our timber to the sea.

## DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

LET the world roll blindly on !
Give me shadow, give me sun,
And a perfumed eve as this is :
Let me lie,
Dreamfully,
When the last quick sunbeams shiver
Spears of light athwart the river,
And a breeze, which seems the sigh
Of a fairy floating by,
Coyly kisses
Tender leaf and feathered grasses ;
Yet so soft its breathing passes,
These tall ferns just glimmering o'er me,
Blending goldenly before me,
Hardly quiver !

I have done with worldly scheming,
Mocking show, and hollow seeming !
Let me lie
Idly here,
Lapped in lulling waves of air,
Facing full the shadowy sky.
Fame !—the very sound is dreary,—
Shut, O soul ! thine eyelids weary,
For all nature's voices say,
"'Tis the close—the close of day,
Thought and grief have had their sway :"

Now Sleep bares her balmy breast,—
Whispering low
(Low as moon-set tides that flow
Up still beaches far away ;
While, from out the lucid West,
Flutelike winds of murmurous breath
Sink to tender-panting death),
"On my bosom take thy rest ;
(Care and grief have had their day !)
'Tis the hour for dreaming,
Fragrant rest, elysian dreaming !"

PAUL H. HAYNE.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE discussion of the Treaty continues without any visible alteration of the great divisions of opinion. The farmer, the lumberer, the miner are still favourable, together with a portion of the shipowners; ship-owners whom it greatly concerns to be admitted to the American coasting trade are discontented; the manufacturers, as a body, are adverse. But we are confirmed in the impression that the competition which the manufacturers really fear is not that of the United States, but that of England. Party still, in despite of reason and patriotism, mingles with the question, as no doubt it will with that of the transit of Venus.

We have watched in vain for an answer to the question which we raised at the outset, and which, we imagine, must be answered if the Treaty is to have any chance of passing the Congress of the United States. It is allowed that English goods must always be admitted into this country as free as American. How then are we to discriminate, in exporting to the States, between goods made in England and goods made in Canada? English manufacturers would have no difficulty or scruple in imitating Canadian goods, if necessary, for the American market. The American tariff would then be completely taken in flank, and Canada would become a vast smuggling depôt for the introduction of English goods into the States. Even the Free Traders in Congress would hardly like to see England walk through their tariff without their own consent. The objection seems to us to be practically fatal unless it can be removed. But though the two Governments have acted very properly in bringing the whole subject of the commercial relations between the two countries under consideration, the different parts of the Treaty are not inseparably connected with each other. Whatever may be the fate of the clauses relating to manufactures, the free interchange of natural products would be an unmixed boon to both countries, and, if people will approach the matter in a rational temper, there is no reason why it should not be secured.

In the re-election of Louis Riel for Provencher, we have a conclusive as well as offensive proof that the Manitoban difficulty is not yet at an end. Riel will, of course, be again expelled by Parliament, but Parliament cannot expel sympathy with him from the hearts of those who lead opinion in the Lower Province. It matters comparatively little whether he is or is not mock member for Provencher, while Quebec journals are calling him the most heroic of all the Métis. Manitoba in its present condition, and the Manitoban question, are the cockpit of two elements which unhappily remain unassimilated and unharmonized in the body of the Confederation, and which can be assimilated or harmonized, as the universal experience of history shows, only by the operation of a moral force which in our case is not at work. To go back to the system of the late Government, as disclosed by the Pacific Railway affair and by the result of the Manitoba Inquiry, is out of the question; it would be to purchase the stability of Confederation at the price of everything that makes Confederation, or any other political arrangement, worth having. Better a thousand times open divorce than union in corruption. Though isolation might weaken, it could not weaken half so much as the loss of public virtue. But the position of the present Government is a ticklish one, and

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calls for our consideration and forbearance. Under our present circumstances, Quebec could not seriously be estranged without running the risk of giving birth to an annexation party which, if certain commercial interests found themselves in danger of being ruined by the Treaty, might receive accessions from another quarter. Annexation would effectually amnesty Riel.

The Cabinet which M. de Boucherville, after unusual delay, succeeded in forming in Quebec is too weak to give promise of long duration. It is weak absolutely and relatively: weak in being composed chiefly of third-rate or inexperienced men; weak compared with the abler and more experienced men whom it replaces, and in comparison with others whom it would be easy to point to within the limits of the party to which the Premier, apparently, determined to confine his selection. The length of time which the formation of this Ministry consumed is a silent attestation of the difficulty of the task. However it may be explained, M. de Boucherville has not got together the best, or even the second best, materials in the Conservative party. The selection of M. de Boucherville for the task of forming the Government is itself an enigma. The natural leader was M. Chauveau; and it is possable that he might have induced such men as M. Coursol, Mr. Starnes, M. Blanchet and Mr. Carter to join, while, if report be true, M. de Boucherville applied to them in vain. Either they had not confidence in the new leader or they concluded that the ill-odour of the "land-swap," which proved fatal to the old Ministry, would extend to the new. They might well have feared that the new men would be liable to come under the suspicion of desiring to explain away that accusation. It is uncertain whether the members of the Legislature who refused to figure in the De Boucherville Cabinet will consent to become its adherents and defenders. The late Ministry, self-condemned by the act of resignation, must hang to the skirts of the party on whom the new Ministry relies for support. Against this embarrasment it will be difficult for M. de Boucherville to bear up; especially as he cannot rely on the cordial support, outside the Ministry, of such as refused to share the responsibility of its direction. The national elements of the new Government present no marked points of difference to those of the old. The extreme French separatists have never been, and probably never will be, content to see the Government with two English-speaking members in it. One of their organs insists that this feature of the Ouimet Government, so objectionable from its point of view, bore a larger part in the late break-up than the Tanneries scandal. The dream of forming a party on a national basis, and making it exclusively French, which some indulged during the crisis, was found to be only a dream the moment the new Ministry was announced. The Ministerial party has received a great shock, by which it has become shattered, and from the effects of which it may break to pieces. Whether some of the drifting timber set loose can be fashioned into the platform of an exclusive French party is a problem of which we must leave the solution to the event.

In Ontario, the note of preparation begins to be sounded on both sides for the general election. It is not easy to trace to its cause the feeling which prevails, that the Government has of late been losing ground. Every Government which has anything to give away is, of course, perpetually making enemies in the proportion of three malcontents to one ingrate. Expectation no longer waits on the distribution of the great surplus. The Opposition is also aided by the prevalent jealousy of a power behind the throne. One or two members of the Government individually have done things which they had better not have done, though our sense of their delinquencies is almost drown-

ed in the torrent of exaggerative abuse with which they are assailed. But where no great principles are at stake, and there is nothing on which Party can be rationally founded, personal caprice and the wayward love of change become predominant motives, and under the Ballot they will have free play, as the late elections in England showed. The contest will probably prove a forcible illustration of views which we have often propounded. Among those whose only object is good and honest government, there are probably very few who would not be glad to see the present leader of the Opposition a member of the Ministry. Even advanced Liberals would be disposed, for the sake of securing an honourable administrator of the affairs of Ontario, to overlook the conscientious objections which he is understood to entertain to expelling the Tarquins and beheading King Charles I. Nor could he, we may fairly assume, be more embarrassed by historical questions in acting with Mr. Mowat than he was in acting with the ex-Radical Mr. Sandfield Macdonald. Were the Executive elected by the Legislature, this, the only change which any man of sense must care to see, would be accomplished with certainty and in a quiet way. As it is, there will be a struggle, dignified with the name of a party contest, through the whole province, bribery and corruption will abound, evil passions will be stirred up, characters will be destroyed by the score; and, after all, either the object will not be gained, or it will be gained at the price of a general change of Government, for which, in private, nobody pretends that any adequate reason can be assigned. The only reason, at least of real weight, is the suspicion of subserviency on the part of the government to a secret and irresponsible influence; and this is not, properly speaking, a party issue.

In the Election Trials the judges have done their duty well, and made us sensible of our good fortune in possessing the first of all political blessings, an independent and trustworthy judiciary. Their presence at the scenes of the trials, and their comments on the disclosures, are valuable, as well as their judgments. Justice administered with uprightness and dignity is, besides its direct benefits, an excellent moral lesson for a people. Not one of the decisions as yet has been questioned, and the fear that the position of the judges would be lowered by their connection with election trials, though it was natural, has proved entirely unfounded. We can seldom be sure, in these trials, that the disclosures are complete, as candidates often feel bound to withdraw from the struggle rather than imperil their friends; but so far as the disclosures have gone, though London abundantly deserved the stern admonition of the Chief Justice, the amount of corruption does not appear to have been very great. The worst feature of the case is the levity with which the disclosures are received, and this the bearing of the judges may do not a little to abate. The detection of corrupt practices among the party of Purity of course gives intense pleasure to Conservatives, who seem not unwilling to admit that a certain gay laxity of principle is natural to themselves. "The money is sound; come on and vote against bribery and corruption." This, no doubt, is hypocrisy, but not "organized hypocrisy." It denotes a mixture of two motives, both probably genuine in their way. But the question is not to be trifled with; it is one of life or death to free institutions.

As the Academical year is opening, it is not unseasonable to call attention once more to the question of University consolidation which was mooted by us some time ago, and our view of which has recently received support in a very able address delivered by the President of Cornell University, and noticed in the Toronto *Globe*. The fact is there is not room in Ontario for more than one University worthy of the name. Even

England, with all her wealth and corresponding demand for high culture, finds room only for two. The so-called University of London is merely a central examining board; it does not teach, or discharge any other function of a University; and as it was called into existence solely by the obstinate retention of the Tests which excluded Nonconformists from Oxford and Cambridge, it is not unlikely that, the tests having been abolished, it may in time cease to exist. The attempt to found a new University for the benefit of the North of England, at Durham, has proved totally abortive, though the new institution was sumptuously endowed, both with buildings and funds, out of the colossal wealth of the Cathedral chapter. A similar fate appears to have attended the project of a special University for Wales. The calamitous dispersion of resources and the equally calamitous prostitution of degrees which the friends of the higher education in the United States deplore, and from which they are now struggling, with painful steps, to return to a better system, is the result of mixed causes. But the similar disaster in our case is traceable almost entirely to Church feeling, which was originally forced into its present channel by the exclusive Anglicanism of the University of Toronto. We have said before, and nobody, we believe, has denied, that a small University means an inadequate and under-paid staff, an ill-furnished library, defective apparatus, lack of vigorous intellectual life, depreciated degrees, inferior education in short, and a consequent loss of power to the church which thus allows the intellect of its young men to be starved by poverty of instruction and stunted by seclusion. Another result of denominational Universities is that the national University is apt to contract an anti-Church bias by contrast and antagonism; and as the national University is sure to be the real seat of intellectual power, the cause of religion receives a deadly wound from the instrument intended to promote it. President White calls for central and unsectarian Universities on the model of Cornell. We would qualify this demand. The student, to attend a central University, must leave his home and its influences, religious and domestic. For these a substitute is desired, and the desire is reasonable. The student class at Paris, and even that at Berlin, presents a moral type which we are far from desiring to propagate, much as we must respect the thoroughness of their mental training. But we have already pointed to the plan of an undenominational University, with denominational Colleges—the University furnishing the general instruction, holding the examinations and conferring the degrees, the College furnishing the religious instruction and the moral discipline—as the natural solution of the problem. Let the different denominational Colleges migrate to the precincts of the University of Toronto, and enter into the same relations with it in which an Oxford or Cambridge College is with the University of Oxford or Cambridge. They will lose nothing individually in point of religious or moral character; they will gain collectively all the advantages of a great University. Mere affiliation without migration to the central University would be something, because it would introduce uniformity of examinations, and thus restore in a measure the value of degrees; but it would not give us concentration of resources or much better instruction, and the instruction always drags down the examinations to its level, set your standard as high as you will. The heads of denominational Colleges might hold University offices—Professorships or the Vice-Chancellorship—as the heads of Colleges do at Oxford and Cambridge. No doubt, rooted feeling and strong local influences are in the way. But the first church which moves in this direction will at once render a great service to the general cause, and increase

its own influence in proportion to the improvement which is sure to follow in the training and intellectual power of its young men, besides relieving itself of a burden which hardly belongs to it as a religious association. Theological Colleges, and the theological departments of other Colleges, might of course remain where they are, and continue to do their own work; in the case of theological students seclusion is not a disadvantage. The same may be said of denominational schools, into which the local Universities might perhaps be partly converted.

At the same time we most earnestly hope that the University of Toronto will not shrink from adapting itself to the general requirements of the country by organizing a thoroughly efficient department of practical science. It was understood to be entering on this path of improvement at the instance of some of the most eminent representatives of practical science among us, who assert that for want of such training great advantages are slipping through our hands. How far the teaching of practical science is suitable work for Oxford or Cambridge is not the question: Universities, like other institutions, must meet the exigencies of the community to which they belong, and in a new country they must, to a certain extent, mix trades. Mere alterations of the curriculum or of the degrees will not be enough. What is needed is an efficient department, not severed from the University, but with a head of its own, a comprehensive master of practical science, with the power of organization, whose special functions need not, however, in any way interfere with the supremacy of the general head of the University. The aid of the Government and the Legislature will, no doubt, be needed, and it could not be better bestowed.

Upon the meeting of the reorganized Council of Public Instruction for Ontario, a question was raised as to the publicity of its proceedings. Some propose that reporters should be present at the sittings. The question is one which, we may safely say, has very little interest for the general readers of newspapers, who would prefer a column filled with less intellectual intelligence. In fact, if the Council wished to shroud itself in perfect mystery, it could hardly do better than publish a verbatim report of its proceedings in all the morning papers. The throne of the Congress of the United States has in this way become "dark with excess of light," while the sanctuary of private life, as it stimulates curiosity by its seclusion, is everywhere eagerly penetrated by the purveyors of food for the public appetite. The answer to the proposal of introducing reporters at the meetings of a deliberative Council is, however, one general in its scope, and founded on a fact little noticed, but of no small importance. Where publicity commences deliberation ends. No assembly, the discussions of which are reported, is, or can possibly be, really deliberative. To render deliberation real, every one must be perfectly at liberty to change his mind up to the close of the discussion; but when a member's opinion has once been taken down by a reporter, his liberty of changing his mind is gone. Tentative suggestions, objections thrown out for the purpose of eliciting answers, the characteristic methods of men really taking counsel together, are almost equally precluded, and the so-called deliberation becomes a mere registration of opinions formed before the discussion began. There is not a grain of counsel in all the debates of the British House of Commons or in those of any legislature sitting with open doors. The result is settled beforehand; and if there is any deliberation it goes on in some sort of cabinet or caucus, where a free interchange of thought can take place. The public knows this, and unless there is something spicy in the way of rhetoric or personality, it never reads the report of the debates.

It seemed to us that the speeches of the Governor-General during his recent tour showed, in point of form, an almost unique talent for that kind of composition. Their substance we did not very closely scrutinize; but, so far as our scrutiny went, we saw no questionable tendency, nor in fact any tendency at all. The speeches appeared to us simply the harmonious accompaniment, admirable in its kind, of the viceregal march. But it seems that some of them, purely by accident as the result shows, had a trifle too much of Canada and too little of Downing Street; and there are people who, like Mr. Wodehouse in "Emma," always insist on having their gruel thin, but not too thin. His Excellency, upon having his attention called to the subject, most graciously added a grain of Downing Street to the compound; the gruel is now pronounced to be of the right consistency, and nobody feels his baronetcy any longer in danger. This is fortunate; but we cannot help remarking that this anxious discussion of a Governor-General's personal utterances is irrational, somewhat slavish, and calculated to bring on, what we all wish to avoid, a discussion of the Governor-General himself. So long as the Governor of a Colony speaks as the representative of Her Majesty, and the mouthpiece of Her Majesty's Government, what he says will be received with an uncriticizing respect which will be preserved from the slightest taint of servility by its conformity to the rational laws of the constitution. But when his personal utterances are dwelt upon and used to give currency to one set of opinions and to inflict a stigma upon another set, criticism is challenged, and the right cannot be foregone without a real dereliction of constitutional liberty and real detriment to the public interests. Criticism, however, is not always favourable. No human being who has passed out of the Darwinian stage and learnt to walk erect imagines that artificial rank can lend a grain of additional weight to the words of its possessor. We may have in a Governor a man of genuine talent and accomplishments. But any one at all familiar with English public life must know that from the undiscriminating wheel of political fortune the governorship of a colony is sometimes drawn by a man to whose opinions his own friends and associates attach no special importance, on whose lips, if he were talking at a London dinner-table, even on a subject with which he was familiar, the company would not hang. It is enough that he is capable of playing correctly and with dignity his constitutional part. But even if he is a man of marked ability, he comes to a land in which he has never before set foot, and from the hour of his arrival the screen of a court is interposed between him and the truth. He may make State progresses through the country no doubt, but readers of the Arabian Nights will remember that the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, when he wanted really to know what was going on, did not make State progresses through the streets of Bagdad. If a Governor speaks not of the condition and temper of the colony, but of general systems and theories of government, national or imperial, his judgment is worth no more than that of any other publicist of the day; if he aims at popularity, it is of course worth much less; nor can his forecast determine the future any more than that of the secretary at his side. Canada must read her destiny not in anybody's utterances, but where a nation always reads it—in her own heart.

It is curious to watch the fitful outbreaks in England of interest in Canadian affairs, and the strange shapes which English speculation about them takes. Somebody has possessed the London journals with the belief that we are all fired with a sudden desire of legislative union. The only ground for this fancy apparently is the projected union of the Maritime Provinces, which we need hardly say, if it is anything more than an economical measure, is an attempt to redress

the balance of Confederation. Never we fear was the desire of legislative union or closer union of any kind less prevalent in Quebec than it is at this moment; and even as to the other Provinces the Ottawa Government would hardly say that its difficulty lay in moderating the violence of the centripetal tendency. The motives assigned to us by the London press for desiring a further change in our condition, are scarcity of first-class politicians and the special corruptness in the local legislatures. That the local legislatures are more corrupt than the central legislature it would not be easy to prove. The Land Swap and the Silver Islet job have their peers in the Pacific Railway case and some other episodes in the annals of Ottawa. That the local legislature of Ontario has been to a lamentable extent depleted of eminence, not to say of decency, by the removal of its leading men to Ottawa, and stands greatly in need of improvement, is too true; but it may be doubted whether any but the few who attend the debates have a lively consciousness of the fact. The local legislatures have plenty of very substantial work to do: if there is a hollowness anywhere, it is in the case of the central government, which, though Federal in character, is not invested with the ordinary powers of a Federal government with regard to peace, war and external relations, and is consequently a good deal occupied with the simple work of keeping itself in existence by the arts and engines of party management. As to Manitoba and British Columbia, they, especially the latter, are not yet morally in the Confederation, much less are they ripe for a more intimate union.

It is true that the consolidation of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, to which the English journals confidently add Newfoundland, into a single Province, may be in one respect a step towards further change, inasmuch as it will reduce the number of members of the Confederation far below that hitherto deemed essential to the Federal form of government. A considerable number of States, pretty equal in power to each other, or so related that no one State could visibly preponderate or be visibly depressed, seems from reason and experience to be the best basis for federation. If Manitoba and British Columbia become *bona fide* members of our system, and increase in population so as to stand on a level politically with Ontario, Quebec and Acadia, our number will be five. Otherwise it will be three; and there will then be a great risk of a combination of two against one, and of the practical exclusion of the third from power, which could not fail to endanger the stability of the Confederation. An escape from that dilemma might be sought in legislative union, as an escape from the deadlock caused by the chronic struggle between Upper and Lower Canada was sought in Confederation, provided that it were possible to overcome the national and ecclesiastical separatism of Quebec. But at present the tendency, the causes of which the London press is expounding to an edified public, does not in fact exist.

The formation now accomplished of a new religious community, under the name of the Reformed Episcopal Church, by the split between the High Church and the Evangelical Anglicans, is an event which in its spiritual aspect belongs to the province of theologians, but which has also a social and economical aspect cognizable by lay writers. The economies of religion may sound like an irreverent expression; but, as Mr. Gladstone said, in vindicating the right of Parliament to deal with the funds of the Irish Establishment, Churches, though their summits are in the skies, have their foundations in the dust. The underpayment of ministers is not only a cause of just complaint to the ministers themselves, but a matter of great concernment to society; for if ministers are underpaid, human nature being what it is in post-apostolic times, we shall assuredly have

inferior men in places of great social authority and influence. But underpayment is traceable, in part at least, to the peculiar economical conditions, or rather to the anti-economical conditions of the profession. Instead of one minister for a given number of people, we are called upon to maintain three or four, with as many churches and their appurtenances, on the ground of differences of doctrine which, so far as the various denominations of Protestants are concerned, if they have not lost all the hold they had upon the popular mind in that zealous and contentious age in which the Churches were originally formed, have in great measure lost their power of opening the popular purse. Economy therefore distinctly counsels, if conscience does not absolutely forbid, a junction with some existing church in preference to the formation of a new one. The boundary line between Catholicism and Protestantism is clear; and it runs and forms the line of cleavage through the Church which has hitherto combined both elements in an undeveloped state, and is now being riven asunder by their development. Church infallibility, the divine right of the priesthood, the sacramental system, auricular confession and the need of priestly absolution, are matters about which compromise is as impossible as it is at once to affirm and deny that a miracle is wrought in the consecration of the eucharist. It is necessary therefore that, when there are both Catholics and Protestants, there should be both a Catholic and a Protestant Church, and the strictest economy has nothing to say against the expenditure. But a study of the history of Protestant Churches enables us to understand and forgive the comparative apathy of the people about dogmatic differences which were not regarded as grounds of estrangement by the Reformers themselves till they had been aggravated by controversy, and then stereotyped in the formation of rival churches. In a country like ours, there prevails among Protestants of all denominations, in their social and domestic life, not only charity such as may exist even in spite of vital differences, but the harmony and the consciousness of being governed by the same principles and actuated by the same motives which any vital differences would exclude. And except for something which they really feel to be vital, people will not easily be persuaded to lay down their cash. This is no doubt the lowest of all the considerations that can present themselves to the minds of people deliberating on the foundation of a new Church. But though low, it is real, which is more perhaps than can be said for some of the things which separated Luther, Calvin, John Knox, and Hooper, with their respective disciples, from each other.

Which of the two sections of the Anglican Church whose disruption has given occasion to these remarks has the truth upon its side, is a question which it does not fall within our province to discuss. That both produce Christian characters is, perhaps, an indication that neither of them has a monopoly of the means by which Christian characters are produced. But we shall be guilty of no impropriety in saying that their mutual resentment, and the angry diatribes in which it finds expression, are entirely misplaced. They are alike the victims of a series of historical accidents, belonging to a remote age, which have combined under the same outward organization two churches radically differing in essential principles from each other. Torpor alone produced a semblance of identity; the influences which have warmed the sections into spiritual life have disclosed their fundamental antagonism to each other. Their only rational, their only Christian course, is to recognize this fact and part in peace, without discrediting religion, in its hour of peril, by scandalous altercations.

In the Toronto "Church Chimes," which announces itself as "a Monthly Organ of Catholic Progress in Canada," we have an account of a commemoration of the Guild

of St. Lawrence, commencing with "a high celebration of the Holy Eucharist," and conducted throughout in a way which would probably have been too much for Laud, and would most certainly have filled with horror the strongest High Churchman of the last century. The "celebrant" afterwards preached a sermon in which he urged the Guild "to abstain from controversy, which always created bitterness, which never converted sinners, and which widened the gulf between souls." But in an adjoining column, and signed with the preacher's own initials, we find these lines:

"The vested Priest of God before the altar stands,
For this from age to age the Church of God commands,
As one who turns to greet a Presence at a Shrine—
Uplifting Holy Gifts, not earthly but divine,
He stands where by his deed the Truth shown forth appears,
He stands where Priests have stood for twice nine hundred years.

"But at the 'Northern end' the people's hireling stays,
Because he knows that this is popular and pays—
Because by doing this which all dissenters do,
He prospers with the rent of many an added pew,
Nor recks he that such act is but the outward sign
Of Preacher put for Priest, of Table changed for Shrine."

Commend us to such abstinence from bitterness. Commend us also to the respect for facts which represents the "priests" of the Church of England as having always stood before the altar. Clarendon states expressly that up to the time of Laud the communion table itself stood in the centre of the church. In another column we find a "Hymn for Children," commencing thus:

"I am a little Catholic,
I love my church and school:
I love my dear old English Church,
I love her faith and rule.

"I'm not a little Protestant,
As some would have me say;
I'm not a little Romanist;
So call me what you may."

If the little theologian means to say that its dear old English Church did not till yesterday with one voice call herself Protestant, we are surprised at its precocious assurance. We may add that if it repudiates both Protestantism and Romanism, while the Greek Church refuses to have anything to do with it, the ground left it will scarcely be wide enough for its infant feet. But the moral, we repeat, is—part in peace.

There are still some good men to whom the opening of two new and handsome theatres or opera-houses in Toronto will seem a bad sign. It would have been so in the days of the Restoration dramatists, but it is not so now. It is now a sign not only of growing wealth but of an improvement in the popular taste, which all sensible reformers will encourage. The theatre has unquestionably been a great organ of immorality. But it has also been, and is always capable of being made, a great organ of morality. Noble sentiment seldom sinks more deeply into the hearts of the people than when it comes to them with the vividness of drama and in the impressive tone of a good actor. But to keep the standard high, the theatre must be patronized by those who will put up with nothing low. Our theatres, partly owing to the want of suitable accommodation, have hitherto been little frequented by the more educated class; and the consequence has been that our people have, to a lamentable extent, been left to batten on those wild sensation dramas which are only one degree less depraving than those commonly called immoral. Such wretched stimulants are not necessary. Shakespeare wrote for the people, and he is their prime favourite still. The same remarks hold good with regard to the opera, which is now more popular than the ordinary drama, and which, if neglected by those who ought to regulate public taste, sinks into a wretched compound of vulgar music and licentious ballet-dancing. The people appreciate music of a better kind

when they hear it, and the power of music as an instrument of national culture has not yet been fully tried even by the most musical nations.

Our eyes are not often turned to the British Colonies which, on the other side of the globe, are running with us the race of Anglo-Saxon freedom; but Victoria is at present the scene of a political crisis from which we may derive practical instruction. The Bicameral system has there signally collapsed. The Legislature of Victoria is composed, after the fashion prescribed by the best writers on political science, of two Houses. In members and electors of the Upper House a property qualification is required: in the case of members an estate of £2,500 or an income of £250, in the case of electors an estate of £1,000, or an income of £100, an exception being made in favour of graduates and students of universities, clergymen, schoolmasters, lawyers, physicians and officers of the army and navy, whose education is accepted as an equivalent for property. The Lower House is elected by manhood suffrage. The members of the Upper House go out by rotation, so regulated that a total change is effected in ten years; the members of the Lower House are elected for a term of three years. This seems a reasonable plan, and one which, if the Bicameral system were what its devotees imagine, might be expected to work well. The result, however, has been a chronic collision between the two Houses and a legislative deadlock. As the only mode of escape from the dilemma, it is proposed to enact that, after twice disagreeing, the two Houses shall fuse and vote as a single House. But this will be, once more, the case of the Frenchman who conformed to the English custom of using sugar-tongs by taking them into his hand and slipping his fingers through them to pick up the sugar. The formal process of two disagreements and a fusion will be the sugar-tongs through which the party which has the majority will take up a legislative result previously arranged in caucus. It is by an exactly analogous process that a State Legislature in the United States elects a United States Senator; and there the result is, that the party caucus settles the affair by a nomination which is equivalent to an election, and then performs the electoral minuet prescribed by the wisdom of the Constitution.

We have before had occasion to advert to the strange dance which constitution-builders and the world in general have been led by a mistake as to the character of the British House of Lords. The British House of Lords is not an Upper Chamber: it is an estate of the realm. It represents, or rather it is, a great interest separate from the Commons and the clergy, which are the two other estates; for, to speak of the Crown, which summoned the estates to Parliament, as itself an estate, is a constitutional solecism: and the action of the House of Lords throughout the political history of England has been in accordance with its character. It has invariably played the part of a territorial aristocracy, naturally resisting, as long as it dared, in the interest of its own possessions and privileges, every change which could in any way be regarded as democratic, and many changes merely from a feeling that every change tends to undermine established privilege. Its existence may have been beneficial to the nation or the reverse; but this is what it is and this is what it has done. The theory that it has acted as an impartial organ of mature political wisdom, calmly revising the precipitate decisions of the more popular House, is historically baseless, though it is the origin of all the modern Senates and Upper Chambers of every description which have filled the legislative world with confusion or abortion. Perhaps the delusion has been aided by a kindred fallacy regarding the American Senate, which, it is needless to say, is a representation of States, and would fall to the ground at once if the

extreme view of the Republican party could take effect and the Federal Constitution give place to that of a united and centralized nation.

Had the framers of constitutions, who fancied that in their Bicameral structures they were reproducing the House of Lords, studied English history instead of studying formal and legal accounts of the Constitution which are rather the product of the wig than the brain, they would have known that the experiment of a Second Chamber was once made in England, and with a very decisive result. Partly perhaps to relieve his government of the strain laid on it by a chronic struggle with the Parliament, partly as a step towards the restoration of the constitutional monarchy, the Protector Cromwell formed an Upper House by nomination, in compliance with the prayer of his adherents embodied in the Petition and Advice. The failure was immediate and disastrous. By the removal of the leading supporters of Government into the Upper House, which was necessary to give that House character, the lead in the Lower House was broken up, the two Houses fell foul of each other, and the Parliament was dissolved in a storm.

Of elective Upper Chambers, the end has been deadlock; of nominative Upper Chambers the end has been nullity. We have before quoted the words of M. Duvergier d'Hauranne as to the total nullity of the nominative Upper Chamber in France. They may be applied with emphasis to the nominative Senate of the Dominion. A better opportunity could hardly have been devised than the Pacific Railway affair for the authoritative intervention of a Senate, if the Senate had possessed any real authority with the people; yet not only was no help or counsel found in it, but its name literally was not mentioned through the whole of the affair. It is true that the nominations have been unsatisfactory: they have been used as mere payments for party services or as bribes: hardly a single effort has been made to strengthen the body and increase its influence by the appointment of men who, though outside the party ring, might be fitted by their personal character, position and intellect, to lend dignity to a Senate. But what can a party government do? It has always some political debt to pay, and if it began to talk about the public service, its party would disband.

There is no use in attempting to divide the national will, for it cannot be divided; or to make it place external checks upon itself, for such checks will never be real. The only hope of mitigating the excesses and controlling the passions of democracy lies in purifying the national will itself, and in providing that its expression shall be as far as possible fair, deliberate, and equable. Party government and general elections are stimulants of political passion, which such devices as the Bicameral system are powerless to countervail.

The state of opinion in England, which we endeavoured to describe in our last number, has been strikingly illustrated by Professor Tyndall's address to the British Association. Before an audience which may safely be taken as thoroughly representative of the most highly educated classes, the Professor propounded the blankest Materialism in the broadest terms. Matter, according to him, is all, the beginning and the end. If we might be pardoned a cursory remark on such a subject, we should say that to matter he must at least add a force or a power of evolution capable of giving birth to conscious personality, and to all the phenomena of intellectual, moral and spiritual life. But of what can we conceive as imparting such force or power, except a Being who possesses them Himself? Evolution may generate everything else, but it cannot generate evolution. The belief that conscious personality or the power of producing it can be bestowed by anything which itself is devoid of consciousness and of per-

sonality, is as repugnant to the fundamental laws of our understandings as the proposition that two and two make five.

The extravagant authority which is now conceded to mere physicists in questions beyond their proper sphere, and which they are using to reduce humanity to a herd of scientific animals, is the Nemesis of the theological habit hitherto prevalent, of attempting to decide scientific questions without reference to science. But it is surely not less irrational than the fallacy which it furnishes. The phenomena of moral and spiritual life are as real as those which fall under the cognizance of anatomy or geology; the character of St. Paul is as much a fact as the conformation of a monkey's brain; and before we can presume to propound an hypothesis, each set of phenomena demands careful investigation. But the careful investigation of moral and spiritual phenomena is what the physicists have not had time to undertake; so they assume the universality of physical laws, and throw out some slapdash theory to account for anything which does not seem readily to conform to that assumption. The objection to Mr. Darwin's account of the higher life of man is not that it is degrading (for if we are mere animals, mere animals we must be), but that it fails to cover the facts. He affirms that conscience, and everything connected with it, may be resolved into a sort of etiquette generated by the gregarious sentiments of the human herd. This appears to him a satisfactory account of spiritual life with all its emotions, hope and aspirations, with all its self-sacrifices and martyrdoms, with all its prayers, and hymns and fanes. But it occurs to him, very justly, that the existence of remorse is incompatible with his theory; accordingly he denies the existence of remorse. In another passage he says that a man who had committed a heartless act of cruelty to a dog must have felt remorse all the rest of his life.

In the case of Professor Tyndall there is, what in the case of Professor Huxley there is not, a peculiar personal proclivity to the coarser view of things. His letter on the Jamaica Massacre was the most repulsive expression we have ever seen of the sentiments generated by an exclusive study of the animal nature of man. It reminded us of the German anthropologist who told Agassiz that, if science had its due, a scientific man would be able to go into the street and shoot a specimen of the genus homo for his museum.

What it concerns us to note, however, is the way in which Professor Tyndall's materialism was received. "The Professor's confession," says the Conservative-liberal *Spectator*, "that he believed matter, using the word in a very broad sense, to be the ultimate cause of all, is said to have caused some sensation, but so little as to show that his somewhat fierce demand for freedom for scientific statement was in this country hardly required. It is the right of political statement which now requires extension. Professor Tyndall will be much less persecuted socially for denying the existence of God than he would be for questioning the value of monarchy, and may defend Atheists with much less abuse than Communists or Oligarchs. English "Society," nowadays, holds two things to be divine: Property and the usual." But why is a man who questions the value of monarchy persecuted by people who would themselves scoff at the religious loyalty of the Cavaliers, and who in private have no scruple in battening on the grossest scandal about members of the Royal Family? Simply because they think that monarchy is an outwork of property and its pleasures, so that the two social divinities of the *Spectator* may be reduced to one. It would be unjust, however, to omit Flunkeyism, which, among the vulgar rich especially, has reached a point literally unparalleled since the monstrous servility of the Roman empire; for a certain generous superstition, not unfruitful of deeds of honour, mingled

with the sentiment of the old *régime* in France. Such Englishmen as Hampden and Falkland, to take a name from each camp, looked on political institutions and social grades merely as temporary necessities and as safeguards of the higher life; and while they would have been led by their religion to pay due reverence to every lawful ordinance of man, they would have regarded with contemptuous loathing the adulation now offered to artificial rank in England, and, unfortunately, not there alone. Supposing Professor Tyndall's theory to be true, and granting, as we heartily grant that, if it is true, it ought to be made known to mankind; still, either the world has been upside down for some eighteen hundred years, or people are not in a very noble mood when they furiously resist any inquiry into their material arrangements, and look on with complacency or apathy at the dethronement of their God. What a glimpse does this affair give us into the interior of that cathedral where the rank and wealth of England met to offer their thanksgivings for the recovery of the Prince of Wales!

At the same time, in this singular menagerie of opinion, we have a vehement controversy raging about the title of Reverend, as applied to ministers of religion. A Nonconformist minister assumes the title on a tombstone erected to the memory of his daughter. But the clergy, naturally elated by the Conservative victory to which they so largely contributed, are venturing to display their recovered ascendancy in a way not altogether convenient to their political chiefs. The rector indignantly excludes the tombstone from the cemetery. The parties appeal to the Bishop, who decides one way, and to the Archbishop, who decides the other; the ecclesiastical antiquaries hasten to bring their stores of erudition to the solution of a problem so important to humanity. When the question about Reverend is settled, it seems likely that a supplemental controversy as to the use of the term "minister" will arise. And the din of this quarrel about ecclesiastical nomenclature mingles in the newspapers with the voice of Science denying the existence of a Creator. The Roman battering-ram shakes the gates, and the defenders of the Temple are fighting among themselves over a title which, without intruding on the province of the antiquaries, we may venture to say was not known to the Apostles.

The battering-ram does now shake the gates of the Temple in earnest. The greatest and deepest controversy, the most momentous and far-reaching in its probable consequences that the world ever saw, appears to be drawing to a head in England. Our readers can hardly have failed to see some allusion to an anonymous work entitled "Supernatural Religion." The book itself, though erudite and laborious, is, we should say, not of first-rate ability, and it lacks, in tone at least, the perfect impartiality peculiarly required of those who undertake to arbitrate on a question of evidence. But the profound impression which it has evidently made is not surprising, for it goes to the vital point. It subjects to a strict examination the positive evidence for the miraculous portions of Christianity. As we have had occasion to say before, in criticising works upon these subjects, the question whether an extraordinary event has or has not taken place cannot be settled by the application of general principles. The famous proposition of Hume, with which, as with a logical scythe, he supposed himself to have mown away at once all possibility of belief in miracles, will be found on close examination to amount to no more than this, that a miracle cannot take place because its occurrence would be miraculous. On the other hand, much of the general reasoning of the defenders of miracles is capable of being resolved into platitudes equally valueless. Is the fact attested by a sufficient number of trustworthy eye-witnesses? That is the real question in the case of an alleged

restoration of sight to the blind as well as in the case of any alleged event which is the subject of investigation in a court of justice. And it is raised by the author of "Supernatural Religion," though, as we have said, not with transcendent ability, with a fulness and completeness of detail which apparently must lead to a thorough discussion and bring the controversy to a decisive issue.

In the midst of the crisis is still heard the voice of poor Mr. Greg crying out, in article after article, that if religion loses its restraining power, somebody may take away his mutton and claret, and imploring us all to set up some new religion for the purposes of spiritual police in place of that which, as the author of "The Creeds of Christendom," he has done his best, upon grounds in our humble judgment extremely trivial, to pull down. There can be no doubt that even mutton and claret would be less secure if earthly law were their only safeguard; though Mr. Greg may derive some comfort from the continuance of social order of a certain kind, without any religious belief, under the Roman Empire and in modern China. But what is to be said about the millions who have no mutton or claret—the multitudes whose lot, even in the great pleasure city of Plutocracy, approximates much more closely to that of the cab-horse than to that of the millionaire—and to whom Mr. Greg offers the stone of his political economy in place of bread here, while Professor Tyndall denies them hope hereafter?

The conversion of the Marquis of Ripon to the Church of Rome has made a sensation proportioned rather to the rank than to the intelligence of a nobleman who earned his grade in the peerage by his participation in the Treaty of Washington. All this has happened before. In the reign of Charles I, the Ritualist element in the Church of England was stimulated to activity just as it is at present; and then as now the Ritualist hen was often perturbed by finding that she had hatched a Romanist duck, and by seeing the young bird take to its congenial element. Clarendon says that the success of the Jesuit missionaries in his time was chiefly among the weaker members of the female aristocracy. But the effects of factitious rank and unearned wealth upon the character and the understanding are not confined to one sex.

Famine in India has now been fairly beaten by British administration. The highest praise is due to the Viceroy, both for the measures which he has taken and for those which, though menaced with the wrath of an imperious press, he firmly refused to take. Had he prohibited the exportation of rice, as he was angrily summoned to do, he would in the first place have inflicted dearth upon the Provinces to which a good deal of the rice is exported; in the second place he would have locked up the stores of the commodity which he thus debarred from a remunerative market; and in the third place he would have inflicted a permament injury on commerce and production far exceeding in magnitude the relief afforded by his interference. As it is, both commerce and production appear to have received a stimulus which will partly countervail the loss occasioned by the famine. A formidable truth, however, appears to have come to light. Indian famine has revealed itself as no accident, but a law. The soil is marvellously rich, but dependent for its fertility on periodical rains. As a rule, the rains come; the land teems with plenty, and teems at the same time with a population which multiplies with rabbit-like fecundity and recklessness, up to the limits of its coarse and poor, but easily raised and abundant food. Occasionally, however, the rain fails, and a local famine is the inevitable result. British dominion has in some respects aggravated, in others alleviated the evil. By banishing to the frontier the wars and disturbances which previously filled the whole country, it

has removed the rude checks on the growth of a redundant population, and thus brought new multitudes into a precarious existence. At the same time it has probably had the usual effect of conquest in reducing whatever there was of native energy and self-help among the people. The fall of the Roman Empire was due to a variety of causes, of which slavery was undoubtedly one: but the main cause was the general apathy and helplessness which a state of servile security produced. On the other hand, the evil has been met in a way in which it had never been met before, by British administration, and by the increased facilities of locomotion which have been introduced under British auspices of late years. In the chronicles of the middle ages an ever-recurring incident is famine, which for the most part was merely local, though the monkish chronicler, with his limited horizon, fancied it to be universal, but which from the want of means of distribution defied relief. Under the Mogul Emperors, if a famine occurred in one of the Provinces, it was no doubt allowed to run its course by a government at once helpless and comparatively callous to the sufferings of a servile people.

England, however, is beginning to count the cost of her gorgeous and envied possession. The famine in Bengal will cost six millions sterling; the famine in Orissa, if relieved on the same scale, would, it is said, have cost still more. The London *Times*, in an article which we may be sure echoes the talk of the clubs, observes that Indian finance is always in arrear — always represented as really flourishing, always entering on a new period of prosperity and surplus, but still always in arrear. If India were a nation, finance would be only one element in her prospects; but as she is a subject empire, finance is all. The Duke of Wellington's saying is fulfilling itself: "It would be a shame to govern India badly; but it is ruinous to govern her well." England has undertaken to provide a vast and semi-barbarous country, in which there is no self-help, with all the appliances of the most civilized humanity, and she begins to find that no financial genius is equal to the task. That is the great fact which at once harmonizes Mr. Grant Duff with Mr. Fawcett, and silences them both. The old East India Company did pretty much as the Indian princes before it had done; it administered in a rough way, and shut its eyes to famines, while England could, to a certain extent, shut her eyes to the shortcomings of the East India Company. But the incorporation of the great dependency with the Imperial country has brought everything home to the conscience of England, and she feels bound to extend to an apathetic and half civilized race of slaves all that has been produced by the energy and intelligence of her own free and highly civilized people. It is difficult to reconcile conquest with humanity, though it is honourable to have been the first to make the attempt. The fears of Anglo-Indians have constantly pointed to the rise of some prophet-soldier, of the type familiar to oriental revolution, as the destined term of our Eastern Empire; and the Wahabee movement, together with the progress which Mahomedanism has indubitably been making among the natives, seemed to announce the approach of fate. But Deficit may do, in a less romantic way, the work assigned by learned presage to a Mokanna.

The British Premier the other day proclaimed the advent of a European crisis of the most appalling kind; if we trusted his words, we should fancy ourselves on the eve of an Armageddon which, unfortunately for Canada, would not be confined to the mortal shock of the Powers of Good and Evil by land, but would also entail maritime operations, extending, probably, to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. But the announcement produced no more effect on public opinion or the funds than a prediction of the end of the world by Dr. Cumming. There are no

signs of special activity in the British dockyards; no note of preparation of any kind is heard. Mr. Lowe, who is always railing at classical education, and never opens his mouth without talking Greek, calls Mr. Disraeli a teratologist, a word of which it is difficult to find a polite translation, but which does not mean that the startling statements of the person to whom it is applied are to be taken as literally true. The conflict foreshadowed by Mr. Disraeli was a vast religious war; it was a great onslaught of the Papacy and its embattled hosts upon civil liberty represented by the State; and his object in foretelling its arrival was manifestly a practical one—to raise the wind that was needed to fill the sails of the Public Worship Bill. That in the field of theological controversy and in the political arena the coming years will witness a very severe and probably final conflict between Rome and mental freedom, between the spirit of the middle ages and that of modern society, no prophet is needed to foretell. But the prospect of an armed collision is at present very slight. On the hills of Northern Spain the last army of the Papacy is making its last stand. Whence is another host to be drawn? Where are the reserves of Rome? Believing Power there is none. France, though unbelieving, would espouse the cause of the Papacy and draw again the sword of St. Louis if she could thereby gain her revenge, disunite Germany, and reduce Italy again to vassalage. But whatever French journalists may write, France well knows that at present her military power is a headless lance and a broken sword. She has cherished and fed insurrection in Spain, vaguely hoping perhaps that some aggrandizement to her might be the result; feeling at all events, as she always has felt, that she had an interest in her neighbour's weakness. But she is called upon to recognize the government of Serrano, and, though with a cry which betrays her bitter mortification, she is forced to yield. In no other quarter can Rome now look for superstitious hosts, such as were set in motion by the ambition of Hildebrand or of Innocent III. Germany, Austria, Italy, even Spain is gone.

There is a danger of war in Europe far more real than that which arises from the ineffectual wrath of a religious fanaticism no longer able to wield the temporal sword. It is the existence of standing armies numbering some six millions of men, besides naval armaments on a similar scale. These are the means of doing ill-deeds, the constant sight of which makes it morally certain that in the end ill deeds will be done. Passion, royal or national, thus armed will never learn self-control. If great standing armies have ever been long in existence without kindling the flames of war, it has been in cases like that of the Roman army in ancient and the Austrian in modern times, where work enough was found for the soldiery in guarding a vast frontier or in securing the allegiance of reluctant provinces. The wars, for the most part frivolous in their pretexts and barren in their results, but murderous and desolating, which filled the period from the accession of Frederick the Great to the era of the French Revolution, whence did they arise but from the possession of great standing armies ready for the service of ambition or passion by Frederick himself and the Sovereigns his contemporaries? The world reeked with carnage and smoked with devastation to avenge an epigram on a woman who happened to have thirty legions at her command. National passions are less mean than personal passions, but they are not less angry or explosive. Curiously enough, the one of all the great powers which is most suspected of aggressive designs is the one in which the principal cause of danger least exists. The army of Germany is in great measure not one of those mercenary hosts, of whose blood ambition is as reckless as it is of powder, but a citizen army in whose wounds the country bleeds.

It is not only that when passion is kindled the possession of a standing army affords the means of indulging it. The presence of these hosts, always glittering and blaring before the eyes and in the ears of the people, keeps up the military fever, and trains nations in the love of war. In France no distribution of prizes at a public school, no civic ceremony or festival of any kind could take place without the practical inculcation of the lust of glory. Opinion, even the opinion of philosophers, has been infected more deeply than those whose studies have not led them to the secret sources of events may be aware. Of the social and historical philosophers of France a large proportion are propagators of the military sentiment, not a few direct advocates of war. Direct advocacy of war is characteristic, for instance, of the writers of the theocratic school of which De Maistre was the chief. De Maistre actually teaches that it is the duty and the destiny of man to immolate his fellows in fields of battle, and he connects this horrible fancy with the sacrifice of the Atonement. Even in the mystic shrine of Hegel's metaphysics may be traced that respect for force, engendered by the constant sight of its most palpable embodiment, which, finding more open expression in the writings of such historians as Mommsen, indicated to close observers the great change of the German character from the philosophical to the practical and military, which took the world in general by surprise. In England Carlyle has formed the sentiments of a great number of half-thinking people. And what is the social ideal of Carlyle but an army, or his practical type of greatness but success in war?

The war-spirit, however, and the means of war being there, occasions of quarrel are not wanting, and several points may be named at which the fire might any day break out. Common expectation points to an attempt of France to recover her provinces and redeem her honour by a direct attack on Germany. We have already said that in the way of such a movement stands the thorough demoralization of the French army. France is the first of all nations to rush to the attack; she is the last of all nations to rally and recover her self-confidence after a defeat. Such stimulants as the projected canonization of Joan of Arc will no more supply the place of the Imperial Guard than a glass of *absinthe* will restore an amputated limb. But though French arms may be quiet, French intrigue may be stirring, and may lead to a disturbance of the peace of Europe. The annexation of Belgium would much more than make up for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine; and to annex Belgium was the last project of Napoleon III., imprudently disclosed by him in that fatal game of chess which he played, nothing doubting his own supreme skill, with the first chess-player in the world. In the plebiscite, self-aggrandizing ambition has found an instrument by which, not without a nominal deference to public morality, historic nationalities may be strangled in an hour. Much, however, would depend upon the state of parties in the two countries. The Ultramontanes are at present in the ascendant in Belgium, though of late their majority has slightly decreased. Suppose the party of reaction to become dominant in France, the mutual attraction would be very strong; and nationality would be the last thing to stand in the way of an Ultramontane, if he thought that the interests of the cause in Europe could be promoted by the sacrifice. On the other hand, should the Liberal party gain the upper hand in France, the Belgian Liberals might be inclined to an annexation as a refuge from the Ultramontane yoke. The chances of French interference in Belgium, and of the renewal of French aggression generally, would be increased by the restoration of the empire. "Other kings," said Napoleon I., when pressed in the decline of his fortunes to make some concessions as the price of peace, "other kings can afford to own themselves

beaten and to make concessions; I am a soldier, and to me glory is indispensable." What the founder said of himself is true in no small measure of the dynasty. It is essentially military; it must have glory or it dies; in quest of its necessary aliment it was forced to invade successively the Crimea, Italy, Germany, after proclaiming itself, perhaps not insincerely, to be Peace. Restored to the throne, it would at once reorganize the Imperial Guard and begin to cast about for the means of obliterating Sadowa and Sedan.

Linked to the destinies of Belgium are those of Holland, which tempts the cupidity of Germany as Belgium does that of France. The notion, however, cherished by many Germans, that there is an annexationist party or tendency in Holland, is totally without foundation. The feeling of the Dutch is very strongly the other way. Mere affinity, without identity of language, has little influence, and the original unity of the Teutonic race is buried to the eyes of the Dutch beneath their own strong and historic nationality. Teutonism is a powerful talisman, but Germans conjure with it too much. Holland has played so illustrious a part in the history of Protestantism, that we are apt to forget that more than a third of her people are Catholics, to whom it would be anything but congenial to be annexed to Bismarck. The heavy debt, contracted in the days when Amsterdam was squandering money on tulips as London now squanders it on China jugs, is the only thing which could lead Holland to desire a change in her condition; and though her taxes are heavy, and there is a good deal of pauperism among her lower classes, her finances are sound, and her credit good. She has even been slightly reducing her debt of late years. The only plebiscite therefore, which could annex Holland, would be that which issues from the ballot box of war.

Disturbances again may follow from the new position which we can hardly doubt will be taken up by Spain. Spanish regeneration seems to pessimists a dream; so not twenty years ago did the regeneration of Italy, which is now a glorious fact. As in the case of Italy, so in the case of Spain, there were certain definite causes which had led to the decay of a nation unquestionably gifted, and inhabiting a land renowned for its climate and fertility; weights, as it were, upon the removal of which it was morally certain that the native energy of the people would rise again to its former height. In the case of Italy the causes were Papal influence and foreign domination. In the case of Spain they were civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, a close aristocracy, the ignorance which was the result of the latter, a fallacious commercial system pushed to its utmost extreme, and a system of dependencies which was supposed to feed the imperial country, while it was really draining her life-blood. All these have been removed, or are in a fair way to be removed; for we can hardly believe that the exhausting struggle for the retention of Cuba will be carried on much longer. Should Spain begin to feel a new life coursing through her veins, Gibraltar will no doubt become more than ever galling to her pride; but she could hardly, with the slightest hope of success, at least without the aid of some powerful alliance, attempt to wrest it from the mistress of the sea. It is far more likely that she will direct her efforts to the Union of the Iberian Peninsula—the annexation of Portugal, an act of self-aggrandizement which, if geography could lend a sanction to ambition, would be the most warrantable of all. The old policy of England in the days when the double monarchy of the House of Bourbon threatened Europe with its baleful ascendancy, led her jealously to maintain the independence of Portugal, and to cherish a close connection, commercial as well as diplomatic, with that country, among the monuments of which are the taste for port wine, and the consequent prevalence of gout.

But the House of Bourbon has ceased to trouble, port-wine has gone out of fashion, and England, even if she had the power, would hardly care to put a veto on the union of the Peninsula. France, on the other hand, would be cut to the heart by the formation of another strong power on her frontier, and the final walling up of another of the sally-ports of her ambition. She could scarcely forbear striking a blow for the prevention of so hateful a consummation.

There is another point in the European horizon which deserves the attention of the observers of the weather, though their eyes are seldom turned to it. The movements of General Von Falkenstein in the north of Germany at the beginning of the Franco-German war are understood to have had reference to an agreement known to exist between France and Denmark, in virtue of which, had France been successful at the outset, Denmark would have joined her. The traitorous part which has been played by Denmark as the accomplice and satellite of French ambition, and which abundantly justified that much-abused measure of European police, the seizure of the Danish fleet by Great Britain, is excused by her feebleness and liability to aggression, which again are the result of her unnatural position. She is the maritime portion of Germany, cut off from the mainland, to which economically as well as geographically she belongs. There is not enough of her to make a nation. She feels it; and though she was legally wrong in the Schleswig-Holstein question, as every one who was guided by diplomatic history and not by sentiment allowed, the temptation of extending her national area a little was so strong that Puffendorf might have condoned her offence. She is always in fear for her life. She is unprosperous; her people are poor, crime and socialism are rife among them. Her politics are violent, unintelligible, and barren. At one time, Denmark, though not included in the Empire, was almost a part of the German system, and a Danish king was the head of the German Protestants during that period of the Thirty Years war which immediately preceded the appearance of Gustavus Adolphus. To enter the German Bund with the same guarantees for her separate rights which are enjoyed by Bavaria and other federated States would be an obvious remedy both for military weakness and for economical depression. And to this the commercial classes in the towns would probably not be disinclined: neither would the Royal Family, which is of German origin, and which must be weary of being tossed on the tempestuous teacup of Danish revolution. But the country people are violent nationalists, ready to cut the throat of any king or minister who should propose union with the Bund. Nevertheless, after a few more political storms and a little further growth of pauperism and socialism, the question of union will probably assume a practical form. Even as we write, the first mutterings of another Schleswig-Holstein question are heard. Though the interest of Germany in mere extension of territory is not great, her interest in the acquisition of the seaboard, and in the extinction of a perpetual liability to invasion by a maritime power, is immense. But there would be a grand commotion in Europe. France would be beside herself with anger; and in this quarrel she would be assured of the assistance of the most powerful of all allies. For, by the annexation of Denmark, Germany would become warden of the Baltic, and mistress of the Northern Sea.

It has been often remarked that great Continental Empires are led by an irresistible instinct to make their way to the sea. Such was the impulse which brought down the Assyrian upon Palestine and Phœnicia, the Persian upon Asia Minor and Greece. Russia, in the same manner, has been always persistently bent on obtaining a seaboard, and her capital, founded otherwise in defiance of nature, and placed where a far from impossible conjunction of accidents

may any day bury it beneath the waters, is a colossal monument of that desire. But since the time of the founder of St. Petersburg, the development of Russia has inclined southwards, and the hope has dawned upon her of being a power upon a sunnier sea. Any loss, or apprehension of loss, of ascendency in the Northern waters, either by the annexation of Denmark to Germany or by the growth of the German navy, would render Constantinople more than ever an object of cupidity. And though assiduously dosed and pillowed on all sides by the doctors of diplomacy, the sick man is now apparently near his last gasp. Not that, in a military point of view, Turkey is at this moment particularly weak ; on the contrary, so far as her army and navy are concerned, she has been galvanized into an unusual display of force, and, as her soldiers are naturally brave, she would, probably, at present offer a formidable resistance. But this military revival she has effected by an expenditure which, combined with the unceasing demands of luxury and corruption, is draining the last drop of her financial life-blood. We saw her the other day an applicant for a loan of one million of dollars. Never was there a more signal instance of a thought moulded by a wish than the blindness with which so shrewd a man as Lord Palmerston persisted in proclaiming the regeneration of Turkey, and inducing English capitalists to lay down their money in reliance on that most palpable illusion. The history of the Turks is that of other conquering hordes which have not come under the civilizing influence of Christianity. The horde descends from the seat of its native barbarism and vigour, takes possession of a wealthy country, and is corrupted by the enjoyment of wealth. Industry it scorns, and the military virtues with which alone it is endowed decay from want of exercise. Corruption attacks the reigning family first, because they have the greatest command of sensual pleasures. The satraps then assert their independence, and the Empire breaks up. The Mogul Empire was being broken up by the revolt of satraps when the English appeared as a conquering power in Hindostan ; and the same process had commenced in the case of Turkey by the revolt of Egypt, and would have run the usual course and ended in the dissolution of the Empire, had it not been arrested for diplomatic purposes by the European powers. Such was the fate of the Assyrian, the Median, the Persian Monarchy, erected by pastoral or hunter tribes, which found in dominion the grave of their energy. In the case of Turkey the existence of the Empire has been prolonged and the inevitable catastrophe delayed by three special causes—perpetual collision with the military nations of Europe, which sustained the martial qualities of the Turks ; the formation of the corps of Janissaries, which, being recruited among the children of the Christian population, constantly infused into the army a supply of uncorrupted blood ; and, for the last half century, the jealous fears of the European Governments which, by their assiduous pressure from different sides, have kept the fainting frame upon its feet. But this process cannot go on for ever. Turkey has none of the elements of national life. The dominant race is essentially as uncivilized as it was when it stormed Constantinople. Science and literature it has none. Its religion is a superstition, of which the only ennobling element has its life in conquest, and with conquest dies, leaving nothing but ceremonialism and fatalism behind. No fusion has taken place between the dominant and the subject races ; they remain as master and slave in a state of normal hostility to each other, and as the slaves cannot be trusted with arms, the conscription falls wholly on the masters, and, combined with the infecundity of women, caused by bad domestic institutions, is steadily reducing the number of the Turks. The land, once studded with cities and teeming with a prosperous population, is stricken by misgovernment with ever-increasing bar-

renness and desolation. The provinces are without roads, without police; and the interior of Asia Minor is a country almost as little known to the geographer as the heart of Africa. If there has been improvement, it has been not among the Turks, but among the subject races. To find a Turk engaged in commerce, or in any pursuit that can stimulate national progress, would be as difficult as to find one engaged in literature or science. The Government is an unspeakably corrupt bureaucracy, tempered by foreign intrigue and by the power vested in the organs of reactionary fanaticism. Even the so-called reforms of government, being all in the bureaucratic direction, have destroyed the only saving element which there was in the mass of corruption—the personal honour of the old grandees of the Empire. A poor Turk has the negative virtues of poverty, but raised to power he at once becomes dishonest and corrupt. Where there is in fact no nation, patriotism is unknown; and the best servants of the Porte, even its best generals, are renegades, like Omar Pasha. The enlightened and tolerant legislation in favour of the subject Christians of which so much has been said, has in the first place scarcely any existence except on paper, beyond the environs of Constantinople, and in the second place has not emanated from the wisdom of the Porte, but been imposed by foreign power upon its weakness. Financial disorder is not the root of the evil; the root of the evil is the sensuality of barbarians unrestrained by any moral or religious influence. But financial disorder must soon bring the end.

The present Emperor of Russia is a man of pleasure, and probably averse to aggressive undertakings. But the Heir to the Throne is understood to be an impersonation of that spirit of military ambition, mingled with crusading fanaticism, which makes the growing power of Russia a danger to civilization; and, despotic as the Government is, no Czar has been able to pursue a policy contrary to the genius of the nation. A crisis in Turkey would almost infallibly set the armies of Russia in motion; and if the other powers are determined to prevent her interference, a general conflagration must ensue. If Turkey, therefore, should again appear as a borrower in the money-market, it will be time for us to look to the defences of the mouth of St. Lawrence. The British navy, notwithstanding the jeremiads of Mr. Ward Hunt, is no "phantom navy;" it is by far the most powerful of all. But it is no longer all-powerful; and this time the dependencies must be prepared to bear their part of the burden of war.

The Conference assembled at Brussels under the auspices of the Emperor of Russia, ostensibly for the purpose of mitigating the horrors of war, has had no practical effect but that of indicating that the Emperor regards war as a probability. Russia proposed some amendment of the law of nations, the manifest tendency of which was to tie the hands of an invaded nation in the interest of the invader, and to place the world more than ever at the mercy of the masters of great standing armies. The smaller powers very properly refused their assent to the Russian rules. An attempt would no doubt have been made to limit the rights of maritime war in the interest of continental powers; but Great Britain declined beforehand to be a party to the discussion of that subject. These parliaments of peace and philanthropy are very apt to become scenes of manœuvring in which each party tries to cripple by humane regulations its antagonist's powers of destruction without diminishing its own. A more effectual way of diminishing the horrors of war would be to make the despot on whose fiat peace and war depend, himself go under fire for an hour, or spend a night in the trenches. In the meantime, the exodus of the European peasantry, who are flying from the military system, and whose emigration the

governments in vain strive to check, may have more effect than the abortive Conference of Brussels.

The death of M. Guizot sounds like the death-knell of the Constitutional monarchy of which he was the chief pillar and the faithful devotee. Neither it nor he suited the French. Frenchmen are at once excessively logical and excessively sentimental. Constitutional monarchy, as a practical compromise is at once defiant of logic, and, except when hallowed by national history, ill-calculated to excite sentiment. M. Guizot was moreover, both by profession and temperament, a Protestant, while Frenchmen are Ultramontanes or Materialists. His career was not stainless. Its worst stain was the intrigue which brought about the Spanish marriages; and into which he was no doubt drawn by misplaced deference to the wishes of the master whose want of firmness when the hour of peril to the Constitutional monarchy arrived, was the ruin of them both. Yet, on the whole, M. Guizot holds a most respectable place among statesmen, to which by his marvellous powers of work he was enabled to add a still higher place among men of letters. His end was peace. After the storms of his public life, and amidst those which were still sweeping over his country, he closed his days in the studies of his earlier years; and there were few prettier domestic pictures than the patriarchal form of the old statesman surrounded by his children at Val Richer. An old age so calm and happy, especially after misfortune and failure, is, at all events, a strong indication that life has not been devoted to selfish ends.

The last election in France indicates a rally of Republicanism, though the Bonapartists also polled a large vote. Legitimism and Constitutional Monarchy are nowhere. By a tour through Brittany Marshal Macmahon has ascertained two facts—that a provisional chief excites no enthusiasm; and that some of the peasantry, on whose suffrages the fate of France depends, are ignorant enough to believe, when they see the Marshal in uniform, that the empire must have been restored, and that the Marshal must be the Emperor.

The ravages of the grasshoppers in Minnesota and Kansas are almost a counterpart to the famine in Bengal, and suggest unpleasant suspicions as to the value of Manitoba, which is liable to the same plague. Otherwise the harvest in the States has been good, and will give American prosperity its first upward spring since the crisis of last year. There is, however, still a general stagnation of trade, and this stagnation will continue till the growth of the nation overtakes the excessive products of speculation in iron, railroads and other leading departments. Before that time arrives many will have sunk under the burdens which they have to carry. No one, however, who knows the United States and their people, and has seen the solid wealth, earned by steady and honest industry, which exists in every village and throughout the country, can imagine that there is going to be a universal bankruptcy, or doubt that the tide of prosperity, now at the ebb, will at no very distant time begin to flow again.

In the meantime matters have taken a very serious turn in the Southern States. New Orleans has been the scene of a petty civil war. Some allowance must be made for party exaggerations stimulated by the approach of the Fall elections, but in Tennessee, Alabama and Kentucky, as well as in Louisiana, the symptoms are so grave that apprehensions may well be entertained of that war of races which has been often predicted but hitherto has not come. The people of the North boasted, not without reason, of the unexampled lenity in the treatment of the vanquished which marked the conclusion of their civil war. There were

no executions except that of the officer in charge of the prison camp at Andersonville, who suffered not for rebellion but for murder; no sweeping confiscations; no proscriptions beyond a measure of temporary disfranchisement, which might seem rather a precaution than a punishment. It is true that the relations of the parties had been those of the most regular belligerents; that the Northern Government had not only interchanged prisoners and made armistices through its generals with the Southerners, but had actually treated with them; that those whom the victors called defeated rebels were morally a conquered nation; and that the scaffold could not have been erected for their leaders without provoking the indignation of the world. Still, the Northern people, with the exception of a few sanguinary philanthropists, were unquestionably bent on acting with humanity, and they deserve full credit for that desire. The course they took, however, or rather allowed to be taken by corrupt or fanatical politicians in their name, has been so unfortunate as almost to equal, in the cruelty of its practical consequences, the sterner policy usually adopted by the victors in a civil war. Military occupation, till the embers of the struggle were completely extinguished, was a necessity of the case; it entailed no fresh humiliation for the vanquished; and, probably, had it been frankly prolonged, the sufferings of the South would have been less than they are now; for honour, while it has been too often absent from the breasts of the politicians and the political soldiers called into existence by the civil war, has generally been found in those of the officers of the regular army, who in this respect, as well as in their military skill, have done high credit to West Point. Negro suffrage, also, though a measure with which much unsound or hypocritical philanthropy mingled, and tainted with a democratic superstition almost as absurd as "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," was a practical as well as a logical corollary of the struggle between Slavery and Freedom; it gave the restored Union a body of supporters which might well seem indispensable in the South; and it appears that the Southerners, though they could not be favourable to it, were not bitterly opposed to it, but accepted it when accomplished, like the abolition of slavery, as a part of the situation. But tranquillity having been restored, and the slaves having been emancipated and invested with the suffrage, if a policy of lenity was to be pursued, the South ought to have been handed over with as little delay as possible to its own people and their natural chiefs. The negro would then, no doubt, have found politically the level assigned him by his ignorance and the feebleness of his intelligence; he would have fallen into rank behind his former master, towards whom, as a rule, he entertained no vindictive feeling; but his vote would still have been a protection and a badge of freedom to him; while the restoration of slavery was a thing which few at the South even desired, and of the possibility of which no one dreamed. The unsettlement inevitable after such a struggle would have subsided; cotton would have resumed its sway and reorganized its producers; and a state of society would have resulted differing, perhaps, as a society consisting of a superior and an inferior race must differ, from the perfect democracy of the North, yet not incapable, provided State rights were reasonably respected, of living with it under the same Federal Constitution. Perhaps things might have taken this course had it not been for the irruption of the horde of Northern carpet-baggers supported by the bayonets at the command of the extreme party which had retained the ascendancy at Washington. These adventurers, whose ostentatious and clamorous loyalty affords a warning against the interested abuse of such professions, even among ourselves, saw in the ignorance and credulity of the negro voter a boundless mine of wealth. They excited his fears

and his jealousy against the native whites; they presented themselves as his champions and protectors; by means of his vote and with the aid of a few *scallawags* or white renegades, who were willing to share the speculation, they created in several of the States Governments which, under the abused forms of law, have been simply the instruments of enormous, shameless, and desolating plunder. Immense State debts have been incurred, the bonds sold to New York speculators for what they would fetch, which was sometimes a mere fraction of their nominal value, and the proceeds swept into the pockets of the carpet-baggers, who have then in some cases decamped with their wealth, one of the most prominent of the illustrious group honouring Canadian soil, it is stated, with his presence. The State debt of Louisiana, and the City debt of its capital, have together swelled to about ninety millions. The public works, for which the money was ostensibly borrowed, even the repairs of the levees on the Mississippi, have of course been left undone. Taxation has been increased, so as in some hapless districts to swallow up almost the entire income of the property, and what had been left by the sword of war has been swept away by the pen of the tax-gatherer. We have before us in a new Orleans paper, the list of notices to delinquent tax-payers, whose properties will be sold on further default of payment. It fills nineteen columns and a half, though each notice consists only of one line. Such forfeiture is confiscation as sweeping and as cruel as has ever been inflicted by the conqueror in a civil war, while it is embittered by the vileness of the instruments, by the meanness of their objects, and by the boasts, perpetually renewed, of lenity and humanity. The State and County taxes in Louisiana now amount to about five per cent. of the assessed value of property, while the assessment is excessively high. The assessors are creatures of the carpet-bagger government. They are interested in making false returns, being themselves paid by the plunder of the taxpayer. The five assessors for New Orleans received for four months' services, $120,000. The tax collectors are appointed in the same way, and are likewise interested in the pillage, of which they are the instruments, and from which they draw enormous gains. From the judgment of this den of thieves there is no appeal. The depression of all business by misgovernment aggravates the effects of fiscal spoliation. Ignorant negroes, without property, are the supporters of a tyranny, the excesses of which, we may remark in passing, read us a terrible lesson on the dangers of municipal taxation. The Registrars who make out the list of voters, and the supervisor who receives and counts the votes are, like the tax-gatherers, appointed by the carpet-baggers, and from their iniquity again there is no appeal. Such is the picture drawn by the sufferers, and its substantial correctness seems beyond doubt. The corruption which fills the Government extends no doubt to the judiciary in Louisiana, as it does in South Carolina, the partner of Louisiana in misery, where a stranger going into the Supreme Court of the State, found the judgment seat occupied by a carpet-bagger, a negro, and a Jew.

Supposing all the allegations in the American Declaration of Independence to be true, the people of Louisiana would still have stronger grounds for rebelling against the Government of New England than the people of New England had for rebelling against the Government of George III. If a great crisis is not at hand, it must be because the spirit of the Southerners has been quenched by their defeat in the civil war. The people of the North have been responsible for the proceedings of the carpet-baggers only by negligence and apathy; but negligence and apathy have now become not only culpable but dangerous. In the Southern States which have thoroughly got rid of the carpet-baggers, peace reigns and prosperity is begin-

ning to return. The swift expulsion of these ignominious tyrannies from every State where they still exist is essential both to the honour and the safety of the Union.

To crown all, Mr. Sumner has solemnly bequeathed to his party his Civil Rights Bill, formed for the purpose of forcing the two races, in nature's despite, into social union. In any matter affecting the relations between the ex-slave-owner and the negro, the fact that a measure originated with Mr. Sumner would be almost a sufficient reason in the eyes of any coolheaded statesman for discarding it. The concession of political rights, as we have already said, though a dangerous experiment, was the almost inevitable consequence of the civil war, and would have been accepted by the Southerners without resistance. But to pass a bill enforcing social union, by compelling the two races to mingle in public conveyances and places of public resort, would be, without the justification of any political exigency, to sound the tocsin of a chronic social war.

If the Northern people do not look to it their own institutions will soon be seriously affected by the state of things at the South. All the predictions so freely hazarded by the enemies of the Republic, that the civil war would result in the overthrow of the constitution and the creation of a military despotism, were signally falsified by the good sense of the people, the respect for law rooted in their hearts, and the moderation of their citizen soldiers. The spirit of the soldier was never allowed to prevail, even for a moment, over that of the citizen; the generals remained in perfect subordination to the civil government; Grant, to his great credit, showed himself peculiarly adverse to anything which could perpetuate military ascendency; and when Sherman forgot his duty for an instant, by treating as a victorious general with the Southern Government, his own soldiers, though they idolized him, at once showed their sense of his error. The army which pessimists expected to play the part of Janissaries or Zouaves, as soon as the last shot had been fired vanished, like the armed men evoked from the earth in the fairy tale, into the furrows of regular industry. But a South flaming with social war may render a military government indispensable; and under Republican forms there may be a marshalate of Grant as well as of MacMahon and Serrano. In any event, the conflict between races at the South and the disaffection of the whites can hardly fail to have a serious effect on the practical character and working of the Constitution.

# CURRENT LITERATURE.

IT is refreshing, in the heated atmosphere of religious discussion we are compelled to inhale in this time of transition, to take a quiet and unpretending survey of "The Ethical Teaching of Christ." A paper by the Rev. Vincent H. Stanton on this subject, with which the *Contemporary Review* for September opens, is written in the best of tempers, and deserves commendation because of the conspicuous absence in it of the *odium theologicum*. The writer's object is to show how far the complaints against the Saviour's moral teaching as being "impracticable, contradictory to Economic Science, deficient and onesided," have any foundation. He therefore proceeds to examine the records of that teaching, as given in the Gospels, "in the light of the requirements of moral and social science." The first inquiry is: "Whether there is anything in the Ethical Teaching of Christ corresponding to what, in a system reduced to scientific form, we should call a First Principle, a Law to which all other precepts are subordinate, from which they may be seen to flow; and if there is, what is its value?" These questions are answered by citing the central principle—"Love thy neighbour as thyself." With the first commandment of Jesus Mr. Stanton does not propose to deal, because he desires to confine himself to the purely ethical question. There seems to us, we must confess, a weak point here—a weakness the writer shares with the author of "Ecce Homo." So far as it goes, the examination of Christ's teaching, from a merely human stand-point, is capable of doing good service in an age when faith in the supernatural is dim, and the spiritual lights have burned low; but it is not fair treatment of a system which so intimately connects duty to God with duty to man, that they cannot be separated except by violence. The motive to right conduct is wanting; the sanctions upon which Jesus lays the chief stress are taken away. Mr. Stanton himself quotes one of many texts which would prove this view of the Christian code of Ethics:—"Love your enemies," &c. Why? "That ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven." The best part of the writer's paper is the comparison of the Greek and Roman moral philosophies with the teaching of Christ. Mr. Stanton is not a Utilitarian in Ethics, and he, of course, aims a blow against the shreds which yet remain of the "greatest happiness" principle. His second inquiry relates to asceticism, and finally the attitude of Christian morality to the progress of human society. In the course of the latter Mr. Stanton makes a good point by placing together two passages—one from the well-known work of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, in which he asserts that if men took the morality of the Gospels as their guide of life, they would, in sober earnest, "turn the world upside down," and the other from Mr. J. S. Mill, "On Liberty," where he complains that Christianity is "essentially a doctrine of passive obedience; it inculcates submission to all authorities found established," &c.

Dr. Bastian, the author of "The Beginnings of Life," returns to his special subject in a paper on "Heat and Living Matter." A very full account is given of the experiments of the Abbé Spallanzani in the last century, on the effects of heat on organic life, animal and vegetable. He remained a Panspermatist, as Pasteur and Huxley are now. That is, he believed that no life can have any existence except by means of antecedent life. Dr. Bastian, on the contrary, is a believer in "spontaneous generation," and goes so far as to express a conviction that organisms may be produced from inorganic matter. Having hermetically sealed a glass tube which had contained organic life, and had been submitted to heat sufficient, as he believes, to destroy all vitality, he found that infusoria were still alive after an interval of several weeks. Professor Huxley says that sooner than admit spontaneous generation, he would incline to the belief that there were germs which heat could not destroy.

Mr. Hewlett's rather lengthy essay on "The Poems of Matthew Arnold" is a very able one in many respects. It is perhaps, too invariably eulogistic, but the writer's thorough sympathy with his author will be of service to the reader. The paper is intended to serve as a guide to the connected and natural study of Mr. Arnold's works. Mr. Hewlett traces with great care the progress of the poet's mind, from the early poems in which he was imbued with the Hellenic or "Neo-pagan spirit," through the period of doubt to the more spiritual and "Hebraistic" phase into which he passed in spite of himself. The continuity of purpose in his prose and poetical works is traced, and the apparent conflict between them, in tone and object, reconciled by a careful ex-

amination of them both. The paper is well written, and, taken on the whole, seems to us the most appreciative estimate of Matthew Arnold which has yet appeared.

Mr. Thomas Brassey's contribution on "Our Seamen," is a review of the Plimsoll controversy regarding unseaworthy and overloaded ships. The subject is one of great interest to Canada, which stands third on the list of the world's commercial marine. Mr. Brassey, with that practical good sense which always distinguishes his utterances, disapproves of much of Mr. Plimsoll's course, and is not prepared to accept his remedies; yet he claims for him the gratitude of his countrymen—a claim substantiated by the statistics of the past two years. We are glad to see that the legislation of Canada on this subject is so warmly approved by the Royal Commission that its adoption in England is recommended. Of Mr. Proctor's second paper on Sir W. Herschel's "Two Methods of Star-Gauging," although written in his easy and graphic style, we can scarcely give an abstract here.

Mr. Fairfax Taylor's essay on "Longevity in a New Light," is an exceedingly interesting one. He takes middle ground between the extreme scepticism of Sir G. Cornewall Lewis and the credulity of others who are ready to swallow any stories of centenarianism they hear. The principal cases are examined in detail of persons who are alleged to have survived their hundredth year, and the weak points in the evidence exposed. The fallacy of argument from statistics is indicated; the uncertainty of early personal recollections, and the downright dishonesty which has induced some old people to put on the clock of their life too fast, are also considered at length. On the whole, Mr. Taylor thinks that incredulity about centenarianism, when its proofs are valid and unimpeachable, is absurd; but that these proofs ought to be most carefully sifted until they are absolutely irrefragable.

Mr. W. R. Greg is rather roughly treated in the *Contemporary* this month. There are two replies to his papers entitled "Rocks Ahead; or the Warnings of Cassandra." As the reader will remember, these lugubrious dissertations on the darkness of England's future were three in number, and had reference to three impending dangers:—

1. The political supremacy of the working classes.
2. The approaching industrial decline of England.
3. The divorce of the Intelligence of the country from its Religion.

It will not be necessary here to recapitulate Mr. Greg's remarks on each of these points, because they will be incidentally noticed in the brief summary we propose to give of the replies by Mr. Arthur Arnold and Lord Lyttleton respectively. The former entitles his paper "Sailing Free," and it is certainly written in a slashing style. To us this appears to be a blemish; because after all, banter is not argument, and the tendency to flippant and contemptuous remark conspicuous in Mr. Arnold's reply materially impairs the real strength of some of his counter-statements. The first sentence we may quote as the key-note of the whole:—"Becalmed in May and June in the vessel of State, I was suddenly alarmed by a cry of 'Rocks Ahead!' and on looking up in the tranquil time before Public Worship and Endowed Schools disturbed the languor of Parliament, I felt tempted to say, 'It is only Mr. Greg,' and to resume a careless attitude." Style apart, however, Mr. Arnold has no great difficulty in resolving Mr. Greg's "rocks" into optical delusions, caused by the mists of prejudice and fallacious statistics. He asserts that instead of the enfranchisement of the working classes being a source of danger, it will prove a source of strength; that the labour of the British artisan is not slovenly, but far superior to that of his continental brothers; and finally, that it is a delusion to say that shorter hours of labour diminish the resources of the nation. On the last two points Mr. Arnold claims to speak as a practical authority, having superintended 6,000 artizans, and being acquainted with the manufacture of textile fabrics in every town in Lancashire. Passing on to the second "rock," Mr. Arnold combats the "coal exhaustion" theory, and repudiates as economically erroneous the notion that because other nations are turning their attention to manufactures, England must be ruined in consequence. "Mr. Greg's fundamental error," the writer says, "lies in confounding our relative position, which of course declines as other countries approach a higher level of industrial and mechanical industry with our actual position as regards wealth and comfort in the future." On the third "rock" Mr. Arnold does not make any lengthened remarks. He denies that there is such a thing as "the religion of a nation," religion being an affair of the individual conscience, and regards it as absurd to suppose that temporary alienation from established creeds would at once cause robbery, arson, social warfare and all the horrors of the Terror or the Commune. Lord Lyttleton's "Notes on the Third Rock of the Greg Formation (Scopulus Greggianus)," in spite of its sensational heading, is a very temperate paper on the theological point. Its object is to show Mr. Greg's inconsistencies in the third paper, and to expose the fallacy that Christianity could submit to, or even survive, his proposed elimination of its distinctive doctrines.

Mr. A. B. Mason, an American, writing from Chicago, contends, in the *Fortnightly Review*, that

the glowing pictures of the unlimited field for labour in the United States are too highly coloured. He endeavours to show by statistics, and from evidence gathered by himself, that the labour market there is overstocked, that the limit of profitable land-culture has been reached, and that there is really no opening for the emigrant without capital. He incidentally bears testimony to the advantages of Canada as a field for emigration, by showing conclusively that even the slight difference in wages in favour of the States is counterbalanced almost three-fold by the greater purchasing power of the wages received. Lord Lytton's paper on "A Novelty in French Fiction" is an eulogistic review of "Les Pléiades," by Count Gobineau. This work, written somewhat in the style of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, is a psychological study of remarkable power, including an analytical examination of modern institutions and prevailing theories of social and political life. The author is a diplomatist by profession. He is also a linguist and a writer on metaphysics and antiquities, as well as an acute observer of human character.

In *Macmillan* Professor Cairnes, in a paper which has been long in preparation, replies to Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on "Female Suffrage." The Professor's tone indicates considerable exasperation, though it is temperate compared with that of some of the female critics. It begins, rather inauspiciously for a calm consideration of the question on its merits, by attempting to pick a quarrel about a reference made by Mr. Smith to the passage in Mills' Autobiography, respecting the relations of Mr. Mill with his wife, and to the probable effect of those relations on his peculiar theories as to the general relations of the sexes. This, Prof. Cairnes says, is "using poisoned shafts," and he tries to create odium against his antagonist by talking of the "keen pain inflicted on more than one living person who, from the nature of the case, are precluded from defending those whom they hold dear." The disclosure of Mr. Mill's conjugal affairs was his own act, and the act of the friends by whom, in compliance with his will, his autobiography was published. It is not for them to complain if the public or the press notice what they have laid before it. Mr. Mill's work is the text-book of the agitation; the connection of his theories with the incidents of his life is at once obvious and important; nor will it be found, on reference to Mr. Goldwin Smith's article, among the *Selections* in our number of last July, that there is anything in his remarks offensive in tone, or which was not rendered necessary by the course of his argument. If delicacy did not forbid Mr. Mill's friends to publish to the world his private conduct, delicacy does not forbid them, if called upon, to defend it.

Professor Cairnes throughout forgets or ignores the fact that Mr. Goldwin Smith's article was a reply to Mr. Mill. He inveighs against Mr. Smith for treating of women as a sex, without reference to national and sectional distinctions, as though Mr. Mill had not done precisely the same thing, and put the discussion on that footing.

Mr. Goldwin Smith will, no doubt, say in due time what he deems necessary in support or explanation of his views. But he would make a great mistake if, having undertaken to deal with a question of the most vital importance to humanity, he were to accept any challenge to quarrel, or to do anything which could degrade a great public discussion to the level of a petty altercation. With regard to this controversy, above all others, it may safely be said that those who import into it most personality or acrimony are sure to be the least worthy of attention.

There is one suggestion in the Professor's paper which, we confess, makes us shudder. He says that "when politics become a subject of interest alike for men and women, it would very soon become a principal consideration in determining matrimonial alliances." We are afraid that if we were to comment upon this we should incur the imputation of levity. Would a post-nuptial change of political principles be, in the improved order of things, a sufficient ground for a divorce?

# MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WE propose in future to devote a portion of our space to a review of matters musical and dramatic. The amusements of any community, although of course subordinate to weightier interests, are not to be passed over as undeserving of attention. Their value, æsthetic or educational, is to a large extent the measure of public taste, which may be correct and refined, or, on the other hand, coarse and degraded. They can never, therefore, be a matter of indifference to the journalist. Indeed he

may either do a great injury to his readers or indicate higher aims, according as he approves what is base or strives to elevate the standard of opinion in matters of art. It is not necessary here to enter into the defence of the theatre or the opera, because that would lead us into a discussion beyond our present purpose. The question is usually decided upon non-logical grounds, such as habit, prejudice, or early training in certain traditional opinions. The man who, from childhood, has been in the habit of witnessing at least a Christmas pantomime yearly under the eye of his natural guides, cannot understand the outcry against dramatic performances; and so, *per contra*, he who has been impressed in early life with the belief that the theatre is in itself a sinful amusement, will probably remain steadfast in that belief. In either case, reason has very little to do with the opinion of the individual. That this is actually the case is apparent from the groundless distinctions made between one species of amusement and another. Some people see nothing objectionable in an oratorio or a cantata, but express the greatest abhorrence of the opera. It surely cannot be merely because of the subject, since those who attend performances of the *Messiah* will not scruple to listen to the *Acis* and *Galatea* of the same composer. And if it be the stage accessories of dress, scenery and footlights, is there any rational ground for the prejudice? If there be operas whose moral tone is dubious, there is no reason why we should witness their performance; but to denounce the lyric drama entirely because some of its composers degrade the art, is to deprive oneself of a pleasure which in itself refines and educates the taste and feelings and, under the censorship of a correct public opinion, can never demoralize. There is yet another distinction often made by some between the drama proper and the opera—the former having, in their opinion, something intrinsically bad about it, whilst the latter is, at least, a permissible entertainment. It would perhaps be difficult to understand any tenable ground for this notion. One plea may be urged—that the patrons of the opera go to hear the music, and pay little or no heed to the words, and that as music has an elevating influence on the mind, the entertainment must on the whole be good. But there are good operas and bad operas. The *libretti* are usually weak and often silly, and we can hardly understand the moral *status* of the man who repudiates *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, and yet sees nothing objectionable in *La Traviata* or the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*. It is in fact with the performances of plays and operas as with the reading of books—especially works of fiction. Each must be judged upon its own merits; and it seems unreasonable to reject a very important and effective branch of human intelligence because it has been sometimes pressed into the service of evil. Moreover, it ought not to escape the notice of those who denounce the theatre, that they are themselves, in a measure, to blame for any deterioration in it, moral or artistic. The people who take pleasure in the vapid jokes of negro serenaders and circus clowns are not the best judges of a play. Their manners and their tastes are coarse, even though their morals may not be actually worse than their neighbours'. If those classes of society whose office it is to give a tone to the art and literature of the time stand aloof and surrender any department of them to those who are inferior in intelligence and discrimination, what is to be expected save the deterioration of that particular department, and perhaps its ministry to the cause of vice? To say that intelligent and thoughtful men and women have forsaken the theatre because of the decay of the drama, is to confound cause with effect, or, in homely phrase, to put the cart before the horse. The golden days of the drama were the days when the intellect and refinement of the nation were its supporters. Its basest period was the result of a divorce between the more elevated and intelligent portion of the people and the theatre, and it extended from the Restoration down into the Georgian era: for Congreve survived the first monarch of the House of Brunswick. "If," says Lord Macaulay, "it be asked why that age encouraged immorality which no other age would have tolerated, we have no hesitation in answering that this great depravation of the national taste was the effect of the prevalence of Puritanism under the Commonwealth." Even before the death of Dryden, however, the tide had turned and purity had re-asserted itself. Congreve, it is true, attempted a reply to Jeremy Collier's attack on the stage; but it was felt to be a failure even by the friends of the dramatist. There is no danger, in our time, of a recurrence to a dramatic literature so degraded and so utterly subversive of the fundamental principles of morality. There is no reason, in our time, when the intelligence of the people is so strongly enlisted on the side not merely of theoretical morality but also of purity in speech and act, why the theatre should not regain much of its lost ground. We have no contemporary Shakspeare it is true, nor even a Fletcher or a Massinger, but there are materials arranging themselves into shape, though now in a solvent and transitional condition, which some day will be at the service of the dramatic poet. When the *sacer vates* makes his appearance we shall hear no more of the decline of the stage. It has indeed been urged that the theatre has been superseded by other instrumentalities; the same, by the way, has been said of the pulpit. But, in fact, there is no single means of reaching the hearts of the people

which can be a substitute for the acted drama. It has been likened to poetry, painting and sculpture combined; but there is an element of reality about the stage which none but an art-enthusiast can fully appreciate in a statue, a painting, a novel or a poem. Mr. Leslie Stephen, in a late number of the *Cornhill*, after speaking of a French artist who carried realism so far that when he wanted to paint a seabeach he plastered real sand upon his canvas, continues thus: "And this is precisely what is done in the drama. The dramatic author has to paint his beaches with real sand; real live men and women move about the stage; we hear real voices; what is feigned merely puts an edge on what is; we do actually see a woman go behind a screen as Lady Teazle, and after certain intervals, we see her very shamefully produced again." Even the art of the novelist, Mr. Stephen goes on to show, is merely painting on a flat board, with a great resulting loss of vividness. It is often said that there is an absence of reality about the stage; whereas, in the hands of genius, it is eminently realistic. We think we know our nearest relatives, our neighbours or daily companions in business or pleasure; but how much do we know about them after all? Are we as well acquainted with their characters as with those of Iago, Macbeth, Overreach, Sir Peter Teazle or any prominent personage of the drama? Yet we call the former reality and the latter fiction. The fact of the matter is that no effective substitute for the dramatic representation can be found; it has no *alter ego* which can permanently relieve it from duty. Such being the case, we intend to reserve some space to a consideration of it as it appears amongst us at its best. By so doing we believe we shall serve the interests of art, which properly considered, are aids, not hindrances to the cause of morality. Our preliminary remarks have extended to such length that we are hardly able to deal adequately with the subject on this occasion. After all, however, a few evenings in an opening week do not afford material for a just estimate of a dramatic company, and, therefore, a fuller criticism may be of more value in a future number.

When the Opera House Company, consisting of some of our prominent capitalists, was incorporated by the local legislature, a general feeling of satisfaction was expressed, and this feeling was heightened by the announcement that Mrs. Morrison would undertake the difficult and trying duties of the management. To Mrs. Morrison and other members of her family, the play-going people of Toronto and the other western cities are deeply indebted. It is not too much to say that to them we owe the establishment of the theatre as a source of innocent and elevating amusement, in the midst of difficulties of no ordinary kind. With the old building now numbered amongst the things of the past, are connected memories of the energy and enterprise of Mr. John Nickinson and his four daughters—the earnestness of their purpose, and the thoroughly intelligent and honourable view they took of the proper functions of the stage as a means both of instruction and entertainment. Of Mrs. Morrison, known in former days of early triumph as Miss Charlotte Nickinson, there is no reminiscence which her best friends could desire to forget, and the same may be said of those who worked with her. As an actress, she would have made her mark on any stage. Intelligent, refined and well educated, she always threw her whole soul into the work for which she was so well qualified by gifts natural and acquired. There were a native grace and a hatred of inborn coarseness and impropriety which over-awed the rudest tyro who came to tread the same boards with her. In the highest as well as in the lowest parts she undertook, there was always a ladylike dignity in her acting. Between Ophelia and Meg, or Lady Teazle and Nan, in the *Good for Nothing*, there would seem to be a great gulf fixed; but Mrs. Morrison had so studied all these parts that they were true without being vulgar, faithful to art without over-stepping the modesty of nature. But her merits as an artiste did not form the only reason why she has secured, and for so long a time retained, the respect of the community. She is known as a benefactress and a disinterested worker in much charitable work, as most estimable in private life and, as being what she is, has won the esteem of many who look with no favor upon the dramatic profession. For these reasons her name is a tower of strength to the new Opera House. It is a guarantee of excellence in its performances, of ability in the company, and of what, above all, the public value most, unimpeachable propriety, and unaffected grace in its entertainments. We can imagine, in fact, the memories which crowded upon her mind when she stood face to face with the enthusiastic audience which completely filled the Grand Opera House on the opening night. That she should falter with emotion was a touch not of art, but of nature, which struck a new chord of sympathy in the audience, and added to the embarrassment of its object.

The *School for Scandal* was the opening play. Sheridan's great comedy is within a year or so of completing its centenary upon the English stage. There have been many diverse opinions expressed about it. It certainly forms an agreeable contrast with Congreve's *Love for Love*, or any of the plays fashionable at the time when it was first presented. It has its defects, doubtless—the wit is sometimes of the tinsel order, there is too constant a straining after epigrammatic effect, and an effort to be bril-

liant even where the glitter is out of place. Still the comedy has held its own, and enjoys greater popularity than it did in the author's lifetime. We forget that Sir Oliver, Sir Benjamin, Sir Peter, Lady Teazle, Maria, and even Rowley and Trip, are all talking Sheridan. This is not perceived in representation; the audience only knows that it is involved in a shower of pyrotechnics which seems inexhaustible. The screen scene alone is so unique in kind, and has so many varied attractions in the cross purposes of the parties to it, that it would redeem the dullest play ever written. It has not generally been noted by Sheridan's critics that Washington, when asked to select a play for performance before himself and his staff, at once named this much criticised but always successful play. We have intimated our intention of avoiding any particular criticism at present; but we cannot refrain from expressing our conviction, and it is many years since we first saw her in the character, that Lady Teazle has lost none of her spirit, her taste, or her correct delineation of the character. *Au reste*, we may say generally that there was no part in the play unworthily filled. From Sir Peter down to Trip or Moses, the acting was exceptionally good. *The Willow Copse* gave an old dramatic friend, Mr. C. W. Couldock, an opportunity of showing that he had lost none of the passionate fire of former years. The play is no particular favourite of ours, yet we were glad to see it revived, if only as a memory of old times, and a proof of the still active powers of an excellent actor. *London Assurance*, also by Dion Boucicault, is a specimen of modern genteel comedy, and its characters, including Lady Gay Spanker, were rendered with vivacity and in admirably good taste. We ought perhaps, in this connection, to make an exceptional reference to Mrs. Marlowe, who has made very perceptible progress since we saw her last as Miss Virginia Nickinson. We ought also to mention the orchestra, which is really a model one, but Herr Müller will perhaps be content to wait for a more favourable opportunity.

We should very much regret that we have so little space to devote to the TORONTO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, if the first of its performances took place during the present month. As it is, a brief appeal to the musical public on its behalf, will be *pro tempore* sufficient. This excellent association is the last and most successful of a series of attempts to infuse an elevated musical taste amongst us. It has had its struggles, and it would perhaps be still premature to say that they have been surmounted. Yet the introduction of a high class of music, and the labour and expense involved in training chorus and orchestra, should secure Mr. F. H. Torrington, the conductor, and the Society, a larger share of public support than they have yet received. Reliance on the precarious receipts at single performances will not ensure the success of the movement. The subscription is not large, and it is amply returned in the shape of tickets. The performances of the season will be four in number: Haydn's *Creation* in November; Handel's *Messiah* during the Christmas week; early in the ensuing year, Randegger's secular cantata of *Fridolin*, as part of a miscellaneous concert; concluding with Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. Those who were present at the *Elijah* performances last season will have full confidence in the conductor's power to produce the new works in a most creditable manner. All that is wanted is a little more liberality on the part of the public, and the success of our Philharmonic Society will be placed beyond question.

# BOOK REVIEWS.

POEMS AND SONGS. By Alexander McLachlan. Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Company.

The author of this handsome volume of lyrics is well and favourably known in Canada, both as a lecturer and a "weaver of rhymes." Many of the poems now collected have seen light before—some of them have been recited at patriotic gatherings. It is greatly to Mr. McLachlan's credit, and it constitutes one reason—though not the principal one—why he ought to gain the ear of his fellow colonists, that he has always kept before him as his chief aim the cultivation of a purely indigenous school of poetry, the worship, if we may so phrase it, of a muse distinctively Canadian. Not that he forgets to find room for praise of his native Scotia, or to syllable his thoughts occasionally in the Lowland dialect which Burns and Scott have made familiar to us Southrons. He would not be a good Canadian if he had ceased to be a patriotic Scot. But the general tone of his verse has been caught from our own Province—from the rural sights and sounds of Ontario. There is scarcely a bird, or tree, or flower,

familiar to Canadians, which Mr. McLachlan has not consecrated by a few light touches and embalmed in verse. The "great brotherhood of pines," the maple tree, the autumn leaves, and the season of Indian Summer, when their tints surpass the painter's skill; and then the birds, the whip-poor-will, the bobolink, the thrush, and the humming-bird—all come in for their share of the poet's attention. Amongst the other poems peculiarly belonging to Canadian life are "The Fire in the Woods," "The Settler's Sabbath Day," "Old Canada on Book Farming," and many others. The last we have mentioned naturally leads to another feature in Mr. McLachlan's poetry—the dry sense of humour which at times gets the better of him even in serious themes. Nothing could be richer than some of the scrio-humorous pieces contained in this collection. Some of these are written in a sort of Yankee dialect, such, for example, as "The Backwoods Philosopher," "The Rough Unculter'd Critter," or that curious balancing of matrimonial chances in "Going to the Bush." We are not told where this fascinating young gentleman lived, but any one starting for Manitoba, for instance, with a choice of five young ladies for a help-mate, might well be perplexed in making his selection. There is also much humour in the companion poems, "Old Hoss" and "Young Hoss," and what is better, the moral in both cases is a very sound one. "The death of the Ox" is the pathetic side of the same tender regard for the animal creation which characterizes our author throughout the volume. "October," and "The Indian Summer," are poems of a more ambitious aim; their construction, lyrically, is perfect, and their inspiration has been drawn from the free air of our Canadian country life.

Mr. McLachlan's verses on domestic life are almost always good. We have little room to quote—a necessity at which we cannot affect a regret we do not feel; for we should like Canadians to read what one of themselves can write about the homeliest of lives, and the most commonplace of the scenes which meet them every day. Let one extract suffice:—

OLD HANNAH.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
Drops down on the heart like dew,
And the sunbeams gleam
Like a blessed dream
Afar on the mountains blue.
Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
In her faded widow's cap;
She is sitting alone
On the old grey stone
With the Bible on her lap.

An oak is hanging above her head,
And the burn is wimpling by;
The primroses peep
From their sylvan keep,
And the lark is in the sky.
Beneath that shade her children play'd,
But they're all away with Death,
And she sits alone
On the old grey stone
To hear what the spirit saith.

Her years are o'er three score and ten,
And her eyes are waxing dim,
But the page is bright
With a living light,
And her heart leaps up to Him
Who pours the mystic harmony
Which only the soul can hear!
She is not alone
On the old grey stone,
Tho' no earthly friend is near.

There's no one left to love her now,
But the Eye that never sleeps
Looks on her in love
From the heavens above,
And with quiet joy she weeps;
For she feels the balm of bliss is poured
In her lone heart's deepest rut;
And the widow lone
On the old grey stone,
Hath a peace the world knows not.

In a humorous vein of the domestic sort are other poems, such as "Speaking," and "The Pic-nic." In all that touches the affections, treats of home, and especially rural home life, Mr. McLachlan always excels. His verses are occasionally rough, but not from want of a well-tuned ear—rough perhaps because the author desired to adapt his style to his subject. It would be hypercritical, therefore, to remind an author that "history" does not rhyme with "destiny," (p. 19), that, as in "The Hall of Shadows" (p. 87), "aisles" and "pales" are not even assonances, and that, in the same stanza, the use of the double rhyme detracts from the dignity of a serious theme. While we are fault-finding, we might also hint to Mr. McLachlan, that his metres are not always well chosen. Nothing, for example, could be more musical than the rhyme of "May," nothing more offensive to the ear than the jingling rhymes of "Napoleon in St. Helena," in other respects, a poem well designed, although we can hardly understand the first Emperor, or the third, for that matter, uttering the orthodox couplet:—

"O! the love-founded throne—that of Jesus alone,
Shall smile at the waves of mutation."

It is not to the matter of this poem so much as the form that we object. There the double rhyme, which we have already noticed as a blemish in a particular stanza, becomes a chronic disorder. We do not like to find fault where we find so much to approve, but the systematic recurrence of a rhyme, which may sometimes be used effectively, but should always be used sparingly, is a fault. The constant repetition of such endings as "descending" and "ending,"

"bereft me" and "left me," "thunder" and "wonder," and, worst of all, "foundation" and "mutation," would mar the noblest poetical conception.

On religious questions, Mr. McLachlan follows closely in the footprints of Burns, whom he eulogizes in what would be a fine ode, if it were not marred by the faulty rhyming of which we have already spoken. There is the same depth of religious feeling as is shewn, in the present volume, in the poems entitled "God," "Awful Spirit," "O spread the Glad Tidings, and "The Settler's Sabbath Day," intended evidently as a Colonial representation of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," which it unconsciously imitates. There is something in a Scotsman's religious education which imprints these solemn feelings upon his intellect and conscience as the Dinornis has left its fossil footmark on the stone that once was plastic mud. On the other hand, there is a tendency lying parallel to this, and not inconsistent with it as might, at first sight, appear, to satirize religious pretension. We are familiar with it in Burns, and we are not surprised to find it in Mr. McLachlan.

Let any one compare, for example, either of the devotional pieces we have mentioned with "Who knows" (p. 20), which is as despondent of the future as Burns' "Man was made to mourn," or another (p. 12) which opens in this sad vein :—

"We're all afloat in a leaky boat,
On Time's tempestuous sea ;
Death at the helm steers for his realm,
And a motley crew are we."

Despair, in the attempt to solve the dark problem, yields, in this case to faith, as it does also, though from another cause, in "Song" on the following page. In "Man" (p. 24) the same dark question again comes to the top, and the terrible issue is pre sented :—

"Did'st thou not, Father, shape my course?
Or am I but a causeless force—
A stream that issues from no source?

Here a difficulty is suggested which is really no difficulty—hence the dilemma presented is not a real one, but only the result of a peculiar view of dogmatic religion. Here again, however, as in the last poem to which we referred, the solution is a hopeful one. In one or two cases Mr. McLachlan indulges in *persiflage*, not with great success to our thinking. We have already quoted and commented sufficiently upon the religious tone of these poems, and, therefore, when we quote a stanza or two from "We live in a rickety House," we shall not be understood as representing Mr. McLachlan in the light of a scoffer. There is a very serious moral in the poem which might be taken to heart in more quarters than one ; but as a piece "rounded off and of itself," as a rough old writer once said, it is not satisfactory. There may seem a want of connection in the stanzas we quote ; our only apology is that we cannot afford space for more.

"And pious folks, with their tracts,
When our dens they enter in,
They point to our shirtless backs,
As the fruits of beer and gin.

And they quote us texts to prove
That our hearts are hard as stone ;
And they feed us with the fact.
That the fault is all our own.

And the parson comes and prays—
He's very concerned 'bout our souls ;
But he never asks, in the coldest days,
How we may be off for coals."

And then, after the apology for grog, which is "raiment, food and fire, and religion all in one," comes the terrible refrain, renewed from the first verse :—

"We live in a rickety house,
In a dirty dismal street,
Where the naked hide from day,
And thieves and drunkards meet."

It is evident that this is an old world complaint, compounded of compassion for the poor, as the author has doubtless seen them "at home," as we fondly call it, and remembrances of Burns and Hood. We have already exhausted our space, and cannot trench upon Scottish ground. Scotsmen alone are proper judges of Mr. McLachlan here, and to them we commend him. It is, at all times, difficult to appraise the value of purely *dialectic* poems, if we may coin a word, without trenching on the province of logic ; and an attempt to judge how far Mr. McLachlan is worthy to tread in the footsteps of Scott, Burns, Hogg, Ramsay, Tannahill, or any of the other Scottish lyricists would be an attempt we are not weak enough to make. It appears to us, however, with our feeble lights, that Mr. McLachlan is not an unworthy disciple of the great school of Scotland's bards. Their humour he certainly has ; if evidence were otherwise wanting it only needs the reading of "The Lang Heided Laddie" (p. 202) which is not unworthy of Burns.

In conclusion, we commend the volume to our readers, not as equal in all its parts, or faultless anywhere, but as one of the first instalments of the Canadian literature we desire to welcome. Ontario, with all its noble opportunities, has not hitherto rivalled its less progressive sister of Quebec in the path of literature ; that there is an ample field to be broken up by stalwart hands, Mr. McLachlan has shown. We, therefore, commend his volume to intelligent men ; he has struck upon many paths, in none of them despisably, in most of them well, and if his example will only inspire some of the "rough, untutored geniuses" of the land to make their inspiration march within the grooves of verse, his indirect labour will not be unprofitable. But Mr. McLachlan is capable of still better and more permanent work than this, and we hope to be able to record his success in future pages.

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## CELESTIAL AMERICA.

BY J. D. EDGAR.

SPEEDING westward by a Central Pacific express train, the passenger gradually accustoms his eye to the appearance of John Chinaman, whose stolid face and peculiar raiment first attract attention as he stands upon the platforms at railway stations beyond Salt Lake. He is next observed as a navvy working upon the track among a gang of his fellow-countrymen, and meekly steps aside, with pick or shovel over his shoulder, to allow the Silver Palace cars to thunder by. As the train swings along, after it has climbed the Rocky Mountains, passed the cloud-capped Wasatch Range, and crossed the great arid alkali desert—the Sahara of our continent—to where

> "The dim Sierras far beyond uplift
> Their minarets of snow"

in the Golden State itself, the countenance and dress of "John" become more and more familiar. He waits upon you in the railway dining-room, and, as a waiter, he is clad for the most part in a garment which looks like a tidy white shirt, worn as a surtout, with turned up wooden shoes everlastingly clattering underneath. If a bit of ground is fenced in, and made to blossom as the rose upon the bleak mountain-side, you will see John somewhere about. At the mushroom towns and cities springing up near railway stations, his residence is surely marked by a long strip of red paper nailed upon the door, covered with black Chinese letters in perpendicular lines, and interpreted on an adjoining piece of white paper in horizontal caligraphy thus:—"Chung Foo, Washing and Ironing." To wash and to mangle, to starch and to wield the flat-iron, are the first foreign accomplishments that a Chinaman learns; and he has succeeded in obtaining almost a monopoly in the supply of "boiled shirts" for the California miners.

San Francisco is a considerable city, but not populous enough to absorb its Asiatics so as to keep them from appearing on the surface. There are in that place to-day over

22,000 male, and 700 female Chinese, who occupy a large district called "Chinatown." Here they swarm like bees in a hive, as busy, as buzzing, but not so fragrant of sweet flowers as are those pleasing insects. In their quarter I was pointed out several good square houses, with stores below, and three or four flats of lodgings above, that were rented to Chinamen for from $500 to $700 per month. These were sub-let to single gentlemen in great numbers, and at very large profits. One house in particular was said to be always full, because the business-like landlord had it continually inspected by a medical man, and any Celestial who was found to be at all ailing was incontinently ejected. This prevented any deaths from taking place in the house, and it was explained that there was a strong prejudice against occupying a house where any one had died, and that none would live in the chamber of death itself for two years afterwards. Therefore lodgings, wherein men are at liberty to die, have often been unprofitable to the owners.

It is well known that all Chinamen are returned, dead or alive, to their native land. The process may be sufficiently unpleasant anterior to dissolution, but after that event it becomes complicated and costly. The greater proportion of emigrants from China are exported by wealthy companies, who make some profit on the passage money, and more on farming out the labour upon its arrival. To return the body of each emigrant is a legal, as well as a moral, religious, and patriotic obligation. A large and profitable part of the trade of trans-Pacific steamers is the freight upon Celestial remains. They cannot be called "ashes," as neither the ancient nor the modern systems of cremation are in vogue. They are simply and literally boiled bones. The outside barbarians do not, I fear, invariably show a proper consideration for these valued relics. The Captain of the steamer *Prince Alfred*, that plied between San Francisco and Victoria, B. C., (until she was wrecked this summer,) told me that he charged just the same fare, $15 steerage, for a box of bones containing the framework of a Chinaman, as he did for John alive. The bodies are interred for a time in ordinary cemeteries, until a batch are ready for resurrection. Among well-informed people on the Pacific Slope the rumour is generally discredited which connects the subsequent treatment of the remains with either soap or glue factories.

That the preparations for the disinterment are conducted with system and publicity is shown by the following advertisement, which I cut out of a San Francisco newspaper on the day of its date:

"☞ Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that the Fook Ting Tong Co. is about to disinter from the Laurel Hill Cemetery the bodies of the following deceased Chinese, late members of the said Company, for the purpose of sending them back for burial in their native land, viz.:—Ah Sing, Ah Ho, Lee Ngok, Lee Yin, Lee Ping, Chou Soon, Wong Chun, Yung Yin, Lee Kou, and Lee Ho. Done by order of the Fook Ting Tong Company, this 26th day of May, 1874.—"CHUN LUCK, *Inspector*."

The investigation of the habits of the Chinese in their new home within the Golden Gate, was one thing I determined upon when I found myself in San Francisco. Armed with a letter from Mr. Booker, the excellent representative of Her Britannic Majesty at that port, I made my wishes known to the chief of police, and was politely told that the detective who had charge of Chinatown would wait upon me at my hotel the same evening and take me to see the whole thing. Accordingly, about eight o'clock detective W. and I started together from the Grand Hotel, and soon reached the heart of Chinatown, in the vicinity of Dupont and Jackson streets. My companion was a man of powerful stature, and elbowed his way among the pagan crowd that filled the streets with a thorough disregard of the consequences of a collision. Indeed he was so well known that John submitted to be jostled good-humouredly enough, merely laughing, and

giving the officer the name by which he was familiar to them as a household word, viz.: "fat policeman." The first curious place we visited was a pawnbroker's shop. Without ceremony or "by your leave," my companion pushed through the outer den, saying nothing to the proprietor, took up and trimmed an oily lamp, and led the way, through several low, narrow, odoriferous passages to the interior store room. Here were articles of all descriptions, duly ticketed with hieroglyphics, and for the most part left on pledge to raise money for gambling. Shoes, coats, hats, fans, opium pipes and pistols were the most plentiful deposits, if we except the collection of knives. These are John's favourite weapons of attack and defence. Without a knife or two about his person, he displays abject cowardice. Striking a blow with the fist is unknown, but, if desperate, he will occasionally scratch. He opens his palms and strikes sideways and downwards at his opponent's face, often inflicting ugly gashes with his long sharp nails. The variety in his knives is great, but the most formidable is the two-handed weapon. In a single sheath two handles and two blades are held, each with its side flat against the other. They vary from neat little ivory handled sets, eight or ten inches long, to murderous scythes of some eighteen inches. When, and not until, John has one of these drawn in each hand, does he consider himself in a position to take part in an argument upon a fair footing. Even the most mild-eyed heathen of them all never goes into the street without carrying a brace of knives somewhere under his dark blue blouse.

Following my guide next into a Chinese restaurant, I found him leading the way, uninvited as usual, straight through to the kitchen and scullery. O, the sight we witnessed there! Yet I am wrong in implying that any single sense was more startled than another. The appeal to the eye from the smoking cauldrons of boiling nut oil was not stronger than the impression which was received through another channel, when the aforesaid nut oil overflowed, and the broiling onions and cabbage emitted their savoury fragrance. The cooking of meat, fruit and vegetables could apparently be only accomplished by the aid of nut oil. Before ducks were cooked they had been rendered thrice oleaginous by having been pressed and preserved in oil ere they left the shores of Asia. Among their odd dishes there was one which seemed the most popular. I can't venture to reproduce its original name, but when we came, and saw, and tasted, only one term in my own vocabulary occurred as appropriate. Does the reader remember the name of the first literary effort of the gifted Washington Irving? Without putting this forward as a conundrum, I think it a fair question, because any one who once heard the name, and looked up its meaning as interpreted by Johnson, could not forget it. Irving called his medley "Salmagundi," and Dr. Johnson tells us that this word was said to be corrupted from *selon mon goût*, and means "a mixture of chopped meat and pickled herrings, with oil, vinegar, pepper and onions." With a full sense of responsibility I do not hesitate to pronounce the dish in question to have been Salmagundi, "if not more so." That no fragments of the delicacy might be lost, or its flavour impaired, the *chef* elaborated the thinnest possible sheets of dough for its reception. The dough was literally rolled as thin as the paper on which this is printed, and then cut up into pieces the size of an apothecary's powder papers. Into each piece was rolled up a dose of the mixture, and to make this fit for the table it was finally fried in nut oil! As a variety in their cuisine I observed them frying green lettuce with fat pork, and cabbage with tallow. Besides a greasy soup, they seemed chiefly to revel in an insipid kind of rice cake and pea-nut candy. The guests were provided with chopsticks, and permitted to indulge a "square meal of all the delicacies of the season for a minimum charge of 12½ cents, or a "bit,"

up to the highest tariff of half-a-dollar, liquor (tea) included.

A Chinese drug-shop has counter, shelves and drawers like any other, but there the resemblance ceases. The correct thing to do when you enter is to drink a cup of strong, excellent tea, without milk or sugar, from a steaming urn that stands as free to all comers as a public drinking fountain. There seems to be a great variety in their drugs, but they are nearly all vegetable preparations. While the mineral kingdom affords few contributions to their pharmacopœia, it is enriched from the animal world by such choice drugs as dried locusts, or, in plainer language, dead grasshoppers. Their doses are large and powerful, and are said to give relief in simple cases. I procured a phial of their headache mixture that was recommended to me, and propose to try its efficacy upon the first of my friends whose faith is strong and whose head is splitting.

In China various repressive measures have from time to time been attempted to check the practice of opium smoking. The United States and British Columbia, being free countries, furnish John with an opportunity to indulge his cherished vice, only limited by his capacity to enjoy, and his coin to pay for it. In Victoria, B. C., as well as in San Francisco, I visited extensive opium dens. They are all alike in their main features. Oriental luxury you do not find, but squalor and an entire absence of any attempt at elegance. A long dark narrow passage leads you to the smoking-room, which may be any length, though it seldom exceeds ten or twelve feet in width. On each side are shelves, generally two tiers, extending out from the wall four or five feet, leaving a narrow aisle along the middle of the room. To lie upon these shelves, with their heads towards the wall, and leaning upon their elbows, or upon a hard cushion, the "mild-eyed, melancholy" opium smokers came. Between every pair of them a lighted lamp was placed upon the shelf, with a pipe and a sufficient allowance of opium. It may be a more attractive occupation

> "In the hollow lotos-land to live and lie reclined
> On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind;"

yet these Celestial sybarites reposed as voluptuously upon the hard boards as if they were beds of asphodel. I am also prepared to believe that, like the lotos-eaters, they can "live" reclined, as I am already abundantly satisfied that they can "lie" in that or any other position. When the pen of a De Quincey could scarcely describe the ecstatic visions he beheld after swallowing opium, who could picture or imagine John's sensations when he has inhaled the same poison juice of poppies! From our education and the experience of our civilization, we cannot even conjecture "in that sleep what dreams may come." The reply to an enquiry addressed upon this interesting subject to the Chinese proprietor of a San Francisco den would not warrant the conclusion that they were Swinburne's "doubtful dreams of dreams." On the contrary their visions seem to have a practical drift. After having taken several turns at the pipe, one fellow lay back, and, with eyes shut and a placid smile playing on his lips, murmured several sentences. I felt that my time had come to penetrate the mysteries of dreamland, and eagerly asked the proprietor what the dreamer was talking about, and if he "felt good." Promptly my question was answered in the choicest pigeon English: "O yes! him feel pelly coot, all-ee-same; him talkee him own fine low blick houses; opium pelly coot for Chinaman, all-ee-same." And this was his elysium—thinking he owned a row of brick mansions!

The market value of opium being about eighteen gold dollars per ounce places excessive indulgence in it above the reach of the poorest class. It is always used without waste, and in small quantities. The opium pipe is a bamboo stem about the size of an ordinary flute. The bowl is attached at about two-thirds of the length from the

mouth-piece, and is made of earthenware. It is round, some two inches wide, and covered over, except in the centre, where a small pin-hole communicates with the hollow stem. With a steel needle, ten inches long, a portion of opium, scarcely as large as a pea is taken up by its own adhesion, and is thoroughly burnt and melted in the flame of the lamp. A dense acrid smoke is emitted during the process. By then inserting the point of the needle into the pin-hole of the bowl, and pushing it downwards with simultaneous dexterous twists, the opium is made to adhere in a little pyramid on the surface of the bowl and just around the pin-hole. The needle is withdrawn, and the pipe is considered charged. It is then politely and generously handed, by the one of the pair who has prepared it, to his chum, whose eager looks have been fixed upon the whole operation. The opium upon the bowl is held by the recipient to the lamp, and John seems at once transformed into a bellows, a high-pressure steam-engine and a volcano. From mouth and nose (and it seems as if from eyes and ears also) puffs and snorts and clouds of smoke are seen and heard to issue, without any cessation, until the opium is exhausted. This only signifies a period of about half a minute, and then John takes a short rest before filling for his friend. They keep this up until they become so stupefied as barely to be capable of walking home, where they sleep a deathlike, dreamless sleep for hours.

It must not be supposed that opium smoking is universal among the Chinese in America. Like dram-drinking among Anglo-Saxons, it has a strong hold upon a large portion of their population, while its practice is deplored and shunned by the best of them. The slave of gin, or Canadian whiskey, is wonderfully like the Chinaman whose soul is bound in the shackles of the opium demon. In season and out of season they both crave for their poison. A lady in Victoria had, as is the custom, a Chinaman for a domestic. She told me that he was a good "boy," yet at times he seemed stupid and sleepy, although he always stoutly denied that he used opium. It was at last accidentally discovered that he had stealthily established his lamp, hiding it, not under a bushel, but under the floor of the kitchen. To an excavation in that region he habitually retired to solace himself amid the cares of cooking, washing, and ironing.

I went the same night to a Chinese theatre, and saw part of a play. It may have been a modern play, it may have been one of the oldest in the world. We must not forget that this inscrutable race flourished several thousand years ago in about the same stage of civilization as to-day. When Greece was deriving her latest sensations from the drama of Æschylus or Sophocles, and

> "The lofty grave tragedians taught
> In chorus or iambic;"

when in later days the voluptuous myriads of Imperial Rome thronged the Coliseum, to applaud the death-struggles in the arena after the edict had gone forth "*Christianos ad leones*," perhaps the same race was performing the same play, in the same dress, the same jargon, but, I can only hope, with a better orchestral accompaniment. At this theatre there are said to be sixty professionals on the permanent staff as actors, musicians (!) or otherwise employed. The actors are educated at a theatrical college in their native land, and succeed in producing results certainly highly artificial, while free from any appearance of the art which should "hold the mirror up to nature." The building is airy enough, and is capable of affording seats for 1,100 persons. The stage strikes one as spacious, but it may be on account of the absence of scenery. A door upon the right allows the actors, and apparently half the audience, to pass out at the back after walking across the stage. Another door upon the left is the means of ingress for the performers. Upon the stage, well back, and

between these doors, is the orchestra. It is a considerate and merciful arrangement to place even the actors between the music and the audience, for it somewhat softens the melody, and thus must prevent many strangers from going mad on the spot. To enumerate the instruments of auricular torture that are wielded with such appalling effect is not to be accomplished in the English or any other tongue, living or dead. They were wind, string and metal. I have no sort of doubt that there were sackbuts and tabors, psalteries and fifes, shawms, and even hautboys, among them. I had my eye on a fellow who was doing his best to sound the loud timbrel. Bones, jews'harps and fire crackers mingled with shrill pipes, sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. To swell this unearthly diapason of discords, which never ceased for more than five minutes together during the evening, the cracked and squeaking voices of the actors were often added in an attempt at operatic singing. The musical effect of this addition was like driving an alarmed flock of geese among a terrified covey of guinea hens. To account for so extraordinary an absence of even accidental or occasional harmony I formed a theory, which I submit as a fair and reasonable solution of the difficulty. I assume that each performer had thoroughly mastered the programme for the evening. If there be one remarkable quality in which John excels, it is his power of repeating accurately what he has once learned; and his weakest point is a great difficulty in adapting himself to new circumstances as they arise. To illustrate this: a story is told in Victoria of a lady who instructed her Chinese cook how to make a pudding. After having broken and used two eggs for the purpose, the third was rejected "on its merits." The cook learned to make many an excellent pudding, but it was one day discoverd that he still rejected every third egg that was broken, no matter how fresh or how dear they were! Well, the disturbing element in the orchestra I take to be cigars, which they are allowed to smoke as often as they choose. They all start fairly together, each with his piece of work before him to be conscientiously carried through. One stops to light his cigar, and begins again exactly where he left off. Another, who perhaps labours with the same zeal at a wind instrument, falls still further behind because he must stop to smoke his tobacco as well as to light it. As they are all fond of the weed it does not take long to account for the very worst general results, while each man, no doubt, feels that he is doing his duty by his employer if not by his neighbour. The acting itself is a mixture of pantomime, opera bouffe, tumbling and juggling. There are no actresses, and the prima donnas are very well disguised young men. The absence of women from the stage may be an excuse for the grossness of the amatory scenes. What is concealed from the jealous lover is often confidentially revealed to the audience. The natal hour is indicated by practical obstetrics, and the introduction of the *sage-femme* upon the stage. Would the admirers of "The Black Crook," or "Babil and Bijou" like to see their darling *spectacles* carried so far? The actors are continually making direct appeals or exhortations to the pit, where John sits quietly smoking with his hat on, cheering never, but laughing often.

The Seven Dials, of London, and the Five Points, of New York, had struck me as good places to visit—with an escort; but they become insignificant by comparison with the Chinese thieves' quarter in San Francisco. My guide was indeed at home there. As if to assert his authority he at times incontinently grabbed some passing Chinaman, and after thrusting his arm up under the tunic of the submissive Asiatic to search for stolen goods, gave him a shake, and a blessing, and let him go. The central glory of this heathen Gomorrah is a square courtyard, with dens, where the wretches burrow, on four sides. No Black Hole of Calcutta, no Atlantic steamship

steerage hold, could be more densely packed. They sprawled and smoked on shelves reaching up to the very ceiling on both sides of "seven by nine" rooms. Their cooking was going on in pots and pans over fires built on the floor of the courtyard. Here it was the old story of the restaurant over again—grease and nut-oil, nut-oil and grease—yet for all that the courtyard itself and the outer walls presented a comparatively clean appearance. The detective took credit to himself for this, as he insisted for sanitary reasons upon having a hose, with a large nozzle, turned on every day. I had the honour of being presented to the Chinese landlord of the courtyard. He possessed the most diabolical countenance, aggravated, poor devil, by having had one cheek blown off in a gas explosion. He politely offered me permission to touch the scar, and since I was going in for tasting all the horrors, I did so. I can only remark that an extreme effort was required to prevent me from a nervous start. The sensation will be understood by those who have reflected profoundly upon what Trinculo must have felt when he crawled under Caliban's gaberdine and came in contact with that moon-calf. It is possible that the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan may have felt it necessary to conceal his countenance to preserve his influence, but I am not without a suspicion that this worthy landlord exposed his from the same motive. We read that to strike terror into their enemies the Chinese warriors wear hideous masks, and may not his tenants, the chicken thieves and forgers, have been forcibly impressed with the additional claims to his rent established by this man's fiendish face?

It is probable that every one of the Ten Commandments, except perhaps the sixth, is violated by each of these fellows once a week. Gambling, forgery, embezzlement, and stabbing may not be technically mentioned in the decalogue, yet they are also practised with equal regularity. At first, my detective told me, great difficulty was experienced by the police in the management of the Chinese. They require a strong hand and a "stiff upper lip" to keep them in order. He said that some years ago he went with another police officer to arrest a man on the stage at the theatre. When he stepped up he was fired at from the pit. His comrade saw the man who fired, and shot him dead. The pit rose against them, they sounded an alarm, and held their own till the arrival of a dozen men of the force to their aid. I was told, and fully believe, that the police remained there until they had knocked down or driven out every Chinaman originally in the building. From that time forth detective W. has never received, nor has he had occasion to administer such treatment. In case of having to arrest more than one prisoner, he simply ties their pigtails together and marches them to the cells, driving them before him two deep through the most populous parts of Chinatown.

A heathen temple in the midst of American civilization is startling. We worship Mammon and the Rising Sun all over the continent, but try to disguise our idolatry by euphemisms. John Chinaman seeks no disguise, but sets up a solid piece of carved and gilded wood, calls it his god, and worships it honestly. North America may be considered evenly balanced in its production of moral phenomena. In the east are the Free Lovers, in the centre the Mormons, and the west contains the old-time image worshippers. Of an afternoon in May I found myself climbing the stairs of a three-story brick building in Chinatown, to view the fane of a *bona fide* heathen god. A large room, occupying the whole of the third flat, is dedicated to this worship, and is called in English a Joss House. About the door several Chinamen were lounging in ordinary dress, and a few were loafing through the room with hats on, of course, and with no apparent feeling of awe or veneration, but examining the finery with much curiosity. An aromatic odour of burning incense filled the air, and

came from some scores of little tapers, or rather slow fuses, that were stuck into urns and allowed to smoulder in front of the idol. In this manner John worships on a cheap and vicarious system. Instead of remaining to occupy his valuable time in prayer, he lights one of his tapers and gratifies his divinity by leaving it to emit fragrant smoke for his nostrils. He, after all, goes much upon the same principle as the man of business who lies and cheats for money, and balances his heavenly account by large cheques to religious objects. To feel that he has legalized a long swindle of half a million by building a church with a tithe of it, must be the same sensation as that of making a remarkably good bargain out of Providence which no doubt John feels when he sets fire to his sweet-smelling slow match before his god. This god of his is a gorgeous creature. The face is not that of a Tartar; it is rather Caucasian than Mongolian, and is decorated with a moustache and pointed beard. The expression of his countenance, if stupid, is placid and benign; and he is resplendent in a body glittering with rich gilding. His devotees have also placed before him for his enjoyment, cups of tea kept hot by lamps. Perhaps a legendary deluge is symbolized by the carved and gilt ship forming a prominent feature in the shrine. Can old Peor or Baäl have looked like this when they more than once proved too attractive to Israel? I must confess that the contemplation of this poor false god, in all his tinsel glory and cheap finery, made me incline to laugh rather than imbued me with the iconoclastic zeal that should properly have developed itself under the circumstances. The general effect of the interior of the temple was red, blue and gold. Brilliant enough were the gaudy screens and banners hanging from the walls and roof to impose upon barbaric taste. No visitor at San Francisco should fail to be directed to one of these Joss Houses, for it will give him a good illustration of the childish and degrading superstition prevailing among countless millions of his fellow human creatures.

The restricted space of a magazine article does not admit of saying more about John's many peculiarities as a citizen, labourer, gardener, mechanic, cook, housemaid, maid-of-all-work, miner, navvy, clerk or merchant. He tries his hand at everything, and can do everything fairly well. Although we have a couple of thousand Chinese in our Pacific Province, the "heathen Chinee" problem need not cause Canadians any uneasiness. In British Columbia John is well treated, and most useful. Like the aborigines of the continent, he detests the Americans, while he manifests all the respect of which his nature is capable for British subjects. The Chinamen call our neighbours "Melican mans," and some of them have gotten hold of the strange notion that the "Melican mans," and not the Jews, are responsible for having crucified Christ. They are delighted at this or any excuse for holding an American up to the scorn of other Christians, and, as they are profoundly ignorant of the history of all outside barbarians, they are not staggered by the trifling anachronism which such an accusation involves.

The myriads who have already landed in San Francisco and spread themselves over the Pacific States are but the first ripple of the wave that may pour its Asiatic hordes upon the shores of North America. Africa has already sent her quota to the Atlantic States, and in some of them her dusky sons are dividing the supreme authority with the whites. So it may some day be Asia's turn in the west, when John has overcome his present objections to take upon himself American citizenship and to leave his carcase on American soil. Europe cannot hope to call this Northern Continent her sole heritage when her sons shall have exterminated the Red Man. The outpouring of humanity from Asia, the cradle of our race, went on for thousands of years until the overflow swept across the Atlantic and

on to the Pacific. There it stands face to face with an outflow from Asia in an opposite direction. So far they are like oil and water, they meet, but never mingle. Can it be that, springing from a common ancestry in a dim Eden far back in the vista of centuries, these two great families have been led on by the same Providence to work out their separate civilizations, to come into collision in these later days, and to fight to the death for supremacy in this new world of ours? If the struggle is to come, with whom will the African side—with the heathen Asiatic or the Christian European?

## LOW-FLYING.

I.

LOW flies the summer swallow, scenting rain,
And low my heart from prescience of pain;
When the clouds scatter both shall mount again.

II.

The summer swallow skims so low for flies,
And finds in cloudy, not in sunny skies;
So I, by being sad, may grow more wise.

III.

Nor men nor swallows can soar every day,
And men and swallows should not, if they may
And well for both that skies are sometimes grey.

IV.

For though the world is dull without the sun,
More sweetly shines he after showers are done,
And eyes are gladder when the tears have run.

V.

Therefore to-day I would not, if I could,
Forego my grief and be of merry mood:
As well might swallows rise, and miss their food.

ALICE HORTON.

Ottawa.

# THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

(*From the French of M. Edmond About.*)

(*Continued.*)

## CHAPTER III.

### HADGI-STAVROS.

DIMITRI set out on his return trip to Athens; the monk went back to his bees; and our new masters drove us into a path leading to the camp of their chief. Madame Simons at first obstinately refused to advance a step, but, on the brigands threatening to carry her, she was induced to proceed. Mary Anne was more astonished than alarmed. The brigands who had captured us had given proof of a certain amount of delicacy; they had searched no one, and had kept their hands off their prisoners. Instead of despoiling us they had required us to despoil ourselves; neither had they noticed that the ladies wore ear-rings, nor even requested them to take off their gloves. We were a great way off from those old stagers in Spain and Italy, who cut off a person's finger to obtain possession of a ring, or who pull off the lobe of the ear to secure a pearl or diamond. The whole misfortune to which we were reduced was the payment of ransom, and there was even a chance of our being released *gratis*. How was it to be supposed possible that Hadgi-Stavros would retain us with impunity at five miles distance from the capital, from the court, the Greek army, a battalion of his Britannic Majesty's, and an English guard-ship? So reasoned Mary Anne. Involuntarily my thoughts wandered to the story of the little girls from Mistra, and a feeling of sadness came over me; I feared, too, that Madame Simons, with her patriotic obstinacy, would expose her daughter to danger, and determined, therefore, to enlighten her as soon as possible on the dangers of our situation. We were walking in single file through a narrow path, and were separated from one another by our fierce travelling companions. The way seemed endless, and I inquired many times whether we would soon reach our journey's end.

Towards eleven o'clock a fierce barking apprised us of the vicinity of the camp. Ten or twelve enormous dogs, with hair like sheep's wool, flung themselves upon us, showing all their teeth. Our protectors received them with blows, and after hostilities had continued for about a quarter of an hour peace was made. These inhospitable monsters proved the advance guard of the King of the Mountains. They scent the gendarmerie as smugglers' dogs scent custom-house officials. But this is not all; their zeal is so great that they occasionally devour an inoffensive shepherd, a traveller who has lost his way, or even one of Hadgi-Stavros' companions. The king maintains them as the old sultans kept up their janizaries, in perpetual fear of being devoured.

The king's camp was a table-land of an area of about seven or eight hundred metres. It was in vain I sought thereon the tents of our conquerors; brigands are by no means Sybarites; and on the thirtieth of April they sleep in the open air. I saw neither heaped spoils nor treasures set forth, nor, in fact, any of those things one would expect to see at the headquarters of a band of robbers. Hadgi-Stavros causes all booty to be sold; every man receives his share in money, and can employ it according to his fancy.

Our arrival interrupted about twenty-five or thirty men at their breakfast, who all hastened towards us with their bread and cheese. The chief supplies his men with provisions; every day they get their rations of bread, oil, wine, cheese, caviare, pimento, bitter olives, and meat when the Church allows it. Brigands, like the rest of the common people, seldom light fires to prepare their meals—they eat cold meat and raw vegetables. I noticed that all those crowding round us religiously observed the law of abstinence: it was the eve of Ascension Day, and these brave people, of whom the most innocent had murder on his soul, would not have eaten so much as a piece of chicken.

The men composing our escort were overwhelmed with questions, to all of which they replied at length. They displayed the booty they had taken, and my silver watch became the centre of attraction. Mary Anne's gold hunting watch excited far less admiration. The public esteem in which it was held reflected some of its glory on me, for in the eyes of these simple people the owner of such a treasure must at the very least be a "milord." I asked to be taken before the chief. The mention of this word reminded our guides of their duty; they inquired where Hadgi-Stavros was, and were told that he was at work in his office.

"At last," said Madame Simons, "I will be able to get a comfortable seat."

Taking my arm, and offering her own to her daughter, she walked with slow and deliberate steps in the direction whither the crowd was leading us. The offices were at no great distance from the camp, and in less than five minutes we were there.

The chief's office resembled an office in about the same degree that the bandit camp resembled a real camp. Neither tables, chairs, nor furniture of any description were to be seen. Hadgi-Stavros was seated on a square of carpet under the shade of a fir-tree, surrounded by four secretaries and two servants. A youth of about seventeen was occupied incessantly in filling, lighting and cleaning his master's *chibouk*. He wore in his girdle a tobacco-pouch, embroidered with gold and fine pearls, and a pair of silver pincers with which to take hold of the live coals. The secretaries, seated on the bare rock, were writing with cut reeds, each having within reach a long brass box containing reeds, a penknife and an inkstand.

The king was a fine-looking, well-preserved old man, upright, slender, supple, and bright and neat as a new sword. His long white moustaches hung down below his chin like two marble stalactites; the rest of his face was smoothly shaved. The expression of his features was calm and thoughtful; his small, light blue eyes and square chin proclaimed a firm and resolute will.

He wore the costume of Tino and the islands of the Archipelago. His red cap lay in a large fold over his forehead; his jacket was of black cloth, braided with black silk; his wide blue trousers were made of cotton check, and his boots of Russia leather. The only richness apparent was a belt embroidered with gold and precious stones, and containing within its folds an embroidered purse, a Damascus *cangiar* in a silver sheath, and a long pistol mounted with gold and rubies.

Motionless amidst his followers, Hadgi-Stavros stirred only his lips and the tips of his fingers, the former to dictate his correspondence, the latter to count the beads in his rosary. He raised his head on our approach and said gravely:

"You are welcome! Pray be seated."

"Sir," exclaimed Madame Simons.

He interrupted her by snapping his tongue against his teeth.

"Presently," he said, "I am occupied just now."

He could only speak Greek, while Madame Simons understood no language except English, but the king's physiognomy was so expressive that the good lady understood him.

We seated ourselves on the ground, fif-

teen or twenty brigands squatted round us, and the king, who had no secrets to hide, calmly proceeded to dictate his family and business letters. The chief of the band who had arrested us came up and whispered in his ear, to which he replied in a haughty tone of voice :—

"What does it matter even supposing the milord understands? I do no harm, and all the world is welcome to listen. Go and sit down, and you, Spiro, write—it is to my daughter."

Then he proceeded with his grave and gentle voice to dictate the following letter :—

"My Beloved Child,—The principal of your school writes that your health is restored, but that the amount of application you bestow on your studies does not give satisfaction. It is asserted that you are becoming absent-minded and heedless, and that you are often seen leaning your elbow on your book, your eyes fixed on vacancy, as if your thoughts were far away. I cannot find words strong enough in which to impress fully upon you the necessity for constant application.

I coincide with you as to the necessity of a knowledge of music, but above all, you must acquire modern languages. You must be able to converse in French, English, and especially in German. You are not made to spend your life in this ridiculous little country, and I would rather see you dead than married to a Greek. The daughter of a king—you must marry a prince at least. Suitable ones can be found in Germany, and my fortune enables me to select one for you. If Germans were allowed to come and reign over us, I do not see why you should not go and reign over them in your turn. Hasten then to make yourself familiar with their language, and tell me in your next letter that you have made some progress therein. And now, my dear child, I send, along with your quarter's fee, my paternal benediction and fondest love."

Madame Simons inclined towards me and whispered—

"Do you think he will invite us to breakfast?"

"Here comes his servant with refreshments."

The king's *cafedgi* came towards us with three cups of coffee, a box of *rahat loukoum*, and a pot of preserves. Madame Simons and her daughter refused the coffee with disgust, for, being prepared in the Turkish manner, it was thick and muddy-looking, but I swallowed mine greedily, like an Eastern *gourmet*. The preserves also were received with equal disfavour, for there was but one spoon between the three of us—fastidious people are badly off in this easy-going country—but the *rahat loukoum* appeared delicious to them, and they emptied their box while the king dictated a business letter to Messrs. Barley & Co., Cavendish Square, London.

"Is he writing about us?" inquired Mary Anne.

"Not at present Miss; but tell me, is not you father partner in a banking house?"

"Yes, in the house of Barley & Co."

Our examination was about beginning now. Hadgi-Stavros, instead of summoning us to appear before him, rose gravely and seated himself beside us on the ground, which mark of respect appeared to us a favourable omen. Madame Simons was evidently preparing to harangue the king, and I, fearful of the consequences, volunteered my services as interpreter. My offer was coldly rejected, and one of the bandits, a native of Corfu, called to undertake the office.

"Madame," said the king, "you appear to be angry. Have you any complaint to make of the men who brought you hither?"

"It is an enormity!" she exclaimed. "Your knaves arrested me, threw me into the dust, stripped, robbed, and almost starved me."

"Pray receive my apologies; I am com-

pelled to employ uneducated people, but believe me, Madame, they did not so act in accordance with my commands. Are you English?"

"Yes, I come from London."

"I myself have been in London, I know and esteem the English. Your countrymen do not like walking over rocks, and I regret exceedingly that you were not permitted to take your own time. I know likewise that English people, when travelling, only carry along with them indispensable articles, and will therefore never forgive Sophocles for having robbed you, more especially if you are a person of rank. You are wealthy, no doubt."

"Yes sir."

"Bring a carpet for these ladies. Have you a yearly income of thirty thousand francs?"

"We have more."

"Sophocles is a clown whom I must certainly chastise. Lagothète, go and see that dinner is prepared for these ladies. "I am shocked at the manner in which you have been treated; you have doubtless many acquaintances in Athens?"

"I know the English minister, and if you had permitted yourself—"

"Oh! madame! Do you know also merchants and bankers?"

"My brother, who is at Athens, knows several bankers in town."

"I am delighted to hear it. Sophocles, come here and ask these ladies' pardon."

Sophocles muttered some apology, and the king continued:

"These ladies are English people of rank and fortune, and you should have treated them with every consideration, refraining from touching any of their effects. See to it that they are treated with all possible care and respect until such time as their brother or ambassador shall send their ransom of one hundred thousand francs."

Poor Madame Simons, dear Mary Anne, neither of them was prepared for this conclusion. As for me I was by no means surprised, knowing what a cunning scoundrel we had to deal with, and boldly addressed him.

"I am poor, my father has nothing, my brothers have often but dry bread to eat; I number neither bankers nor ambassadors among my acquaintances, and if you hold me in hopes of receiving a ransom, you will find yourself grievously mistaken."

Some of the audience appeared incredulous, the king, however, believed my words.

"If this be so," said he, "I will not keep you here against your inclination. Madame will entrust you with a letter to your brother, and you can set out for town this very day; if, however, you should feel disposed to rest a couple of days in the mountain, I freely offer you my hospitality."

After reflecting, on a few moments consideration I determined to accept his offer. I thought my presence and advice might prove of service to the ladies; besides I was unwilling to return to Hamburgh without securing a specimen of the rare and celebrated *boryana variabilis* to present to its museum.

I replied to the king: "I accept your hospitality on one condition: that you return my box."

"Be it so, but likewise on one condition, that you tell me its use."

"Certainly, it is meant to contain the plants I gather."

"And what is your object in collecting plants? To sell them?"

"Fie, I am not a merchant, but a scholar."

He extended his hand delightedly. "I am truly charmed," he said, "Science is a great thing. Our ancestors were learned, and possibly our grandchildren may be so likewise. The learned are highly esteemed in your country, are they not?"

"Very highly."

"They are well paid for their services, no doubt!"

"Pretty well."

"And their death is regarded as a public calamity?"

"Most assuredly?"

"Then you have no reason to complain of your fellow-citizens?"

"On the contrary, it is owing to their liberality that I was enabled to come here."

"Do you travel at their expense?"

"Yes, I have done so for the last six months."

"You must be very learned?"

"I am a Doctor."

"Is there any higher rank than that in science?"

"No."

"And how many Doctors are there in the town you inhabit?"

"I cannot exactly say, but there are not by any means so many Doctors in Hamburgh as Generals in Athens."

"Oh, I would never deprive your country of so extraordinary a man! You must return to Hamburgh, Doctor. What would they say down there if they heard that you had been taken prisoner in our mountains?"

"They would say it was a misfortune."

"Well, rather than lose such a man, the city of Hamburgh would sacrifice fifteen thousand francs. Take back your box, and follow the course of your studies. Replace that money in your pocket. It is yours. I esteem learned people too highly to rob them, but your country is rich enough to pay for its glory. Fortunate young man! You discover to-day how greatly the title of Doctor adds to your personal value! I would not have required the ransom of a cent had you been an ignorant man like myself."

The king closed the meeting, and with a gesture pointed out our dining-room. Mary Anne appeared very much cast down, but such is the inconsistency of youth that she uttered an exclamation of joy on beholding the delightful spot where our table was spread. It was a little grassy slope enshrined in the grey rocks, groups of trivet and laurel served as tapestry, hiding at the same time the rough walls, while overhead was stretched the cloudless and beautiful blue vault of heaven, and two vultures hovering in mid-air seemed to have been suspended there specially to give pleasure to the eye. In one corner of the *salon* was a clear and limpid stream, gliding calmly, almost silently, through the herbage.

The table was laid with pastoral simplicity: a loaf of brown bread, hot from the oven, emitted a most delicious odour, a wooden bowl of curds, large olives and green capsicums heaped on wooden platters, a ewe-milk cheese and half a dozen lettuces, composed the bill of fare. One of the king's officers, the Corfiote who understood English, was charged with the duty of waiting upon us and of listening to our conversation. He cut the bread with his poniard, and helped us bountifully to everything on the table. Madame Simons questioned him haughtily:

"Sir," said she, "does your master for one moment seriously believe that we would pay him a ransom of one hundred thousand francs?"

"He is certain of it, Madame."

"Then he does not understand the English nation."

"He both knows and understands it, Madame, and so do I. At Corfu I was acquainted with several Englishmen of good family."

"Well, tell the Stavros to lay in a good supply of patience, for he will indeed have long to wait for the hundred thousand francs he expects so surely.

"He charged me to tell you that he would wait for them until the 15th of May at noon."

"And if we have not paid up by the 15th at noon?"

"He would regret the necessity of cutting your throat as well as that of Mademoiselle."

Mary Anne let fall the piece of bread she was in the act of conveying to her mouth.

"Give me a little water?" she gasped.

The brigand ran towards the spring and returned immediately with a cup of water, which he handed to the young lady, then turning towards me he continued:

"As for you, *Monsieur le Docteur*, my orders are to inform you that you have thirty days allowed you wherein to complete your studies and pay the stipulated amount. I will furnish to you and these ladies all necessary writing materials."

"Thanks," said Madame Simons, "we will think of it a week hence if we have not been delivered meanwhile."

"Is there anything I can procure for you in the meantime?"

"First of all, a bedchamber."

"I will send for a couple of the shepherd's tents from down below and you can encamp here awaiting the arrival of the gendarmes."

"I require a lady's maid."

"Nothing will be easier than to procure one—our men will go down into the plain and arrest the first peasant woman they may chance to come across."

"Next, I require clothing, linen, towels, soap, a mirror, combs, scents, a . . . . . "

"You require a great deal, madame, and in order to satisfy all your wants we would be compelled to capture Athens. Still we will do our best."

The king and his subjects retired at seven o'clock, when supper was served. Four torches illuminated our table, and with their red and smoky light gave a strange colouring to the pale face of Miss Simons. At times the fire in her eyes seemed to be quenched, to be kindled anew like the revolving beacon in a light-house. Her voice too at intervals recovered its richness, and while listening to her my mind was lost in visions of the supernatural. A nightingale warbled forth his delicious notes, and I seemed to see the silvery melody hovering on Mary Anne's lips. We had all had a very trying day, and even I soon discovered that my only hunger was for sleep; so wishing the ladies good-night I retired to my tent, where I soon forgot nightingale, danger and ransom in a sound sleep.

On awakening at daybreak my thoughts were melancholy in the extreme. With sad eyes I followed the sun as he slowly appeared above the eastern horizon and tinged the mountain brow with gold. By degrees confused noises succeeded to the stillness of night, but I lacked the energy to look at my watch and discover the time of day, or to turn round and see what was going on in my immediate vicinity. In this utter prostration of every faculty I had a vision, which partook at the same time of the nature of a dream and a hallucination, for I was neither awake nor asleep. It seemed to me I had been buried alive, that my black felt tent was a catafalque strewed with flowers, and that the prayers for the dead were being chanted over me. Seized with terror I endeavoured to exclaim, but my voice failed me or else was overpowered by the singers. In utter desperation I now endeavoured to move my right arm; it felt heavy as lead; next I tried the left, which yielded easily, and striking against the tent caused something like a bouquet to fall to the ground. Rubbing my eyes and sitting up I examined the flowers, which seemed to have fallen from heaven. Among their number was a superb specimen of the *boryana variabilis*. At last I really held clasped in my hand this queen of malvaceous plants! But by what accident did it get into my tomb, and how send it thence to the botanical gardens at Hamburgh? While cogitating thus a severe pain drew my attention to my right arm which felt as if a prey to a swarm of invisible animals; rubbing it with my left hand, however, it presently returned to its normal condition, the weight of my head for several hours had benumbed it. I was alive then, for pain is one of life's privileges! But what was the meaning of the funereal chant which so obstinately buzzed in my ears?"

I rose and left the tent. Our apartment was in precisely the same condition as on

the previous evening; Madame Simons and Mary Anne were still sleeping soundly, and a large bouquet similar to mine was suspended over their tent. I now suddenly recollected that the Greeks are in the habit of decorating their dwellings with flowers on the first of May. These bouquets then, and the *boryana variabilis*, proceeded from the king's generosity. The funereal chant still pursuing me, I climbed up the rocky staircase leading to the dwelling of Hadgi-Stavros where I beheld a most curious sight, one which astonished me far more than aught I had seen the previous day. An altar was reared underneath the royal fir-tree, and the monk, clothed in magnificent robes, chanted the Divine service with imposing dignity; while the brigands, some standing, others kneeling on the dusty ground, were either kissing wooden images or signing themselves with the sign of the cross. The king's *chibougdi* went around among them with a copper vessel saying, "Give alms! He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." Coins rained down into his dish, and the noise of the money falling on the metal formed an accompaniment to the voice of the priest and the prayers of those present. On entering the assembly of the faithful they all saluted me cordially, while the king, who stood close to the altar, made room for me by his side. He held a large open book in his hand and to my surprise I perceived that he was chanting the lessons aloud. In his youth he had received the second minor order of priesthood; he was reader or *anagnosti*. The service continued till a few minutes past noon; an hour later the altar had disappeared, and the brigands were drinking and rioting with the priest in their midst.

Hadgi-Stavros took me aside to inquire whether I had written, and on my promising to do so without further delay he sent for reeds, ink and paper. I wrote to John Harris, to Christodule and my father. I besought Christodule to intercede on my behalf with his old comrade, and to tell him how utterly incapable I was of raising fifteen thousand francs. I cast myself on the generosity of Harris, well aware that he was not the man to leave a friend in distress. "If anyone can save me," I wrote, "it is you. I have not the slightest idea how you will set about it, but with my whole heart do I place my trust in you. Act as you see fit, set fire to the kingdom if you please, you have my sanction to everything beforehand, but don't lose any time, for I feel that my head is weak and my senses might take leave of me before the end of the month."

As for my unfortunate father, I took good care not to let him know how and where I was lodged. I simply wrote as usual at the beginning of every month, adding that I was travelling in the mountains, had discovered the *boryana variabilis*, as well as a young lady richer and far more beautiful than the princess Ypsoff of romantic memory. Owing to unfavourable circumstances, I had as yet been unable to inspire her with a feeling of affection, but presently I expected to have the opportunity of rendering her some signal service, or of presenting myself before her in the irresistible uniform of my late uncle Rosenthaler. However, I added, with a feeling of unconquerable sadness, "who knows but what I may eventually die a bachelor? Then Francis or Jean Nicolas will have to make a fortune for the family. My health is unimpaired, my strength unabated, but Greece is a treacherous country that often cuts off the strongest and most vigorous by some unforeseen circumstance. If I were condemned never to revisit Germany, believe me, my dear excellent father, my last regret would be that I must die so far away from my family, and my last thought would wing its way to you."

Hadgi-Stavros made his appearance just as I was wiping away a tear, and I verily believe this sign of weakness lowered me in his estimation.

"Come, young man," said he, "take cour-

age, it is as yet too soon to weep over your fate. The English lady has just finished a letter eight pages in length, without shedding a single tear—go and keep her company. Ah, if you were a man of my stamp! At your age, and in your place, I should not have been a prisoner long. My ransom would have been paid before the expiration of two days, and I know well at whose expense. Are you married?"

"No."

"Well, don't you understand? Return to your apartment and be amiable; I have furnished you with a splendid opportunity of making your fortune, if you don't profit by it you will prove yourself to be an awkward fellow."

I found Mary Anne and her mother seated by the spring. Awaiting the arrival of the promised maid, they were fain to set about shortening their riding-habits themselves, the brigands having furnished them with thread or rather twine and needles, suitable for sewing tent canvas. I inquired how they had slept, and then for the first time noticed Mary Anne's hair. She was bare-headed, and having bathed in the rivulet was letting her hair dry in the sun. Her long chesnut hair fell in one mass of waves and curls over her shoulders and down her back, while the rays of sunlight, playing and gliding through the locks, coloured them with a soft velvety hue, and her face thus framed seemed to me the most beautiful picture I had ever beheld.

Plan after plan for escape presented itself before my mind, but all were alike impracticable—besides I would have seemed to commit a mortal sin in making my escape without Mary Anne.

The arrival of the Corfu bandit with the desired lady's maid, put an end to my reverie. The maid was an Albanian peasant girl, rather pretty, in spite of her flat nose. She had been captured by two brigands while she was walking between her mother and her betrothed, and, her heart-rending shrieks notwithstanding, they carried her off, consoling her, however, with the promise of setting her at liberty within a fortnight, and paying her well meanwhile. She was easily pacified, and almost rejoiced at a misfortune which would increase her dowry.

The day closed without further adventure. The following day was intolerably long; the Corfiote did not leave us an instant, and Mary Anne and her mother were on the constant look out for the gendarmes. Accustomed to an active life, I chafed at this enforced idleness. I might have wandered in the mountain with a guard, but preferred remaining with the ladies.

Saturday morning, between four and five o'clock, an unusual noise attracted me towards the king's chamber, where Hadgi-Stavros, standing in the midst of his band, presided over a riotous council. The brigands were all armed to the teeth, and ten or twelve trunks were lying on hand-barrows ready for removal, doubtless containing the baggage of our captors, who were about to raise the camp. The Corfiote, Vasile and Sophocles were deliberating, and all speaking at the same time. In the distance the dogs were heard barking, and presently a ragged courier came running towards the king, exclaiming: "The Gendarmes!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GENDARMES.

THE king did not seem greatly affected; his eyebrows were rather more contracted, and he frowned slightly; that was all. He inquired calmly of the new comer:

"By which way are they ascending?"

"By way of Castia."

"How many companies?"

"One only."

A second messenger arrived in hot haste to give the alarm. Hadgi-Stavros called out to him from afar:

"Is it the company of Périclès?"

The brigand replied: "I know not, being unable to read the numbers."

A shot resounded in the distance.

"Hush!" said the king, pulling out his watch. The assembly observed strict silence. Four shots were now heard in quick succession, the last being followed by a violent detonation, resembling a fire by platoons, and Hadgi-Stavros smilingly replaced his watch.

"It is well," said he; "put the baggage back in the depôt, and help us to some Ægina wine."

Perceiving me in my corner when he had finished his sentence, he called in a bantering tone of voice:—

"Come on, sir German, you are not by any means *de trop*; it is well to get up early, for then one sees strange sights. Come and drink a glass of wine with our worthy gendarmes."

Five minutes later three enormous leathern bottles were brought from some secret store, while a belated sentinel announced to the king—

"The gendarmes of Périclès!"

Some of the brigands hastened to meet the band, while the Corfiote, who was a good speaker, harangued the captain. Presently the drum was heard; the blue flag broke upon our vision, and sixty well-armed men filed off two by two and came to the apartment of Hadgi-Stavros. I recognized Monsieur Périclès, having admired him on the promenade of Patissia. He was a young officer about thirty years of age, handsome, well made, and a great favourite among the ladies. Replacing his sword within its sheath, he advanced to the King of the Mountains and kissed him on the lips.

"Good day, little one," said the latter, patting the captain on the cheek. "How have you been all this time?"

"Very well, thanks, and you?"

"As you see! What about your family?"

"My uncle, the bishop, is ill with a fever."

"Bring him here, I will restore him to health. Is the chief of police better?"

"Rather better, he sends you kindly greetings, as also the minister."

"What is the news?"

"A ball at the palace on the 15th."

"I see you are still fond of dancing. Have you letters for me?"

"Yes, here they are. Photini was not ready, and will send hers by mail."

"Take a glass of wine. Your health, my boy."

"God bless you, godfather. Who is this Frenchman who is listening to us?"

"Nobody of consequence, a German scholar. Have you no news for us?"

"The general paymaster is going to send twenty thousand francs to Argos, and his party will pass the Scironian rocks to-morrow evening."

"I will be there. Will a strong force be necessary?"

"Yes, the chest will be guarded by two companies."

"Good or bad?"

"Shocking, they will fight to the last."

"I will take my entire band; you will carefully watch the prisoners during my absence."

"Certainly, with pleasure. By the way, I have very strict orders; your English ladies have written to their ambassador, and summon the whole army to their assistance. I must write my report with due regard to this circumstance, and will relate that we had a desperate fight."

"We will draw it up together."

"Remember, godfather, it is my turn to gain the victory."

"How insatiable you are; it is not a year ago since I made you captain."

"But pray consider, my dear godfather, that it is for your interest to be beaten, for when once it becomes known that your band is dispersed, confidence will be reawakened, travel will begin, and you will reap a golden harvest."

"Yes, but if I am overcome, funds will rise and I am on the decline."

"You can, at least, permit me to massacre a dozen of your men."

"So be it; but for my part I must kill ten of yours."

"How so? On my return it will be at once perceived that my company is complete."

"Not at all, you must leave them here; I stand in need of recruits."

"In that case let me recommend little Spiro, my adjutant, to your notice; he is quick and intelligent. The poor youth's pay is but seventy-eight francs a month, and his parents are badly off. If he remains in the army he will not even be sub-lieutenant for five or six years to come, there are so many officers on the list."

"Well, Spiro shall be one. You would be a brigand yourself were it not for your mother's prejudice; she maintains that you have no talent in that line. Your health! Yours also, Master German. Let me introduce to you my godson, Captain Périclès. My dear Périclès, I have much pleasure in introducing to you this gentleman, a German Doctor, and worth fifteen thousand francs. Would you believe that this learned Doctor has not as yet succeeded in getting his ransom paid by our English ladies? The world is degenerating; it was very different in my time."

Whether owing to the pleasure of an anticipated campaign, or to the joy of seeing his godson, the King had certainly grown suddenly young again; he seemed at least twenty years younger, and laughed and joked with all. I should never have imagined that the only event capable of cheering up a brigand was the arrival of the gendarmerie. The marauding band was soon ready to start, the young Adjutant Spiro, and the other nine men selected from among the gendarmes, exchanged their uniforms for the picturesque costume of the bandits, and testified no regret at leaving their former condition; on the contrary, the grumblers were those who remained under the flag, but the captain comforted them to the best of his ability by promising their turn should come. Hadgi-Stavros before starting delivered up all the keys to his substitute. He showed him the wine grotto, the flour vault, the gap where the cheese was stored, and the trunk of the tree where the coffee was kept; instructed him in the precautions necessary to hinder our escape, and retain so important a capital. To all this Périclès smilingly replied: "What do you fear; am I not a shareholder?"

By seven o'clock that morning the king set out with his subjects; the band marched in a northerly direction, turning their backs on the Scironian rocks, and singing in a loud voice.

Madame Simons, who was sleeping by the side of her daughter, started up out of her sleep and ran to the window, or rather to the waterfall. She was cruelly disappointed on beholding enemies where she expected to see friends and deliverers. She recognized the king, the Corfiote, and many others, but what surprised her most of all was the evident importance of this early expedition. She counted sixty men as following Hadgi-Stavros. "Sixty," thought she, "why there will be only twenty left to guard us," and the idea of an escape presented itself to her mind. In the midst of her reflections she perceived a rear guard filing off. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty men! No one was left in the camp! We were free! "Mary Anne!" she exclaimed. The marching past still continued. The band was composed of eighty brigands, and ninety were setting off!

Mary Anne rose on hearing her mother's exclamation, and hurried out of the tent.

"At liberty!" shouted Madame Simons. "They have all left."

Hastening towards the staircase, they beheld the king's camp occupied by the gendarmes. The Greek flag was floating triumphantly from the summit of the fir-tree,

while the place of Hadgi-Stavros was filled by M. Périclès. Madame Simons rushed into his arms, fairly shrieking : "Angel sent by Heaven, the brigands have all left!"

"Yes, Madame," calmly rejoined the captain in English.

"Did you put them to flight?"

"Certainly, Madame, had it not been for us they would still be here."

"Excellent young man! The battle must have been terrible. And now we are free!"

"Most assuredly."

"We can return to Athens!"

"Whenever it suits us."

"Well then let us start."

"It is impossible to do so instantly."

"What are we doing here?"

"Our duty as conquerors; we guard the battle-field!"

"Sir," continued Madame Simons, "it is God who sent you here! We had lost all hope, our only defender was a young German who employs himself gathering herbs. But here you are! I felt convinced we should be rescued by the gendarmes. Is it not so, Mary Anne?"

"Yes, mother."

"You must know, sir, that these brigands are the meanest of men, they began by taking possession of everything we had about us."

"Everything!" inquired the Captain.

"Yes, everything except my watch, which I had taken the precaution of hiding."

"You did well, Madame. Did they keep all they took?"

"No, they returned to us three hundred francs, a silver *nécessaire* and my daughter's watch."

"Did they take your ear and finger-rings."

"No, sir."

"Be kind enough to hand them over to me."

"Hand you over what?"

"Your rings, earrings, a silver *nécessaire*, two watches, and the sum of three hundred francs."

Madame Simons uttered an exclamation of astonishment. "Sir," she cried, "Do you wish to take from us what the brigands restored?"

The Captain replied with dignity: "Madame, I merely do my duty."

"Is it your duty to despoil us?"

"My duty is to collect all possible evidence against Hadgi-Stavros."

"It seems to me you have evidence enough against him without our jewellery and money. He arrested two Englishwomen, is not that alone sufficient to have him hanged?"

"Madame, the forms of justice must be obeyed."

"But, my dear sir, among the objects you demand are several which I greatly prize."

"All the more reason for confiding them to me."

"But if I have no watch I will never be able to——"

"Madame, I will always consider it an honour to tell you the time of day."

Mary Anne now observed that she felt reluctant to part with her earrings.

Mademoiselle," replied the gallant captain, "you are quite beautiful enough to dispense with ornament."

I had listened to this dialogue from beginning to end, and it was with difficulty I kept my indignation in check. When, however, this rascal of a gendarme offered the girl his arm to rob her politely, I felt my wrath kindle, and marched up to him to tell him my opinion of his proceedings. He must have read my intention in my eyes, for, casting on me a threatening glance, he left the ladies on the steps leading to their tent, and ordering a sentinel to keep watch he returned saying :

"It is our turn now."

Without more ado he hurried me along into the king's apartment, where placing himself in front of me, and gazing into my eyes, he said : "Sir, you understand English?"

I confessed my knowledge of the language.

"You understand Greek as well?"

"I do."

"Then you are too learned. Can you comprehend my godfather amusing himself by relating our affairs before you? As for his own it is not of so much consequence; but just put yourself in my place! Mine is a delicate position, and I have many things to consider; I am not rich, and have but my pay, the esteem of my chiefs, and the friendship of the brigands. A single traveller's indiscretion may cause me to lose two-thirds of my fortune."

"And do you believe that I would keep the secret of your infamous actions?"

"When I depend upon anything, I assure you sir, my confidence is rarely deceived. I don't know whether you will leave these mountains alive, or if your ransom will ever be paid; if my godfather has your head cut off, my mind will be at rest, for you will not then talk of what you have seen and heard. If, on the contrary, you return to Athens, I advise you as a friend, to be silent on these subjects."

"I shall reflect on your advice."

"On your return to Germany you are at perfect liberty to relate, write, or print whatever you please; the works published against us harm no one unless their authors. If you were faithfully to depict what you have seen, the good folks in Europe would accuse you of traducing an illustrious and oppressed people. No one would believe you. The public believes only lies that bear some faint appearance of probability. I do not forbid your publishing your adventure, but you must wait until you have left the country, else it might cost you your life."

"But," I objected, "if some indiscreet act were to be committed before my departure, how would you know it to be my fault?"

"You alone are in my secret; the English ladies are convinced I am delivering them from Hadgi-Stavros, and I can easily keep them in this delusion until the king's return in two days. They will deal their blow tomorrow evening, and, as conquerors or conquered, will be here on Monday morning; meanwhile, until my godfather's return, I will keep you at a safe distance from the ladies. I will borrow your tent—you must perceive that my skin is of a different texture to that of the worthy Hadgi-Stavros. Besides, I must keep these forlorn ladies company—it is my duty as their deliverer. Pray allow me to give an order on your account. Corporal Janni, to you I confide the custody of this gentleman. Surround him by four sentinels, who must watch over him day and night, and accompany him everywhere. Let the guard be relieved every two hours. Move on!"

He bowed to me with ironical politeness, and sauntered in the direction of Madame Simons' tent.

From this moment began for me a torment the like of which can scarcely be conceived. Every one has doubtless some notion of what a prison might be, but just try to imagine a living and moving prison, whose four walls come and go, widen and draw near again, turn and turn again, rub their hands, stir, struggle, and obstinately fix eight large black eyes on their prisoner. The day seemed endless, the night eternal. The captain had taken possession of my bed along with my room, and the rock which served as my couch was not by any means like a feather bed. If at times I fell into an uneasy slumber, I was awakened by hearing corporal Janni giving the word of command. Then too a fine, penetrating rain began to fall, and made me cruelly conscious that roofing is a glorious invention, and that tilers render invaluable services to society. Dozing or waking, however, I thought I beheld Mary Anne and her venerable mother shaking hands with their deliverer. Ah! now I began to do justice to the good old King of the Mountains! How I recalled all the curses I had hurled at him! How I regretted his gentle, paternal government! How I sighed for his

return! How fervently I prayed for him! "My God," I prayed, "give the victory to Thy servant Hadgi-Stavros! Cause all the soldiers in the kingdom to fall before him. Deliver into his hands the money chest and the last dollar of this infernal army! And pray send back to us the brigands so that we may be rid of these gendarmes!"

On finishing this orison, a firing was heard proceeding from the camp, and this was kept up at intervals during the day and following night. It was a trick of M. Périclès, who, the better to deceive Madame Simons, and persuade her that he was defending her against an army of bandits, ordered a field exercise from time to time.

This whim might have cost him dear, for on Monday morning at daybreak, when the brigands arrived at the camp, they believed they had to deal with real enemies, and returned the fire with some shots which, unfortunately, hit nobody. Heaven had not hearkened with a favourable ear to my prayers—the Greek soldiers had defended themselves so furiously that the combat was prolonged far into the night. The troops killed fourteen brigands; young Spiro's future career was cut short by a bullet. Sixty men arrived fairly worn out with fatigue—dusty, bleeding, bruised and wounded. Sophocles had received a gunshot wound in his shoulder, and was being carried; the Corfu bandit, along with several others, were left on the way—some with shepherds, others in a village, others again on the bare rocks by the wayside.

The whole band was gloomy and discouraged. Sophocles howled with pain. I heard some grumbling at the king's imprudence in exposing the life of his followers for the sake of a miserable sum of money, instead of quietly plundering rich and compliant travellers.

The most tranquil, calm and light-hearted man among them was the king himself. On his face was legible the proud satisfaction of having done his duty. He recognized me at once in the midst of my four jailors, and cordially held out his hand.

"Dear friend," said he, "you here behold a very ill-treated king; those hounds of soldiers would not give up the case—it must have been their own money, for they would assuredly never have allowed themselves to be killed for the property of others. My trip produced nothing, and my outlay has been fourteen fighting men, not including some wounded who will not recover; but no matter, we fought well. Those knaves were more numerous than we, and had bayonets besides."

He hummed the first verse of his favourite air, and then continued: "I would not have been at home since Saturday for twenty thousand francs. Cafedgi, my child, attend to your duty, I have performed mine. But where on earth is Périclès?"

The gallant captain was peacefully resting in his tent. Janni ran to advise him of the king's return, and brought him, still half asleep. I know no more efficacious method of wakening a man than a glass of cold water, or a piece of bad news. M. Périclès was truly disconcerted on hearing that Spiro and two other of his men had fallen in the combat.

"I am undone!" he exclaimed. "How can I account for their presence in your midst, and in bandit uniform too? Shall I say they deserted to you? that you had taken them prisoners or what? I was waiting for you to write my grand report. Last evening I wrote saying I was closing you in on the *Parnès*, and that all our men were behaving admirably. Holy Virgin, I will not dare show my face at Patissia next Sunday."

Hadgi-Stavros was seated, and calmly sipped his coffee. He said to his godson: "You are greatly troubled and perplexed; just remain with us, I will ensure you a minimum of ten thousand francs a year, and enlist your men. We will take our revenge together."

M. Périclès answered with visible embar-

rassment: "I thank you, but I require time to reflect. I am accustomed to town life, my health is delicate, and the winters must be very severe in the mountains; I have already taken cold. Moreover, the evil may not be so great as we fancy; who knows whether those three unfortunates have been recognized? Probably, too, the news of the circumstance will not have reached Athens before we do. I will at once proceed to the Minister's office, and no one will come to contradict my story, for the two companies continued their march to Argos. . . . Decidedly I must return. Take good care of your wounded. Adieu!" And he gave the signal for departure to his drummer.

Hadgi-Stavros arose, and coming towards me by the side of his godson, than whom he was fully a head taller, he said: "Sir, behold a Greek of modern times, I myself belong to the olden time. And yet the newspapers pretend that this is an age of progress!"

At the rolling of the drum my prison walls fell like the ramparts of Jericho, and two minutes later I was in front of Mary Anne's tent. Mother and daughter started up out of their sleep. Madame Simons was the first to perceive me and called out:

"Are we going to depart?"

"Alas! Madame, we have not reached that point yet!"

"But the captain gave us his word we should start this morning."

"The captain is a scoundrel, a thief and a liar! These are his true titles, and I will prove it, Madame."

"Why, sir, what harm did the gendarmerie do you?"

"Do me, Madame? Pray come with me to the top of the staircase."

Madame Simons arrived in time to see the soldiers filing off, the drummer at their head, the brigands installed in their place, the king and captain locked in a farewell embrace. The surprise was too much; the poor lady fainted, and I was obliged to carry her to the spring where her daughter bathed her face, but I firmly believe it was rage which caused her to revive.

"The wretch!" she exclaimed.

"Is it not true that he robbed you of your money and watches?"

"I do not regret my jewels, he is welcome to them, but I would willingly give ten thousand francs not to have shaken hands with him."

I could not repress a sigh on hearing Madame Simons give vent to this regret. All the weight of her wrath fell on me. "It is your fault," she said, "why did you not advise me? You should have told me that the brigands were saints in comparison to the gendarmes."

"Madame, I warned you not to expect too much from the gendarmes."

"You certainly said something of the sort, but so clumsily that I could not believe you. How could I fancy that this man was but the jailer of Stavros, and that he merely kept us here to give the brigands time to return? I see it all now, but you never warned me."

"Madame, I told you all I knew, and did all in my power."

"An Englishman in your place would have exposed his life for us, and I would have rewarded him by giving him my daughter's hand in marriage."

I felt so excited and bewildered by this speech that I dared neither raise my eyes, answer, nor ask the lady what she meant by these words. Was it not a cruel irony on my most secret thoughts? Who knows but what she suspected me of being in love with her daughter, and uttered the words to make me betray myself. I replied in a calm and firm tone:

"Madame, were I indeed fortunate enough to free you from this place, I swear to you it would not be to marry your daughter."

"And why not?" she replied. "The most fastidious might be well pleased to marry Miss Simons."

"Alas, Madame!" I replied, "you have

misunderstood me. The young lady is perfection, and were it not that her presence forbids me, I would tell you of the passionate admiration she inspired in me the first moment I beheld her. It is precisely on this account that I lack the presumption of hoping that any chance can ever prove me worthy of her."

I had hoped that my humility would soften this thunder-striking mother. But her anger was not one whit abated.

"Why do you not deserve my daughter?" she continued. "Pray answer me."

"Madame, I have neither rank nor fortune."

"No rank! You would acquire rank, sir, by marrying my daughter. No fortune! Will not the man who frees us from this place present us with one hundred thousand francs? Do you mean to say that a hundred thousand francs is a sum to be despised? Why, then, don't you deserve to marry my daughter?"

"Madame, I am not an Englishman."

"Well, do you think us absurd enough to imagine you guilty of a crime on account of your birth? The whole world cannot be English. But it is possible to be a sensible and honest man without being born in England."

"As for integrity, Madame, that is transmitted from father to son; mind and sense I have, sufficient to have been made Doctor; unfortunately, however, I do not delude myself as to the defects of physical appearance and . . . ."

"No, sir, you are by no means ugly; you have an intelligent face, and were you even ten times uglier you would not be so much so as my late husband. And yet the day I married him I was as pretty as my daughter is now. What do you say to that?"

"Nothing, Madame, except that you overwhelm me, and that it will not be my fault if to-morrow you are not on the way to Athens."

"What do you hope to do?"

"I hope you will be satisfied with me if you will kindly grant me your attention for a while."

"Proceed, sir."

"Madame, Hadgi-Stavros has all his funds with Messrs. Barley & Co."

"What! with us?"

"At No. 31, Cavendish Square, London. Last Wednesday he dictated before us a business letter addressed to Mr. Barley."

"Why did you not tell me that sooner?"

"You never gave me an opportunity."

"Your behaviour is inexplicable. We might have been at liberty six days ago! I would have gone to him and explained my relation to . . . . ."

"Then he would have demanded two or three hundred thousand francs. Believe me, Madame, it will be for the best to say nothing at all about it. Pay your ransom; make him give you a receipt, and a fortnight hence send him an account current, with the following:—

"'*Item*, 100,000 francs remitted in person by Madame Simons, our partner.'

"In this way you will get your money back without the assistance of the gendarmerie."

I raised my eyes and beheld the sweet smile of Mary Anne, radiant with gratitude. Madame Simons, on the contrary, shrugged her shoulders furiously, seemingly only moved with vexation.

"Truly you are a strange man," she said, "you have known all this since Wednesday morning! I will never forgive you for not having told us immediately."

"Pray recollect, Madame, that I besought you to write to your brother, asking for the necessary funds."

"Are you sure that this Stavros will not detain us after having received the money?"

"I will answer for that. The brigands are the only Greeks who never fail to keep their word. You can easily understand that if they ever detained their prisoners after the

receipt of their ransom, no one would ever again purchase his freedom."

"True! Now take us to Stavros without further delay."

The king was breakfasting under his tree of justice, surrounded by the officers who still remained to him, and all were consulting as to the most expeditious method of replacing the killed and wounded. Every one in turn propounded some favourite project, but the king, whose mind was imbued with English ideas, thought of organizing a recruitment by force, and carrying off all the shepherds from Attica. This system appeared all the more advantageous, as by this means every disbursement would be avoided, and many flocks gained into the bargain.

Displeased at our interruption, the king granted us but a chilling reception. I addressed him in the name of the ladies, and owing to the absence of the former interpreter, the king was compelled to accept my services. I hastened to tell him that owing to the previous day's disaster he would, doubtless, be pleased to learn Madame Simons' determination: that she had resolved to pay her ransom and mine at the shortest possible interval, and that the funds would be deposited the following day either at the Bank of Athens or in such other place as he would be pleased to fix.

"I am delighted," said he, "that these ladies have given up their idea of summoning the Greek army to their assistance. Tell them they shall be furnished with all necessary writing materials; but they must not a second time abuse my confidence and draw the soldiers down upon me here! The instant one appears I will have their throats cut. I swear it by the Blessed Virgin."

"Have no fear. I give you my word for the ladies and myself. Where do you wish the funds to be deposited?"

"In the National Bank of Greece, the only one which has not yet been bankrupt."

"Have you a safe man to carry the letter?"

"The monk will go."

"All right; when Madame Simons' brother has lodged the money for your receipt, the monk will come and let you know."

"What receipt? Wherefore a receipt? I have never yet given one. Once you are all at liberty it will be easily perceived that you have paid me my due."

"As you please, I merely spoke in Madame Simons' interest, who is her daughter's guardian, and will have to render an account of her fortune when the young lady is of age."

"Let her manage that as she pleases! What great harm would there be in her paying for her daughter? I have never regretted my expenditure for Photini. There is paper, ink and reeds; be kind enough to superintend the composition of the letters, remember your head is also at stake."

I arose and followed the ladies, who noticed my confusion, though unable to fathom its cause. A sudden inspiration made me retrace my steps and say to the king:—

"You are right not to sign a receipt; I was wrong to request it."

"What do you mean?"

"One must be prepared for everything; who knows but what you might yet experience a defeat more terrible than the first, and might chance to fall into the hands of the soldiers?"

"Who, I?"

"You would then be prosecuted like any other malefactor; the magistrates would no longer fear you, and under these circumstances a receipt for ransom paid you would be overwhelming proof against you."

He replied in a thundering tone:

"Chance and their superior numbers on one occasion gave soldiers the advantage over me, but that will never occur again. I fall living into their hands! I, whose arm is proof against fatigue, and whose head is ball-proof. What! Should I go and be seated in front of a judge like any common peasant who may have stolen cabbages? Young

man, you don't know Hadgi-Stavros yet! It would be easier far to uproot the *Parnès* and plant it on the summit of the *Taygète* than to force me from my mountains and set me in a court of justice. Write me the name of Madame Simons in Greek, and your own as well."

"It is unnecessary, and . . . ."

"Write it, I say. You know my name, and, doubtless, will never forget it. I want yours to remember it likewise."

I scribbled my name as well as I was able in the harmonious language of Plato. The king's lieutenants applauded his firmness without foreseeing it would cost him so dear. Satisfied with myself, I hastened towards Madame Simons' tent, and related what a narrow escape her money had had, whereupon she condescended to smile. Half an hour later she submitted the following letter for my approbation:

"On the PARNES, in the midst of the demons of Stavros.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"The gendarmes you sent to our assistance betrayed and robbed us. I advise you to have them hanged. Their Captain, Périclès, ought to have a gibbet a hundred feet in height. It is useless to expect anything from the local authorities. All the natives are leagued against us, and the day following our departure the Greeks will assemble to share our spoils. Fortunately they will get but little. I learn from a young German, whom at first I took for a spy, but who is a very honest gentleman, that this Stavros, or Hadgi-Stavros, as he styles himself, has placed all his capital in our house. I pray you to verify this fact, and if it is the case, nothing hinders us from paying the ransom required. Have 115,000 francs deposited in the Bank of Greece (£4,600 stg.) for a regular receipt, sealed with the seal of Stavros. The sum will be charged to him and all will be right. Our health is good spite of the comfortless life we lead on this mountain. Believe me, my dear brother,

"Your affectionate sister,

"REBECCA SIMONS.

"Monday, May 5th."

I took the letter to the king, who examined it with so critical an eye that I trembled lest he should discover the contents, though I was perfectly aware that he did not understand one word of English. He appeared satisfied only on seeing the figures £4,600 stg., for then he perceived there was no question of gendarmes. The letter was deposited with other papers in a tin box, and the priest being summoned, the king delivered it to him with minute instructions. He set out at once, and my heart went with him to his destination.

The king grew milder since this important matter was settled. He ordered quite a banquet for us, and for his men a double ration of wine, while all the bandits received orders to treat us with great respect.

The breakfast now served was one of the most joyous repasts of my life. All my troubles seemed ended! After two more days of delightful captivity I would be free! I ate heartily, and drank to the health of Mary Anne, of her mother, my good parents and the princess Ypsoff. Madame Simons desiring to know the history of this illustrious stranger, I related the whole affair. Mary Anne listened attentively, and thought the princess had done well, and that a woman should seize happiness wherever she found it. I seemed floating towards some terrestrial paradise!

Under the influence of this ecstacy I told both ladies the whole history of my life. I am unaware to what extent my recital may have interested them, but it gave me at least great pleasure.

On Thursday morning the monk appeared, and handed to the king a letter from the Manager of the Bank, and to Madame Simons a note from her brother. Hadgi-

Stavros stepped forward, saying: "You are at liberty, Madame, and may take your daughter with you. May I express the hope that you do not carry with you too unpleasant a recollection of our mountain home. If bed and board were unworthy of you, it was the fault of circumstances. If I dared offer a little gift to your daughter, I would beg her to accept this antique ring. It is not the product of robbery. I purchased it from a merchant of Nauplia. When the young lady returns to England she can show the jewel when relating her visit to the court of the King of the Mountains."

I faithfully interpreted this little speech, and had the pleasure of slipping the ring on Mary Anne's finger.

"And shall not I too receive some token in memory of you?" I asked.

"You, my dear sir, remain with us; your ransom is still unpaid."

I turned towards Madame Simons, who handed me the following note:

"DEAR SISTER,—After examination and verification I gave the £4000 in exchange for the receipt. I was unable, however, to advance the other £600, as the receipt not being in your name, it would have been impossible to recover them. I am, awaiting your dear presence, &c."

I had preached too successfully. Hadgi-Stavros thought it imperative to send two receipts.

Madame Simons whispered: "You seem greatly troubled! Throw off this gloomy appearance. The hardest part is over, seeing that my daughter and I are saved without cost; as for you my mind is at rest, you will find some way of escape. What day shall we expect your visit?"

I thanked her heartily, for was she not giving me a fine occasion on which to display my personal qualities and so win the esteem of Mary Anne. "Madame," I replied, "You shall hear from me presently."

"Once you have made your escape you must not fail to call upon us."

"I will not fail, Madame."

"And now, ask this Stavros to give us an escort of five or six men."

"My goodness! What for?"

"To protect us from the gendarmes."

*(To be continued.)*

## NOVEMBER.

WITHIN the deep-blue eyes of Heaven a haze
Of saddened passion dims their tender light,
For that her fair queen-child, the summer bright,
Lies a wan corpse amidst her mouldering bays:
The sullen autumn lifts no voice of praise
To herald winter's cold and cruel might,
But winds foreboding fill the desolate night
And die at dawning down wild woodland ways:
The sovereign sun at noonday smileth cold—
As through a shroud he hath not power to part—
While huddled flocks crouch listless round their fold;
The mock-bird's dumb, no more with cheerful dart
Upsoars the lark through morning's quivering gold,
And dumb or dead, methinks, great Nature's heart.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

## THE COUNTESS ANNA.*

OUT in the Köpnicker fields, to the east of Berlin, surrounded by pleasant gardens and wide lawns, there stands a stately building, with high tower and wide-spreading airy wings—the hospital and deaconess house of Bethany. This house of mercy, which is used for nursing the sick, and for training young women to minister efficiently to the sick bodies and souls of their poor brethren, was one of the earliest erections of that large-hearted king, Frederick William IV., of Prussia.

It was the 3rd of June, 1853. In the large garden at Bethany the young shrubs and trees were clad in green, and the elders and other flowering plants were radiant in beauty and sweetness. Some convalescent patients were passing up and down in the pretty grounds, dressed in the blue costume of the institution, or were sitting on the terrace rejoicing in the spring air and sunshine. Just then a perfectly dazzling equipage swept over the Köpnicker fields, which were at that time almost free from houses. A black stag on a gold ground, and two red trout on a silver shield, decorated the panels. A young lady, whose features were expressive of great character and true sweetness, rose suddenly from the back seat as if impatient of expectation, and looked out of the open window; her large brown eyes sparkled as they gazed lovingly at the tower with the two bells and the bright windows of Bethany, and then turning to the two dear old faces sitting opposite to her in the carriage, she exclaimed in a voice of deep emotion, while her beautiful eyes filled with tears, and she pressed their hands in hers: "Thank you, thank you, darling father and mother, for this hour; may God bless us and the poor sick ones in that house!"

The ancient house of Stolberg was built up in Thuringia, in the darkness of the middle ages, and ever since its members have been famous for their deep piety and devoted love of the fatherland. They were among the earliest Crusaders, and the song of the Crusader, Knight Henry of Wernigerode, is a well-known tradition in Thuringia. Theirs has always been a race of poets as well as of warriors; the brothers Stolberg, in their young days wild *Burschen*, and ardent admirers of Klopstock, are known to all readers of Gœthe's *Diehtung and Warheit*, and the Countess Augusta, with whom he formed a romantic friendship, and carried on a confidential correspondence without ever having seen her, was their sister. At the time of the French Revolution, Christian Frederick, the reigning Count of Stolberg Wernigerode, lived a simple, happy, patriarchal life in his beautiful Hartz home, beloved by his people and his ten children, and surrounded by the forests, the hills, and legends of his childhood. When Napoleon seized the core of the German Provinces and made Jerome Bonaparte King of Westphalia, the Stolbergs would not do homage to the usurper, or fight under French colours; in sorrow and shame—but remembering their old motto, "*Spes nescia falli*"—Hope never maketh ashamed!—they withdrew to their native mountains. This caused great indignation in Cassel, especially against the youngest son of Count Christian—Count Anton, who though only twenty years of age, had fought against the French at Saalfield and Jena, and bravely distinguished himself in many bloody battles during the succeeding winter's campaign. He was proclaimed an outlaw, and

* Anna Countess zu Stolberg Wernigerode, Lady Superintendent of "Bethany," Deaconess House at Berlin. A Story of our own Times. Translated from the German of Arnold Wellmer.

a price was set on his head, but he was perfectly safe in the green solitudes of the Hartz mountains; not one of his faithful people was base enough to betray him, though numbers knew where he was concealed. Soon after Count Christian left the home which had been his from childhood, and where his children had been born, but whose happiness had been poisoned by the French usurpation, and took up his residence in the beautiful old castle of Peterswaldan, near Reichenbach, where he had large possessions. To this house, in 1809, Count Anton brought home his bride, Louise, the daughter of the Prussian Minister, Von der Reck, and soon the old Count's declining years were gladdened by a fresh bright circle of blooming grandchildren. Through the war of Independence Count Anton fought with distinguished bravery, and he could not have survived the wounds he received at the battle of Lutzen but for the affectionate solicitude of Prince William, who sought for him and had him removed to a place of safety. When, after the peace, he returned to his aged parents, his young wife and little children, he wore the Iron Cross (Class 1 and 2) on his hero breast.

In the castle at Peterswaldan, September 6th, 1819, Countess Anna, the eighth child of Count Anton and the Countess Louise, was born. A warm German feeling animated this house so rich in children. The mother and grandmother moved gently and quietly about their own house and in the huts of the poor, and the children were early allowed to share in this work of blessing. It was considered a special reward and distinction to be permitted to accompany the mother on a quiet errand of mercy and love, carrying a little basket containing food for the hungry, or delicacies for the sick, or clothing for the naked, and thus the first seeds of active brotherly love were planted in each little heart. Their manner of bringing up could hardly have been simpler in a burgher-house. Dressed in linen frocks spun in a loom in the village, and without any ornament, the Count's children played merrily and harmlessly under the fine old trees of the park, while, with her work in her hands, their mother sat by, guiding and watching them. A drive with their parents in the country, an expedition to the neighbouring mountains, or into the forest, were the children's greatest treats on their birthdays; a bunch of grapes from the hand of their parents or grandparents, their most costly present. It was a joyful event in their child-world when the mother of their governess, Cleophea Schlatter, sent two books for her daughter's pupils from her far-distant shop behind the tower at St. Gall; they were the "Basket of Flowers" and "Rosa of Jaunenberg," by the author of "Easter Eggs."

In the spring of 1824, the grandfather, Count Christian Frederick, went home to his fathers; six years previously he had had the joy of celebrating his "golden wedding" in the midst of his children and grandchildren. He left to his youngest son, Anton, the estate of Kreppelhof, at the foot of the Riesengebirge mountains, and the year after his death the family migrated there. At Kreppelhof, Count Anton's wide benevolence and ceaseless activity proved a blessing to his people, and his wife and daughters emulated him in good deeds among the poor in the five villages on their estate. They were now in the neighbourhood of many noble and beloved friends. Prince and Princess William often sought refreshment from their golden prison in Berlin, in the pure mountain air of the castle of Fischbach. The old grey-headed field-marshal Gneisenau, peacefully ending his days in beautiful Erdmannsdorf, was united in the closest friendship with his fellow-soldiers, Prince William and Count Anton; and in the evening of his life old Stein came back over the Rhine into the quiet valley of the Riesengebirge, and to the noble men with whom he had passed such a troubled but glorious time. The children would listen with sparkling eyes as their

elders spoke of the bygone days they had spent together. "Germany, Germany before all else!" everything they saw and heard cried to the children. In after days, when Stein lay with his fathers in the old burial place, at Fürth, Count Anton took his children to read the inscription on that true patriot's grave: "Humble before God, noble towards men, an enemy of lies and falsehood, devoted to duty and fidelity, unmoved by contumely or persecution, the uncrushed son of crushed Germany, the deliverer of his country in battle and victory." It was among such noble spirits that Anna Stolberg learned some of her first lessons in life.

On being appointed President of Düsseldorf, Count Anton and his family removed to that town, where they resided three years. Many men celebrated in the religious or political world, or in art or science, visited the hospitable home of the President. And among these eminent men and high-born nobles sat two men ennobled by genius, William Schadow, nephew of a poor Berlin tailor, yet a great artist, director of the Berlin Academy, and founder of a new school of painting; and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the son of a Jew, the youthful master of music. Count Anton frequently took his children to Schadow's studio, and drew lessons for himself and them from the great oil painting, "The Wise and the Foolish Virgins," which the artist was at that time finishing. Count Anton—himself a performer on several instruments—delighted in the soul-inspiring music of Felix Mendelssohn. When the young master used to improvise on the piano by an open window, on a summer's evening the President and his daughters might have been seen walking up and down before his dwelling for hours, listening to the wonderful sounds. "I never heard such heavenly music as in the Düsseldorf streets, under his window," said the Countess Anna many years afterwards. It was in Düsseldorf she first saw Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserswerth, with whom her father now formed an intimacy that continued all their lives. The Count and he had many earnest conversations about the Christian duty of helping the poor and sick, the miserable and forsaken, and about the work which had formerly been done in the church by deaconesses, and might be done still. These conversations were eagerly drunk in by two glistening brown eyes, sometimes nearly overflowing with tears; and then Fliedner, with his love for the young, would tenderly stroke the fair girl's head.

In 1841, King Frederick William IV. called Count Anton to Berlin, and made him Minister of State and Leader of the King's Privy Council. In Berlin a new world opened before the eyes of Anna, a world of glitter and festivity, but a world which neither dazzled nor blinded her simple, childlike mind. Only as far as the high position of her father demanded, did either she or her mother take part in it, and their hearts remained as peaceful and pure as ever. The evenings spent at the tea-table of the King and Queen at Sans Souci, or Charlottenburg, were a source of pleasure and improvement from the high gifts and cultivation of those who met there; and among them were often to be found some of the most earnest workers in the cause of religion. The sermons and prayers, and pious, loving life of old "Father Gossner," exercised a deep influence over the devoted enthusiastic character of Anna. And at that time she became acquainted with a wonderful woman—a most honoured worker in the kingdom of God. One evening in the circle at the palace, she saw for the first time England's female prisoners' apostle, Elizabeth Fry, who was afterwards often in the houses of the Princess William and Count Anton. It was a strange, imposing, and yet homelike appearance that this woman of sixty presented in her narrow, plain, slate-coloured dress, with her white hair covered by a Quaker cap, her fine old face looking so peaceful and gentle, her glad

childlike eyes so penetratingly wise, and her friendly lips addressing the hearty "*thou*" of the Quakeress alike to high and low. She sat between the Queen and the Princess William on the sofa talking quite unreservedly, and telling with marvellous energy of mind, and in the most forcible language, of the physical and mental need of the poor prisoners and deserted children, and unsheltered wanderers; and then she entreated and pleaded, and prayed for them. How the great brown girl-eyes which had already so thoughtfully drunk in Fliedner's and Gossner's words, lighted up when listening to Elizabeth Fry! Anna Stolberg sat quite quietly and silently in the royal circle, but her eyes spoke for her. The picture of that powerfully practical Quakeress never vanished again from her mind, and Mrs. Fry's address to the women and maidens of Germany (written at Bunsen's request) was never forgotten by her.

On the 10th of October, 1847, the Bethany Deaconess House first opened its doors to the sick poor. The King, the Queen, and the whole court were present. Fliedner brought over nine of his Kaiserswerth deaconesses, and the superintendent, Marianne Von Bautzen, to begin the work. Three young probationers at the same time entered the house. Fliedner closed the dedication with an address and prayer. To Anna this was a solemn and memorable ceremony, never to be forgotten.

After the revolution of March, 1848, Count Anton and his family returned to Kreppelhof. That year poverty and the famine fever pressed heavily on the poor of the Riesengebirge, and the whole Stolberg family exerted themselves beyond their strength to alleviate the misery that surrounded them. The Count built a little "Bethany" for the sick poor, and in memory of a beloved child who had died early, called it the Marianne Institution. The Countess and her daughters helped to build it with the work of their own hands, making clothes and house-linen, curtains, and even mattresses for the hospital. When it was opened, the young Countesses served like deaconesses beside the sick beds. At this time the house of Kreppelhof, once so rich and joyous with children, was very lonely. Three daughters and one son had been taken away by death; the eldest daughter had long been married; the four surviving sons were in State appointments, or in the army; only Anna and two sisters were now left with their parents. But the smaller the chain the closer will it bind the few it encloses, and in the close bond of love, amidst the peaceful solitudes of the Riesengebirge, and in constant working for others, their wounded hearts found healing and peace. When Prussia was again quiet, the King called Count Anton to his side, appointed him Minister of the Palace and Privy Councillor, and decorated him with the Order of the Black Eagle. The family had to return to Berlin, and bid farewell to the Marianne Hospital, which was, however, permanently established and adopted as a branch by the mother house of Bethany. Once again death entered the house of Stolberg, and bore away a beloved one. The second son, Conrad, was suddenly taken away in the pride of his youth. But each blow made the peace of God reign more powerfully in the hearts of the survivors. A little while before, the young Countess Charlotte had been married, and Anna and Bertha were now the only ones at home. When the idle noise of the Berlin world became too much for them, they sought a refuge in the "Bethany Home." Often, but especially on each Sunday, they went out to the great house, with the clear-sounding bell between the towers, to enjoy the favourite hymns of the sisters in that house of God, to visit the sick beds of the women and children, and to rest on the loving heart of the mother, Marianne Von Bautzen. About these days Anna afterwards wrote: "I never was so happy as at Bethany, so I went there as often

as I could. Very soon a longing desire awoke in me to serve the Lord's sick members in company with these dear sisters, and every thought about it turned to the prayer that the Lord would open my way to it."

Her parents gave her desire their cordial approval and blessing, and, as we have seen, conducted her themselves to the house of mercy and self-denial. On that day she received from her father her first watch, as all in that great populous building must be punctual to the minute, and every deaconess wears one. And to the end of her life the day was to her like a birthday, celebrated with praise and thankfulness to God and her dear parents.

"Scarcely a quarter of a room could the young probationer henceforth call her own; not even a tiny chamber, only one of the compartments ranged round the walls of the large probationers' ward. White curtains walled in the little territory that had hardly space for a pine bedstead with green and white striped hangings, a chair and a table. The mistress of the probationers slept with them, as she superintended their general duties, and their training in sick nursing. And here the high-born Countess slept next the daughter of a poor day-labourer, for perfect equality in Christ was the principle carried out. As early as half-past five, the bell called Anna from her hard couch. She had barely time for her simple toilet and for the arranging of her tiny compartment before proceeding to the frugal breakfast in the hall; then came prayers in the church, and then the day's work begins. The three sisters who had the night-watch in the house, give up their wards, and explain their reports to their successors. The new probationer is led to the children's wards. This is a welcome post to Anna, with her joyful, loving, childlike heart. Bed after bed stands round the wards of the wide, airy, light rooms. Here lies a poor baby whose mother died in giving it birth; it must be cleaned, bathed, fed, quieted, hushed to sleep. There is a girl with large tear-filled eyes; the child has broken her leg in playing. The bandages must be changed, and Sister Anna's hands tremble a little, for the child twitches painfully, but love makes her skilful. There is a loathsome sore to be dressed, but love conquers the disgust. There a child is crying for its mother, and love suggests the best way to comfort it. The beds have all been visited, now the room must be cleaned. Joyfully do the tender and really beautiful hands of the young Countess learn to perform the work of a servant. Now the children who are recovering want to be attended to by their "dear aunt," and taught how to play on the floor, or by the little tables on which pretty playthings are lavishly scattered. And so it goes on with the children the livelong day; but love is unwearying. Then there is school-time for the poor sisters whose education has been neglected, and the accomplished Countess Anna sits on the narrow benches of the probationers listening to the religious teaching of the house chaplain. At midday the hundreds of invalids in the house have to be fed, and the dietary for every patient in the five distinct divisions of the house carefully attended to. For the poorest patient in the gratuitous ward no wine is too costly, no game too rare, if the doctor has ordered it; that is the only limit in Bethany. Then the superintendent, deaconesses and probationers, meet in the hall at a general midday meal. In the afternoon more work has to be done at the sick beds, and this goes on till evening. After supper one of the elder sisters in turns reads prayers. Then the patients are washed again and laid to rest with a word of comfort. Thus one day after another glides away in the fulness of their occupation, rich in blessing and bright with happiness; and the Sundays, with their two services, were still more calm and peaceful.

"Many trying scenes has the young girl to be present at! She must stand with the

superintendent sister ready to help the doctor at an operation, while her heart bleeds for the pain of the sufferer. Her blood froze in her veins and her head swam as she saw the knife work into the quivering flesh. But love strengthened her. And she must see death—sometimes in all its terrors; when the sick one cries out that she will not, cannot die, for the sins of her past life stand like a frightful spectre before her! She grasps the air frantically, then buries her hands in the bed-covering as if she could thus cling to her miserable life. All is in vain. The sick one is dead! Sister Anna closes the dimmed eyes, folds the cold hands on the now quiet breast, having prayed by her up to the last minute. Helped by others, she carries the body to the dead-room, washes it, and clothes it in the white burying clothes. Then the still, cold form is borne out to the chapel in the garden. Love has enabled Anna to go through it all."

Before sister Anna's probation was over her beloved father died. The King ordered that the noble old hero should have a magnificent lying-in-state, and with his Queen and nobles assembled with the mourners, and prayed beside the bier. Next morning, very quietly, a train decked with flowers bore his body to the home of the Wernigerodes, where it was received by torchlight, and laid beside his fathers in the quiet little churchyard of St. Theobald's, at the foot of the Hartz mountains.

Many months had not elapsed after Anna's probation was over, and she had been consecrated as deaconess, when the superintendent, Mother Marianne, who had long been ill, died; and the Community were unanimous in electing Anna to fill her place. She accepted the call humbly, tremblingly, for, as it was afterwards said of her, all exercise of authority was trying to her; her delight was to go among the poor and solitary: to be obliged to order and arrange everything forced her to exercise great self-control and self-denial. But she gave her whole soul to the work appointed to her; her duty became her pleasure, and Bethany the dearest place on earth. She afterwards showed a peculiar talent for organization; every thing became straight when she took it decidedly in hand. Besides deaconesses, probationers and others, there were beds for three hundred sick in the house, and for all, sick and well, Mother Anna had to care, to order, to overlook. Over sick wards and kitchens, over the medicines for the apothecary sisters, over the bandages and charpie, over her house linen and stores (regular caskets of order and cleanliness), over gardens and cow-houses, she reigned in her perfect gentleness. At every operation she was present, and with two assistant sisters gave the necessary help, and did the dressing. Her love for her poor sick ones was the keynote of her whole life on earth.

"The wide poor neighbourhood of Bethany alone knows the whole extent of her unwearied, secret self-denial. The yearly income of her private fortune was too small for her great heart; she frequently gave it entirely away. Even the frequent experience of having been deceived by unworthy objects could not harden her tender heart, and not only did she give with an open heart and hand, but worked also incessantly for the poor. Before Christmas, many poor women used to come to Bethany, to carry away winter clothing and stockings, to delight their little ones at that holy time, and for each Mother Anna had a true, hearty word, a friendly smile, a warm pressure of the hand. Next day all the happy children came at noon in their new clothes to Bethany, and Anna and the sisters used to take the poor little ones on their laps and kiss them, and feast them in the hall with sweet coffee and great pieces of cake, and give them pretty pictures to take away with them. Day after day crowds of poor people came to be fed and nourished, yet there always remained something over, so liberally did Anna and the cooking sisters provide.

"Christmas Eve was a specially beautiful festival at Bethany. In each sick room Christmas Trees blazed brightly. The children had learned Christmas hymns from the teaching sisters, and the mother used to go from room to room with her sweet tender smile, and great happy childlike eyes, and from bed after bed heard the old childish hymns, and then bent down and kissed each little lisping one with a true mother's heart. Each child and every patient received a Christmas present. Easter was another joyful festival, when the children were delighted with coloured eggs of every shade, and chocolate, and beautiful toys. Mother Anna joined in the amusements like a child, and even the gravest sister shared in the happy excitement. All the little ones looked forward to this Easter festival the whole year.

Anna's eldest brother, Count Eberhard, was as devoted to charity as his sister. He was Chancellor of the order of Hospitallers, Johanniters, or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, revived by Frederick William IV. With the help of his sister Anna, Eberhard opened twenty-four nursing homes and hospitals in connection with his Order; and when war broke out between Prussia, and Austria and Denmark, all the arrangements for the field hospitals were left to him. Then he knocked at the doors of Bethany, at the heart of his sister: "Anna, help! We need the hands of your sisters more than ever; we need yourself." And Anna went! They rented at Altona a large house with nineteen bright, airy apartments, and it was soon ready in the hands of the mother and her deaconnesses as a pattern hospital of fifty-five beds, to receive the sick and wounded soldiers, without distinction of country or creed. Then the heavy work by the sick beds began; like messengers of peace the deaconesses moved about among the victims of war, to close the wounds which the sword had opened. Night or day there was no more rest for Anna and her sisters; night and day for weeks they scarcely had their clothes off. Scarcely had they stretched their weary limbs on a straw palliasse at some late hour of the night after a day of great labour, and drawn the woollen rug up (for the good beds were entirely reserved for the sick), when there would come another knock—more wounded brought out of the snow, away from the hot rain of bullets and cannon balls, by the Johanniters; and again the sisters had to give nourishment, to wash, to bind up, till the morning's light brought a new day's work.

The Hanoverian garrison in Altona helped the knights and deaconesses as far as they could. One night when the streets were as slippery as glass from ice, and the Johanniters were constantly carrying fresh wounded on litters to their hospitals, the whole of the inhabitants voluntarily brought sand in handkerchiefs and baskets to scatter on the frozen paths.

What the Johanniters accomplished for the relief of the wounded, under the management of their leader, Count Eberhard, and with the help of Anna and her deaconesses, is now matter of history.

The last great work which Mother Anna performed was among the people of Rhein, in East Prussia, where the poor inhabitants and hundreds of railway labourers lay crowded together dying of typhus fever, brought on by famine and pestilential air. "Help, Anna! help us and these poor creatures!" cried the good Count Eberhard; and Anna quickly responded to the call. The one hospital prepared by the Johanniters was full to overflowing, and in the small noisome dwellings in the town, poor creatures lay on damp mud floors barely covered with dirty straw, burning with fever or shivering with cold, hungry and thirsty, devoured with vermin, and expecting only one relief—death! "My heart stood still when I first saw them!" said Anna. But if it stood still for that moment it was only to beat more warmly towards the poor sufferers the next instant. With the help of the

Johanniters she worked day and night; and at last provided the hungry with food, the naked with clothes, and the sick with clean beds and careful nursing. Then she returned to her beloved Bethany, her whole soul still filled with the misery she had seen, and her thoughts active in devising new measures for its relief. But the fatal contagion had taken possession of her; she was laid on her sick bed and never rose from it again.

She had requested that she might be buried quietly, like one of the deaconesses, but she had been too much honoured and beloved, had done too many good deeds, for this to be permitted. King William laid a shining laurel crown on the coffin of her who had nursed his wounded soldiers, next to the maiden myrtle wreath. Queen Augusta and the widowed Queen Elizabeth added the white roses and camelias of love; and when the hundreds of high-born mourners had departed, the poor came to add their humble flowers, while tears of love and sorrow flowed from their eyes. The King and Queen and all their household—the chief heads of the church, the state, the army—the nobility, to whose order her virtues had done such honour—the Johanniters with whom she had worked, all were present at her funeral. The King accompanied the grey-haired mother of eighty after the coffin; next came all the Stolbergs, then the weeping deaconesses with wreaths and crosses of flowers, then a mourning procession of more than a hundred carriages. In the last carriage sat General Von Ollech, who had been cured of his battle wounds by the excellent nursing at Bethany.

It is a wonderfully peaceful, quiet little spot in the churchyard where the Bethany deaconesses rest from their labours. A simple iron railing, blooming with creeping plants, encloses a long piece of turf; fifteen green hillocks over deaconesses who have gone home to their rest are ranged side by side; a little white tablet at the head tells the time of death, and the text which was the favourite of the departed one when on earth. Nothing more; no eulogies; no worldly praise. In the midst of these graves a tall white marble cross stands conspicuous. Beneath it lie two graves, one old and covered with grass, with the little tablet:

"Marianne Von Bautzen,
5th January, 1855.
Romans xiv. 8."

And next it a fresh hillock, which is covered by four Springs' fresh green covering, and is always adorned with wreaths which loving hands place there. A weeping willow tree bends over it. Its inscription is—

"Anna, Countess zu Stolberg Wernigerode,
17th February, 1868.
1 John, i. 7."

The flowers on the hillock will fade; the white marble will get weather-beaten, and the grave will vanish from the face of the earth; but the abiding influence of Anna's actions, and the memory of her life of whole-hearted devotedness, can never be effaced from the annals of time or eternity.

## SEVEN YEARS PAST.

BY N. W. BECKWITH.

I.

SEVEN years flown!
I lay, alone,
On an Indian isle's far verge;
And watched the sweep,
In cohorts deep,
Of the broad Pacific surge,
Break on the strand
Of pearly sand—
White foot o' the green robed isle!
While the sun sank low,
And night stole slow
Oversea with her dusky smile.

II.

Out from the west,
Winging to rest,
Trailed the song-bird's waning hymn;
While cricketings shrill,
And gurgle of rill,
Crept up with the twilight dim;
To the whisp'ring breeze
Sighed back the trees—
But their sleepy blossoms furled,
While drowsily fell,
Like a Lethean spell,
The breath of the resting world.

III.

And a music new,
With the falling dew,
Thro' the tender choral wreathes;
The soundless rhyme,
The tongueless chime,
Each tiny flower-bell breathes;
And air and earth
Alike give birth
To a multifold melody's tone,
That lulls the soul
In charmed control,
As I muse on the sward alone.

IV.

Each scintillant line
In unison fine
With the tranquil chant, sublime
In glittering march
Up the glorified arch
The stars in their courses climb;
Yet a last faint light,
'Thwart the van of night,
To the pearly beach still clings—
Where the snaky surge
With a booming dirge,
Its floods on the shell-drift flings.

V.

Ah! terrible tolls
Of resurgent rolls
Hurled up from the sounding sea!
Ye crowd from mine ear
The harmonies clear
Of the multifold melody!
But I hear complain
With a wail of pain,
All the beautiful nautili—
For a myriad fleet,
In each pitilesss beat,
Are crunched on the strand—and die.

VI.

O! types so fair!
What hope is there?
Are there none to mourn but I,
For each beautiful form,
With its rose-tints warm,
That yet will not wholly die?
Will the monster whorl
Of the surf still curl,
And smite on each fragile crust—
Will Destiny's mill
Keep grinding it still,
Till the stars know it not from dust?

VII.

Is it only a play?
And by night alway
Do yon stars in the circles sit;
Looking down, ever down,
With never a frown!
(Who are these? that glare from the pit!)
With never a frown
Not a thumb turned down,
One atom to save from fate!
Are they not, at last—
After ages past—
Of the spectacle satiate?

VIII.

Ah, knowing no fear,
Unwitting they steer
To wreck—in a common doom!
Thus widens the reach
Of the broadening beach,
And for myriads more makes room.
More myriads sail
With the changeless gale,
In which a dim Destiny dwells.

* * * * *

—Seven years past!
I have read—at last—
What the merciless lesson tells.

* * * * *

Looks over the seas
Strong Herakles,
Still bearing the club of might;
Stern Algebar,
With many a star
Aligning his sword of light;
Rears Perseus higher
That blade of fire,
Once potent the wrong to right;
Do they know—full well,
That each foam-born shell
Is an Aphrodite bright?

# THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY AND AMERICAN SOCIALISM.

BY A BYSTANDER.

IN the "History of American Socialisms," by Mr. J. H. Noyes, the founder and father of the Oneida Community, we are presented with an instructive enumeration of the various socialistic experiments made in America, chiefly within the last fifty years.* This enumeration furnishes the basis for an induction. That religious communities succeed, while the non-religious invariably fail, is the inference drawn by Mr. Noyes, whose own community is religious. "The one feature" he says "which distinguishes these (the prosperous) Communities from the transitory sort, is their religion; which in every case is of the earnest kind, which comes by recognized *afflatus*, and controls all external arrangements." "It seems then," he adds, "to be a fair induction from the facts before us that earnest religion does in some way modify human depravity, so as to make continuous association possible, and insure to it great material success."

To the writer the facts suggested a different conclusion; but before embracing it he wished to see the Oneida Community. The Oneida Community is, at all events, not afraid of being seen. The writer was one of some five hundred visitors in the month of September alone. Upon applying for the requisite permission he was received with the most courteous hospitality, and allowed freely to satisfy his curiosity, so far as the shortness of his visit would permit. He came away confirmed in his previous opinion.

Community of steady, sober and industrious workers, held together by a religious bond, or by the influence of a venerated chief, will make money; if they have no separate families there will be no family interests to draw them apart; if they are childless, or have few children, their money will accumulate; their wealth will become a new bond, but will at the same time put a stop to proselytism, so that the extension of the community will be limited by the number of its children, and if it has no children, it will become extinct. A practical assurance of this fact, which might have been taken for granted without any experiment, the writer believes to be the net upshot of the eighty experiments which have been made, many of them on a very costly scale. In other words, he believes that the law of success or failure is not a religious law, but an economical law, and one of the most commonplace kind. The utmost that religion or sentiment of any sort has done is to form the original bond of union, and invest the prophet-chief with the necessary power.

If religion could sustain a communistic association, success would have been assured to Hopedale, founded at Milford, Massachusetts, in 1841, by about thirty persons from different parts of that State, under Rev. Adin Ballou. This community was, to use Mr. Noyes' own expression, intensely religious in its ideal. In the words of its founder, it was "a church of Christ, based on a simple declaration of faith in the religion of Jesus Christ, as He taught and exemplified it, according to the Scriptures of the New Testament, and of acknowledged subjection to all the moral obligations of that religion.' No person could be a member of it who did

* Mr. Noyes has embodied in his work the researches of Macdonald, an Ex-socialist, who devoted himself to the preparation of materials for a history of the movement.

not cordially assent to that declaration. It was "to afford a beginning, a specimen and a presage of a new and glorious social Christendom—a grand confederation of similar communities—a world ultimately regenerated and Edenized." Nor was a leader wanting, for Mr. Ballou, besides being an ardent enthusiast, was evidently in point of ability no ordinary man. He strove hard for success. He set the example of labour by working, and working hard, with his own hands. We are told that he would sometimes be found exhausted with labour, asleep on the sunny side of a haycock, and that the only recreation he had was occasionally to go out into the neighbourhood and preach a funeral sermon. The result, however, was a total failure, which Mr. Ballou ascribes to the lack or the decline of religious enthusiasm, but which, at all events, assumed a decidedly economical form. Mr. Ballou was superseded as President by Mr. Draper, who, being a sharp business man, and in partnership with a brother outside, sacrificed the interests of the community to those of his firm, got three-fourths of the stock into his own hands, and ultimately compelled Mr. Ballou to wind up.

It was enough to ruin Hopedale that it accepted, among other Christian principles, that of "connubiality," which must have created separate interests and have prevented the accumulation of money, while industry was probably slackened by want of the full stimulus of competition and by reliance on the community. Mr. Draper would not have found it so easy to operate on the stock of the Oneida Community or the Rappites.

There are two great groups of experiments, all failures, which Mr. Noyes characterizes respectively as Owenite and Fourierist, the Owenite Utopias being founded on the principle of Communism, the Fourierist on that of Joint-Stock Association, though the two principles are apt to run into each other, and it is difficult to say exactly to which class any particular experiment belongs. The two fits of national enthusiasm, however, seem clearly marked. The first commenced with the visit of Robert Owen to the United States, in 1824, the second was brought on twenty years later through the dissemination of Fourierism by Brisbane in Horace Greeley's paper, the *New York Tribune.*

"Robert Owen is a remarkable character. In years nearly seventy-five; in knowledge and experience superabundant; in benevolence of heart transcendental; in honesty without disguise; in philanthropy unlimited; in religion a sceptic; in theology a Pantheist; in metaphysics a necessarian circumstantialist; in morals a universal excusionist; in general conduct a philosophic non-resistant; in socialism a communist; in hope a terrestrial elysianist; in practical business a methodist; in deportment an unequivocal gentleman." Such is the portrait, drawn by the sympathizing hand of a fellow visionary, of the great Social Reformer who was to deliver the world from the monstrous Trinity of man's oppressors—Private or Individual Property, Irrational Religion, and their concomitant, Marriage. Owen had tried organized philanthropy in Scotland; but for Communism he sought a more fitting cradle amidst the wild lands and crude ideas of the new world. He was received with enthusiasm; the Hall of the Representatives at Washington was assigned him as a lecture room, and the President, the President elect, all the Judges of the Supreme Court and a number of the Members of Congress were among his hearers, while the large private fortune which, while he included private property in the trinity of evil, he had not scrupled to retain, furnished him with the means of trying his experiment on the largest and most costly scale. He purchased a fine property of 30,000 acres at Harmony, in Indiana, just vacated by the Rappites, who left behind them good buildings and well cultivated fields, so that "terrestrial elysianism" here escaped the hard-

ships which have proved fatal at once to Utopias founded in the wilderness. Some 800 people were drawn together by the prospect of unbounded happiness. In the course of eighteen months New Harmony had seven successive constitutions. About a year after the foundation, "in consequence of a variety of troubles and disagreements, chiefly relating to the disposal of the property, a great meeting of the whole population was held, and it was decided to form four separate societies, each signing its own contract for such part of the property as it shall purchase, and each managing its own affairs; but to trade with each other by paper money." Mr. Owen had not shown sufficient confidence in his own theory to give up his hold either on the land or on the power. We are told that he was now beginning to make sharp bargains with the independent Communists. "He had lost money, and no doubt he tried to regain some of it, and used such means as he thought would prevent further loss." Yet he chose this time for a solemn re-promulgation of his communistic creed under the title of the *Declaration of Mental Independence.*

"Disagreements and jealousies." "Many persons leaving. The *Gazette* shows how impossible it is for a community of common property to exist, unless the members comprising it have acquired the genuine community character." "Although there was an appearance of increased order and happiness, yet matters were drawing to a close. Owen was selling property to individuals; the greater part of the town was now resolved into individual lots; a grocery was established opposite the tavern; painted sign-boards began to be stuck up on the buildings, pointing out places of manufacture and trade; a sort of wax-figure-and-puppet-show was opened at one end of the boarding-house; and everything was getting into the old style." It is useless, as Mr. Noyes says, to follow this wreck further. The destructive forces of roguery and whisky seem to have mingled with the fundamental impracticability of the scheme in bringing on the final catastrophe. Owen complained that he got the wrong sort of people — the dishonest, the intemperate, the idle, the apathetic, the selfish, instead of the honest, the temperate, the industrious, the active-minded and the self-sacrificing. But we should say he got the right sort of people for the purpose of a social reformer who undertakes by the application of his regimen to purge human nature of its vices and transform society. The inventor of a patent medicine might as well complain that he got the sick and not the healthy to operate on. One of the qualifications prescribed by Owen for the members of his community was a conviction of the fact that the character of man is formed for, and not by, himself. The people of New Harmony showed practically that they were fully possessed of this qualification.

Mr. Owen afterwards became a Spiritualist and a believer in Special Providence. If he had been so before, Mr. Noyes seems to think, the result of the experiment at New Harmony would have been different. We will touch on this point hereafter. Here it is important to notice that, whatever may have been his theory, Owen did not attempt any practical innovation on the subject of marriage; at least he did not attempt to annihilate the separate family or to check the propagation of children.

Another great experiment on Mr. Owen's principles was made at Yellow Springs, in Ohio, the present site of Antioch College, the co-educational university, so that there seems to be something radical in the soil. This community consisted of about a hundred families, and included professional men, teachers, merchants, mechanics, farmers, and a few common labourers. "In the first few weeks all entered into the new system with a will. Service was the order of the day. Men who seldom or never before laboured with their hands, devoted themselves to agriculture and the mechanic arts

with a zeal which was always commendable, though not always according to knowledge. Ministers of the Gospel guided the plough; called the swine to their corn instead of sinners to repentance; and let patience have her perfect work over an unruly yoke of oxen. Merchants exchanged the yard-stick for the rake or pitchfork. All appeared to labour cheerfully and for the common weal. Among the women there was even more apparent self-sacrifice. Ladies who had seldom seen the inside of their own kitchens went into that of the common eating-house (formerly a hotel) and made themselves useful among pots and kettles; and refined young ladies, who had all their lives been waited upon, took their turn in waiting upon others at the table. And several times a week all parties who chose, mingled in the social dance in the great dining hall." This continued for three months. Then—"the industrious, the skilful, and the strong saw the products of their labour enjoyed by the ignorant, the unskilled and the improvident; and self-love rose against benevolence. A band of musicians insisted that their brassy harmony was as necessary to the common happiness as bread and meat; and declined to enter the harvest-field or the workshop. A lecturer upon natural science insisted upon talking only, while others worked. Mechanics, whose day's labour brought two dollars into the common stock, insisted that they should in justice work only half as long as the agriculturist, whose day's work brought but one." It is strange that these words should have been written by one who is himself a Communist.

With New Harmony and Yellow Springs, went to "that limbo near the moon" the ghosts of a number of other abortive attempts of the Owenite epoch. The history of the failure in some cases is traced, and it is clear that the result was due to the irresistible action of the economic laws which the projectors had undertaken to supersede; in other cases the end is shrouded in pathetic silence, but we may be sure that the course of events was essentially the same. It is sad to think of the waste of earnest, perhaps heroic effort, and of the disappointment of generous hopes. Owen had his qualities, but to call him a genius of the first order is preposterous. Genius in art produces high works of imagination; but genius in action does not indulge in impracticable reveries, and cover the world with the wrecks of schemes the failure of which common sense might have foreseen.

That anybody out of Bedlam should have followed Fourier, has always seemed to us one of the most curious facts in the history of opinion. This visionary believed that the grand mistake, and the source of all disorder and misery, was the habit of attempting to restrain our passions, and that by letting them all loose, and giving free play to every kind of propensity and idiosyncrasy, we should produce complete equilibrium and perfect harmony in society. His dream of material felicity included the conversion of the sea-water into lemonade, and the peopling of the ocean with a new race of creatures serviceable to sailors and fishermen, while the lot of landsmen was to be equally improved by a boreal crown. To match this he had a philosophy of history than which wilder nonsense never was penned, even on that seductive theme. Nevertheless, he possessed some sort of electricity which called into activity the Utopian tendencies of other men. About twenty years after the appearance of Owen, the conditions of soil and atmosphere in the United States being then favourable to fungoid growths, a crop of Fourierist *Phalanxes* sprung up like mushrooms, and, like mushrooms, died. The economical reasons of their death are such as common sense would at once suggest, and are disclosed with almost ludicrous distinctness. "The transition," says Mr. Noyes, always clearsighted, except with regard to his own peculiar phase of the illusion, "from the compulsory industry of civilization to the volun-

tary, but not yet attractive industry of association, is not favourable to the highest industrial effects. Men who have been accustomed to shirk labour under the feeling that they had poor pay for hard work will not be transformed suddenly into kings of industry by the atmosphere of a Phalanx. There will be more or less loafing, a good deal of exertion unwisely applied, a certain waste of strength in random and unsystematic efforts, and a want of the business-like precision and force which makes every blow tell, and tell in the right place. Under these circumstances many will grow uneasy, at length become discouraged, and, perhaps, prove false to their early love." Mr. Noyes proceeds to say that these are temporary evils and will pass away. They may be suspended by the strong hand of a chief like Mr. Noyes, but they will pass away only with human nature.

The passionate expressions of enthusiasm, the confident belief that under Fourier, "the Columbus of social discovery," the caravels of enterprise were again touching the shore of a new world, the first chilling contact with the inexorable reality, the struggle, sometimes a gallant one, against over-mastering fate, the inevitable break-up, the voice of faith trying to rise triumphant over the wreck of hope, are enough to touch any heart less stern than that of an economical Radamanthus. But comedy is mingled with the tragedy. A scene at the opening of the Clermont Phalanx reminds us of one in *Martin Chuzzlewit.* "There were about one hundred and thirty of us. The weather was beautiful, but cold, and the scenery on the river was splendid in its spring dress. The various parties brought their provisions with them, and toward noon the whole of it was collected and spread upon the table by the waiters, for all to have an equal chance. But alas for equality! On the meal being ready, a rush was made into the cabin, and in a few minutes all the seats were filled. In a few minutes more the provisions had all disappeared, and many persons who were not in the first rush had to go hungry. I lost my dinner that day, but improved the opportunity to observe and criticize the ferocity of the Fourieristic appetite." At Prairie Home there was an Englishman named John Wood who was imperfectly Fourierized. John, having blacked his boots, put away the brushes and blacking. "Out came a Dutchman and looked out for the same utensils. Not seeing them, he asked the Englishman for the 'prushes.' So John brings them out and hands them to him, whereupon the Dutchman marches to the front of the porch, and in wrathful style, with the brushes uplifted in his hand, he addresses the assembled crowd: 'He-ar! lookee he-ar! Do you call dis community? Is dis common property? See he-ar! I ask him for de prushes to placken mine poots, and he give me de prushes and *not give me de placking!*'" Occasionally we catch a glimpse of the form of a speculating Yankee floating like a shark among the flat fish, with no visionary intentions. The members of the communities generally appear to have been honest and loyal to the common cause, but at the end of the Sodus Bay experiment we are told that "each individual helped himself to the movable property, and some decamped in the night, leaving the remains of the Phalanx to be disposed of in any way which the last men might choose."

Fourierism finally staked its existence on the success of the North American Phalanx, which was planted not in the wilderness but near New York City. This community, consisting of only a hundred members of both sexes, starting with a capital of $28,000, and supported by the dead-lift efforts of the leaders of the school, dragged on its existence for twelve years. But the inevitable did not fail to arrive. "Most of them," says an observer, "are decent sort of people, have few bad qualities and not many good ones, but they are evidently not working for an idea. They make no effort to extend

their principles, and do not build, as a general thing, unless a person wanting to join builds for himself. Under such circumstances the progress of the movement must necessarily be slow, if ever it progress at all. Latterly the number of members and probationers has decreased. They find it necessary to employ hired labourers to develop the resources of the land." The powers of talking, directing others, and grumbling, were found to be possessed in a high degree by those who had little power of work. At meals the best of the food was taken by those who had stayed at home, while "the swinked hedger," coming late from the field and then having to wash, got the worst. Eighteen hundred was Fourier's pet number of members for a Phalanx. The people were asked what would have happened if the North American Phalanx had consisted of that number: they answered that it would have broken up in two years.

Brook Farm stands by itself, and Hawthorne's *Blithdale Romance* has made it sufficiently familiar to the general reader. It would be an injustice to call it "a pic-nic," or to say that "half the members worked while the other half sketched them from the windows." It was a little Boston Utopia, in which a number of men, afterwards notable in the intellectual world, sowed their philosophic wild oats, and gratified the literary man's fancy for manual labour, sharpening their wits no doubt at the same time by intercourse with each other. If they seriously believed that men trained to work with the brain could, with advantage to themselves or to society, take to working with their hands, they were the victims of a strange illusion. The effective combination of manual with mental labour, as a system, is impracticable. Both draw on the same fund of nervous energy, which, when drained by one sort of labour, is unable to supply the other.

Mr. Noyes is of opinion that among the causes of failure in all these cases, was the universal propensity to invest in land and engage in the business of farming. Factories, he thinks, are more suitable for communistic experiments. But surely, if the *afflatus* is the decisive thing, the investment ought not to be of so much consequence.

With the principles of common property or associated labour, there mingled in these Utopias all the other chimeras and fanaticisms of the day:—Individual Sovereignty—Labour Exchange—Paper Currency—Transcendentalism — Swedenborgianism—Vegetarianism —Blumerism—Woman's Rights — Anti-domestic-servantism—Spiritualism. Everything impracticable, in short, came to find a place for putting itself in practice outside the conditions of existence. Mr. Noyes traces the connection of Socialism with religious revivals, and shows that people who were preparing their Ascension robes were the unconscious harbingers of the Fourierist movement. The Skeneateles Community had, as one of the articles of its programme, "a disbelief in the rightful existence of all governments built upon physical force," and proclaimed "that they were organized bands of banditti, whose authority was to be disregarded;" that it would not vote under such governments, or petition to them, but "demanded that they should disband;" that it would do no military duty, pay no taxes, sit on no juries, give no testimony in "courts of so-called justice;" that "it would never appeal to the law for a redress of grievances, but use all peaceful and moral means to secure their complete destruction." The relation between the sexes was of course one of the fields for innovation. Robert Dale Owen carried not only the law separating the property of married women from that of their husbands, but the divorce law of Indiana. As a general rule, the mother of all these "notions" was New England, who will have have to take care that she does not become as great a source of mischief to this continent as South Carolina, though in a different way.

The failures we have seen. Now what were the successes, and what was the reason of their success. Was it *afflatus*, or something more commonplace? The list drawn up by Mr. Noyes in 1870, is as follows:

*Beizel's Community.*—Has lasted one hundred and fifty-six years; was at one time very rich; has money at interest yet; some of its grand old buildings are still standing.

*The Shaker Community.* — Has lasted ninety-five years. Consists of eighteen large societies, many of them very wealthy.

*The Zoar Community.*— Fifty-three years old and wealthy.

*The Snowberger Community.*—Forty-nine years old and "well off."

*The Ebenezer Community.*—Twenty-three years old, and said to be the largest and richest Community in the United States.

*The Janson Community.* — Twenty-three years old and wealthy.

The Oneida Community, which is also a commercial success, we omit for the present, undertaking hereafter to show that its case is covered by our induction.

All the communities enumerated are religious. But they are not the only religious communities. Hopedale, as we have said, was religious in the highest degree, and its religion was a better one than that of these ignorant and fanatical little sects. Even the spirit-rapping communities may claim to be placed at least on a level, in the religious scale, with the delirious orgiasm of the Shakers. But Hopedale, as we have seen, was strongly Conservative with regard to marriage. That which is at once common to all the successful communities, and peculiar to them, is the rejection of marriage, whereby in the first place they are exempted from the disuniting influence of the separate family; and in the second place, they are enabled to accumulate wealth in a way which would be impossible if they had children to maintain.

The members of Beizel's Community are strict celibates; so are the Shakers; so are the Rappites; so are the Snowbergers. The Ebenezers permit marriage "when their guiding spirit consents to it;" but the parties have to undergo some public mortification; and the community at its foundation, to meet the difficulties of the struggle, resolved that for a given number of years there should be no increase of their population by births, which resolution was carried into effect. Among the Zoarites, marriage is now permitted. But we are told that at their first organization it was strictly forbidden, not from religious scruple, but as an indispensable matter of economy; that for years no child was seen within their village; and that, though the regulation has been removed, the settlement retains much of its old character in this respect. The Jansonists, though they do not forbid marriage, hold that a "life of celibacy is more adapted to develop the life of the inner man." In fact these associations are not so much communistic as monastic, and belong to a class of phenomena already familiar enough to economical history.

The Rappites, a set of enthusiasts who expected the speedy advent of the Millennium, called their first two settlements Harmony. Their third, by a significant change of name, they called Economy. They are not only wealthy, but millionaires of the first order. We are not surprised to learn that they do not proselytize, though converts enough might undoubtedly be found to a doctrine even more extravagant than Rappism, if it were endowed with twenty millions. The Silver Islet Company would be about as likely to desire proselytes. Those who have visited the community report that all its members are advanced in years. The end of Rapp's Millennium is in fact a tontine, which will terminate in a Rappite Astor.

We are far from saying that in these cases the religion had nothing to do with the result. It collected and united a body of enthusiasts, whose very fanaticism, being of the coarsest kind, was a guarantee for their belonging to a class accustomed to manual

labour and to submission; it helped to hold them together through the first struggle for subsistence; and, what was perhaps the most important point of all, it led them to render implicit obedience to a prophet-chief, who, whether fanatic or impostor, was pretty sure to be an able man. The ascendency of the prophet-chief is evidently the main-spring of Mormonism, which is also a great material success. But we very much doubt whether even the strong hand of Brigham Young could hold together for a year a Utah combining the separate family and free propagation of children, with community of goods.

The Oneida Community, a visit to which suggested the subject of this paper, was founded in 1847, by the Rev. John Humphrey Noyes, a man whose ability is written on his brow, on the pages of his vigorously-written books, and on the work of his organizing hands. He was, by his own confession, a religious enthusiast of the wildest and most erratic kind. Libertinism he has not confessed, though by loose and sensational versions of his words it has been made to appear that he has done so.* The form of religious enthusiasm in which he ultimately landed was *Perfectionism*. The gist of the Perfectionists' creed, if we rightly comprehend it, is that the second coming of Christ took place in the lifetime of St. John; that the reign of Law in every sense then finally gave place to that of the Spirit; that now, the believer united with Christ, and "confessing holiness," is above all ordinances, including the ordinance of marriage, and perfectly free from sin. This sounds like Antinomianism, but we are told that it is only "anti-legality." At all events it is not the professed belief of the Perfectionists that one of their number cannot do wrong. There is a series of subordinate articles, some of them highly mystical, while others, introducing Spiritualism, have probably been grafted on the religion since its first promulgation. The Bible is implicitly received, though with Perfectionist interpretations. Scepticism is denounced. Much is made of special interpositions of Providence, and of Providential "signals." Form of worship the Perfectionists have none. They only confess Christ before each other, and communicate religious thought in their family gathering. The Sabbath is not distinguished from the week except by cessation from work. This religion is proclaimed to be still the bond of union among the members of the community. They will tell you that they are held together by Father Noyes' love of Christ, and by their love of Father Noyes.

The community at Oneida numbers 201. At Willow Place, on a detached portion of the same domain, are nineteen more; and there are forty-five in a branch establishment at Wallingford, Connecticut. All these are supposed to constitute one family, with the founder as father. The property is held in common; there are no separate interests, incomes, or allowances whatever. The several members of the family are presented with such money as they may require from time to time, just as children are furnished with pocket money by their parents, the only restriction being family duty. The other characteristic feature of the system is one which it is difficult to describe in language at once measured and adequately expressive of the feelings of repugnance with which it must be regarded by every one who acknowledges the Christian rule of morals. The marriage tie is totally discarded. The male and female members of the community pair with each other for a time, and for a time only; not promiscuously, but under the authority of the community, which appears to be guided in regulating these matters partly by the policy of restraining the increase of its

* An incident, however, which is related by Mr. Noyes himself in a recent number of the *Oneida Circular*, and which occurred in 1846, indicates plainly enough that a case of elective affinities was the immediate source of his theory about the relations between the sexes, and of his practical application of that theory in the Oneida Community.

numbers, partly by physical rules connected with what is styled the scientific propagation of children. The initiative is assigned to the woman, who makes it known to the authorities when she is willing to become a mother. She is not permanently wedded to one partner, but may have two or three in succession. So that the "permanence" predicated of Oneida unions, in the *Circular*, must have reference not to the individual parties, but to the family aggregate. The parental relation is not ignored, but it is merged in the community, the children being brought up together as brothers and sisters in common nurseries. There are certain supplementary portions of the system which its inventor is in the habit of bringing without reserve before the public, but over which Christian decency enjoins us to draw a veil. Either the creed of the Oneida Community is true, and Christian marriage, with all that is connected with it, has been abrogated by the Second Advent, or the practice of the Oneida Community is hateful to God and man.

During the early years of the community few children were born to it, though of late, and apparently in connection with the growth of its wealth, the number of births has been allowed to increase. And thus we have again the two familiar and simple conditions of success—exemption from the disuniting influence of the separate family, and the facility for the accumulation of wealth attendant on the absence or paucity of children. Communism, in fine, can be rendered practicable only by a standing defiance of morality and nature.

In the case of the Oneida Community the measure of commercial success has been large. A strong business head has controlled its financial operations as well as its internal economy. The principle that *afflatus* eschews land and delights in factories has been carried into effect with the most gratifying result. The Community owns a farm of 650 acres, highly cultivated, round its mansion; but its chief investments, and the source of its opulence, are three factories—one of traps, one of silk goods, and one of canned fruit. The trap factory, which seems a singular line of business to be chosen by Perfectionism, is a monument of one of the original members of the Community, who was a trapper and a maker of traps. The canned fruit of Oneida enjoys the highest reputation, and we do not doubt the truth of the assertion that the business might be greatly extended if the Community chose to borrow capital. Manual labour, though not repudiated by members of the Community, as the writer can testify, is now chiefly performed by hired hands, of whom there are about 150 in the factories, besides some negroes employed in the coarser housework. The members of the Community, as a general rule, are now, like other capitalists, the employers and directors of labour. They are apparently good employers, and, in case of any attempt to disturb them on the ground of their defiance of established morality, they feel secure in the attachment of the people around them, many of whom, we are told, are English immigrants. It is a remarkable proof of the confidence of the Community, both in its own cohesiveness and in its ability to face scrutiny, that it has ventured to send several of its young men to the Scientific Department of Yale College, in order to supply itself with the scientific element requisite for its manufacturing purposes.

The mansion is a spacious and handsome range of buildings, fitted up simply, but with every comfort. Its public rooms are a double dining hall, a large parlour, with a stage for the gatherings and amusements of the whole family, and other parlours for the meeting of smaller circles. Round it are well-kept grounds, to which the Community admits neighbours and visitors with a liberality which must somewhat interfere with the purposes of its own enjoyment. With the

charms of green lawns, shady walks, and gay flower-beds, are combined views of a valley, which, in its rich cultivation and the soft outline of the hills surrounding it, reminds the traveller of England. There are croquet grounds, which appear to be in constant use. A few miles off, by the side of a lake, the Community has a hunting-box, called Joppa, to which excursions are frequently made. Pleasure evidently has its due place among the objects of existence, and is organized with care and on a liberal scale. Teams in sufficient number appeared to be at the service of the brethren. Music is much cultivated, and, by a refinement of humanity, the practising room is a separate building, at some distance from the mansion. In winter, intellectual pursuits and self-culture are the order of the day. The writer was told that an old lady had taken up Greek and acquired the power of reading the New Testament in the original tongue.

The library is furnished with books of all kinds, and New York papers are on the table. The Community, however, is politically seclusionist, and its members never vote. Political divisions might disturb the family, though the writer was told that the members were all in spirit New Englanders, and would cast a united Republican vote. They escaped the draft through the error of two officials, each of whom supposed the Community to be in the jurisdiction of the other.

"This reform means trousers," said a female advocate of Woman's Rights the other day in the United States. The ladies of the Oneida Community have adopted the Blumer costume, though in a mitigated form. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has recorded his opinion that this dress is becoming. He could hardly extend his commendation to the practice of cutting the hair short in male fashion, which is also universal among the Oneida ladies; at least, if he did, we should be unable to agree with him.

Cookery is not delegated to inferior hands, but done by those of the Perfectionists themselves. The fare is simple but most excellent. There appear to be no rigorous ordinances about diet. As a matter of habit and taste, meat is sparingly eaten, but vegetarianism is not enjoined. Stimulants are banished from the board, but the use of them is not morally proscribed; at least they are offered to a guest. Tobacco is denounced by Father Noyes. One of the brethren was living entirely on brown bread and baked apples, at an expense to the Community, as he reckoned, of 12 cents a day. But this was voluntary, and the motive was dietetic. While there is no appearance of luxury, asceticism is equally unknown.

Among the members of the Community are persons of many various social grades aud degrees of education—ex-clergymen and ex-lawyers, as well as mechanics; though there must obviously be a limit intellectually to the class disposed to believe in Perfectionism and Father Noyes. If you ask how order and harmony are preserved in so large and so heterogeneous a family, the all-sufficing answer is, through the institution of mutual criticism. Every member of the Community, in turn, is compelled thus to submit himself to the organized influence of social opinion, in order that he may be warned of his social faults and constrained to address himself to their cure. The author of *New America* had the good fortune to witness one of these singular operations, which at that time were performed in the great parlour by the Community at large. But the duty has since been delegated to a Committee of Criticism, which summons before it the person to be criticized, together with those who are most intimate with him and best qualified to point out his defects. It is asserted that the system perfectly answers its purpose, and that at the same time it has the effect of banishing from the Community irregular backbiting and malevolent love of scandal. It may be doubted, perhaps,

whether this or any other gentle instrument of government would work so well if within the velvet glove were not felt the iron hand of Father Noyes, though the members of the Community speak with confidence of the self-sustaining power of the system, and profess to look forward without fear to a demise of the paternal crown.

To preserve the unity of the family, all the members are assembled for an hour every evening in the great parlour. Matters of interest to the whole Community are then brought forward and discussed, correspondence is read, sympathy is expressed with the sick, professions of religious sentiment are exchanged. To give the assembly a domestic air, three or four tables were disposed over the room with groups of women at work around them. But it would not do. The assembly was not a family circle: it was a meeting, though a meeting of people agreed in conviction, and well acquainted with each other. In the very unanimity of opinion and sentiment there was an undomestic ring. In the same manner the repasts in the common hall lack the character of a family meal. Dinner is a *table d'hote*, at which those who partake of it do not even sit down together, but separately, each when he pleases, between certain hours, just as they do in a hotel. And this was the general impression made on the writer by what he saw of Oneida. He felt that all the time he was in a great hotel, an hotel where people boarded all the year round, and were on friendly terms with each other, but still an hotel and not a home. Mention has been already made of the departure from the original institution of family criticism, and the delegation to a committee of the function, once performed by the Community at large. This is obviously a symptom of disintegration, while the necessity under which the committee finds itself of summoning special witnesses proves that within the great circle of the Community inner social circles are formed. In fact, without some miraculous enlargement of the range of human affections, it is absurd to talk of forming a family of two hundred people. They may be under the same paternal despotism, but they can be a family in no other sense of the term. To preserve the domestic unity of the three establishments, Oneida, Willow Place and Wallingford, will be still more beyond human power.

The children, as has been already said, are regarded as children of the Community, and are brought up together on that footing. The mother is allowed to take part in nursing them as much as she pleases, but she is not required to do more. Undeniably they are a fine, healthy-looking, merry set of infants. But we need not jump from this fact to a conclusion in favour of Scientific Propagation, and all its repulsive incidents. The Oneida children are reared under conditions of exceptional advantage, which could not fail to secure health to the offspring of any but positively diseased parents, whose union no coarse intervention of Anthropological science is needed to forbid. The nurseries, with everything about them, are beautiful. Large play-rooms are provided for exercise in winter. The nurses are not hirelings, but members of the Community who voluntarily undertake the office. Every precaution is taken against the danger of infection. A simple and wholesome dietary is enforced, and no mother or grandmother is permitted to ruin digestion and temper, by administering first a poison from the confectioner's, and then another poison from the druggist's. Lessons may perhaps be learned from the nurseries of the Oneida Community, but not the lesson for which the Community cites a long roll of the hierophants of science, that it is good in human unions to disregard, or treat as secondary, the selective instinct of affection, and to breed human beings as we breed horses or swine.

It is by no means surprising that the Perfectionists should not be anxious to make proselytes to the possession of the Oneida

estate, and the three flourishing factories upon it, any more than the Rappites are anxious to make proselytes to their millions. We read in the *Circular*, under the head of Admissions:

> These communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Branch-Communities, though they have not attained the normal size, have as many members as they can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as they grow in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, *spiritually and financially*, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure-seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they cannot all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other communities must be formed: and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them communities right where they are."

It appears that from a pretty early period regard was had to "financial" as well as to "spiritual" qualifications; for the amount of property brought in by members of the community and its branches up to 1857 was, according to the *Handbook*, $107,000. This, and cheapness of living in common must of course be taken into account in estimating the commercial success of the community, and tracing it to its real source.

That the Oneida community, or any one of the group to which it belongs, has solved any great problem for humanity, or even tried any experiment of general interest, the writer sees not the slightest ground for believing. Of course nothing which involves celibacy can be extended beyond a few circles of fanatics, such as the monks in former days, or the Shakers in ours; and the abolition of the family is, except within the same narrow limit, equally impracticable as well as utterly revolting. In addition to which, such a mode of living as that adopted by the Oneida community, and essential to the application of their principles, is wholly at variance with the general conditions of industrial life. Close to the mansion of the community runs a railroad on which they ship their goods, and which is necessary to their subsistence. Can they imagine it possible to organize the life of the people employed upon that railroad after the model of their own? They send some of their goods across the ocean. Do they think that the sailors who carry those goods can be gathered with their families into a communistic home?

There is at Brooklin, on the Southern shore of Lake Erie, another community which has attracted notice from numbering among its members an Englishman of some distinction, Mr. Lawrence Oliphant. About this association little is known, even among the people at Oneida, whose curiosity it naturally excites. But it appears to be not a counterpart of Oneida, but a small group of householders living under the presidency of Mr. Harris, the prophet of a religion akin to Swedenborgianism, and entrusting their property to his hands. So long as that property holds out, the community may of course continue to exist without impugning any of the received laws of political economy, or introducing any new principle into the world.

It is true that there may be points worthy the attention of the social pathologist in connection with the tendencies which have called these strange structures into existence, though the subject is too extensive to be discussed at the close of this paper. Among the impelling motives have evidently been the discomfort and the waste attendant on the domestic economy of our

separate households, which advancing civilization will surely teach us in some degree to mitigate. Another motive is the desire of escaping from the gloom and dullness of excessive family isolation into more mixed and more cheerful society. The family is the centre of happiness; but at the same time a man and woman can rarely be so gifted as, after the honeymoon, to be absolutely sufficient for each other. The writer of this paper was once the guest of a friend residing in the neighbourhood of London, and in the middle of a district of suburban villas. On his noticing the number of houses bespeaking opulence which was visible on every side, his friend replied, "Yes, and you would suppose there was a great deal of good society here. There is absolutely none. It is impossible to bring these families together for any social purpose whatever, The man goes up to his place of business in London every morning; stays there till he returns home for dinner, then reads the newspaper the rest of the evening. For two months in each summer the family goes to a watering-place where it lives in a private lodging by itself. That is the whole existence of these people." A dreary and a truncated sort of existence it is. Unfortunately it is not confined to the suburbs of London. We need in Canada as much as anywhere, to be taught the art of preserving the happiness of the family by supplementing it with the enjoyments of more general society in a cheap and reasonable way.

Communism, in a certain sense, was no doubt the original condition of mankind; at least tribal not private ownership of land is the rule of primæval history: and probably this union of interest served an important purpose in the foundation of primitive States. A temporary communism has also played a memorable part in the commencement of great religious or social enterprises. The first preachers of Christianity for a time had all things in common, and so had the founders of New England. Monachism was also communistic, and partly in virtue of its detachment from the ties and cares of property, it was able to perform a mighty work in the conversion of the Barbarians, and the foundation of Christian civilization. Besides these limited instances, extensive though vague manifestations of the communistic sentiment have generally attended the great crises of history, such as the Reformation, and the English and French Revolutions. It is difficult to believe that such yearnings of humanity, though premature and abortive, are without any significance. "Property has its duties as well as its rights," is a sentiment, the distinct expression of what is comparatively of recent date. It may perhaps gain force and ascendancy till, in the course of ages, property is virtually merged in social duty. The saying of the Greek dramatist, as to the Omnipotence of time, has acquired new meaning from the late revelations of science and historical philosophy. But the attempts of American Socialists at once to transmute humanity by founding Utopias, have all come to nothing. For the present, the only seat of communism, and the proper sphere of the communistic sentiment, is the family, if the Woman's Right party will only have the wisdom to let it alone.

## A DIRGE FOR THE DYING SUMMER.

ALAS ! for the summer dying,
Fading so fast away ;
There is sadness blent with the brooding light
Of the sunny autumn day !

For the winter is hasting onward
On wings that are all too fleet,
And the bright-hued flowers are shedding fast
Their blossoms at our feet.

The dahlia, in robes of velvet,
So queenly and so rare,
The asters' many-tinted rays
That glow through the golden air ;

We scarce can greet them gladly,
For they presage the fading year—
The death of a world of joyous life,
And the winter—dark and drear !

Alas ! for our short-lived summer !
For it seems but a few short days
Since the trees burst forth into fresh young leaves,
And the birds sang their wedding lays ;—

Since the rose-flushed apple-blossoms
Clustered thick on the orchard trees,
And the humming-bird fed at the lilac bloom
That perfumed the summer breeze ;—

Since the glowing heart of the rosebud
Was opening, fold on fold ;
*Now* the apple hangs, ripe, o'er the orchard wall,
And the maples are flecked with gold.

The earth hath its autumn glory ;
But it seemeth all too soon
For the summer sunshine to pass away,
And the light of the summer moon ;—

The rosy and purple sunset,
The incense-laden night,
The fresh, bright morning's balmy breath,
And the noon steeped in quivering light ;—

The sparkle of dancing waters,
The gleams through the glancing leaves,
The hum of the bee, and the clover scent,
And the twitter beneath the eaves ;

All gone ! So the heart dreams sadly,—
Yet wherefore shouldst thou repine—
When the Love that guides the seasons' course
Is a higher love than thine ?

A higher love, and a wiser,
Bids the summer come and go,
And the same hand that loosens the blossoms now
Shall banish the winter's snow !

In the daily round of duty
Lose sight of the present pain,
And look with a calm and hopeful heart,
For the spring that shall come again.

And so, when the heart's bright summer
Is clouded by storm and strife,
And mist and darkness are closing fast
Round the winter of our life—

We may look through the dreary shadows,
Through the tempest and the gloom,
To the light of a spring that is ever green,
And a summer of fadeless bloom !

FIDELIS.

# THE LAND OF THE PYGMIES.*

THE age of geographical discovery will soon have passed. During the last quarter of a century nearly one-half of Africa has been explored for the first time, and it is extremely probable that we shall be familiar with what remains before the expiration of another twenty-five years. When Africa has been explored and the transit of Australia has been effected, what will remain for the geographical discoverer except a few nooks and corners of the world and the inaccessible poles? The age of our grandchildren will be denied the excitement of reading the accounts of travels over virgin tracts, garnished with wondrous illustrations drawn from life by the writer, or from fancy by his London artist. Then, every river will have been traced to its source; every mountain range will be figured in the atlas of the world, and our descendants, escaping from the inclement winters of northern latitudes, will, bent on pleasure, steam up rivers with barbarous names, take pot-luck in the country of the cannibals, and scratch their vulgar names, *more Anglorum*, on the rocks at the summits of the Mountains of the Moon. A few more mysteries will have been explained—the romance of geography will be gone. The advance of knowledge is fatal to the mysterious and the romantic—

> "Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
> There was an awful rainbow once in heaven;
> We know her woof, her texture; she is given
> In the dull catalogue of common things.
> Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
> Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
> Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine."

And she will also deprive Africa of that entrancing interest which we feel in what is only half known.

But let us enjoy the present, when every two or three years brings us a new account of hair-breadth escapes, of dusky tribes hitherto unknown, ruled by savage kings, of mighty rivers rolling no one knows whither, of broad lakes whose outlet baffles discovery, of remarkable plants, of fierce animals, of the strange manners of strange men, who in a fertile country maintain a precarious existence on the produce of a rude agriculture and the flesh of all kinds of invertebrate and vertebrate animals, not even excepting man. Such an account has just been published, under the title of "The Heart of Africa," by Dr. Georg Schweinfurth, a German botanist, sent out by the Humboldt Institution of Natural Philosophy and Travels, to explore the country traversed by the western affluents of the Nile.

Unlike most great rivers, the Nile receives no affluents near its mouth. You have to travel about twelve degrees up its eastern, and about twenty up its western bank, before coming to any considerable branch of its mighty stream. The first eastern affluents rise in Abyssinia; the western affluents rise in the little known country which lies south of Darfoor, and north of Cazembe and the valley of the Lualaba, in exploring which Livingstone spent the last years of his life. This section of the country has for its eastern boundary the Nile and the Albert Nyanza. From it the unexplored country extends north-west to the neighbourhood of Lake Tsad, west to the Niger, south-west to Loanda, and south to the Zambesi. Livingstone's latest travels just invade the eastern limit of this vast block of unknown territory. The extreme

* The Heart of Africa: Thirty Years' Travels and Adventures in Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. By Dr. Georg Schweinfurth. New York: Harper Bros., Publishers. 1874.

southern point reached by Schweinfurth was the capital of Munza, a Monbuttoo King, between 3° and 4° north latitude, and between 28° and 29° east of Greenwich, about two hundred miles west of the mouth of the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker, about eight hundred miles north of Cazembe, and about five hundred miles north of the point reached by Livingstone in June, 1871. The extreme western point reached by Schweinfurth was about 26° W. in the country of Darfertret, between 7° and 8° north latitude, and about seven hundred miles from Lake Tsad, S.S.W. of the capital of Munza. About 2° north of the Equator, and about 4° west of the Albert Nyanza, lies the Land of the Pygmies. If Livingstone had been able to persevere on his northern course in the year 1871 he would have passed directly through their country.

Dr. Schweinfurth's qualifications for travelling in Africa have never been surpassed, and rarely equalled. He is, in the first place, a thoroughly educated man, being a graduate of the University of Berlin. He is an ardent botanist, and possesses a fair knowledge of the other physical sciences. He is a master of the Arabic language, which is for the traveller in northern Africa as useful as French in Europe. He is a fair shot and an accomplished draughtsman, and finished on the spot many of the numerous sketches which embellish his volumes. In other works of travel the sketches have been generally touched up by some artist in Europe. Schweinfurth was able to dispense with such assistance, and in consequence his illustrations are both reliable and beautiful. Add to this that he was so thoroughly acclimatized that he never once during his three years' absence had an attack of fever, and that he possesses a more than ordinary share of industry and patience, and you have some idea of his fitness to encounter the hardships and to investigate the geography of Central Africa. Of his more than German perseverance the following anecdote furnishes a good illustration :—When, on account of the loss of his watches, he was unable to note the time employed in marching from place to place, and in consequence unable to estimate the distance travelled, he actually resorted to the plan of counting his footsteps, and persevered in it till his return to Europe, or for a period of six months. During this time he counted no less than a million and a quarter steps.

To what extent Schweinfurth possesses the mingled courage and tact, the Ulysses-like combination of fortitude and astuteness which has been displayed in a pre-eminent degree by many of his predecessors, the circumstances under which he carried out his explorations prevent us from discovering. He made his investigations under the protection of two ivory merchants of Khartoom on the upper Nile. These men, types of a class of traders who, stimulated by the European demand for ivory, send annual expeditions into the pagan country to procure it, appear to have afforded Schweinfurth every protection against human enemies. To a certain extent these merchants resemble our own Hudson Bay Company, and the other fur-trading companies of North America. Each ivory-trader, though at Khartoom a subject of the Sultan of Turkey, is in the interior an independent prince, with possessions limited only by his ability to maintain soldiers. At different points in his district there are garrisoned trading-posts, which are visited annually or less frequently by a caravan of troops. In the train of this caravan follow a host of bearers, supplied by the subjugated tribes, who carry merchandise to the trading-posts, and ivory from them. The caravan obtains supplies of provisions, and sometimes slaves, by forays on hostile tribes. As might be expected, the different ivory-traders are not on the most friendly terms, and skirmishes and robberies frequently occur.

Mohammed-Aboo, Sammat, and Ghattas, under whose protection Schweinfurth travel-

led, had their landing-place on the Gazelle River, a considerable western feeder of the Nile. There several companies combined in order to proceed to the south. Each company displayed its own banner, but on all the banners alike were certain passages from the Koran, relating to the conquest of unbelievers. The whole caravan, numbering five hundred men, two hundred of whom were armed, marched for six days through the territories of the Dinka, a hostile tribe which maintains large numbers of cattle. These they never kill, but they eat them when they die from any cause. The cattle belong to the Zebu race, and are remarkably characterized by an entire absence of fat.

Beyond the Dinka they passed successively through the countries occupied by the Dyoor, Bongo and Miltoo tribes, which are in subjection to the ivory dealers. Beyond the country of the Bongo lies the land of the Landey or Niam-niam, an independent race. Their native name is Landey, but the Nubians call them Niam-niam, an onomatopœic word, signifying "eaters," on account of their liking for human flesh. They are honourably distinguished from the surrounding nations by the chastity of their women and the conjugal affection of their men. Though they pay some attention to agricultural pursuits, they are expert hunters, and sell annually large quantities of ivory. Schweinfurth is inclined to set them down as related to the Fan tribes of the west coast, who resemble them in the mode of dressing their hair and in their cannibal propensities.

To the south of the Niam-niam lies the country occupied by the Monbuttoo nation, over a section of which King Munza rules. His capital lies to the south of the great river Welle, which rises in the Blue Mountains, seen by Sir Samuel Baker on the west coast of the Albert Nyanza, and flows to the west-northwest. The Monbuttoo, though cannibals, are much more civilized than any other tribe visited by Schweinfurth. They devote themselves to the cultivation of the soil, and the country supports a dense population. They are expert workers in iron, clay and wood, and their king maintains a state and ceremonial unknown to the petty monarchs of other tribes. About five per cent. of the population have light hair, and present other signs of albinism. The Monbuttoo approach the Semitic races in the form of their skulls, and Dr. Schweinfurth is inclined to regard them as allied to the Fulbe or Fellatas, a conquering race of Central Africa. The Fulbe are believed to be of eastern origin, but, as a conquering race, they have spread from the sources of the Niger eastward. The Monbuttoo possess considerable architectural ability. The hall of the king's palace is 150 feet long, 60 wide, and 50 high.

In one of those characteristic sentences into which the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire delights to compress the results of his extensive reading, he classes the Pygmies with the Centaurs, the Satyrs and the headless men, as mere creations of the imagination of the ancients to fill the void in their knowledge of tropical lands. "The ancients, who had a very faint and imperfect knowledge of the great peninsula of Africa, were sometimes tempted to believe that the torrid zone must ever remain destitute of inhabitants; and they sometimes amused their fancy by filling the vacant space with headless men, or rather monsters; with horned and cloven-footed satyrs; with fabulous centaurs, and with human pygmies, who waged a bold and doubtful warfare against the cranes." Gibbon's incredulity was excusable, but whatever we may think of the Centaurs, the Satyrs, and men whose eyes were on their breasts, we are compelled by the discoveries of recent travellers to admit that the belief of antiquity in the Pygmies had for its basis a solid foundation of fact.

The word Pygmy, which is Greek in origin, is derived from a noun denoting a measure of length equivalent to the distance between the elbow and knuckles. The Pygmies are first mentioned in the third book of the Iliad,

by Homer, who likens the noise caused by the motion of the Trojan host to that arising from the flight of the cranes, migrating at the approach of winter, towards the streams of the ocean, bearing slaughter and fate to the Pygmæan men; but whether he uses the term in its literal signification or in its derived meaning of dwarfish, it is impossible to tell. They are afterwards mentioned by Herodotus, Aristotle, Pliny, Strabo, and some of the classical poets. They are variously placed in India, in Arabia, and at the sources of the Nile; they are described as three spans high, and as dwelling in houses built of mud, feathers and egg-shells. According to other accounts, they dwelt in holes in the ground, and in harvest-time felled their corn with hatchets, as ordinary men would cut down trees. "Every spring their cavalry, mounted on rams and goats, marched in battle array" to attack the nests of the cranes and destroy their eggs. Such are some of the tales which tickled the fancy and excited the wonder of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

It is needless to observe that in these stories exaggeration has done its accustomed work. The Pygmy, as revealed to us by recent travellers, is nearer three than one cubit in height, and wars not with cranes but with elephants. Yet he is a sufficiently remarkable being. That portions of the African continent should be occupied by tribes of uniformly diminutive stature and peculiar features, is an ethnological fact of the highest importance.

Of the accounts of these Pygmies, that given by Schweinfurth is by far the most complete. Krapf, who saw one on the eastern coast indeed, ascertained that a tribe of them, called Doko, dwelt between Abyssinia and the Equator, at about 3° north latitude. On the western side of the continent Du Chaillu discovered a tribe called Olongo, in the territory of the Ashango, near the Equator. He describes them as averaging about 4 feet 7 inches in height, as not ill-shaped, and as having skins of a pale yellow-brown, somewhat lighter than their neighbours. But Schweinfurth not only saw them but measured them, executed drawings of them, and succeeded in taking, half-way down the Nile on the way to Europe, a young pygmy, who unfortunately became ill and died at Berber in Nubia.

Schweinfurth never visited the country of the Akka, which is the name these Pygmies give themselves. But a portion of the Akka are subject to Munza, the Monbuttoo king, and he, desirous of enhancing the splendour of his court by the addition of natural curiosities, had compelled several families of Pygmies to settle at his capital. Some of these Schweinfurth saw, and he also saw on one occasion a troop of several hundred Pygmy warriors, who accompanied the king's brother on his return with the booty obtained by a successful campaign against a hostile tribe. The Akka whom he measured appear to have varied in height from 4 feet 7 inches to 4 feet 10 inches. Their hair is woolly and they are beardless. They are very much bent at the shoulders; their necks are weak and thin; their heads large; the skull is almost spherical, and has a deep indentation at the base of the nose. Both jaws protrude excessively, and, as the chin is not prominent, the result is a snout-like projection. The ears are very large. The arms are lanky. The upper portion of the chest is flat and contracted, but the belly is protuberant. The spinal curve is very marked, and the feet are turned inwards. On the contrary, the hands are elegantly shaped. The mouth gapes, and the continual changes of expression which play on their countenances, the twitching of the eyebrows, the rapid gestures with the hands and feet while talking, the incessant wagging and nodding of the head, all combine to give them a grotesque appearance, and to make them the source of infinite amusement.

The Akka are a nation of hunters. Their only domestic animals are poultry. Nsewne, the pygmy whom Schweinfurth attempted to

bring to Europe, was always fond of torturing animals, and took a special pleasure in throwing arrows at the dogs by night. His pronunciation was inarticulate, and he was markedly deficient in the power of acquiring languages, being in this respect very different from Africans of other tribes.

The ethnological relations of many of the African tribes are very complex and exceedingly difficult to decipher. This could not fail to be the case in a country in which tribe is continually supplanting tribe, and in which the intermixture of blood arising from this cause is still further complicated by the practice of purchasing female slaves for wives, and by the conversions to the Mohammedan religion. For in that portion of Africa lying between the Equator and 20° north latitude, and extending from the east to the west coast, which is sometimes called the Soudan and sometimes Nigritia, Mohammedanism is a progressive religion. Though as compared with European culture the Mohammedan culture of the interior of Africa is utter barbarism, to the negro it is the symbol of advancement, order, commerce, and the arts. The Moslem kingdoms of Central Africa, utterly contemptible as we should consider their organization, are yet in this respect infinitely superior to the negro kingdoms which have not borrowed from them. In some portions of the Soudan there is a large admixture of Arab and Moorish blood, and a knowledge of the Arab language is widely spread. The conquering Fulbe or Fellatas, who founded the kingdom of Sockatoo, to the west of Bornou, and at one time threatened to overrun the whole of Soudan, are considered by the traveller Barth to be of mixed Arab, Negro, and Berber blood. As far as the evidence of language goes, it proves the original negro inhabitants of the whole of Nigritia to be more or less closely related. They all speak branches of what is known as the Nubio-Libyan family of languages. To this uniformity it is probable that the language of the Pygmies will prove an exception. Dr. Schweinfurth was so unfortunate as to lose by fire his notes on their language, but as the Pygmies are so distinct physically, it is probable that they are distinct linguistically. All the evidence in our possession points to the conclusion that they are the remnants of an aboriginal race, which has been unable to maintain a successful struggle for existence against the taller and stronger African tribes. The Bushmen of Southern Africa, whose average height, according to Gustav Fritch, is 4 feet 8½ inches, and who resemble the Akka in other particulars, appear to be another remnant of the same autochthonous people. The existence of four different races of Pygmies then has been discovered, namely, the Bushmen, the Doko of Eastern Africa, the Obongo of Western Africa, and the Akka of the interior. Their distribution seems to show that at one time they may have occupied the whole of Equatorial and Southern Africa. Indeed, if the account given by Herodotus is to be believed, they once inhabited the northern part of the Soudan. According to the story related by him, some Nassamonians having directed their course westward, when crossing the Sahara, "at length discovered some trees growing in a plain; these they approached, and seeing fruit upon them, they gathered it. Whilst they were thus employed some men of dwarfish stature came where they were, seized their persons, and carried them away. They were mutually ignorant of each other's language, but the Nassamonians were conducted over many marshy grounds to a city, in which all the inhabitants were of the same diminutive appearance, and of a black colour. The city was washed by a great river which flowed from west to east, and abounded in crocodiles."

This description appears to suit the Niger, but the statement is too indefinite to render it worth while to discuss the question what stream is meant. It seems reasonable, however, to conclude that the whole of Africa

south of the Sahara was at some remote epoch overspread by races of diminutive stature, and that the title, Land of the Pygmies, as applied to Africa, is no misnomer. But if the Pygmies were the autochthones of the *greater* part of Africa, whence came the Negroes? To this question history affords no answer. The Egyptian monuments inform us that at the very dawn of civilization in the Valley of the Nile there were Negroes in the country to the south. Perhaps the Upper Valley of the Nile was the original home of the Negro race. This view receives support from the traditions of many of the tribes on the West Coast who believe that their ancestors came from the North-east; but on this, as on the relations of the true Negroes to the Caffres and Hottentots, it is at present useless to speculate. As our information about the Africans of the interior and their languages increases, we may be able to resolve some of these knotty problems.

As was to be expected, Dr. Schweinfurth's incidental notes on the Botany of the districts he visited are replete with interest and information. Most remarkable is the ambatch, distinguished for the unexampled lightness of its wood. "Only by taking it into his hands could anyone believe that it were possible for one man to lift on his shoulders a raft made large enough to carry eight people on the water." The ambatch tree grows in the water in clumps, and as the roots do not attach themselves very firmly to the soil, the clumps frequently break away and float off to become attached elsewhere. These clumps, if numerous in a particular locality, stop the drifting grass and other things carried down by the river, and thus originate the famous grass barriers which impede the navigation of the Upper Nile. These barriers seem to persist in one place for years, and the floating islands of plants of various kinds, anchored more or less securely to the bottom of the stream by roots or by the tangled river weeds, attain such solidity as to support the weight of herds of oxen. El Sett, the great grass barrier of the Nile, is many miles long, and as the channels through it are continually shifting, they are a source of great perplexity to navigators. In this grass barrier and in the upper waters of the Nile, grows the papyrus, from which the ancient Egyptians made paper, and from the name of which, indeed, our word paper comes. It is an enormous grassy plant, belonging to the sedge family, and attains a height of fifteen feet. Strange to say it is now never found in Egypt.

Tobacco is universally cultivated and used throughout Africa. There are two species of it, the Virginian tobacco, which has unquestionably been introduced from America, and *Nicotiana rustica*, which Dr. Schweinfurth is inclined to regard as a native of Africa as well as America. It is interesting to note that the latter species was cultivated by the aborigines of Canada, and that it may now frequently be found growing wild about the sites of ancient Indian villages. Dr. Schweinfurth is inclined to conjecture that the Negroes smoked the *Nicotiana rustica*, or some other plant, long before the discovery of America, and that the existence of the practice facilitated the spread of the Virginian weed. Whatever may be thought of that theory, it is certain that the number and variety of pipes invented by the Negroes are marvellous. Each nation or tribe has its own peculiar contrivance. The Dinka have pipe-bowls of such a size, and pipes in every way so ponderous, that they are obliged to sit down while they smoke. A small calabash, filled with baste to denarcotize the smoke, is employed for a mouthpiece, and at times the baste serves a double purpose, as in seasons of scarcity the Dinka remove and chew it. The Bongo likewise make use of baste, but it is placed in the mouth of the smoker, and when a pipe is passed around, the lump of baste goes with it. This tribe is exceedingly addicted to smoking, in illustration of which Schweinfurth tells that on one of his marches a Bongo man had in-

dulged to such excess that he fell senseless into a camp-fire, and was so severely burnt that his companions had to carry him on a litter for the remainder of the journey. They also chew, and have the disgusting habit of carrying their quid over the ear in the intervals during which it is not in use. The Niam-niam smoke clay pipes which have no stems, but are simply elongated bowls. King Munza's pipe had, on the contrary, an iron stem six feet long. The lower end of this tube was plugged up, and in an opening near it a slave placed as often as necessary a plantain leaf twisted up and filled with tobacco. It will interest smokers to learn that Schweinfurth states that this contrivance modified the rankness of the tobacco almost as perfectly as if it had been inhaled through the water-reservoir of a narghileh. Though smoking is universal among the Negroes, chewing is confined to the Mohammedans and those races that have been brought under Mohammedan influence.

The principal building material in the Monbuttoo country is the leaf-stalk of the wine-palm. The leaves of this tree attain the extraordinary length of from twenty-five to thirty-five feet, and the midrib of the leaf is both light and strong. The Monbuttoo cultivate the sugar-cane, but do not express the juice or turn it to account in any way except to chew it. Schweinfurth introduced and cultivated in the Bongo country the tomato, which previously was entirely unknown in these regions. His perpetual excursions in search of plants excited the wonder of the natives, who embodied the theory by which they accounted for them in the name of Leaf-eater, which they applied to the traveller. The opinion of the natives was that he came from a country entirely destitute of vegetation, and that in his botanical rambles he retired to out-of-the-way places to gratify unseen his passion for vegetable food.

Among travellers, Schweinfurth is entitled to high distinction as a lover of dogs. From the beginning to the end of his journey, he seems to have had around him one or more dogs. He obtained the Pygmy whom he attempted to carry to Europe from the Monbuttoo King in exchange for a dog. A German dog, brought from Berlin by the traveller, less fortunate than his master, succumbed to the climate of the Bongo country. He appears to have been soon replaced by a native. The hair on the neck and back of the Bongo dogs bristles like that of an angry cat at every provocation; and they are never buried by their masters, because they fear that to do so would prevent the fall of rain. The Niam-niam possess a peculiar breed of dogs which they kill and eat. Schweinfurth succeeded in bringing one of these as far as Alexandria, where it leapt from a two-story window and was killed.

Schweinfurth's principal addition to our knowledge of the physical geography of Africa is the discovery of the river Welle. This river, which, it is inferred, rises in the Blue Mountains west of the Albert Nyanza, flows west through the Monbuttoo country. It can apparently prove to be one of only three streams. It may flow directly west across the continent, and thus prove to be the Benuwe of Barth, and the eastern branch of the Niger. It may flow North-west into the Shang, which empties into Lake Tsad, or it may curve round to the east and empty into the Nile. Of these hypotheses, Schweinfurth rejects the third, because the Welle conveys more water than any western affluent of the Nile, and the first because it would be difficult to account for the size of the Shang if so large a portion of the country which it appears to drain were cut off. The interior of Africa seems to manifest little diversity in its geology, the same ferruginous rock underlying the districts traversed by Schweinfurth as was noticed by Du Chaillu in the Gorilla country. From this rock iron is extracted, and from this various implements and ornaments are manufactured, some of which serve as the medium of exchange.

Schweinfurth's expectations of the extinction of the slave-trade are not sanguine. He reports that Sir Samuel Baker's expedition has simply diverted the trade into another channel, the slaves now being taken across the desert instead of down the Nile. He paints a dreadful picture of Moslem barbarity, and comes to the reasonable conclusion that the slave-trade cannot be stopped until slavery is abolished in Egypt. That would involve a great social and religious change. Slavery is recognized by the Koran, and he who will abolish slavery in a Mohammedan country must face the opposition excited by religious fanaticism as well as that arising from motives of self-interest.

The elevation of humanity is a tedious process, and perhaps Mohammedanism has done nearly all the work that it is capable of doing in the world. The slave-trade of Central Africa is atrocious, and the treatment of the Pagan Negroes by the Moslems is likewise atrocious. But ill-treatment of the inferior race seems, sad to say, always to follow bringing into contact two races differing markedly in civilization. The history of the treatment of the Indians of this continent by the Anglo-Saxons has chapters in it that rival in darkness the worst reports that have been made of the method of proceeding in the Soudan. To put an end to the slave-trade involves the establishment of a protectorate over nearly the whole of Africa, and any nation may well pause before undertaking so gigantic a task. At no distant date that task will be forced on some nation—probably on that nation which, twice within a decade, has felt herself compelled to defend her honour and maintain the respect due to her flag by expeditions into the inland parts of the continent. As missionaries and traders force their way into the heart of Africa, cases will continually occur showing the absolute want of some authority capable of enforcing obedience to law, and sooner or later intervention will follow. So far, we think, we can clearly see into the realm of the future, but by no straining of our vision can we catch a glimpse of what is beyond. Whether the descendants of the Negroes, who are savages so improvident that on that fertile soil they suffer from famine once a year, or the imported labour of the Chinese, will cultivate the cane and the cotton plant in the rich alluvium of the great rivers in the years that are to come, we cannot foretell. But they will be cultivated; the crowding and jostling populations of the world demand it. The material improvement and physical progress which the present age almost deifies, will extend to Africa. There will probably also be moral and intellectual progress. But though we cannot regret the abolition of slavery which will follow the advance of civilization, that advance will have other consequences of a less pleasing character. Not only are many noble animals doomed to extinction, but the inferior races of men. The same fate awaits the lion, the gorilla, and the Pygmy. In the case of the Pygmies, indeed, the advent of the white man will only accelerate a destruction which was already inevitable. Instead of the slow operation of the struggle for existence with the negro races, will be substituted the speedy effects of the vices and diseases of Europeans. The path of advancing civilization may be traced backwards by the mangled remains of the victims crushed beneath the wheels of her chariot.

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## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE declarations against the Reciprocity Treaty in the United States have been so many and so strong that its opponents are hardly premature in numbering it with the dead. We will not say that we shall deplore the rejection of this particular treaty, because our manufacturers, who ought to be the best judges of their own interest, are convinced that they would suffer by it, and we cannot concur with those who treat the manufacturers as a petty fraction of the community to be sacrificed without hesitation to the wishes of the rest. Such a policy would, besides its present injustice, involve a very shortsighted renunciation of the probable development of Canadian manufactures in the future. But we shall deplore even a temporary defeat of the principle of Reciprocity. It is impossible to doubt that Canada suffers, as every country in similar circumstances has suffered, by commercial severance from the continent of which, commercially speaking, she is and cannot help being a part. No distant market can possibly make up to her for the loss of that which is close at hand. She is in the condition of Scotland before its commercial union with England. The Scotch were not wanting in energy, intelligence or enterprise; but the Customs line at the Border kept them in a state of poverty which, as soon as the barrier was removed, gave place to one of rapidly-increasing wealth. The same result would follow in Canada if, the fiscal barrier between us and the rest of the continent being removed, trade were relieved of its shackles, and capital allowed to flow freely through all the veins of the commercial frame. To reciprocity in the exchange of natural products there can absolutely be no objection, except those which are raised by mere party feeling against particular negotiators, or by a blind and passionate antipathy to intercourse with our neighbours. But it seems incredible that even our manufacturers could fail to be gainers by admission to the largest and dearest market of the world. The difficulty, so far as that part of the matter is concerned, lies in our imperfect control over our own affairs, and our necessary incompetence to negotiate in our own interest alone. It was preposterous to suppose that Mr. Brown, whose powers as a negotiator were entirely derived from Downing Street, would be suffered to frame a treaty without regard to the commercial interest of England; and it was almost equally vain to hope that the American Senate would recognize our Colonial obligations and permit us to make our territory a postern door for the introduction into the States of the goods of our mother country. Commercial union with political independence is the relation between Canada and the United States which it should be the aim of Canadian statesmen to bring about. Both elements of it are good for both nations, and Mr. Blake is quite right in saying that the better sense of the American people has renounced any idea of forcing us into the Union. The policy of our Government was sound. Whether its diplomacy was the best conceivable is a question, the answer to which depends on circumstances at present imperfectly disclosed. With its choice of a negotiator no fault can be found, except in respect of the opposition which his name was sure to raise, and which his treatment, as a journalist, of interests threatened by his Treaty, was not likely to allay. That the honour of the country was betrayed by taking the initiative, instead of leaving the Americans

to make the first overture, can only be alleged by those whose eagerness to throw a stone at the Government makes them forget the institutions under which we live. How could the American Government, without loss of self-respect, or, indeed, without impertinence, open negotiations with the municipal government of a dependency which has no international existence.

Ultramontanism in Quebec has been vomiting fire and smoke, perhaps more smoke than fire, through all its craters in the press, against the Supreme Court of the Province for reversing the decision of Judge Routhier in favour of pulpit immunity from law. We use the phrase advisedly. Where there is no established church, the immunity must be conceded, if at all, not to the priest of any particular church, but to everything calling itself a pulpit. Every preacher, of whatsoever denomination, must be allowed to draw around himself a wizard's circle of privilege which the law may not overstep, and within which he will be at liberty to commit any enormity in the way of personal denunciation that fanaticism may suggest. No doubt the Ultramontanes intended the doctrine for their own special benefit; but if it is valid, it is as good for any street preacher as for them. That it is not valid has been declared by the Judges of the Court of Appeal in language which has the true ring of Law speaking as the guardian of Civil Freedom.

This rebuke, however, will not arrest the tide of Ultramontane ascendancy which appears to be steadily rising in Quebec. In his own sphere, the Jesuit has all the influence of the day upon his side. Of the *Syllabus* and the *Encyclical* he is the true embodiment; and since the Lateran Council, the *Syllabus* and the *Encyclical* are the animating spirit of the Church of Rome, National Catholicism, the quiet offspring of the Gallican Liberties, and of the security of a by-gone day, can make no head against the fierce spasm of centralization with which Rome gathers all her forces together for her last struggle against the advancing forces of science and modern civilization. Monstrous as the doctrine of Papal Infallibility is, it was dictated by a true instinct of self-preservation. Completely to suppress free thought within, and to present the perfect unity of an absolute dictatorship to foes without, is the only policy in which Rome can find the slightest hope of victory. Therefore the National element among the French Catholics of Quebec will perish; so will every modification of Catholicism which has in it any trace of Liberalism, of allegiance to the State, of deference for Reason. All will share the fate of Lamennais, which was near being that of Montalembert also. Liberalism in Quebec will be reduced to the party stigmatized by the name of *Rouge*, though in reality it is perfectly free from the ultra-revolutionary tendencies which are connected with that sinister name in France. Even with the *Rouges* it is likely to go hard for the British Conservatives, on political grounds, cast in their lot with the Ultramontanes, and the Grits are too much embarrassed by their connections with the Roman Catholics in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, to act as Liberals in support of what is pre-eminently the Liberal cause. The National party in Ontario is young; but if it should gain strength it would be the natural antagonist of the foreign Jesuit as well as of all other anti-national influences, and being entangled in no liaisons, it might be expected frankly to hold out its hand to the sorely-pressed defenders of civil and religious liberty in Quebec.

It was natural that the National Club, or any young society desirous of commencing its life under the auspices of patriotism and honour, should invite Mr. Blake to lay the first stone of its dwelling. For, whether his opinions are right or wrong, it is certain that by his general conduct and bearing he has

done much to lend dignity and interest to our politics, and to save public life among us from becoming, what in such communities as ours it is too apt to become, a trade infested by low adventurers and shunned by the better class of men. But if the invitation was natural, the refusal was judicious. Acceptance, besides compromising Mr. Blake himself, would have created false expectations of political activity on the part of the Club, which at present can serve at most only as a centre of independent opinion. The first stone was laid privately; but the opportunity was not allowed to slip of healing any incipient division in the Liberal party by pouring a torrent of contumely upon people who at all events had so far assumed no attitude of hostility. It is something to possess any accomplishment in the highest perfection; but perhaps of all accomplishments the one least to be coveted by a political leader is that of converting with unparalelled rapidity, friends into neutrals, and neutrals into enemies.

It is possible that by his speech at Aurora Mr. Blake may have partly intended to counteract, in the interest of his party, the fatal talisman of its chief, and to show that within the verge of Liberalism there was still room for some freedom of thought. In that case it is a little ungrateful to sneer at his remarks on the value of a national spirit as "the chirrup of a self-constituted prophet," especially as similar remarks, when made by a person of quality, had been received with profound respect. But it is more likely that he was simply giving way to his natural tendency, as an independent leader of opinion, to cast aside the petty squabbles of the party fray, and give his views on some of the more important questions of the immediate future. Among those on which he touched, the reform of the Senate is perhaps the most likely to assume a practical shape. Nobody can doubt that a nominee Senate has proved a nullity for all good purposes, while there is in it a lurking possibility of mischief in case, after being packed by a party Minister during a long tenure of power, it should attempt to act in concert with him against the existing majority in the other House. There is literally no limit to the capacity of mankind for being fooled by names: in the United States the slave-owning oligarchy long drew after it the populace of the Northern cities by calling itself Democratic. Yet it is hardly possible that any Canadian should be blind to the fact that the Crown has no more to do with the appointments to our Senate than the Grand Llama. They are absolutely in the hands of a party leader, and what use a party leader will make of them has been demonstrated by too conclusive experience. It is a further reason for change that we might thereby prolong the lives of some of the most respected of our citizens, who in their venerable age are needlessly dragged to Ottawa to keep up their privilege of sitting among gilded furniture, which we would all gladly allow them to enjoy at home. Our own opinion, founded on the experience of Europe as to the Bicameral system in the case of ordinary legislatures, has already been expressed. But the example of the United States proves that, in the case of a Federal legislature, a Senate elected by the Assemblies of the several States may be invested with real authority. This is what Mr. Blake proposes, and it seems to us far better than any other method of election. There are only two things to be borne in mind; first, that when Conservatism is specially represented by an Upper House, the Lower House is apt to think itself licensed to be as reckless in its demagogism as it pleases; and secondly, that to form the Upper House, the best elements must almost inevitably be subtracted from the Lower. Were we at liberty to frame a constitution according to our own ideas, we should perhaps incline to a single Federal Assembly elected by the Provincial Legislatures, those Legislatures being themselves elected, under the most liberal

system of suffrage, by the people. It appears to us that such institutions would be at once rationally Conservative and adequately expressive of the national will. But taking things as they are, we hope that the next session will see the commencement of a practical movement in the direction proposed by Mr. Blake.

The representation of minorities, which Mr. Blake also proposes, is much in vogue, and holds a place among the Conservative reforms which are being gradually adopted by the wisdom of the people in the United States. We confess that our observation of its working in England leaves our opinion at present in suspense. Among other consequences, probably unforeseen, the system has the effect of preventing contests, and to such an extent as to render it possible that the balance of opinion may completely change, and yet the minority not rouse itself to struggle for a second seat, while on the other hand, the minority may dwindle to a shadow before the majority makes up its mind to face the risk and trouble of giving battle for the whole representation. The holder of a minority seat invariably tries to square the election. So that the representation of minorities might interfere with the perfect expression of national opinion, the end which compulsory voting—another of Mr. Blake's reforms—is intended to attain. It is also to be observed that the representative of a minority is nailed to his seat, which he cannot vacate, except at a general election, without handing it over to the majority. In England he cannot take office or a peerage: he could not take office or a senatorship here.

On the other hand, it is possible that the representation of minorities, by conferring a nomination here and there upon some small but specially enlightened section of a constituency, might indirectly mitigate a malady incident to representative institutions which threatens seriously to impair the character of elective legislatures, and to unfit them for the higher work of legislation. We mean the malady of localism, to which the constituencies in the United States have entirely succumbed, and of which we may expect to see an increasing development in our own Parliamentary elections, there being no question before the people at large great enough to neutralize local influences and prevent the representation from being engrossed by the personal ambition of local men. The effects of the system, carried to an extreme, as it is in the United States, are so calamitous, that no pains ought to be spared in endeavouring to preserve a national element in our representation. Some have proposed to substitute the national system of election altogether for the local. But this would divorce the legislature too much from the soil; and the plan requires on the part of the masses an acquaintance with the merits of public men which they can hardly be expected to possess. It is easier to point out the evil and prove its magnitude than to devise a cure; but any palliation will be welcome.

That portion of Mr. Blake's speech in which he advocates the encouragement of a national spirit will be echoed by more hearts than lips. If four millions lack, as he says, British freedom in the management of their foreign affairs, they also, from what cause it would be be difficult to say, lack something of British sturdiness in the expression of individual opinion; and in the sentences to which we refer, Mr. Blake has not fashion on his side. He is told, indeed, that his exhortations are superfluous, the national sentiment being strong enough already; but that which is only superfluous does not scare people out of their courtesy and discretion. Those who took an active part in reducing the political authority of the Crown in the Colonies to a shadow are hardly at liberty to persecute others for proposing to introduce self-government into the diplomatic sphere.

We can understand the feelings of a good

old Tory who pines for the Family Compact, and thinks that a colony ought to be just what it was in the reign of George III.; but it is not so easy to understand the attitude on this subject of some who call themselves Liberals.

Imperial Confederation, to which Mr. Blake seems to incline, is a subject on which we have said what we had to say, and now stand aside from the debate. We only desire to see the question brought to a practical issue by those who believe in the possibility of Confederation. But the great objection to the plan now is that, while it is advocated with earnestness, we might almost say with passion, and while very ignominious motives are sometimes imputed to those who do not see their way to its adoption, no human being has taken or seems inclined to take a single step towards its practical realization. A better opportunity than this for bringing the question forward in the British Parliament has never presented itself, nor is so good an opportunity likely to present itself again. In Europe reigns a peace which is probably a calm between two storms; all is harmony between the Mother Country and the Colonies; the party favourable to Imperial aggrandizement is in possession of power in England with a majority sufficient to carry any measure it may adopt. Mr. Disraeli, the great dealer in Imperial sentiment, is Prime Minister, the Duke of Manchester is in the Lords, and Mr. Jenkins, clothed with the additional authority of Canadian Ambassador, is in the Commons. Now is the time to move, if you really believe in your theory; and if you do not really believe in your theory, now is the time to say so, and let us try some other way of securing for ourselves "our full share in the privileges and responsibilities of Britons."

The fact is that British statesmen, as a rule, are at heart total disbelievers in the assumption on which Imperial Confederation or any plan implying that Canada is a self-sustaining power, and capable of compacts or alliances with another power, must rest. The secret creed of almost every one of them, with regard to this country, is that disclosed in Mr. Brodrick's letter to the London *Times*—Loyalty while it will last and afterwards Annexation. They are willing enough to prolong the period of Loyalty indefinitely, and in the meantime to gratify us with official sentiment to the top of our bent; but to talk of our independent existence in any form, whether as an associate of England in the powers of a United Empire, or as a separate nation, they at heart regard as absurd. If any one doubts that such is the real state of their minds, let him privately cross-examine them on the subject, and begin with the first of them that comes to hand.

The ruling class, however, in England, generally will at this moment be found by Imperial Confederationists in the most propitious mood. Elated by its victory at home, the aristocracy begins once more to cherish the almost abandoned hope of propagating itself in the Colonies and making them outworks of Privilege instead of pioneers of Equality. A recent writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title "Colonial Distinctions," gives expression to what we have no doubt is a prevailing sentiment by repeating the old dictum that the Americans would never have revolted if they had been endowed with an aristocracy and an established church, and by proposing, in pursuance of the lesson taught by that experience, to institute a titled and privileged order in the Colonies. He says nothing definitely about an established church, but he would probably find that the author of the dictum about the Americans was in the right, and that it would be requisite to make the reign of Privilege complete by carrying it into the religious as well as the social and political sphere. A plan which he cites and seems to regard with complacency is that of a certain Mr. Wentworth, an Australian politician. The crown is to create a certain number of baronets, attaching to baronetcies seats in the Upper

House of Parliament, and empowering them if we understand the scheme rightly, thereafter to elect their own colleagues, so that they would form an entirely separate and exclusive order, with political privileges more invidious even than those of the English peerage, which is not self-elected, but nominated by a Minister who is himself supposed to represent the majority of the nation. The nominations are not to be intrusted to the Prime Minister of the Colony, because, it seems, he would be apt to be influenced by party motives, from which it is serenely assumed that British Prime Ministers are free, though about the first use which the present Conservative Premier made of his prerogative was to confer a baronetcy on the notorious electioneering agent of the party. Behind the proposal to put a privileged order over our heads, of course lies a project for the introduction of primogeniture and entail, without which hereditary aristocracy cannot exist, and for reducing the Canadian freeholder, on the land which his own hands has redeemed from the wilderness, to the servile condition of the English tenant-at-will.

The type of a colony which lurks in the mind of every true Briton, and colours all his ideas about us and his plans for our welfare, is Botany Bay. He thinks that the presence of a British man of rank, as Governor, maintains among us some kind of order and decency, though on a very precarious footing and in a lamentably imperfect way. He would be much astonished, and probably not a little scandalized, if he were told that the foundations of social order are at least as strong, that property is at least as secure, that as much confidence is felt in the soundness of institutions, that the future is at least as unclouded by any fear of coming trouble in this country as it is in one where the dreadful extremes of wealth and poverty confront each other in a sullen attitude of mutual suspicion, and where a great standing army is a condition of political security, with the presence of which the ruling class could not venture to dispense for an hour. Under what image does the poet of aristocracy paint the social security which Privilege bestows? Under that of a man asleep, with a lion all the time creeping nearer to its prey.

"Blue for uniforms is absurd," said the British footman when he saw a French regiment without the familiar scarlet, "except in the Artillery and the Horse Guards Blue." John Bull cannot imagine society being held together without Rouge-dragon and the Beefeaters. Talk to him of diffused possession of property, of the general interest of citizens in the stability of government and in the welfare of the country, of the influence of the great employers and organizers of labour, of that of the churches, the universities, the learned and scientific professions, of all those conservative forces the operation of which we feel every hour; he will admit, perhaps, that these things may mitigate anarchy or stave it off for a time; but anarchy he is persuaded there must be without Rouge-dragon and the Beefeaters. Moral, intellectual, commercial authority may be good things when nothing better is to be had; but they are not the best things; they are not the authority of "the tenth transmitter of a foolish face," squandering hereditary wealth at the gambling-table or on the race-course. Perhaps we ourselves contribute in some degree to the illusion, for we are rather apt to ascribe what is good in our own political condition to venerable relics, instead of ascribing it to the living forces to which it is really due, and learning to develope those forces to the utmost of our power.

If it is to improve our manners that an aristocracy is to be set over us, perhaps we are not the best judges of the extent to which such schooling is required. Probably we have few persons among us qualified for the office of Master of the Ceremonies, or capable of performing the feat of walking backwards for a quarter of a mile before

Royalty, which is said to have been performed by the Lord Chamberlain at the opening of the Exhibition of 1851. But, after all, the best manners are those which are the reflection, in the outward bearing, of an unselfish heart, and an habitual regard for the comfort and for the feelings of others; and if anybody thinks that a kindly Canadian farmer or mechanic is not, in this sense, as well-mannered as the British plutocrat with a handle to his name, especially the younger members of the caste, the experience of a day's journey on an English railway will probably be sufficient to modify his opinion. No doubt fustian is too apt to take its revenge on broadcloth here for kicks received in the old world. This is unpleasant, and naturally stimulates colonial toryism, which we take to be in great measure, not so much a theory of the public good as a personal desire of more observance and respect. But a wise man will pardon the rudeness which is really directed, not against him, but against the squire and parson over the water, and by steadfastly observing the rule of courtesy himself, do what in him lies to preach it to his generation. Courage! Even in manners we need not despair of arriving some day at the level of Lord Dundreary, and Lord Dundreary is by no means the lowest specimen of his caste.

If, again, the object is to raise the standard of honour among our public men, we will not say that improvement is needless, but we will say that we doubt whether the institution of a shoddy baronetage would effect it. Last year witnessed a very severe trial of the public morality of the Canadian people. Through that trial the nation fought its own way unschooled and unprompted, save by its own sense of right; it worked out its own salvation, without assistance from any aristocratic monitor, or from any quarter whatever. But the voice of aristocratic morality was heard. It was heard deriding the just indignation of our people, and preaching a political cynicism such as would scarcely be avowed by the lowest demagogue in the United States. It would be irreverent to suppose that the moral standard of baronets would be higher than that of a duke.

We do not much apprehend that a plan involving the introduction of primogeniture and entail, if not that of an established church, will ever be carried into effect. But there is another proposal, which, ludicrous as it sounds, is rather more feasible. It has been suggested that the younger and more needy members of the English aristocracy should come out to the Colonies as social carpet-baggers, if we may be pardoned the bluntness of the expression. To wheedle a *jeunesse dorée* into exchanging its salons, clubs and race-courses for the dulness, discomfort and vulgarity of colonial existence would probably be no easy task, even if a promise of colonial heiresses without limit were added to that of social domination. Ouida, whose description of the class which she adores is not a very great exaggeration, paints one of her heroes, a Guardsman too, as taking a bath well dashed with eau de cologne to purify himself after a slight contact with the common people. But if the scheme did take effect, it is too probable that our untitled Canadian youth would have a bad time of it for at least one generation. In the days when the British officers constituted a sort of aristocracy here, the young native civilian found himself socially set aside, in favour, sometimes, of a soldier and a gentleman, and sometimes of one who was neither. Still more certainly would he be set aside in favour of a title, though its wearer might be a libertine or a Yahoo. To the power of Flunkeyism there are almost no bounds. Nor would the feelings of the slighted plebeian be spared; for the insolence of the old aristocracy, being tempered by high breeding, was tolerable compared with that of the coroneted soap-boiler of the present day. There would be no help for it. The young Canadian merchant would have to look lower for his society and for his bride. The

Canadian statesman would find himself turned out of his seat in Parliament by a sprig of nobility. The social observer would stand aside, comforting himself with the reflection that fashions change, that even crinoline went out, and that our grandchildren might perhaps become aware of the fact that the real successor of the old nobility of arms and law is the nobility of industry, science, character, and beneficence, not that of idleness and eau de cologne. "God fulfils Himself in many ways." So far as we can see, Providence has done with the genuine Normans, and has no need of the Brummagem counterfeits.

If any one accuses us of overrating the influence of factitious rank, we might refer him to an article in a professional journal which lies before us. There is a professional man in one of our cities (names are immaterial) whose scientific eminence and moral worth combined obtain for him, in unstinted measure, the only kind of homage which a man of sense desires. Nor is there the least reason for supposing that he himself wishes for anything more. But his friends think that their love and respect for him would be increased if he could only be made a knight. So they openly solicit for him a title which would lose all its value, if it had any, by being granted, not spontaneously, but in compliance with a petition. To any one accustomed to view these questions in the light of history, the tail of a Darwinian monkey would seem as suitable a decoration for a man of science as a military honour of the Middle Ages. The prayer of the professional writer is, however, warmly supported by a political journal, and one of the first rank, which, in the course of its remarks, congratulates Canadians on having at length "forced themselves on the notice of their fellow-citizens in England." In common life, how stands the character of a man who forces himself on the notice of other people, and what is the value of the recognition which he receives? The journal to which we refer is Conservative; but it was in Liberal columns that we read some time ago a paragraph about some Canadian works of art, which are stated to be good in themselves but to possess a *special* interest, as having attracted the attention of an English nobleman of the highest rank. Mr. Blake's exhortation to cultivate nationality was declared to be needless, because nationality was visible and had been read by the Governor-General on the countenances of our people and the aspect of our fields. We own that we shall feel more sure of its existence when Canadian eminence is satisfied with Canadian distinction.

A rumour—to which we should not allude if we believed it to be merely a rumour—has gone abroad of a projected agreement between some active members of the two parties, for the mutual withdrawal of the petition against the election of Sir John Macdonald at Kingston, and that against the election of Mr. O'Donohoe in East Toronto. Nothing more profoundly corrupt than such a compact could be imagined. It would involve at once the endorsement of bribery in your own party, the condonation of it in your opponent's, the deliberate introduction of two false votes into the Legislature, and an infamous fraud upon the two constituencies. A man detected in such an intrigue would richly deserve disfranchisement for life. Legislation against corruption would be a useful employment of the moral energies of the country, if the result were to be a corruptionist clearing-house! Yet, we repeat, there was ground for the report; and, if we are not misinformed, it was from the Party of Purity that the overture came. That the member for East Toronto should be regarded as an equivalent for the leader of the Opposition, seems strange; but an explanation may perhaps be found in the ticklish relations of the Ministerialists with their Roman Catholic allies. A lurid light is cast by this incident not only upon party purity, but upon

the pretended differences of principle on which the two parties are based. The two old aristocratic parties in England were once compared to two shops, ostensibly rivals, and each drawing custom to itself by clamorous denunciation of the other, but when both became bankrupt, discovered to be the same concern. We have suggested an explanation of the willingness of certain Ministerialists to allow the leader of the Opposition to retain his seat. But there are already slight symptoms of a change of policy which would furnish a more direct motive, and we shall not be surprised to see these symptoms multiply in the future. Upon the minds of some Ministerialists at all events, the great fact has begun to dawn that the other party will remain incurably weak so long as the late Prime Minister retains his place in the House of Commons.

The report of Mr. Brydges on the Intercolonial Railway, is clear, terse and strong, like everything that comes from his pen. If literary merit called for notice in a practical document, we should call it the perfection of a business style. It can hardly be said, perhaps, to convict the late Government of actual corruption. But it does convict them of the needless multiplication of appointments, for the gratification of political partisans, and of connivance at very great abuse of patronage, as well as of general neglect of the public interest, and reckless waste of public money. Indeed if the name of corruption is applicable to any thing which does not involve illicit gain on the part of the Ministers themselves, we can hardly abstain from affixing it to the practices disclosed in such sentences as the following :—

"But I must very strongly indeed press upon your attention one indispensable condition, if the line is to be worked successfully, and without loss to the country.

"I allude to the severance of all interference from political patronage. That has been the main cause of a very great redundancy of staff, and the employment of many incompetent men.

"When roadmasters, for instance, know that they owe their places to political influence, and believe that they can be retained, regardless of their efficiency, by such influences, the head of their department has no control over them.

"The same cause has foisted upon the line incompetent cashiers, too many paymasters, an incompetent storekeeper, costing the government many thousands of dollars annually, duplicate establishments for repairs, an unnecessary staff of clerks, as at St. John, and a useless staff of assistant engineers.

"It has also put a useless class of men as stationmasters on the new central district, and is clearly involving the risk of considerable deficiencies in their accounts. Men have come to me whilst on the line, to point out their political influence as reasons why they should be promoted. I have not heard them speak of their efficiency as reasons for advancement.

"The system is a most vicious one, and can only end, if not put a stop to, in a constant lavish and increasing expenditure, and a most inefficient system of carrying on the business of the railway.

"It must not be forgotten that the men employed on a railway have both the lives and property of the public entrusted to them — perfect discipline and control must be established and maintained, if the greatest dangers are not to be encountered.

"Railway working requires intelligence and knowledge, and in fact as a rule the best men of the country are needed for it.

"Now the members for the different counties claim the right, because the railway belongs to the Government, to nominate men to all vacancies that may arise, and to have a certain number of appointments to give away.

"Those nominations cannot be because the applicants are fitted for the places, but are based upon past or prospective political support.

"Mr. Carroll fairly claims that much of the state of things I have detailed in this report is due to the political system, and to the men that have been forced upon him for political reasons. To a certain extent it is true; and I cannot too strongly urge that the staff of the railway shall be appointed and maintained upon the merits and fitness of the men, and not upon political considerations.

"It only requires the system I advocate to be properly established, to ensure great and prompt reforms in all departments of the service."

Everybody, except the members for the counties on the line of the Intercolonial, will agree with Mr. Brydges as to the expediency of adopting his system, if it were possible to do so. But we fear he is advising us to put salt on the bird's tail. At least if he

means to effect his reform, he must go a good deal deeper. We shall never be tired of repeating that where there are no great questions at issue, parties can be held together, and party government carried on only by the use of patronage, while the use of patronage for party purposes infallibly tends to the evils which Mr. Brydges deplores. That under the present holders of power in the Dominion and Ontario, things are as bad as they were under their predecessors, we will not say: we do not doubt that when they came into office their intentions were very good. But we greatly doubt whether, with a tribe of partisans, and such partisans as the election trials have unmasked, dunning them for the price of venal support, they will be able to carry their good intentions into effect. To suppose that political influence has, since the change, ceased to tamper with public institutions, would unfortunately be a great mistake.

The Department of Marine and Fisheries under the late Government was admirably administered: this all admit. But daily disclosures prove that the administration generally was neglected by the chiefs, abandoned to predatory underlings, and reduced to a very bad state. The chiefs had no time or energy to spare for the public service: they were entirely absorbed in the management of the party. And shuffle the political cards as often as you will, while the system remains the same, such will be the practical result. If we are charged with being visionary in these and similar remarks, we beg leave to say that while we have pointed out the evils of the party system in a country where there are no differences of principle, and exposed, as we venture to think, the fallacy of the arguments by which it is defended, we have never expressed the slightest expectation of seeing it abandoned. A man, when he says that a cobra is a noxious reptile, does not show himself to be a visionary; but he shows himself a visionary if he expects that the cobra will be killed by a snake-worshipping Hindoo. People will read Mr. Brydges' report and say to themselves that only the salutary influence of party can obviate this corruption; though every line tells them that of all this corruption, party, and nothing but party, was the cause.

As to the possibility of working the Intercolonial Railway with profit, or without loss, Mr. Brydges has views which, we own, we are not sanguine enough to share. This Railway is not a commercial undertaking; it is a political line, and as a political line it will have to be worked, with due regard to economy of course, but without any expectation of profit, except in an indirect way, as the line may be generally beneficial to the country. It must be classed with lighthouses and arsenals, not with roads built to pay interest on stock.

There is likely to be a large expenditure on public works in the coming years, and the position of the Minister of Works, exposed to the pressure of political jobbers, will be far from enviable if he is an honest man, as we believe the present Minister of Works to be. He will have to be careful how he allows independent support to be estranged from him by the tyrannical violence of narrow partisans. Integrity will not bend to a yoke, but it will stand by you in a storm, and it has not yet lost its hold upon the people. The time, however, is not distant when, however reluctant people may be to face general questions, the relation between Public Works and party government will force itself upon the attention of the country, and we shall be compelled, under penalty of the most serious consequences to our political system, to devise some means of placing Public Works, like Public Justice, in skilled and trustworthy hands.

In commenting on *The Queen* v. *Patteson*, we are happily able to remove all personal elements from the case by substituting the name of the *Mail* for that of the defendant,

whose affidavit shows that he was not personally responsible for the libel, and that he met the action merely as the representative of the journal of which he is the manager. It would, indeed, be something worse than a scandal if a high-bred and cultivated gentleman had been convicted of doing such work for a faction with his own hands. It is not so clear that the name of the private prosecutor should be substituted for that of the Queen. More than an advocate's animus was displayed by the Ministerialist lawyer who conducted the prosecution, and it can scarcely have been without the cognizance of the Attorney-General that an extreme use was made of the powers of the Crown. The peremptory challenge of eleven jurymen could have no object but that of producing a jury politically favourable to the accuser; nor has the Government organ, in defending the proceedings generally, attempted to explain this portion of them, or to disconnect it from the party feelings which were excited by the trial. The prosecution would, perhaps, say that, party entering into everything, and everybody on the panel being a partisan of one side or the other, the only choice was between a jury packed in favour of the accuser and a jury packed in favour of the accused. An excellent opportunity is afforded to the champions of party government for a dissertation on the salutary influence of the system in connection with our judicial institutions. It seems that, after all the challenging, there still remained in the box a single juryman who had once given a Conservative vote, and on him the hopes of the defence reposed. But either he had changed his party or he failed to display a constancy equal to that of his British compeer, who, before entering the box, said to the accused, "Mr. Blank, sir, don't you be afraid. I've jist bought a new pair of leather breeches, and I'll sit a hole in 'em before I find against ye."

With the question as to the exercise of the Crown's right of challenge, some others have been reserved for the decision of a superior tribunal. Among them is that relating to the power of the Judge, under Lord Campbell's Act, to instruct the jury with regard to the libellous character of the statement in question, the defence contending that he is authorized to instruct only with regard to the bare fact of publication. The name of Lord Campbell recalls to our memory the well-known figure of an astute advocate, a learned Judge, the most inaccurate of biographers, and the greatest lover of popularity in his day. The law of libel was a subject in dealing with which his weakness would be apt to come into play. This part of the English law has perhaps not been unaffected by the special circumstances under which it was moulded, and which were those of a fierce political struggle waged in the Courts between an arbitrary Government, alarmed by the spread of seditious opinions, and the forensic champions of popular right. Justice, and the interest of innocence exposed to the attack of libellers, require that the judge, if unbiased, should be allowed to give the jury all the instruction, whether as to the fact of publication, or as to the character of the statement, which may be necessary to guide them to a right decision. A common jury is an unsatisfactory tribunal, at best, for the trial of a case of libel. Twelve plain men may be competent to decide a plain question of fact, but they may be very incompetent to decide an issue which generally requires superior intelligence and sometimes considerable fineness of moral perception, as well as a confirmed insensibility to clap-trap, which to the mind of the impannelled rustic is as fresh as to the first hearers of the Iliad was the first invocation of the Muse. Commonly speaking, the practical result is a game of billiards between two advocates, whose comparative skill, combined with the chances of the panel, decides into which pocket the ball shall roll. The only security for reasonable verdicts is the corrective influence of the

judge. If this is to be cancelled, and the most effective, or the last piece of clap-trap uttered by an advocate is to be allowed to carry the day, the supreme authority of the jury in libel cases will, no doubt, remain a conventional palladium of liberty and an excellent theme for declamation; but justice, which seems the main object, will hardly fare better in a British court than in that of a Spanish Alcalde or a Turkish Cadi. Our judges are not the mere nominees of the Crown; nor have they, like the English judges in the time of George III., a rotten-borough Parliament to support them in their encroachments upon public right. They are thoroughly responsible to the nation, and any authority which is conducive to the practical object of judicial institutions may safely be entrusted to their hands.

We do not mean to say that the verdict in *The Queen* v. *Patteson* was, in itself, contrary to justice. Supposing it to be obtained by the proper means, we are satisfied that it was such as public morality required. We are not concerned, even if we felt at liberty, to reopen the discussion as to the personal history of the prosecutor, who will not be again found in the service of a Canadian Government. But it was distinctly proved that the motive for publishing the charge against him was not the public service, but the service of a faction; and to the service of a faction we can permit no man's character to be sacrificed, not though he be humblest, not even though he be the worst of mankind. That the object of the *Mail* in ruining a man who had done it no wrong was to injure a political opponent, would have been conclusive, as it seems to us, with the most impartial jury in the world. The badness of the motive being proved, the truth or falsehood of the charge was a secondary, and indeed hardly a relevant consideration. A sense of duty may require the press to expose the untrustworthiness of a person who has been placed in an office of public trust; but we may be sure that the same sense of duty will ensure a cautious investigation of the charge, and will make its influence apparent in the calm and deliberate character of the publication. In the present case no reader of the journal could question the veracity of its manager when he said that all it wanted was to "pitch into Mr. McKellar," who, we may remark in passing, is a notable example of the manner in which indiscriminate and incessant "pitching in" defeats its own object by rendering the public incredulous or careless of the real delinquencies of a public man.

We cannot allow ourselves to be hurried by the turbid eloquence of the counsel for the prosecution into a general sympathy with wandering adventurers. As a rule an honest man will be found in a steady calling. Nor have we unlimited confidence in moral conversions, by whatever means accomplished. It was said of a philanthropic Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland who, to encourage the reformatory system, had taken ticket-of-leave men into his service, that he would wake up some morning and find himself the only spoon in Dublin Castle. Yet it is true that when a man has really scrambled out of the gutter, policy as well as humanity forbids us to thrust him back into it. Where the basis of the character is not very bad, prosperity may produce respectability. A brand from the burning must always be closely watched; but it is not necessary always to confront him with his antecedents, and to close against him the door of every reputable employment. Besides, a sound and comprehensive morality will distinguish, among the shifts to which people in need of bread resort, those which are merely low from those which are positively criminal; and in every case will look to the reality and not to conventional opinion. Not all the walks of life which are equally objectionable are equally condemned by society. Scuttling ships to defraud the Insurance Company is no doubt an occupation out of the common beat; but some of the imputa-

tions cast by the defendant in this case upon the plaintiff, if true, would not be worse than that of prostituting a public journal, as too many journalists have done, to the service of unscrupulous and malignant politicians. It is a mitigation, not an aggravation of the offences of the social Arab that he has never been trained to walk among honourable men in the paths of honour.

Into this scrape and some others of the same kind, the *Mail* has been betrayed by the same temper, or the same influence which has led it to depart generally from its programme, and thereby to disappoint the hopes of its friends and of the public. Its appearance was welcomed by us, and not by us alone, from an independent point of view. We knew that it must be a party journal, and to that extent our interest in it might be diminished. But the party system exists, and while it exists we have to make the best of it. The best can be made of it only by having two parties pretty equally balanced, and represented by journals of equal power. Ontario, and even the Dominion, was threatened with a newspaper despotism of the narrowest and most oppressive kind, and from this the *Mail* apparently came to save us. Its programme led us to believe that it would not be the mere tool of a political clique, but a good general newspaper, and on this basis its founders not only appealed to the public, but, if we are rightly informed, obtained subscriptions. It promised to be not more but less narrow in its partizanship than its rival, not lower but higher in its tone, not more but less addicted to personalities, not more but less the organ of a tyrannical vindictiveness, not more but less opposed in spirit to the higher morality and intelligence of the country. A better start a journal could not have, and while we expected from it no miracles, we, in common with many others, hoped that in the hands of men who had every advantage of social position and education, it would be the means, to some extent at all events, of raising the standard of public morality, correcting the public taste and purifying the atmosphere of public life. Its managers, had they only been true to the interests of their stockholders and to their own, might have played a part most gratifying to honourable ambition, as well as most beneficial to the country; and if, in taking the right line, they had met with difficulties, and had needed support, support would surely have been forthcoming. In point of literary ability, of enterprise in the collection of news, and of typography, the *Mail* has not fallen short of the general expectation, though the literary ability has been almost quenched by the fetid stream of party invective and personality. It has also saved us from a dictatorship, though much as we might be saved from typhus by having the small-pox. In other respects it has been a calamitous disappointment. From the very outset it became the tool not only of a clique, but almost of a single politician. Acting, it seems, on the mistaken policy of fighting the enemy with his own weapons, it not only imitated but exaggerated the vices of its rival, thereby throwing away the chance of popularity which the avoidance of those vices held out. Instead of raising, it has lowered the standard of public manners; instead of purifying the political atmosphere, it has loaded it with a fresh taint. That the line it has taken has been the best for its stockholders, nobody can believe, who has not persuaded himself that a narrow constituency is a better basis of circulation than a broad one. To say that nothing but rancorous and personal invective will go down is a libel on the people. Debauched as it has been by bad guides, the public taste in Ontario has still not sunk so much below what it is elsewhere. Small wire-pulling politicians may crave for their natural food; but the people generally, though they do not want anything high or philosophic, like what is good-humoured, broad and genial. One of the most successful orators who ever addressed the

masses used to say that there were two things which always told with them—a good story and a generous sentiment. Even for the purpose of a party, the object should have been to gain the public ear, which cannot be done without, at least, simulating moderation. Nothing could be more suicidal, even in a party point of view, than to trample on the public conscience, as the *Mail* did at the time of the Pacific Railway scandal. But the best service that it could render, either to its party or the country, was to curb its rival by securing a large portion of the circulation; and to do this it needed only to be a good, general paper. Why should not the tone of the Press of Toronto be as high as that of the Press of Montreal? At Montreal the leading journals join vigorously, sometimes passionately in the party fray: you see things in them with which you do not agree, which you do not approve, but you never see anything that might not have been written by a gentleman.

The trial of Ambrose Lepine for the murder of Thomas Scott has resulted in a conviction. We may fairly congratulate the people of Ontario and the people of Manitoba, not because the vulgar thirst for revenge has been satisfied, but because the crying demands of justice have been answered. It is an omen of promise for the North-west that, with a mixed jury, and in a society where the passions of race and religion are morbidly active, twelve men have dared to do their duty. In Quebec the verdict will not be favourably received, from motives which perhaps are honest, but certainly mistaken. If our French fellow-citizens would tighten the reins of passion, and pause for reflection, they would hardly complain because the juror's oath has overcome the prejudices of nationality and religion. The fact that there were men of French origin on the jury, and that influence was powerless to warp them from the line of duty, is a prouder triumph for the race than the proclamation of an amnesty. Of the guilt of Lepine there was no doubt. The only question was as to the measure and the legal significance of it. So far from thinking with the Government organ that he was a tool in the matter, we believe him to have been one of the chief, if not the chief, of the actors. Riel's apologists have always defended him by casting the blame upon Lepine, and his court-martial. However this may be, one thing is certain, Lepine presided at the death, and dropped the handkerchief as a signal for the volley which wounded but did not kill the unfortunate Scott. We do not recall these facts with any revengeful view. The jury have recommended Lepine to mercy; even if we demurred to that recommendation, and we do not, their fortnight's patient attention to the evidence, and their honest verdict, would of themselves be decisive in its favour. We want no executions at this distance from the event. The punishment must be exemplary; but it may stop short of the death penalty. The electors of Provencher evidently require a lesson, but British humanity may teach it them without the shedding of blood.

The loyalty of the English is unpleasantly blended with a prurient love of scandal about the Royal Family. Of this ignoble, and essentially flunkeyish taste, the Prince of Wales was the victim while he was still a stripling, and we may safely assert, owing to his home education, more free from any taint of vice than most youths of his age. Of late the food of scandal have been his supposed debts, and those whose charity most abounded adorned the tale by feigning that his principal creditor was his brother. The Prince of Wales is, except in his expectations, a private gentleman, and he might very properly have answered impertinence by saying that when he asked anybody for assistance it would be time enough to enquire into his concerns. He or his advisers have preferred to make known to the public

the state of the case, and it turns out to be that the annual deficit in his accounts, which has to be supplied out of a fund accumulated during his minority, does not exceed the extraordinary expenses cast upon him as the representative of the Queen while she is in seclusion. The result of the inquiry in fact seems to be that the Prince, in being called upon to defray out of his own purse expenses which properly belonged to the Crown, has suffered considerable injustice, and perhaps a greater injustice than at first sight appears, because the rise of prices and of the scale of living since the enormous growth of English wealth, has greatly reduced the purchasing power of the income settled on him many years ago by Parliament. If there were as good an answer to all the charges against the Prince as there is to this, there need be no speculation as to the consequences of having another George IV. upon the throne.

The lot of a Prince in these days is hard. He is expected to make moral bricks without straw; to be perfectly virtuous without the necessary incentives to virtue. In the Middle Ages a king had to keep his crown upon his head by his own ability and courage; the thews and sinews of his character were exercised like those of other men, nor were his early training and intercourse with his companions very different from those of the young nobles who were almost his peers. What we know of the early years of the greatest of our own medieval kings resembles the history of a gallant and aspiring youth in an English University. To lead in war was an essential function of royalty, and one which could not be tolerably performed without some practical intellect as well as valour. But the working of Constitutional Monarchy would be embarrassed and imperilled if the king had the ordinary qualities and aspirations of a man. He is practically condemned to the part of a Grand Llama. The most important duty assigned him is laying first stones, an occupation as monotonous as that of the chaplain to a cemetery, and almost as funereal. Yet he is expected to exhibit almost preternatural firmness of character; to keep at bay the most enervating influences of the highest artificial rank and the most boundless luxury; conscientiously to train a mind which is hardly ever to be used, and to remain perfectly pure amidst the seductions of what is now about the most corrupt society in the world. If ever a human being was immolated to the supposed interest of the community, the Prince of Wales has been, and what he deserves is not universal calumny but universal charity and pity.

Strikes continue in England, and they have spread to Bolton, a place the staple of which is the finer kind of cotton-goods, and which has been remarkably prosperous while the woollen districts have been suffering from depression. These movements fill Mr. Greg with continual terror, but they are peaceably conducted, and they have not prevented the employers from growing enormously rich. The rise in the price of coal was ascribed to the unreasonable demands of the workmen, but in fact it was principally due to the cupidity of a ring of coal-owners, who managed to swell a temporary alarm into a panic, out of which they sucked prodigious gains. That the men should desire to share the gains, and combine for that purpose, is human nature, let Mr. Greg denounce them as he will. What inducement has he to offer that will counteract their natural craving for their portion of the luxury which they see around them, and the means of which, they feel, are supplied by the labour of their hands? He bids them forego sensual enjoyment and ease in the name of the future interests of British Industry. They have sense enough to ask him, or at least to feel that they might ask him, whether he and the plutocrats of his acquaintance practise similar self-denial? To abstract interests few men will sacrifice their own pleasures, least of all a collier on a

Saturday night. The parson, whose creed Mr. Greg, till he was seized with social panic, treated with small respect, was not a very powerful organ of industrial virtue, but he did at least supply a real motive, and a pretty stringent one, for obedience to his exhortations; Mr. Greg and his school supply none.

The relations between the masters and the men probably suffer from a cause little noticed, and which, if noticed, could hardly be removed. In former days the masters lived in modest mansions, close to their works, and among their people. You may sometimes see an old master still living in this style. But those of the present generation have migrated to luxurious villas in the country, and see their people only during business hours, if then. The workman going for a breath of air from those dingy rows of unpleasant cottages in which he commonly has his abode, passes an enchanted castle of luxury and splendour, from which issues forth a brilliant equipage, bearing the employer and his gorgeously-attired lady. Perhaps he feels a touch of envy as well as of longing. At all events he begins considering whether the screw of a Trade Union might not squeeze a little more out of the "wages fund." There is no personal relation between him and his master, which can make him scrupulous about taking all he can get. No doubt a man who lives at an Italian villa n the country, with beautiful grounds and gardens, shows better taste than the man who ives in a square brick house, within hearing of a mill, and it would be chimerical to expect that the old régime should be recalled to existence. But you cannot have the advantage of both systems—the air and ormolu of the villa—the kindly relations of a resident employer with his men. At Saltaire, near Bradford, is a manufacturing Eden, constructed by the beneficence of one of the best of employers and of men, Sir Titus Salt. Everything seems to be there which can minister to the virtue and happiness of a multitude of workmen and their f amilies One thing only is wanting—the house of Sir Titus Salt.

Our remarks as to the comparative vitality of the Liberal and Republican parties in England have been illustrated by the large number of votes polled by Bradlaugh at Northampton. That he should fail to be elected was a matter of course. But he was not far behind his opponents, and of the 1,766 votes polled for him every one must have been given in grim earnest, and in defiance of all those influences, social and pecuniary, which in an English borough generally deprive the lower class of voters of any kind of political independence. It must be remembered, too, that Bradlaugh is not merely a Republican, but, with pertinacious imprudence, weights his Republicanism, obnoxious enough in itself, with the most offensive profession of Atheism; for the profession of Atheism on the platform is still offensive, though the belief may be the belief of the drawing-room. The interviewer, to whom every man of eminence who visits New York now submits himself as regularly as he does to the barber, describes Mr. W. E. Forster as saying that the Republican party in England has very little life in it. Mr. Forster probably reads the *Times* and the *Spectator* more than the coarse journals which circulate among the people. He may be right, however, in saying that speculative Republicanism in England is weak; so it was in the Faubourg St. Antoine on the eve of the French revolution. But if, in the great Plutocracy, speculative Republicanism is weak, the Republicanism of Misery is strong, and the wider becomes the gulf between the extremes of wealth and poverty, the stronger it is likely to grow. That Misery, led by Bradlaughs, should prevail against Plutocracy, fenced with bayonets, is extremely improbable, but so, till it happened, was the storming of the Bastile. Nothing, however, would suffice to work the English

masses up to the point of revolutionary agony at which the French masses were in 1790, short of some great shock from without, causing commercial ruin and consequent suffering, severe and widespread enough to equal the financial distress of the French monarchy. There is no apparent likelihood of any such shock; though there are some indications that the commercial prosperity of England has passed its zenith, and that trade may gradually change its course.

Bradlaugh's determination to go to the poll in spite of the appearance of Mr. Bright's brother on the field, and the defection of nearly half the Liberal party in Northampton from the orthodox standard, are bad signs for the reconstruction of that party. They show that its extreme left is uncontrollable and at the same time formidable. No foundation of new clubs, or any other apparatus of reconciliation, will produce unity of movement among men who are going different ways. If the old Liberal party regains coherency and life, it must be by some unexpected transmutation. On the other hand, Conservatism, as a distinct organization, upholding Church and Throne, is rapidly ceasing to exist. Rich Conservatives and rich Liberals alike are becoming simply members of the party of wealth, which sees in the Crown merely the coping-stone of the Plutocracy, and in the Church its ecclesiastical outwork. Disestablishment may become a question, if there is life enough left in Nonconformity to raise the issue; but it is a question on which a large proportion of those who still faintly profess Liberalism would be on the Conservative side.

We were about to say that Mr. Gladstone had come out on the subject of Ritualism, but it would be nearer the truth to say that he has *gone in*, for his article in the *Contemporary Review* tells less of his mind than his resolutions and speeches in the House of Commons. It appears to be little more in fact than an eloquent sermon on the due measure to be observed in the use of ceremonial as an accessory of devotion. It does not face the question which is at present agitating the country—Is God actually present in the elements of bread and wine when they have been consecrated by a priest? If He is, Ritualism, carried to the highest pitch to which human devotion can carry it, is the logical result. If Ritualism were merely a passion for genuflexions and decorations, as accessories of devotion, the public mind would not be so deeply moved. But everybody knows, and the Ritualists themselves tell us with perfect frankness, that it means Transubstantiation, and, at the same time the revival of that priestly power of which Transubstantiation is the key. This is the point to which every speaker or writer who wishes to instruct the public must address himself; and if Mr. Gladstone is not prepared to speak his mind on it he had better be silent. The same may be said of all those good people who are hastening to close the yawning fissure in the Anglican Church by preaching a middle course. There may be a middle course in policy, and in all matters of expediency, but there can be no middle course between believing and disbelieving in the High Church doctrine of the Sacrament.

Exception has naturally been taken not only to Mr. Gladstone's want of explicitness as a theologian, but to his want of prudence as a party leader. It is said that his denunciation of the recent conduct of Rome, which is the most salient point of his article, will estrange his Roman Catholic supporters. We must confess that to us, who are little connected with party politics, it is rather refreshing to see a man who has done great things in the practical sphere, not too anxious about his party leadership and his return to power, but keeping the man above the politician, and feeling a paramount interest in the great questions of humanity. At the

same time a leader ought, of course, to think of his followers, and of the interests committed to their charge. But the fact is that the support of the Roman Catholics was already lost to the Liberals. The only thing that attracted them to the party of progress was the necessity of obtaining aid for the removal of their disabilities. The disabilities being removed, the Roman Catholics take their natural place in the party of reaction. They now vote Tory in England; in Ireland all party relations are deranged by Home Rule, but the tendency of the Irish priesthood is so far Tory that the Protestants of the North of Ireland are beginning to lean to the Liberal side.

It may seem paradoxical to say that the day of the greatest Carlist success was to Carlism the day of doom. Yet it was so, for it most distinctly proved, by the absence of any sympathetic movement in the rest of Spain, that Carlism was merely a local insurrection, fed by the partizans of Reaction in other countries. Northern Spain has always been a peculiar district: it was the last to succumb to the Moors, it was the first to escape from their domination. Its Legitimism is at least as much antagonism to Madrid as a belief in the Divine Right of Kings. The end appears to be coming and in the usual way, with desertions, dissensions in the Carlist camp, mutual recriminations, and refusals of the insurgents in one province to march to the assistance of those in another. Serrano will soon be master of the destinies of Spain. What he will do is a question which we cannot pretend to answer, without a more accurate account of his character, and the influences by which he is surrounded, than has yet fallen in our way. But if he has any ambition, or is swayed by any one who has, he is not unlikely to conclude that amidst the conflicting claims of Pretenders, and between the violent Legitimism of Asturias, and the equally violent Republicanism of Andalusia, the best and safest course is—Marshal Serrano.

Some doubt seems still to hang over the authenticity of the letter of sympathy which the Czar is said to have sent to Don Carlos at a moment so unluckily chosen that what was intended as a compliment might almost seem a mockery. But there is no doubt that the sympathy exists, whether it was formally expressed or not. As devout sons respectively of the Greek and Roman Churches, the Czar and Don Carlos profess each to consider the other out of the pale of salvation as a heretic on the subject of a mystic article in the Creed; but theological Orthodoxy in Europe is fast giving way to more substantial considerations. The Czar's attitude with regard to Spain has a significance beyond that which attaches to it as a mark of sympathy with Don Carlos, or even with the cause of Reaction in general. It indicates jealousy of Germany, anger at the course which things are taking in Europe, and a tendency to interference in European affairs. When the master of an enormous army, who is also sure of the French alliance, betrays such a temper, storms are near. Europe sleeps in apparent peace, but with her hand on her sword, and the unquiet movements which pass over her frame show that she dreams of war.

In France, the result of the local elections under the new law is the subject of dispute between the parties. The better opinion seems to be that it is slightly unfavourable to the Republicans, favourable to the Imperialists, and very unfavourable to the Monarchists. In local elections, merely local objects are sure to have great weight, and the wealthier classes, to whom local influence belongs, are generally opposed to the Republic. In the elections to the National Assembly the Republicans hold their ground; and the steadiness of purpose shown by the constituencies, in defiance of all the influence of the Government and

the local functionaries, is so remarkable, and presents so strong a contrast to the usual levity and servility of the French character, as to warrant the assertion of the Republican chiefs, that the nation has made up its mind. But, thanks to the desperate exertions of the vast official hierarchy created by the Empire, the members of which still occupy the prefectures and other local offices, Bonapartism assumes every day more menacing proportions, and is now evidently the one formidable competitor of the Republic. The Bourbon cause has been so utterly ruined by the obstinate adherence of its representatives to the White Flag, that it would not be surprising to see the Priesthood transfer its allegiance and carry over its still powerful support to the Bonapartes, who, if they are not religious despots, are at least despots, and hold out a better hope to the Ultramontane than any form of liberty. Indeed the Empress Eugenie, if she could succeed in controlling the policy of her son, would, in spite of the notorious corruption of her court, be as religious a ruler in the priestly sense as any ultramontane could desire. But the issue, it is melancholy and humiliating to reflect, practically depends, not on the comparative ascendancy of political ideas in educated minds; not on anything that can be described as the result of the efforts to regenerate the nation, made by a long succession of statesmen, patriots, and political martyrs, from Mirabeau and Barnave down to Guizot and the leaders of the Republic; not on moral or intellectual forces of any kind; but on the will of a coarse and uninstructed, though honest soldier, whose ideas of government have been formed in an Algerian camp. About a third of the army is supposed by Gambetta to be Republican in sentiment; but we cannot doubt that the whole would at once obey the word of command given by Marshal MacMahon. The people are disarmed—the national militia of all kinds having been disbanded, and there would be not even an attempt at resistance. Since the election for the Maine-et-Loire, the sword has hung suspended over the life of the Republic by a slenderer thread than ever. For, in that election, the party of MacMahon and his Septennate coalesced with the Bonapartists. In the excitement of a contest, it is true, people are glad to accept allies from any quarter. But at the Court, the coalition implies on the part of the marshal a preference for Bonapartism over Republicanism, which, if Republicanism seemed on the point of triumphing, would probably lead him to cast his sword into the scale.

A more inscrutable problem could hardly be submitted to the political observer than which is presented by the state of affairs in France. As a rule, in studying revolutions, and forecasting their probable results, it is useful to keep the eye fixed on what may be called the point of aberration—the point that is where the really national movement ends, where an extreme party gets the lead, and the movement degenerates into violence. In the case of the English Revolution, the settlement of 1788 closely corresponded with the aims of the leading Reformers at the opening, and during the first Session of the Long Parliament. A Constitutional Monarchy, such as was ultimately established in the person of William III., was evidently what Pym, Hampden, and the mass of the nation with them desired. Probably, when the perfidy of Charles had been unmistakably demonstrated, a change of dynasty, such as was effected by the expulsion of James II., also entered into the councils of the leaders. Torn from this basis by the civil war which ensued, rocked to and fro for half a century by the alternating ascendancy of the extreme factions, and oscillating between the Republic of Vane and the Monarchy of Charles II., the nation returned nearly to the point of departure at last. Nearly, but not quite—for new ingredients had been added to the political caldron by the course of the struggle, and the settlement, in its strict preservation

of all the forms of Monarchy, and of the privileges of the Anglican Church, bore the traces of the revulsion caused by the excesses of the Regicides, and the gloomy rule of the Fanatics. But in the case of France, besides the new elements of opinion, and the new forces generated by the events of the Revolution itself—the mingled repulsion and fascination of the Terror, the memories of the Republican victories, the military legend of the Empire, and the impressions left by all the shiftings of the scene, and the successive dominations of opposite ideas and parties from the fall of Napoleon I. to that of the Commune, Modern Science, with its influences on the one hand—Modern Ultramontanism on the other—have entered as factors into the problem, and enhanced its complexity to an almost hopeless degree.

Renan has written a discourse on the moral and intellectual reform of France, which bears a close analogy to the strange programme of Atheist Imperialism put forth after the English Revolution, and under the influence of the impression made by it on selfish and cowardly natures, in the *Leviathan* of Hobbes. Though it is not Imperialism that Renan advocates, but oligarchy, the source of inspiration is the same, and the character of the theory is equally revolting. The author of "The Life of Jesus" is a man without a faith, otherwise he would have been saved from the moral blunder, not to mention the irreverence, of accusing the subject of his biography of a hideous fraud. Christians at all events are preserved from these wretched panics by their trust in the Providence which overrules the course of the world, however mysterious it may be, and by that religious interest in the future of humanity which makes the Christian desire that the great plan should be worked out, even though its progress may entail some disquietude and some loss of material comfort on the generation in which he happens to live. Christianity herself brought not peace but a sword to the tranquil and self-satisfied sensualism of the Roman Empire. She always has been, and always will be, ready to run risks of a material kind in the interest of the spiritual community and of spiritual life. But Christianity in Europe is now weak, and with her the public spirit, which a survey of the history of political liberty will show to have been always closely connected with her, waxes faint, and seems likely to die away. We ask in vain what there is, in France or elsewhere, to sustain political life? Public virtue implies a willingness to sacrifice your own interests, and even to some extent the interests of the present generation, to the larger and more permanent interests of the nation and of mankind. But what motive for such sacrifice have those who believe that their hopes and their existence are bounded by their own lives? If a few continue, under the influence of a lingering sentiment or of a metaphysical idea of the unity of mankind, to make exertions and brave dangers for the good of society, will not the mass be content to submit to any force that may happen to be in the ascendant, even to such a gang as that which plotted the *coup d'état*, and to grasp all the sensual enjoyment within their reach? Will not European society become, at best, like the Roman Empire under the Antonines, the outward order and tranquillity of which fascinate Gibbon, while its inward rottenness was known to no one better than Marcus Aurelius himself? If that science which derides religion as a thing of the past has itself any doctrine which can save mankind from materialism and corruption, now is the time to make it known.

Politics in the United States have long been in the state of a sea tossing under a shifting wind. The party system being established, nothing could be done till parties had been reorganized. But to reorganize them was not easy, the old dividing line of slavery and all the issues connected with it being gone. The Anti-Slavery party

indeed remained, under the name of Republicans, bereft of its old principle of union, but furnished with one at least equally strong in the possession of power with an immense patronage. To form an Opposition on any intelligible basis seemed impossible. All sorts of issues were tried, but would not do. The currency question and free trade were cross divisions: there were Republican as well as Democratic, Inflationists and Anti-Inflationists, there were Democratic Protectionists and Republican Free Traders. Administrative Reform was taken up, not by the Democrats, whose reputation in that respect is in fact not a very large capital to trade on, but by an independent party, styling themselves Liberal Republicans. The remnant of the Liberal Republicans miserably collapsed, when the political hacks at the Cincinnati Convention succeeded in setting the genuine representatives of Reform aside, and geting Horace Greeley nominated to the farcical canditature which ruined and killed him. But the state of affairs in the South, combined with the general abuses of the administration, seems at last to have restored life to the dry bones of the Democratic party, which has gained such a series of victories in the fall elections as to make it probable that there will soon be a close wrestle between it and its long dominant antagonist for the possession of supreme power. Hard as well as close the wrestle will be. The party in power is supported by an army of placemen posted all over the Union, which has no doubt been meditating a re-election of Grant; and which though that hope must be abandoned, will struggle with the union of perfect discipline and the energy of despair for the retention of its immense spoils.

The people of New Orleans have not been wanting to their own cause. They prudently submitted to the Federal authority when it was exerted, thereby lending their allies in the North the best moral assistance in their power. The measure of the oppression which they have been enduring at the hands of the Carpet-bag government was understated by us, in one particular at least, in our last number. We said that the list of tax sales in New Orleans filled nineteen columns of a newspaper. The whole list was not before us; it actually filled fifty-two columns. We repeat with emphasis that a confiscation so sweeping has hardly followed any civil war. Our remark as to the evil effect of this tyranny upon the political character of the North itself has also received ample illustration. Nothing could be more indicative of the worst and most insolent spirit of despotism, than some articles and cartoons in the papers which support the Government. Serve them with grape-shot first and listen to their complaints afterwards, was the general cry; and there was an evident exultation in the idea of the grape-shot. The consequences of oppression, as usual, are worse to the oppressor than even to the oppressed. If, in the interest of the unhappy South a change is to be desired, it is still more to be desired in the interest of the Republic, and of free institutions throughout the world. At a great crisis the American people has never yet failed to show good sense and moral force. We feel confident that it will not fail to do so now.

# SELECTIONS.

## THE ACTION OF PRAYER EXPLAINED IN A NEW WAY.*

*From "Speech in Season," by Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., Incumbent of St. James, Westmoreland, St. Marylebone, London.*

[We select the following lecture not because we coincide in its opinions, but in accordance with the general principle on which our selections are made, because it is the work of a leading writer of the school to which he belongs, and a curious illustration at once of the activity and the eccentricity of theological speculation at the present time.—ED. C. M.]

FEELING comes before reflection. We have a number of experiences, mental and spiritual, long before we take the trouble to analyze them. And when we do come to apply thought to religion, when we ask ourselves what is the nature of our feelings about God, our thought very often tends to modify or change the feeling itself. Thought is valuable to feeling, and feeling is valuable to thought. You could not get a knowledge of God through your head alone. The knowledge of God comes to you through those wonderful inspirational influences which act upon the emotional, and through the emotional upon the active life. But the inspirations have to be sifted, the spirits have to be tried.

Emotion sometimes tells strange tales, and clothes itself with strange forms. The heart and centre of religion is the same in all ages of the world, but the forms of religion are determined by thought, and differ widely. For the mind of man has been in different ages of a very different calibre. Feeling is defined by thought, and the great use of thought in religion is to analyze feeling, so as to ascertain how far we are rightly conceiving the nature and the objects of worship. For be sure that the character of the worship itself will be sooner or later dependent upon the object of worship which thought has built up.

This is why it is not unimportant whether you believe rightly or wrongly. Try and be right as well as sincere. You ought to try and get as near the truth, by the assistance of your mind, as you can. You must bring Reason to bear upon your religious feelings. You must insist upon having the best and truest attainable ideas about God, the soul, and duty, that there be no schism between the spirit and the intellect; so the music of life, as Tennyson says, will be vaster—vaster because more far-reaching, vaster because more comprehensive: arranging more facts of experience in relations of harmony.

192. We live in an Age when every feeling is subjected to scrutiny—when the form of every belief is turned over and over again. It is impossible for us to pretend that we are still in the simple unreflecting stage of feeling. Feeling has come to that period when it must be analyzed; religious opinions, which have hitherto rested often upon the vaguest sentiment, have now to be examined and re-examined. It is not a question of whether you like to receive what has been told you when you were young as it was told you when you were young; it is not a choice, it is a necessity which is put before you in these days. You must sift, and you must search.

193. In the long run men do not believe what they *will*, but what they *can*. To hear some people talk, you would think it was only necessary to put forth a certain amount of truth in a definite way to get it accepted. So thought Luther when he imagined the Pope would become instantly converted upon hearing of the reformed faith. But men's minds are not made so: they believe so much as they are prepared for—no more. Grace is given to them, not without measure, but it is given to them according as they have intellectual, spiritual, experimental measure to receive it. Now the reception of truth turns upon knowledge. The heart often declines to give its allegiance where the head forbids; and although that allegiance is sometimes given since feeling precedes thought, yet feeling is often withdrawn or modified at the bidding of thought. So wisely does St. Peter speak when he tells men not only to "sanctify" themselves, to have experimenta

* London: Henry S. King & Co., Publishers.

religion, to be in spiritual relations with God, *but* "to be able to give an answer" for the faith that is in them to every man. That is what we want, not only for the sake of other people, but for ourselves. We want to understand a little more clearly, not only facts of spiritual experience, but some of *the processes which underlie them.*

194. When a man begins to think about God, if he is a man of ordinary intelligence, if he has lived in the current of nineteenth century thought, what are his general conceptions of God, and of religion? Let me draw from you some of your thoughts. Let me try and think a little aloud for you and for myself. Let me stand here—the highest thing I can ever aspire to be—let me stand here as your representative; let the little rills of thought come in from your minds, and let me catch them and turn them into one continuous stream.

195. When I ask, What dost thou believe about God, and about prayer, about the possibility of a communion between God and man? dost thou not lift up blind eyes and feeble hands and cry, "Oh, my God, Thou hast placed me in the midst of these mysterious dispensations. I did not will to be born. I came I know not whence; I am going I know not whither. Here I am in this little space of cloudy light, and I look up and see men as trees walking. All things are mysterious to me. I understand ust so much as is needful for life and action, and the chief thing I do see is the permanence of physical laws. Beyond a very narrow range all is mystery. Yet I have a consciousness of something beyond. I have had thoughts and feelings; I have had brave aspirations which I can little interpret to myself. But again, there seems to be a great iron system of law ready to grind everybody to powder. Where is there, in this iron law, a trace of sympathy with me?

'And yet the whole of religion, every religion, demands a counter truth. You may explain to me how religions have been evolved naturally by the action of the world upon man's nature, and man's nature upon the world. But how came his nature to be capable in the first place of any such evolution? Mind can come from mind alone, whatever the process be. If I live, I come from that which lives; If I think, I come from that which thinks; and if I love, I come from love. And it is this which Jesus Christ comes forth to tell me. The world anticipated the message, and the world has been ringing with it ever since. He is the balance of the iron law; He stands for the principle of sympathy in God for man.

'And yet, now that I have this side of God expressed to me outwardly, now that I have this point of sympathy for my soul, although I believe this about God, although I believe that there is an aspect of His nature which is sympathetic as towards man, yet in prayer I find it very hard to believe that He does hear me, still more that He does adjust, in the slightest degree whatever, the circumstances of my life to my prayers; and does not vital prayer imply something of that sort?

"For instance, if I pray in sickness, in distress, if I bring my religion, as preachers always say we should do, to bear upon the common affairs of life, then the immensity of the Deity and the insignificance of man, notwithstanding the revelation in Christ, is at once felt. How can I ask this Being to look after affairs so small? How can I summon the High and Holy One to take cognisance of my poor life and its doings? I may justify it to myself, and say, theoretically, Of course I am told He does hear me, and attends to my petitions, but the Christ has departed, and the invisible Comforter is often but too feebly felt, and we seem to stand alone as the poet Goethe stood upon one of the high Alps, looking into the abysses below and above; and we cry out with him, in the words of the psalmist: "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"'*

196. Who shall come to our rescue when we are filled with these feelings about God, when we are bowed down with the consciousness of our own personal insignificance? Suppose, my friends, there should come to us an old thought in a new vesture. Suppose the chasm between the human and divine were suddenly bridged over by the doctrine of sympathetic ministries! You may call them, if you like, intermediary agencies. With this doctrine there comes a certain lifting of the vail by which is unfolded to man the ways and means, or something of the ways and means, in which spiritual communion becomes possible, and of the manifold

* Quoted by Matthew Arnold in "Literature and Dogma."

efficacies of invisible help. Admit that God's sympathy for man has been fully and adequately expressed once for all by Jesus Christ; admit that there is direct action of God's Spirit upon the hearts of man. Without seeking to explain how—saying if you like that it is a holy mystery, and cannot be explained—still there is room for explaining how man's mind may often be reached by divine influence, and how man's life may be directly in its smallest details modified, and here I come to establish, apart at present from evidence, the reasonableness of intermediate agencies. I begin with some related facts which lie ready to hand.

197. When we look to the lower forms of life we have no difficulty, or but small difficulty, in tracing or conceiving a continual and progressive development up to man; for though philosophersand scientific men tell us there are unaccountable gaps between the lowest and highest, yet they do not seem to despair of being able to fill them up. As far as we can analyze throughout the visible universe, life teems, and the highest form of visible life is that of man. But we acknowledge a higher life—the life of God; but between God and man what a chasm! yet between man and lower forms there is no such appalling chasm! Well, then, as we have in part filled up the gap from the lowest we know up to man, who is the highest? If you think there is any sort of God at all,* then there comes this immense gap from man to God. Do we say, as we gaze, for instance, across those mighty spaces which distance this world from other worlds, there is nothing but emptiness? Do we say, as we gaze upon those countless worlds themselves, which float beyond us in the liquid azure of the heavens, that they are so many gigantic luminous bubbles floating about in space with no purpose whatever? Do we say, life having been brought from the lowest up to man, stops there, and that there is no further life, until we come to One who is the source of all being and life?

Comes there not to you a strong presumptive feeling when you contemplate these facts, that there are other beings, other intelligences, other ministers of God, besides men? We inhabitants of this planet are indeed His ministers, sent forth to fulfil, in however small a measure, part of the divine plan. But are we alone Does man, in his arrogance, say, 'I am the only being which this eternally fertile source of life has made intelligent, capable of loving, of serving Him?' No! Instantly we seem to discern that this cannot be. If the laws which rule the development of the lowest animals up to man reach through the universe, then beyond the visible there may still be life, progress, development.

198. Well, of course there are some here to whom I can appeal confidently on the basis of their present convictions. As religious people yourselves, as Christians yourselves, do you not look forward to go up into a higher range of being, to begin anew, and to go on developing? Do you not believe that? I suppose that most of you here believe that life is not rounded with an eternal sleep. You hope to live again, or rather never to die, and you think of those countless multitudes who have passed away from this world as still alive; you believe that they are developing in other spheres, are going on, are taking their places in the intermediate ranks between man as he lived upon the surface of the globe, and the Almighty, All-pervading Spirit that calls him into being.

199. And where are they—the dead? they who under altered conditions may, like the electric spark, annihilate time and space, living as we live, in thought here at one moment, in far worlds at another, possibly at times very near to ourselves? And where are they, the celestial ones, who, out of the fertile Source of all being, have taken life and people the higher ranges of existence with their august and radiant forms? Do you think that all those countless worlds above are without tenants, and are merely gigantic lamps, hanging, as the ancients thought, in the solitary places of the air?

No, my brethren, as our world has had a history and development, so there are worlds seen and unseen, and spiritual spheres, and spheres that are hidden from our eyes; and depend upon it there are spiritual beings besides ourselves, *having spiritual affinities* with us and points of contact with us, *because we are spiritual;* whether in the body or out of the body, whether before what we call death or after it, we are spiritual; the belief is ancient, though now often discredited.

200. To readers of the Bible the doctrine of

* See my "Thoughts for the Times," 3rd and 4th Discourses.

Intermediate Agencies is of course familiar. But we have grown to look upon certain things in the Bible as of uncertain authority, and no doubt, as I have shown in my first volume,* there is good reason for this. But every attempt to get rid of the supernatural out of the Bible, short of destroying the whole of it, must fail. Whatever be the authority for one and another miracle in the Old or New Testament, what we call the miraculous is too deeply seated in the Bible to be torn from it. Only remember that miracle is only another word for ignorance. What seems to happen outside or in defiance of recognized laws we call miracle; but any such event may at any time be shown to be in harmony with known laws, or with others that are beginning to be known. Nothing can happen without a fitting cause; every Almighty fiat has its appropriate agency, and this is the proposition which contains the whole philosophy of the doctrine of what I call Intermediate Agency. The gap of being between God and man begins to be filled up. For the seer, the hills are crowded with horses of fire and chariots of fire, 2 Kings vi. 17. The unseen realm flashes for a moment upon the inspired watcher, and we behold those, or *symbols of those*, who, as the Apostle tells us, are sent forth to minister unto such as shall be the heirs of salvation.

201. Do you think that this is an absurd conception of the spiritual world? How are these beings, supposing them to exist, who are all ministers of God, who presumably convey straight to us the messages of God, how are they arranged in the order of the spiritual world so as to be commanded by our prayers, and be acted upon by our feelings and emotions? How do they exercise their functions toward us? Our ideas are cramped by gross forms of matter, by conditions of time and space and limited conceptions of velocity; but even in what is known we have hints of other conditions independent, or almost independent, of time and space. We in the body have to pass with difficulty to and fro, but under finer material conditions, could intelligence be clothed with such (and why should it not be?), we might travel unimpeded wherever our thoughts went. Of such speed and such subtle conditions we have already hints in the world of matter around us. Consider the vast weightless forces, the great imponderables of nature. Look, for instance, at the air, or look at electricity—I wil not here speak of animal magnetism—and think of what its relations are to time and space. Suppose Intelligence, an individual being, a human soul under changed conditions, should be able to use a form of electricity as a vehicle, as a new body or expression medium for itself, instead of these gross tissues, then so constituted it might be present anywhere—it might pierce where our bodies cannot, travel where we cannot.

202. You say we cannot see such beings, even if they exist; we cannot test them by our natural senses and under ordinary conditions. But what are you? Your senses are very dense. Look at your eye. How imperfect an instrument it is. Why, the hawk sees farther than you do; the dog smells better than you do; the bat and the cat can go in the dark, but you cannot. The human eye might have been made to see the smallest thing which ever existed; it might have been gifted with microscopic powers, or with telescopic powers to see the furthest thing, but it has been made with neither.

It has but limited powers of self-adjustment —things must be brought into its focus, or it cannot see. But things do not cease to be because you cannot see them. There are chemically prepared plates which will take lights and shades of colour that your gross eye cannot see. There are substances which will vibrate to sounds which your gross ear cannot hear. Then, I say, things may exist which your senses cannot at all times, or indeed at any time, take cognisance of. The great imponderables of nature are about us, they point to the constitution of spiritual forces, they supply frequent hints of intelligential vehicles other than flesh and blood. Intelligence clothed upon by electricity, would belt the globe in a few seconds, and pass through iron better than through air.

203. But we can draw a step nearer to some such subtle force even now in alliance, close alliance with man's spirit. I can appeal to your own experience. I can show you presumptively that you are all filled with subtle imponderable influences, and that you are full of unexplained affinities. Tell me, when one person comes into a room, why is it you feel something you

* "Thoughts for the Times."

cannot account for? You have never seen him or her before, and yet there has been already an unseen communication. There has been an interchange of something very subtle. You call it an influence of personality. You are instinctively drawn to one person and repelled from another. After you have been in a company for some little time, you feel with reference to some one person—'How strange it is! When you first came, I could not say a word to you. We have not said much now, but my tongue is unloosened, we are *en rapport* with each other. Yet surely more has passed between us than words and phrases.' The imponderables have been at work. They are very real. Life feeds upon them; social ties and amenities are hollow without them.

Our very loves and hates are built upon them. Have you never found it strange that as you sat together silent in the same room you should find, on speaking, that both were thinking of the same thing?—Has this happened often enough to startle you? Have you ever wondered why one should suddenly hum the tune that was in your own head?—or have you often met the person whose image crossed your brain the moment before, perhaps the last person you expected to think about or to meet? You may say all these things are coincidences. About that you must judge for yourself—coincidence has a broad back. But suppose it is the imponderables? You who may have known how, in the magnetic state, one mind can impress another or read another's thought, or bring another a mile distant by will-power, will not need to be told that it is the imponderables. And probably most of you have seen something of this kind produced by electro-biology. In such cases we have simply to deal with facts, and superstition has nothing to do with it; the one thing requisite is that such facts should be adequately proven.

Those who are capable of estimating evidence, and have had adequate proofs, are driven to admit that there passes something from brain to brain, apart from speech, sometimes in defiance of space. That something is powerful enough, and we may approach to something like a knowledge of the conditions under which the communication takes place: but what it is or how it acts we cannot tell. We may call it a brain wave, or animal magnetism, or physical force. Why not call it a spiritual imponderable?—and it is in *you*.

204. Well, that is just the point of contact, as it seems to me, between you and the spritual world; that is the one plane on which you may meet and be controlled by spiritual intelligences, it may be even those who have once lived on earth, or other spiritual beings—the one link, the spiritual missing link, the imponderable force, is that which binds you even here on earth to other realms and other beings. It is the one great, almost physical hint, of the Hereafter. For although intelligence may be distinct from what we call matter, its magnetic vehicle may still be a form of matter. Here then, we discover the possible foundation for the doctrine of Intermediate Agencies. The divine communications flow through these divinely-appointed channels to the soul of man—the heavenly fact is not changed but for a moment, the heavenly mechanism is unveiled. Some modification of electricity or magnetic force is the one thing common to us and a world of life beyond us. That is the hypothesis.

Through the common force the two touch. Through these magnetic conditions invisible agencies reach the body and reach the mind. As an unseen magnetizer in the flesh will through a brick wall or from a distance impress his very thought upon a sensitive subject, so any one brought into the sensitive state may be magnetized by an unseen magnetizer out of the flesh—in each case the magnetic element is the one thing common to those in the flesh and out of the flesh.

205. This power of impressing thoughts, I think, supposing it to be true, gives us the only possible clue to the explanation of prophecy, dreams that come true and true forebodings or presentiments. If an outside power can impress your mind, it can impress another. The intelligence which in sleep or in any other way tells you of or presents you with the image of a coming event, *brings about that event* by impressing others to act in such and such a manner, or reads their minds and sees what will come of their combinations with reference to you, and then presents you with the appropriate image or symbol beforehand.

The sleep state is presumably a condition in which it is easier to reach your mind. You

dream that you receive a certain letter, next day you get it; but the dream was impressed upon you by an intelligent agent, who knew the letter was being written. Such agencies may be at times but instruments of divine wisdom or knowledge—just as *we* are at times—at others they may act capriciously upon man, as man himself is allowed to act capriciously upon man, often very far from rightly, faithfully, divinely. When a dream or presentiment does not come true the agent may have been inadequate to the task—may, after impressing your mind, find the subtle condition absent or inadequate for impressing the minds of others, and the whole thing falls through. The prophecy fails. I could work out all these hints at great length; at present I suggest them to you and leave them.

206. But do not these intermediate influences supersede God? No more than man supersedes God when he tills the ground in order to bring the harvest. God brings not the harvest without his labour—man is the intermediary; his work does not rob God—it glorifies God. The power which brings the harvest is as direct as ever you like, yet it comes through an appropriate channel.

When I say spiritual agencies convey rationally, intelligibly to you, divine blessings, strengthen will, help prayer, answer prayer, and produce joy, I have not said you are not acted upon by God, but I have said you are acted upon by appropriate instruments. The gifts is from Him, the immediate giver may be any one; what does it matter? When you sit at a man's feast, whom do you thank? Whom do you feed with? Whom are ye in sympathy with? Not so much with the servants who give you the food as the man who has invited you. So when you get a letter, what do you sympathize with? The ink and the paper? The words? The spelling? Not at all. It is the message that you look to, not the postman, nor the quality of the paper, nor the envelope. All these do but bring you into contact with the thought and feeling of your friend. The comparison is not close, for the sympathetic ministers of God come to us not as mere servants, but they come charged with Himself, they are the *sympathetic* channels as well as the *mere* channels; it is as though He Himself arose in their persons to serve us, as Christ arose and washed the disciples' feet.

207. Now, helping our infirmities with a figure, do you suppose, if my eyes were suddenly opened, and I looked up and saw a great unapproachable light, where dwelt God, and one told me, 'Thou canst come near to that light, yet out of it comes power to warm thee, and health, and wisdom, and smiting upon thee as the sun smites the earth, not nakedly, but through veiled distance, sown with atmosphere and cloud, so this central radiance belongs to thee, is tempered to thee, that it may not scorch, that it may not blind thee; behold yonder ministering spirits, through whom passes the stream of goodness, the special communication, these prepare it for thine heart, and prepare thine heart for it. The emotion that would kill thee is thus fitted to thy spiritual organism, the knowledge that, perceived nakedly, would overturn the balance of thy mind, and shock thee into insanity, is imparted through a power of veiled mercy and kindness, which is to thee as the shadow of a cloud in a desert, smitten with white heat. It is directly from above, yet thy nature is consulted, and thou art reached appropriately. God is near thee, His tenderness is about thee, His voice is in thy heart, but in His own wise way with His own wise method; and still it is true, "Thou canst not see God and live, although in Him thou dost live and move and have thy being."'

208. I confess such a doctrine of intermediate agency explains much that seems strange in what are called divine communications. The undeveloped mind is dealt with through undeveloped allegory, the crude mind has taken in only crude and one-sided views of truth—that being all it could take—yet that, so tempered, so distorted if you will, like rays of white light through prismatic mist—was from God. Not His the error; but as when we teach a savage, the details of our teaching are rough, will not bear criticism; we tell him the earth is round; when he has got that idea we are too thankful, we hold up a cannon ball and explain 'round! round!' Yet that is not true—yet is good truth enough for the present. We do not now trouble ourselves to explain that the world is not round because it is slightly flattened at the poles. And this is a parable of all theologies.

So the human mind may receive an imperfect view of duty, a really inspired view, yet faulty, and it may be enough; yet by-and-by it may seem to be faulty, and a higher communication may then be reached. And the direct action, what we may call spiritual telegraphy, between creature and Creator, may be after all carried on through rough symbols, devised by appropriate spiritual agents, divinely and sympathetically related to the soul of man. Yet when we pray, it is to God, not to them; for the power is from God, the love is from God, not from them; and yet if, being agents, they are also loving friends and fellow-helpers, the communion of saints is lighted up with a strangely new and comforting and awe-inspiring significance. Is it not so?

And often when you think your thoughts are yours they are not, and often you have spoken and acted with a power that came from without. You were not conscious of this; you were being dealt with. 'Undertake for me,' cries Isaiah, who was perhaps conscious above other men of the wonderful spiritual agencies which surrounded him; whose eyes were opened to see the seraphim that touched his lips with a live coal from the altar.

209. But then we are no longer responsible if we are the sport of such agencies? Granting that God's prerogative is not interfered with, what becomes of man's prerogative of personal responsibility? I reply, it is just where it was. In this world you have good on one side and evil on the other. You are acted upon, consciously sometimes, unconsciously at others, by subtle personal influences. Spirits in the flesh, good and bad, are about you; but though you are aware of their influence, you stand free. When all inducement, argument, and passion have had their say from without, conscience sits on the judgment-seat; *that* is not bound like a prisoner; you are free to judge and to choose for yourself. Yes, and though thoughts evil and good flash upon your brain, suppose you did not put them there, yet when they are there *you* and not another have got to deal with them; *you* are responsible. But you are responsible for something more. If influences come upon you unbidden, nothing is more certain than that you, rising out of inaction by a free-will effort, can summon other influences. Just as a man says, 'I will go out and take to myself seven spirits more wicked than I;' just as you can go forth into the streets of this city, nay, even into your own social circles, and cal to your side what is evil and it will come like a devil. So you can by the tone and bent of your spirit call about you a legion of angels. It is free-will and conscience that have to choose and atttract the influences by which the spirit is to be trained and assisted, or degraded and ruined. And you are no more a mere machine or puppet when you are swayed by spirits out of the flesh than when you are swayed by spirits in the flesh.

210. Now, if we admit that God's dealings with the soul of man are like His dealings with the earth, that just as the strength and ingenuity of man brings the harvest, so appropriate agents are charged to bring blessings and supply the fit channels for the divine communications; if we admit this, we ask, how do these intermediate agencies work in detail? They are attracted to us by our states, they are commanded by our prayers, those prayers being at all times addressed to God. Through them the efficacy of prayer as a doctrine is restored to you just at the moment when, according to a section of the scientific world, it has been given up.

211. Apply prayer to health. The laws of disease and health, for instance, we are told are inexorable. Certainly; but many a disease is cured by the healer's art, only we must find the right healer, and the healer must find the right methods. Does every one know the right healer? Does every healer know the right methods? Can the healer be sure that he himself knows all the methods and healing powers that are available, and that he can himself apply them? But what if by prayer you bring yourself into sudden contact with spiritual intelligences charged for you with wise counsel? Suppose they cannot, or only with difficulty and partially, communicate with you unless you do your part and place yourself *en rapport* with them by raising your heart to the Father of Spirits, they meet you in that high plane, and you are brought to the right physician—you are guided to the right remedies. Once admit the possibility of a thought being suggested, and defective knowledge may be supplemented, without any violation of law, by a wiser power, to which we have access under conditions; we

have been put in possession of resources which actually exist—that is all. The right doctor is found, the remedies are found, and the patient recovers, and it has been through prayer. Had we not been put in the right track, we might have blundered and failed; and remember, if there is any power leading *us* to the right people, the same power may act upon *them* to bring them to us. I opine that the discovery of doctors and remedies may be more providential than some of us think.

212. But I will go further; and here those who have followed me with difficulty will probably leave me out in the cold altogether. I will say that I think it not unlikely that in a divinely constituted system of means to ends such as we see around us, there may be some provision for a direct healing agency similar to that of magnetism. Some of you may know how the passes of some one gifted with magnetic power, or in any way found to be in a certain magnetic rapport with another, passes, I say, made with the hand over the affected part, will alleviate pain. Headache can often be taken away, and it is a power very easily verified. There will usually be found in every family one or more who possess it in a limited degree, and you can test it quite sufficiently with headaches. If *one* has no effect, let another try, and so on. So far from this being mere imagination, a relative of my own, who died of a mortal internal complaint, which all day kept him in great agony, used to have a magnetizer every day, and for about two hours, without always sleeping, he enjoyed perfect freedom from pain during his passes; and previous to the introduction of chloroform, a similar practice was commonly adopted as an anæsthetic under which operations were performed without pain. Of course chloroform as an anæsthetic, being much quicker and more certain, has for a time driven animal magnetism out of the field. Still I think that many legends concerning the healing power of saints, as also many cures really wrought by irregular practitioners in our own day—the late Harrup of Brighton, for instance, or the Baron du Potet, still living in Paris [1874], may be attributed to the possession of some real magnetic power of healing.

213. What is that power? It is an imponderable, it is on the border land, which, as we have seen, may fitly form the point of union or contact between intelligence out of the body and intelligence in the body: and it is at this point that the thought dawns upon us of a direct magnetism, or healing power of some kind, coming to man from a supersensuous sphere. If in prayer he brings himself on to a spiritual plane, it becomes possible, according to the divine order and harmony of satisfied conditions, that he shall be reached by direct curative powers of an occult or hidden nature; yet not of a nature quite outside all our experiences, nay, of a nature with which we are already in part familiar through such magnetic healings as I have referred to.

214. If this be so, we have a presumptive explanation of those sudden recoveries, of those strange turns for health, that constantly baffle our doctors; if there are cases when the doctor says, 'I cannot see why that man should have died,' he may still oftener say, 'I cannot see why that man should have got well.' There was a man in Edinburgh, whom the celebrated Abernethy would never notice or speak to. 'I attended him, I know his case, and he ought to have been dead,' said the doctor. The man got well, but the great physician cut him in disgust.

215. A great deal of (I think) unseemly anger or merriment was caused a short time ago by an eminent surgeon, who suggested that two wards in a hospital should be set aside to test prayer. All the churches and chapels were to pray for one ward and not for the other, and then it was said we should see what effect prayer had upon disease. The religious world was in a great rage, but it is not easy to see why people who doubtless approve of the test put by Elijah—requiring the true God to answer by fire—should be angry at a somewhat similar test being suggested to convince people that prayer is as directly efficacious as ever. Professors Tyndall and Huxley would be quite as fit and proper subjects for conversion as the Baal worshippers on Mount Carmel. But, in truth, the suggestion was probably understood to be a sort of flippant skit upon a question of sacred importance to many, and I do not say that as such it was unfairly treated with a certain measure of contempt.

216. Yet personally I cannot but feel that such a taste would be either unfair or unwise, unless a great deal more than mere praying

were admitted and allowed on both sides. For the basis on which prayer, according to my idea, acts is a natural basis. Prayer used for healing purposes is to give us the full possession of all resources within our reach. I should never advise any one to try and get by prayer what they could get without. I should give the magnetizers full swing in my hospital; I should have them trained and tested. I should wish the doctors to exert their best faculties, whilst placing themselves willingly at the disposal of any institutions which might seem to reach them through prayer; they would even then have to use their common sense in deciding how far such seeming intuitions were really helpful and reliable. I should get my patients to pray for themselves, that they might become receptive, and make it easy for the assumed influences to reach them. Whilst fully admitting that some diseases were beyond the reach of such influences, I should not in our present state of ignorance assume that any were—I should try. Under these influences I should hope for very remarkable results. But, in the present state of religious and scientific opinion, I fear my view of the way in which prayer might be used as a real healing agent will find no favour with either section, for the religious would call it profane, and the profane would call it chimerical. But I should like to see whether we have—in prayer as applied to disease—a power, not something by which we can compel divine influence to do what is contrary to divine order, but something which places us within the reach of healing magnetic influences at present little used or recognized.

The prayer test, however, is likely to outlast many experiments, good, bad, and indifferent. At any rate, it is a test which is constantly being made, and will doubtless continue to be made by individuals, and with the rather startling result that belief in the efficacy of prayer in quite the common acceptation of the term is so far from dying out, that it is, if anything, a little more rampant than ever, and that not only amongst the clergy, the women, and the peasants, as it is commonly said, but amongst thoughtful and clever people. That many really religious persons have given it up in the above direct sense I am aware, nor have I any special interest in supporting a belief in immediate or direct answers in connection with temporal things. I think I should be content to hold that all prayers should be the willing self-surrender of the heart, should rest entirely on spiritual ground, should be used for strength in trial, comfort in sorrow, hope and faith in the love of God and immortality; and I still hold that the best and highest prayer is 'Thy will be done.' But suppose the reach of prayer does really extend to what we call temporal things, and suppose that this continues to be believed in spite of good arguments and excellent opinions to the contrary, simply because so many people continually get what they pray for; why, then, in the interest of alleged facts, I would simply ask, is there anything irrational or absurd in trying to understand whether this thing is, and how this thing can be.

217. As regards the hospital test, then, suppose that by prayer you do set in motion a sympathetic, spiritual machinery. I do not see that a scientific test under fit conditions would be impossible. I think it would be difficult to devise in detail, because we really do not know all the conditions for such an experiment, but perhaps sufficient are approximately known. There are personal conditions as regards those who pray and those who are prayed for; there is the force of prayer and character, and the time of prayer and general circumstances, which would differ in each case, and would have to be particularly dealt with, and not wholesale. At the same, I think that could such a test be applied for as good a purpose and as reverently as similar tests are said to have been applied in the Old and New Testaments, perhaps a result different from that so confidently anticipated by the scientific world might be obtained.

218. Again, remember that no demand is being made upon miraculous powers in prayer; merely through prayer, powers that exist are liberated and placed at our disposal. That is the *rationale* of prayer. Cases not to be healed by magnetism, natural or spiritual, or beyond the reach of curative processes here or elsewhere, will not be healed by prayer, or as far as we have reason to believe, by any sort of divine *fiat*. Our respect for divine *fiats* would not be increased if they were. As far as I can see, there are no divine *fiats*, in the sense of things happening without adequate causes. From a close observation of the world about

us, one and another event supposed to be by divine *fiat*, is now seen to be due to natural causes, and the answers to prayer will, doubtless, when better understood, prove to be no exceptions to this rule. By prayer you merely set in motion a sympathetic spiritual machinery which has points of contact with matter, just as thought has with brain tissue, and which is found to be adequate to certain results, such as suggesting thoughts, such as inspiring emotion, such as magnetizing and controlling the nervous centres. That is my hypothesis.

219. But I am not at all afraid lest prayer should cease, nor even lest a belief in direct answers of the kind indicated above should die out. To the end of time there will probably be sufficient apparently unanswerable and obviously ungranted prayers to raise difficulties and rouse scepticism. There will always be abundant failure to comply with right conditions of prayer; but there will always be enough abundance of answers to prayer to make a widespread infidelity on this subject impossible. If it could ever be overthrown, I think it would be about this time; but I think that just now, after the fiercest of onslaughts, it is farther than ever from being overthrown.

220. After what I have said, you will find it reasonable to pray for others. You will then bring to bear upon them spiritual agencies which they may have failed to bring to bear upon themselves. Remember, to such agencies Space may be as nought. Continents may divide you, yet, like an electric flash or the passage of starlight to earth, so may be the influence that speeds to them, and the thought and impulse from the spirit realm that finds access to their brain. Of course your friend, your child, your husband, your wife, is still free —is still open to resist the influence of the heavenly as of the earthly message, in that as in the case of disease, one more means that might have succeeded has failed; but what was to be done has been done, all that could be done without interfering with the prerogative of human free will, without upsetting moral conditions. Mother, you may pray to save your son; wife, you may pray to win back your husband; child, you may pray for your parents; friends, you may pray for each other;—all *that* is restored to you rationally by the doctrine of intermediate agencies acting magnetically through human nature. But you say, 'Is it not an insult to God to believe that my brother will be saved by my prayer?' Are the poor fed by you? are the sick healed by you? are the sorrowful comforted by you? Would they go unfed, uncomforted, unhealed without you? Would God feed, heal, and comfort them direct? He might, but as a rule He does not. He sets you there to do it, and if you will not do it, often it is not done. You know that this is so. Well, you leave untried a powerful machinery within reach, out of mock humility. You will not pray, and others are not influenced that way who might be influenced that way.

221. Once more, you may pray for success, and thus open your brain to energies that inspire you to win—to compel—success. You may pray for wisdom and discretion; you may pray to be brought to the right people; you may pray to marry the right woman. There is nothing you may not rationally pray for, if you believe that by the act of prayer you are making it easy for wholesome, divinely-appointed influences to reach you, to co-operate with you, 'to undertake for you.'

222. And you who watch and you who pray will perceive that your life is filled with coincidences. They will be so piled one upon the other, that you, cautious as you are, will not resist them. And the more you use these powers, bringing here as elsewhere, everything to the bar of common sense and reason, not allowing yourself to be led further than the occasion warrants, the more you thus walk with God, the more convinced will you be that you are the centre of a circle of divine influences which will sustain and bless you indefinitely, just in proportion as you, by voluntary prayer and meditation, place yourself within the sphere of their radiant energy.

223. Men of prayer, women of prayer, do my words strike home to you? Do they interpret to you your own experiences. You felt that you were helped; you could not think how God could help you, or answer you. You felt in sickness a new revival; you were at a loss to account for it. Your doctors declare they had nothing to do with it. You spoke vaguely of God, yet what were the means He employed? You could not tell, it was all so strange. You thought you would pray desperately, hopelessly for the rescue of one dear to you. Some un-

wonted word or look from him told you that he had been shaken with unusual emotion, that something had passed. You prayed for one at a distance. A letter comes brimful of such things as startle you, you cannot believe your eyes, it so exactly corresponds with the prayer, something you longed and prayed for. A certain conjunction of events, you are helpless, powerless to bring them about. One after another they fall into their places, and personages arrange themselves with an almost dramatic precision. *You* cannot see; *they* do not know the hand that is moving, only one unlooked-for coincidence after another brings about the conjunction of events which you desired, and you have got your chance at last. Long you could not believe that God was occupying Himself with these trivialities. You said, 'How can these things be?' And we announce to you a doctrine as old as the earliest record of the Bible, probably immeasurably older. We tell you that the great God works spontaneously. sympathetically to us-wards, through a system of divinely appointed intermediary agencies. And then, when this truth has been represented and re-stated according to present modes of speech, and expressed in the latest terms of our knowledge—then the answer to prayer and the whole question of the soul's contact with a spiritual world becomes as easy and intelligible as the answer of one man to another, and the influence and helpfulness, and the care and the love, and protecting regard and watchfulness of a human spirit in the flesh over another.

# CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE first place must, of course, be given this month to Mr. Gladstone's paper on "Ritualism and Ritual," in the *Contemporary Review*. The powerful hold the subject has taken on the public mind in England, and the general eagerness to learn the ex-Premier's views upon it, are evidenced by the fact that this number of the *Review* has reached a third edition. Yet, now that the oracle has spoken, no one is satisfied. Mr. Gladstone leaves everything as he found it, for his utterances are as vague and ambiguous as those of the priestess of Apollo. The Evangelicals complain, as the *Times* puts it, that "there is plenty hinted at that would be more distasteful to an English mind." Moreover, the very question at issue, the bone of contention between the contending parties, is purposely ignored. The question how far Parliament ought to tolerate innovations in ceremonial, made "for the purpose of assimilating it to the Roman or Popish ceremonial; and, further, of introducing the Roman or Papal religion into this country, under the insidious form, and silent but steady suasion, of its ceremonial," is only stated to be dismissed from view. Yet this is precisely what Mr. Gladstone was expected to consider fully and to express his opinions upon with clearness. Nor are the Ritualists better pleased; for there are passages in the essay which seem to insinuate that they are substituting ritual for inward devotion, and bringing in the reign of "formality and deadness." Finally, the Roman Catholics are not merely dissatisfied with the essay, but positively in anger about five words in it—"the bloody reign of Mary." Perhaps the Dean of Westminster and his friends are the only Churchmen likely to regard Mr. Gladstone's attitude with complacency. Yet the speech delivered by the ex-Premier last session on the Public Worship Bill might have saved the belligerents from disappointment. The essay is only a new edition of the speech, elaborated and adjusted to the ear of the theological public. Mr. Gladstone is opposed to coercion and favourable to comprehension in ceremony, if not in doctrine. He, therefore, desires to mediate, and hence deals in casuistry, so as, if possible, to keep the subject *in nubibus*. The result might have been anticipated. Leaving on one side the definitions, the complaint that Englishmen want æsthetic taste, and the remarks on the progress of ritualism in all the churches, the gist of the essay is easily given. Ritual may be good or it may be bad; there may be too much of it or there may be too little; and both excess and defect are faults. If ritual ministers to personal religion it is good, no matter what the amount of it; if ritual impedes or is a substitute for the religion of the heart, then it is harmful, no matter how small the extent of it. All depends on the individual worshipper; for what is

one man's meat is another man's poison. After stating these truisms Mr. Gladstone has no more to say, and he closes his essay without uttering a word on the real *casus belli* between the two church parties. Clearly the theologian has once again run away with the statesman.

By way of reply to a recent defence of Hegel and the Speculative method by Lord Arthur Russell, Mr. G. H. Lewes gives a chapter from the forthcoming volume of his "Problems of Life and Mind." Mr. Lewes, in his first volume, laid violent hands on the term metaphysics, which he appropriated to his own use, making the philosophers a present of a bran-new word, Metempirics, in exchange. When, therefore, he compares Lagrange, the natural philosopher, with Hegel, the speculative philosopher, we know his conclusion in advance. Both employed the deductive method; but the assumptions of the former were verifiable, those of the latter not. Mr. Peter Baine contributes the first part of an essay on "Charles I. and his Father," which gives an estimate of the character of James I. The writer does not agree with Carlyle, and, we may add, the elder Disraeli, in patching up the dilapidated reputation of the first Stuart. The paper is written in an easy, flowing style, and, without entering deeply into the history of the reign, gives an accurate general survey of it. We hardly think, however, James left his daughter Elizabeth and her husband, the Elector Palatine, unaided because the latter had foolishly accepted the Crown of Bohemia. Frederick had been in trouble and had needed aid in the Palatinate before that fatal step was taken. The proposed Spanish marriage had no doubt more to do with it, and so had James's parsimony, cowardice, and want of natural affection. He was incapable of a worthy or chivalrous action, and preferred slobbering and blubbering over Steenie to doing his duty on the continent.

"The Philosophy of the Pure Sciences," by Professor Clifford, of which the first part is given, can hardly be summarized with advantage here. We may state, however, that instead of Kant's necessary forms—space and time, the Professor would substitute space and motion. He admits that Kant's contention that our knowledge of absolute and necessary truths cannot come from experience, is unanswerable by the sensational school. And that this is true, whether we mean with Mill *our own* experiences, or with Herbert Spencer, the hereditary accumulation of experiences. He expresses his conviction that the solution of the question is not to be sought in the subjective method, but in the physiological, "in the study of the physical facts that accompany sensation and of the physical properties of the nervous system." South Australia, intellectually speaking, bids fair to distance all the other colonies. A year or two ago the Chief Justice assailed the orthodox creed in a semi-Straussian view of Christology, and now Mr. Musgrave, the Governor of the Colony, runs full tilt at political economy in a long paper entitled "Mr. Mill on Capital." Taking up Mr Mill's fundamental propositions one by one, beginning with the first—"that industry is limited by capital," and ending with the assumption that money is not capital, the Governor finds nothing but fallacies, sophisms, or paradoxes on every side. The paper is written with considerable vigour of style, and displays, if not an accurate, yet a familiar knowledge of the subject. "St. Paul's Cathedral," by Mr. Fergusson, the well-known writer on architecture, is a very powerful and earnest appeal against the plan for the completion of the Cathedral, designed by Mr. Burgess and adopted by the Committee.

Mr. St. George Mivart brings to a conclusion his essay on "Contemporary Evolution." A review of it will be more satisfactory when it appears in a separate form. The present instalment treats of philosophical evolution as either hostile or supposed to be hostile to Christianity. It need not be said that the views expressed are the antipodes of Mr. Lewes'. The writer takes a rapid survey of the entire field of modern speculation. Of the theological writers, there is Strauss; of the philosophers, there are Mill, Bain, Spencer, Comte, and Lewes; of the "scientists," Darwin, Huxley, Bastian, Voght, Büchner, and Haeckel. Mr. St. Mivart examines their negations as they severally relate to the Ego, the Will, Nature and God. His remedy is a return to the Peripatetic philosophy. Mr. Matthew Arnold replies at length to objections raised against his "Literature and Dogma." He complains that his purpose has been misinterpreted; that he intended to prevent those who were about to discard the Bible from doing so, not to make war against it. He then reviews the objections, and indicates the position taken in his work.

The opening article in the *Fortnightly* has divided with Mr. Gladstone's paper the attention of the public. "The Next Page of the Liberal Programme," by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, is an admirably clear and honest utterance, whether we agree with it or not. The writer candidly avows his belief that there is no immediate prospect of a return of the Liberals to power, nor does he affect to wish for it. His object is to consider what the party is to fight for. Mr. Goschen declares that it ought to fight, and yet protests that it would be "most impolitic to get up a cry." If that be the case, Mr. Chamberlain replies, then the Conservatives ought to be kept in office; Mr. Goschen's policy is theirs, and they are the pro-

per persons to carry it out. Then follows a review of the causes of the defeat at the polls. Mr. Chamberlain evidently thinks, although he does not say it in so many words, that Mr. Gladstone has done his work as leader. He praises that work, but he can also say some hard things. No agent of the Conservative reaction could utter anything severer than this :—"At a moment's notice the dissolution was resolved on, and Mr. Gladstone promulgated through the country the meanest public document that has ever, in like circumstances, proceeded from a statesman of the first rank." The writer proceeds to contend that the party must go forward—must have a programme. After suggesting some minor reforms which are required, and passing over Free Land as premature, and Free Schools, because Mr. Foster has ruined the question, he takes his stand on a Free Church as the best and most urgently required of all the liberal measures. He presses the questions of disestablishment and disendowment, regarding them as inseparably connected—the one not to be thought of without the other. "If," says Mr. Chamberlain, "Mr. Gladstone feels that he has done his work, his worst enemies will admit that he has earned his right to repose." * * "Great crises do not wait for leaders, but create or do without them."

Mr. Leslie Stephens contributes a review of Disraeli's novels. We are somewhat surprised at the monotone of eulogy which runs through it, but service, however, will be done by the publication of this critique simultaneously with the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's paper. It will afford the means of comparing the two party leaders, and set in a clear light the earnestness of moral purpose in the one and the love of gaud and title and tinsel characteristic of the other. Mr. Ashton Dilke gives a graphic and extremely interesting account of the Caucasus, which may be recommended to those who know little of Schamyl's country ;—that is almost everybody. Professor Beesly's paper on "The History of Republicanism in France" is well written ; but although the facts are clear enough, we do not profess to understand how the writer comes by his inferences. After proving that the Republicans have always been a small minority of the French people, he concludes that a Republic is not only possible, but inevitable. His great idol is Danton, as a previous writer's was Chaumette. He has a great deal to say about the White Terror of 1795 and 1815, but nothing of the Reign of Terror which was brought to an end on the 9th Thermidor, 1794. He says that "French instinct has always leant steadily to personal rather than parliamentary government," which would point, we should think, not to the permanence of the Republic, but the restoration of the Empire. We believe the Republic gives France the best promise of order and repose ; but we do not think Professor Beesly has proved that it is likely to last. However, he has something more to say on the point. Mr. Oscar Browning puts in a plea for the effective teaching by models, &c., of archæology in schools, including in it art and daily life, and also topography.

Mr. Morley reviews the anonymous work on "Supernatural Theology," which has excited such general attention in England. He says that these volumes "are by far the most decisive, trenchant and far-reaching of the direct contributions to theological controversy that have been made in this generation." As the work will probably reach us in a short time, we may content ourselves here with a remark or two. The work is an attempt to answer fully and exhaustively the all-important question :—"Is Christianity a divine revelation supernaturally made, or is it not? The writer's answer is in the negative. The antecedent credibility of miracles is discussed at great length, with Hume as a basis, although he evidently furnishes but a small part of the ground. There is, then, the question, "Did the Scripture miracles really happen?" The reader is reminded, in the words of Baden Powell, that "at the present day it is not a *miracle*, but the *narrative of a miracle*, to which any argument can refer, or to which faith is accorded." Hence a large portion of the work is taken up with a destructive criticism of the Gospels. An examination of the testimony of Justin Martyr alone occupies one hundred and fifty pages. Comparative Thaumaturgy, or a comparison of the miracles of all nations, also finds a place. The entire work appears to be the most able and elaborate assault upon the faith yet made. Mr. Appleton's paper on "The Public Endowment of Research" is an argument in favour of giving public support to those who make scientific discovery, strictly so called, the business of their life. He contends that the universities were founded to support this class, and, therefore, that they ought to supply the necessary funds.

# MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE *Creation* is to be produced in the Music Hall on the 24th instant. Judging from the effort of the Philharmonic Society on the occasion of their presentation of the *Elijah*, it may confidently be expected that Haydn's lighter work will be interpreted with fidelity and effect. A few particulars, briefly stated, in connection with the masterpiece of the "genial" composer may prove acceptable to those of our readers not familiar with it, or in whose libraries musical literature is unrepresented. The only accounts that come to us of the composition of the *Creation* are from French and German sources, and unfortunately these do not agree in regard to dates. According to the authority of M. Fétis, and other French writers, the oratorio was commenced in 1795, when Haydn was sixty-three years of age, and completed early in 1798. It would appear from this that the composition occupied over two years, and it is related that Haydn, when urged to hasten his labours, replied, "I am long about it, for I wish it to last long." Haydn is also said to have remarked that when he was working at the *Creation* he felt himself so penetrated with religion that before he sat down to the piano he prayed confidently to God to give him the talent requisite to praise Him worthily. The German authorities state that Haydn commenced the composition of the oratorio in 1797, in his sixty-fifth year, and completed it in 1798, and that it was first performed in Vienna on the 19th March, 1799. All the writers, however, agree that the work met with the most pronounced success, and excited the greatest enthusiasm both in England and Germany. No comparison can, of course, fairly be made between the *Messiah* and the *Creation;* distinct in style, each must be judged on its own merits. It is allowable, nevertheless, to contrast them. Handel's gigantic conception is characterized by the utmost simplicity and grandeur; the *Creation* is distinguished by a prevalent tone of lightness—the religious emotions, it is true, find expression with truth and fervour, but the expression is that of joyous and confident faith. Haydn's own words give the key to the character of his work:—"Whenever I think of God, I can only imagine a Being infinitely great and infinitely good; and the idea of the latter attribute of the heavenly nature fills me with such confidence, with such joy, that I should even set a *miserere* to *cheerful* music." While as a whole the oratorio has been pronounced to be a production of the highest order, and to be marked by tenderness, grace and devotion—the last of the most pure and healthy tendency—exception has been taken by critics to certain passages of a directly *imitative* nature, as being trivial, and calculated to excite but commonplace ideas. Take, for instance, the imitations of the whale plunging, and the descent of rain, hail and snow. The justice of the objections may be recognized, for the fact that the performance of many of these imitative passages provokes laughter among an audience, may be taken as giving some ground for the assertion that they tend to detract from the generally elevated nature of the composition. In other portions of the work, where Haydn casts aside imitative effects, and endeavours to suggest certain ideas by exciting kindred emotions, what wonders has he achieved, how noble are his ideal representations. Beethoven, when writing the *Pastoral Symphony*, now acknowledged to be the best specimen of the best kind of descriptive music, said, "it (the symphony) consists more in the expression of sentiment than in actual representation." Although the admirers of Haydn will secretly ever regret that he often made his music so objective in its nature, they are not slow to represent that the great Handel himself has condescended to "word-painting." The public must be left to judge of these minute imperfections in Haydn's score. We may all join in frankly acknowledging the merits of a work that will always be admired so long as men are capable of appreciating pure and wholesome music. "Joy and gratitude, benevolence and love, are expressed with as much purity and ecstacy in the *Creation* as are the sublime emotions which inspire all the hopes and terrors of religion—all the blessing of honour, glory and power that are assigned to the great Creator and Preserver of mankind in the *Messiah.*" The words of the *Creation* are in part selected from the Bible, and in part written by Baron Von Swieten. The oratorio is divided into three parts. The first part is devoted to illustrating the destruction of Chaos, and the creation of the world. The story is told by the three archangels, Raphael, Gabriel and Uriel. Between the narration of each creative effort, a heavenly chorus breaks in with songs of rejoicing. The musical suggestion of Chaos is allotted to the orchestra, and its startling combinations will at once arrest the attention. The birth of light is indicated in the first chorus in the words, "and there was LIGHT," by a

sudden burst of sound from the vocal and instrumental masses *fortissimo*, and the intention will be apparent to the most careless listener. The intensity of the effect is heightened by the apparition of the major harmony, previously rigidly excluded. Raphael's announcement (in recitative) that God made the firmament and divided the waters, gives the composer an opportunity of indulging in some fanciful imitations which are continued in the air "Rolling in foaming billows." Then follows the exquisite *aria*, "With verdure clad," the heavenly beauty of which is too obvious to need comment. The concluding chorus of the first part, "The Heavens are telling the glory of God," remains the most popular choral number in the oratorio, its broad melody being easily followed even by the most uneducated ear. It was this number that the late Dr. Croft—with doubtful taste—endeavoured to ridicule, when he said "it began at the Opera House and ended at Vauxhall." The second part treats of the creation of life, and finally of man, the narrative, as before, being supplied by the three archangels. It is impossible within the limits of a brief notice like the present, to enumerate the numerous gems in this portion of the oratorio. Attention may be directed to the charming *terzetto*, "Most beautiful appear," the brilliant *trio* and chorus, "The Lord is great," the air, "In native worth," and the elaborate "Achieved is the glorious work." The third part brings man upon the scene, and exhibits him in his sinless state before the fall, his soul seeking expression in adoration of the Creator. The exquisite refinement of the duet between Adam and Eve, "O star the fairest," is characteristic of the composer, The final chorus with quartette, "Praise the Lord," developed in the free fugal style, and wonderfully elaborated, forms a fitting peroration to a work to which the composer appended the words "*Laus Deo.*"

M'lle Marie Aimée and her Opera Bouffe Company appeared for the first time in Toronto on Tuesday last, the 27th ult., at the Grand Opera House. A genuine version of M. Charles Lecocq's *La fille de Madame Angot* was selected for the occasion, and met with unqualified success. The opera was first produced in February, 1873, at the *Folies Dramatiques* and nearly drove the Parisian public crazy with delight. It was subsequently performed in London and New York, and never failed to "draw." The story in itself is uninteresting, its situations often "pitchforked" together, and were it not for its alliance with Lecocq's light and piquant music, would scarcely merit notice. As it is, we can offer but a mere outline. *Clairette*, the daughter of Madame Angot, left an orphan by the death of her mother, is adopted by the "porters" and saleswomen of the fish market of Paris, by whom she is brought up as a *fleurist*. Contrary to her inclinations, they affiance her to *Pomponnet*, barber. She is, however, really attached to a composer of seditious songs, *Ange Pitou*, and in order to prevent or postpone her union with *Pomponnet*, she causes herself to be arrested by singing in the public street some of her lover's objectionable rhymes. She is taken before *M'lle. Lange*, the intimate friend of Barras, of the Directorate, an old school-mate, and released. *M'lle. Lange* now falls in love with *Pitou*, obtains an interview, and succeeds in seducing him from his allegiance to *Clairette*. The daughter of Madame Angot, by a complicated process which we cannot here follow, obtains proof of her lover's perfidy, and rendered ferocious by the discovery, dresses herself *en poissade*, repudiates the innocence and refinement that has been attributed to her, and declares herself to be a true daughter of her mother, who, we have been previously told, did not number delicacy among her virtues. The opera closes with the reconciliation of *Clairette* and *Pomponnet*, who are of course married. The music itself is extremely pretty. The melodies have a wonderfully *ad captandum* effect, and although superficial, and occasionally commonplace, are often strikingly original and effective. The instrumentation is graceful and appropriate, and ingeniously written. The overture, however, is simply suggestive of the principal *morceaux* of the opera. The first number worthy of comment is *Amaranthe's* couplet "*Marchande de marée*," a narrative of a few episodes in the life of Madame Angot. The air is particularly lively and pretty, and the audience seemed enraptured with it, as sung by M'lle. Kid. Ange Pitou's song, "*J'amais Clairette*," although done justice to by Mons. C. Kolletz, fell rather flat. Clairette's song, "*Jadis les rois, race proscite*," a brilliant and characteristic *morceau*, was electrical in its effect, and a portion of it had to be repeated. The second act, perhaps, contains the best music. The opening chorus struck many as being rather insipid and tame, and certainly was not well sung. The couplets, "*Les soldats d'Angereau*," and the duet between *Clairette* and *Lange* are good, although the peroration of the latter degenerates almost into vulgarity of melody. The effect of the striking and ingenious chorus of conspirators, "*Quand on conspire*," supplemented by the queer attidudinising of the executants, proved refreshingly unique. The alternations of *pianissimo* and *sforzando* were irresistibly ludicrous, and took the house by storm. It was admirably rendered. The act concludes with the waltz "*Tournez tournez*," a charming bit of writing. In the third act, *Clairette* sings her famous song, "*De la mère Angot, je suis la fille*," in which she throws off the mask, and proclaims herself a true *poissade*. M'lle. Aimee, who took the character, acted and sang here, and indeed

throughout, in an inimitable manner; her gestures might have been objected to as being even too suggestive, but as a piece of French delineation, her effort was excellent. The opera virtually closes with the clever quarelling duet between Lange and Clairette. M'lle. Aimee gave an extremely spirited presentation of Clairette, and her singing, of its kind, is rarely equalled. M'lle. Nardin as *Lange*, and second principal lady, ably sustained the *role;* her singing is careful and effective, and her voice contains some good notes in the lower register. Mr. Kolletz makes a good *buffo tenor*, and the interest in his part was never allowed to flag. The rest of the artists fairly supported the efforts of their principals, and the singing generally was very even. The orchestra played well, but lacked brilliancy, owing to its weakness in strings. We cheerfully admit the merit of the Aimee Opera Company, but consider it doubtful whether a familiarity with French Opera Bouffe does not tend to lower the standard of public taste. The dialogue, even in French, is often objectionable, the music inclines towards the frivolous, and never rises above the pretty. It can scarcely be wished that *a taste* for this class of entertainment should be cultivated; a public enamoured of the cloying melodies of Offenbach and Lecocq will probable feel a disinclination to make itself acquainted with the healthier and purer music of the "immortal five."

It is gratifying to learn that the *début* of Mdlle. Albani in New York was an unqualified triumph. Her first appearance was at the Academy of Music, on Monday, the 19th ult., when she assumed the *role* of *Amina*, in "La Sonnambula." The New York press states that her youth, beauty and, above all, her exquisite singing and finished acting took the susceptible heart of the public by storm. On the following Friday, Mdlle. Albani achieved a still greater success as *Lucia*, and we are told that her conception of the character approached almost an inspiration, and was more touching than that of Mdlle. Nillson, whose *Lucia* is of a more tragic cast and less feminine. It is somewhat amusing to observe with what eagerness our American cousins claim Mdlle. Albani as their own. The *New York Herald* refers to her "as a young American girl," while the *Republic*, with infinite condescension, says, "to be sure, we are told that the lady was born in Canada, but Canada is in America, and we are willing to give Mdlle. Albani the *benefit* of our republican nationality." Our New York friends can afford to be generous, and they should, without reserve, recognize the *distinction* that Mdlle. Albani claims for herself, that of being a Canadian. It is said that Mdlle. Albani will shortly appear in Toronto; it is unnecessary to speculate as to the character of the greeting she will receive.

# LITERARY NOTES.

THE second American contribution to the International Scientific Series will consist of a "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science," from the pen of Dr. John W. Draper, whose "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" has taken such high rank among the original contributions of the time.

The translation from the German of Prof. Maetzner's great work on English Grammar is positively announced for publication in November. Dr. Morris' long promised "Elementary Lessons in Historical English Grammar" has at last appeared. It deals with accidence and word-formation. Philological students may also be interested in the announcement of a new and compendious Dictionary of the French Language, by Prof. Gustave Masson, of Harrow. The work is being well received by educationists in England.

A new volume of Essays, by Lowell, the American poet, and a work on Poetry and Criticism, by Emerson, are announced as among the forthcoming publications.

A collection of Essays on Chemical and Geological Subjects, by Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, late of Montreal, and now of Boston, will shortly issue from the press. A still cheaper edition, in four volumes at $2 each, of Prof. Jowett's translation of the "Dialogues of Plato," has just been issued by Messrs. Scribner of New York.

Dr. McCosh's forthcoming work on Scottish Philosophy, it is understood, is to be biographical in its character, embracing sketches of Hutcheson, Hume,

Dugald Stewart, Sir James Macintosh, Adam Smith, Lord Brougham, Prof. Wilson, and Sir William Hamilton, illustrative of the history and progress of philosophic thought within the period covered by the volume.

New additions will be immediately made to the issues of Lange's Commentary, and the Speaker's Bible Commentary, in the publication of the Book of Job in the former series, and the Books of Isaiah to Daniel in the latter.

Considerable interest has been manifested in the recent Explorations in Nineveh, Assyria and Babylonia, by Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, the distinguished Oriental scholar. That interest will doubtless be whetted by the announcement of the approaching publication of Mr. Smith's researches, with photographic reproductions of the most important inscriptions brought to light by the traveller.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has just issued the first volume of his highly eulogistic biography of Napoleon III., the material for which he has derived from State records and unpublished family correspondence, and to which he has had privileged access. The work is to extend to four volumes, and will be profusely illustrated with portraits, fac-similes of letters, State documents, &c.

The *Cornhill Magazine* has just commenced the issue of a new story, by William Black, the author of "A Daughter of Heth," and other novels, which have met with deserved favour recently. The story is entitled, "Three Feathers."

A new work on the Russian Empire, by Ashton W. Dilke, reviewing the political position of that country, especially in regard to the relations between the Russian and subject races, will shortly appear.

Sir Samuel Baker's Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the suppression of the slave trade will be published early in November. It will comprise two 8vo volumes, fully illustrated, and bears the title of "Ismailia."

A volume of Autobiographical Reminiscences and Selections from the diaries of Macready, the actor, is announced, by one of his executors, Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart.

An important contribution to the literature of Economic Science appears in a work entitled "Some Leading Principles of Political Economy newly Expounded," by Prof. J. E. Cairnes, of University College, London. The volume appears in an English dress, from Messrs. Macmillan, and in an American from Messrs. Harper Bros.

An admirable series of educational works dealing with the History of England and Europe at successive epochs, has just been projected by the Messrs Longmaan, and three volumes of the issue have appeared. The subjects of these volumes are: 1. The Era of the Protestant Revolution. 2. The Crusades; and 3. The Thirty Years' War. They are all prepared by eminent scholars, and will be found useful for general reading and the refreshment of the memory as to the salient points of history, as well as of use to the student.

The posthumous volume of Essays on "Nature, the Utility of Religion, and Theism," from the pen of John Stuart Mill, may be expected early in November.

Two volumes of the speeches of Lord Lytton, with some hitherto unpublished political writings of the late novelist, have just been published. Their appearance goes far to justify Bulwer's claim to be ranked among the statesmen of his time.

The first instalment, of two volumes, of Mr. W. S. Lindsay's "History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient Commerce," has just appeared. It embraces the narrative of the commercial intercourse of the world from the beginning of the present century backwards to the maritime commerce of antiquity. The two unpublished volumes will treat of the mercantile operations of subsequent times, and will doubtless, when completed, form an important contribution to the literature of trade.

Two notable contributions to recent serial literature—viz., Mr. John Morley's paper "On Compromise," from the *Fortnightly*, and Mr. W. R. Greg's "Rocks Ahead" from the *Contemporary*, are promised for early publication in separate form.

Mr. W. F. Rae, the translator of "Taine's English Literature," will shortly issue a translation of the English Biographical Studies of M. C. A. Sainte-Beuve, collected from the *Causeries du Lundi*.

The third volume of Scribner's *Bric-a-Brac* series comprises selections from Prosper Merimée's "Letters to an Incognita;" also from Lamartine's "Twenty-five Years of My Life," and from some of the writings of Mme. George Sand. It is a delightful compilation, and will find many readers. The fourth volume of the series, we believe, will deal with the English humourists of the last century.

A Life of the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Editor of *Good Words*, is expected immediately from the press. The second and concluding volume of the Autobiography of Dr. Thomas Guthrie may also be looked for among the forthcoming publications.

A reprint is announced of the remarkable work recently published in England, entitled "Supernatural Religion; an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation," and of which the Editor of the *Fortnightly* says that "it is by far the most decisive, trenchant, and far-reaching of the direct contributions to theological controversy that have been made in the present generation.

THE

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## THE OLD RÉGIME IN CANADA.*

FEW works could be more attractive to Canadians than this. Vivid in narrative, and exceedingly well written, it combines the interest of the present with that of the historic past. The society of French Canada, the formation of which is here disclosed to us, still subsists in its most essential features, though the feudal Seigniories have been abolished, and allegiance to a British monarch has occupied without filling the place in French reverence which once belonged to Louis XIV. The *patois* remains. The bad farming remains. The manners and sentiments remain untouched by the revolution which in the mother country has obliterated the Bourbon civilization. The ecclesiastical influence remains in full vigour; and the struggle which is at this hour going on between the Jesuits and the Sulpicians in Quebec, is but the renewal of that depicted by Mr. Parkman among the annals of the Old Régime.

A few years ago the people of the State of New York were electrified by the announcement that a colossal statue of extraordinary merit and mysterious origin had been dug up at Onondaga. One theory was that it had been left there by a Jesuit mission. The statue turned out to be the production of some enterprising Yankees, who netted a good many quarter dollars by their skilful exploitation of the appetite of a new country for antiquities. But there had really been a Jesuit mission, and one memorable in the annals of Jesuit daring and fortitude, at Onondaga.

The French settlements and missions at Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec barely dragged on a miserable life under the incessant attacks and frays of the Iroquois. "In the summer of 1653 all Canada turned to fasting and penance, processions, vows, and supplications. The Saints and the Virgin were beset with unceasing prayer. The wretched little colony was like some puny

* The Old Régime in Canada; by Francis Parkman, author of "Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," and "The Discovery of the Great West." Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

garrison, starving and sick, compassed with inveterate foes, supplies cut off and succour hopeless." Montreal, which was the advance guard, was said to subsist only by a continuous miracle. But even at Quebec there was no safety. At Cap Rouge, a few miles above it, Mr. Parkman tells us the Jesuit Poncet saw a poor woman who had a patch of corn beside her cabin, but could find no one to reap it. Going to get help for her he fell into an ambuscade of Iroquois. He was hurried through the forest to the Indian town on the Mohawk. On the way he slept among dank weeds, dropping with the cold dew; frightful colics assailed him as he waded waist-deep through a mountain stream; one of his feet was blistered, and one of his legs benumbed; an Indian snatched away his reliquary, and lost the precious contents. "I had a picture of Saint Ignatius with our Lord bearing the cross, and another of our Lady of Pity surrounded by the five wounds of her son. They were my joy and my consolation. But I hid them in a bush lest the Indians should laugh at them." He kept, however, a little image of the Crown of Thorns, in which he found great comfort, as well as in communion with his patron saints, St. Raphael, St. Martin, and St. Joseph. On one occasion he asked them for something to soothe his thirst, and for a bowl of broth to revive his strength. Scarcely had he framed his petition when an Indian gave him some wild plums, and in the evening, as he lay panting on the ground, another brought him the broth. Weary and forlorn he reached at last the Mohawk town, where he was stripped, forced to run the gauntlet, and then placed on a scaffold of bark surrounded by grinning and mocking savages. As it began to rain they took him into one of their lodges, and there made him dance, sing and perform fantastic tricks for their amusement. He succeeded so poorly that he would have been put to death if a young Huron prisoner had not offered himself to play the buffoon in the Father's place. After he had been left in peace for a time, an old one-eyed Indian approached, took his hands, examined them, selected the left fore-finger, and calling a child four or five years old, gave him a knife and told him to cut it off, which the imp did, the victim meanwhile singing the *Vexilla Regis*. After this they would have burned the Father had not a squaw adopted him. He was taken into the lodge of his new relatives and found himself an Iroquois, stript of every rag of Christian clothing, and attired in leggings, moccasins, and a greasy shirt. This story, which we abridge from Mr. Parkman, is one of a number which prove that the Jesuit fearlessly encountered suffering himself. He seems to have been equally reckless about it in others. According to Mr. Parkman he allowed his Indian converts to torture to death the hostile Iroquois. He cared nothing what might defile the body, and deemed torture a blessing in disguise, and the sure path to Paradise.

Poncet was restored to his friends by the same turn in events which led to the foundation of a mission at Onondaga. The Iroquois went to war with the Eries, and thinking one enemy enough at a time, they made a hollow peace with the French colony. One condition of the peace for which the Iroquois stipulated, with insidious designs, was that a colony should be founded at Onondaga. The daring and sagacious Father La Moyne took his life in his hand and went as pioneer. As he biouvacs at evening on his toilsome road by the lake of St. Louis, we get one of those touches which bring home to us the redeeming charm of the Jesuit missionary's perilous life. A shower of warm rain comes on. The Father, stretched beneath a tree, enjoys the influence of the hour. "It is a pleasure the sweetest and most innocent imaginable, to have no other shelter than trees planted by Nature since the creation of the world." Game then abounded along the St. Lawrence,

and great herds of elk quietly defiled between the water and the woods.

We have not space for Mr. Parkman's strange history of the Jesuit colony at Onondaga. In their intercourse with the savages the Fathers showed at once their intrepidity and their marvellous knowledge of the Indian language and the Indian character. Their life, and that of their French companions, was one of utter horror and of hourly peril, torturings and massacres going on in their presence, and drunken fury, with brandished tomahawks, seething around their abodes. At last the treacherousness of the savages came to a head, and the Fathers became aware that doom impended. It was necessary to fly, but flight, with a pack of human wolves fiercely eyeing them, and ready to fly at their throats, seemed hopeless. Jesuit astuteness found a way. The Indians had a beastly superstition called the Medicine Feast, which the Jesuits had with good reason denounced as diabolical, but in which, with pardonable casuistry, they now found the means of preserving their own lives and those of their companions. A young Frenchman who had been adopted by an Indian chief was instructed to tell his adopted father that it had been revealed to him in a dream that he would soon die unless, to appease the spirits, a medicine feast were held. The rite consisted simply in everybody's eating everything that was set before him till the person for the benefit of whose health the rite was prepared, gave them leave to stop. The Indians were forbidden by their superstition to refuse, though they would have killed the young Frenchman without scruple, and were in fact meditating his destruction. The Fathers prepared the feast, and the guests were gorged, vainly imploring the young Frenchman's permission to stop, till they were absolutely helpless with surfeit, and dropped into sleep or lethargy, soft airs being played on a violin to hasten their ambrosial slumbers. Meanwhile, through the falling snow, boats put out on the half-frozen waters of Lake Onondaga; and when the Indians awoke from their nightmare sleep, the snow having covered the footsteps of the fugitives, not a trace of the colony remained.

The heroism of the male missionaries was rivalled by their female associates. Mr. Parkman gives us the history of three nuns, Sisters Brisoles, Macé, and Maillet, sent out from France by a certain Dauvesière, who seems himself to have been a sactimonious knave, to open an hospital at Montreal. These three martyrs had a stormy voyage in an infected ship. Having landed at Quebec they proceeded to Montreal, the journey then taking fifteen days. Where now the great commercial city of Canada rises in its pride, with ocean steamers lying at its wharves, the nuns then looked on a hamlet of forty small houses running along the river, with a stone windmill, which served also as a fort, and fields around studded with charred stumps, in place of the gardens which now surround the villas of the merchant princes of Montreal. The population consisted of a hundred and sixty men, about fifty of whom had families and were married. Around hovered the Iroquois, ever ready to swoop upon their prey, and whose tomahawks provided hospital nurses with abundant employment. The chamber of the nuns, which they occupied for many years, built of unseasoned planks, let in the Canadian winter through countless cracks and chinks; and the snow drove through in such quantities that they were obliged, after a storm, to remove it with shovels. Their food froze on the table, and their coarse brown bread had to be thawed before they could eat it. They were gentlewomen nurtured in comfort, and one of them had run away from fond and indulgent parents, leaving them in agonies of doubt as to her fate, to immure herself in a convent. This nun had a special devotion for the Infant Jesus, who is said to have inspired with a skill in cookery which enabled her to make good

soup out of lean pork and a few herbs. Having no money, it was by a piece of good luck that the nuns obtained one faithful retainer, who having been cured of an injury under their care, devoted himself to their service for the rest of his days. Montreal was not palisaded, and at first the hospital was as much exposed as the rest. The Iroquois skulked at night among the houses, and sometimes crouched in a growth of rank mustard in the garden of the nuns, hoping that one of them would come within reach of the tomahawk. During summer a night rarely passed without a fight, sometimes within sight of their windows. A burst of yells from the ambushed marksmen, followed by musketry, announced the opening of the fray. Then, as a nun who had joined them after their arrival relates, they bore themselves according to their several natures. She and Sister Brisoles would run to the belfry and ring the tocsin. Sister Maillet would faint, and Sister Macé would remain speechless. They would both get into a corner of the wood-loft, before the Holy Sacrament, so as to be prepared for death, or else go into their cells. This, however, did not hinder Sister Brisoles at least from ministering to the wounded when they were brought in. Not only as nurses, but as religious teachers and general ministers of mercy, the nuns of Montreal have left a bright trace in the records of what may be called our primæval civilization.

It is not wonderful that this life, with its religious fervour and its hourly perils, should have generated a number of miracles, that blazing canoes crossed the skies, and that a landslip along the St. Lawrence should have seemed to the excited imaginations of the people a prodigious earthquake, in which, according to the narrative of a nun, a man ran all night to escape from a fissure in the earth which pursued him as he fled.

The Iroquois might well be regarded as limbs of Satan, and the war against them assumed the character of a crusade. Mr. Parkman has told very gracefully the story of seventeen young Frenchmen who, having bound themselves to each other by religious vows, went up the St. Lawrence to meet the Iroquois, who were then meditating a grand attack upon the colony, and sustained a memorable siege in a palisade against the whole force of the enemy. We were tempted to transcribe this story; but a doubt occurred to us as to the authenticity of the details on which its interest depends. Mr. Parkman has no doubt correctly followed his Jesuit authorities. But all the Frenchmen perished, and the only informants apparently were some Hurons who had deserted before the catastrophe. Even if their knowledge had been more complete, it is hardly credible that these savages should have furnished materials for the exciting and romantic narrative which is reproduced in the pages of Mr. Parkman. There is no doubt, however, that Daulac and his comrades earned the meed of heroes.

During the last period of feudal turbulence, the period of Mazarin and the Fronde, the Colonists were left to their own resources, the French Government having enough to do in maintaining its own existence. But when above the wreck of feudalism rose the despotic and centralized monarchy of Louis XIV., extraordinary energy was inspired (though, as soon appeared, at the cost of the future) into all Departments of the Administration, and the Colonial Department among the rest. The Governor, Tracy, brought out with him a glittering retinue of young French nobles, gorgeous in ribbons, lace, and wigs, who formed a procession of unwonted splendour, when they marched up the hill at Quebec. What was more to the purpose, he brought with him a French regiment. It was now determined to strike a telling blow against the savages, and an expedition of thirteen hundred men was organized under Tracy himself, against the Mohawk towns. It was about as hard a service as ever men went on. The expedition set out on the day of the Exaltation

of the Cross, which might be a day of good omen for a holy war, but was rather late in the season. It crossed Lake Champlain, and then embarked on Lake George. "It was the first," says Mr. Parkman, "of the warlike pageants that have made that fair scene historic. October had begun, and the romantic wilds breathed the buoyant life of the most inspiring of American seasons, when the blue-jay screams from the woods; the wild-duck splashes along the lake; and the echoes of distant mountains prolong the quavering cry of the coon; when weather-stained rocks are plumed with the fiery crimson of the sumac, the claret hues of young oaks, the amber and scarlet of the maple, and the sober purple of the ash; or when gleams of sunlight, shot aslant through the rents of cool autumnal clouds, cleave fitfully along the glowing sides of painted mountains. Amid this gorgeous euthanasia of the dying season, the three hundred boats and canoes trailed in long procession up the lake, threaded the labyrinth of the Narrows, that sylvan fairy-land of tufted islets and quiet waters, and landed at length where Fort William Henry was afterwards built." So far all was poetry. But for the rest of the march, the account of which we abridge from Mr. Parkman, the poetry was mingled with very grim prose. A hundred miles of forest, swamps, rivers and mountains, still lay between the troops and the Mohawk towns. The Indian path was narrow, broken, full of gullies and pit-falls, crossed by streams and interrupted by a lake which had to be passed on rafts. The troops were full of religious ardour, and deemed themselves on the road to Paradise, but their zeal was severely tried. Officers as well as men carried loads on their backs, whence arose a large blister on the shoulders of the Chevalier de Chaumont, unused to to such burdens. Tracy, old, heavy, and infirm, was seized with the gout, and narrowly escaped drowning while a Swiss soldier was trying to carry him on his shoulders over a rapid stream. Courcelles, the second in command, was attacked with cramp. Provisions gave out, and the men fainted with hunger. The Montreal soldiers had for chaplain a sturdy priest, Dollier de Casson, whose usually gigantic strength was exhausted by loss not only of food but of sleep, as he had to listen to confessions by night, a circumstance which signally displays the devout character of the soldiery. Nevertheless, he bore up with a light heart, and made a gallant effort to rescue a servant of the Jesuits from drowning, for which a grateful Jesuit requited him with a morsel of bread. A wood of chesnut trees at length stayed the hunger of the famished troops. As they approached the lower Mohawk town, a storm of wind and rain set in; but anxious to surprise the enemy, the troops pushed on all night, "amid the moan and roar of the forest; over slippery logs, tangled roots and oozy mosses; under dripping boughs, and through saturated bushes." The movement was successful. When the attack commenced with the beating of twenty drums, a panic seized the Indians, who took the drums for devils, and the savage strongholds all fell into the hands of the French. It is needless to say that the victory, which gave peace to the colony, was attributed by the religious to miracle.

There was a darker side to the religious portion of the picture. There were incessant strugglings and manœuvrings of Jesuit against Sulpician, and, what was the same thing, of Ultramontane against Gallican. In this respect the Quebec and Montreal of the seventeeth century were the Quebec and Montreal of the present day. Such was the spirit which animated these contests that Mr. Parkman pronounces the self-devotion of the ecclesiastics to have been equalled only by their disingenuousness. First among the religious figures is that of Laval, who, by the aid of the Jesuits and of that party in the Council of the French King which ultimately found an organ in Madame

de Maintenon, and impelled the King to the Dragonnades, was enabled to make himself ecclesiastical, and to a great extent political dictator of New France. It is needless to say that the founder of Laval University is still the hero and almost the Patron Saint of Catholicism in Quebec. But under the free though judicial treatment of Mr. Parkman, the aureole of the Saint certainly grows dim. The religious leader of New France happened to be born a Catholic; had he happened to be born a Protestant, he would have been as bigoted a Puritan as he was an Ultramontane, and his grim form would soon have been seen among the witch-burning fanatics of New England. He was, in fact, a Catholic Cotton Mather. How often, in reading history, do we recognize the same character under uniforms of different colours and in opposite ranks? There are several portraits of Laval. "A drooping nose of portentous size; a well-formed forehead; a brow strongly arched; a bright, clear eye; scanty hair, half hidden by a black skull-cap; thin lips, compressed and rigid, betraying a spirit not easy to move or convince; features of that indescribable cast which marks the priestly type; such is Laval, as he looks grimly down on us from the dingy canvas of two centuries ago." He belonged to one of the first families in France, which gave an immense leverage to his Saintship under the old régime. He had been trained in what the preacher of his funeral sermon calls "the terrestrial Paradise" of Bernières, the head of a religious establishment called the Hermitage, at Caen, and had there drunk the lees of a fanaticism which rivalled not only in self-torture, but in filthiness, the practices of the Indian Fakir. A party of enthusiasts, men and women, marched along the highway in a phrenzy of self-mortification, the priests with the skirts of their cassocks drawn over their heads and tied about their necks with twisted straw, the women with their heads bare and their hair streaming loose over their shoulders. "They picked up filth on the road, and rubbed their faces with it, and the most zealous ate it, saying that it was necessary to mortify the taste. Some held stones in their hands, which they knocked together to draw the attention of the passers-by. They had a leader whom they were bound to obey: and when this leader saw any mud hole particularly deep and dirty, he commanded some of the party to roll themselves in it, which they did forthwith." The main object of these displays seems to have been to excite popular feeling against the Jansenists. Laval himself, when Bishop of Quebec, thought it meritorious to sleep on a bed full of fleas; and his admiring, or rather worshipping, servant deposes that he had known him keep cooked meat five, six, seven, or even eight days in the heat of summer, and when it was all mouldy and wormy, wash it in warm water and eat it, saying that it was very good. Fanatic and enthusiast as he was, however, Laval had a strong practical character, with great tenacity of purpose, and was in every way fitted for the struggle with rival powers, political and ecclesiastical, in which a large part of his life was passed. His ascetic humility by no means prevented his being extremely fond of power, which he of course always seemed to himself to be using in furtherance of the Divine will. It is thus that ambition finds a seat in the breasts of those who have most ostentatiously renounced the pomps and vanities of the world. Fanaticism had told on him in another respect, as it told even on the essentially social as well as lofty character of Cromwell, by confusing his moral sense and making him think that all means were good provided they conduced to objects identified by his religious egotism with the service of God. When empowered to name a Council, he put in not merely incompetent men, because they were his tools, but men charged with grave offences, and by so doing left himself, in Mr. Parkman's impartial judg-

ment, without excuse, and gave a color to the assertion that he made up the Council expressly to shield the accused and smother the accusation. According to Argenson, Laval had said, "A bishop can do what he likes," and his action answered reasonably well to his words. He thought himself above human law. In vindicating the assumed rights of the Church, he invaded the rights of others, and used means from which a healthy conscience would have shrunk. All his thoughts and sympathies had run from childhood in ecclesiastical channels, and he cared for nothing outside the church. Prayer, meditation and asceticism had leavened and moulded him. During four years he had been steeped in the mysticism of the hermitage, which had for its aim the annihilation of self, and through self-annihilation the absorption into God. He had passed from a life of visions to a life of action. Earnest to fanaticism, he saw but one great object, the glory of God on earth. He was penetrated by the poisonous casuistry of the Jesuits, based on the assumption that all means are permitted when the end is the service of God; and as Laval in his own opinion was always doing the service of God, while his opponents were always doing that of the devil, he enjoyed in the use of means a latitude of which we have seen him avail himself." As this idea, with regard to the relation between Church and State, Mr. Parkman, is able, curiously enough, to express in the very words of the sermon recently preached from a Montreal pulpit by the Jesuit Father Braun: "The supremacy and infallibility of the Pope; the independence and liberty of the Church; *the subordination and submission of the State to the Church:* in case of conflict between them, the Church to decide, the State to submit; for whoever follows and defends these principles, life and a blessing; for whoever rejects and combats them, death and a curse."

In his struggle with the State represented by the Governor, Laval, as might have been expected from the influences prevalent at the time, came off victorious, and confirmed the priestly domination at Quebec. Two Governors who had crossed him were recalled, and one of them, Mezy, died in a state of spiritual agony, making the most prostrate submission to his enemy. Some of the points at issue seem ludicrously small. There is a question about the relative seats of the Governor and the Bishop in Church and at table; a question whether, at the Christmas midnight mass, incense shall be offered to the Governor as well as to the Bishop by the Deacon himself, or by a subordinate; a question (which led to a bitter quarrel) whether the priests of the choir should receive incense before the Governor; a question (again leading to violent language) whether the Governor should be church-warden *ex-officio;* a question whether on occasion of the "solemn catechism" the children should salute the bishop, as he insisted, before saluting the governor, which led to the whipping of two unfortunate infants who had innocently decided the point of etiquette the wrong way; a question whether when consecrated bread was offered to the governor, it should be done with the sound of drum and fife. Mr. Parkman, however, is right in saying, as he does in effect, that in a society governed by forms, forms were substances, and really determined the relations between the Church and the State in the minds of the people.

In one of these struggles, the ecclesiastics certainly had right upon their side, though they perhaps committed excesses of zeal—the struggle against the sale of brandy, which was the moral ruin of the people, turned the Indians into demons, and played havoc with the whole colony. Yet this was about the only conflict in which the church was unsuccessful. The Intendant Talon, despairing of eradicating the habit of brandy drinking directly, tried a counter-charm by setting up a brewery, with the approval of Colbert, who laid it down with doubtful

correctness, that "the vice of drunkenness would thereafter cause no more scandal by reason of the cold nature of beer."

"The Canadian priests," says Mr. Parkman, held the manners of the colony under a rule as rigid as that of the Puritan Churches of New England, but with the difference that in Canada a large part of the population was restive under their control, while some of the civil authorities, often with the Governor at their head, supported the Opposition. Dances, private theatricals, and excessive gaiety in dress, were the objects of denunciation. Low dresses and certain knots of ribbons, called *fontanges*, with which the belles of Quebec adorned their heads, were visited with special wrath. The morals of families were watched with lynx-eyed vigilance. A pleasure party or a game of cards called down the thunders of the pulpit. Masqueraders were excommunicated. La Motte-Condillac, a gentleman apparently addicted to pleasure, has imparted his sorrows to posterity. "Neither men of honour nor men of parts are endured in Canada; nobody can live there but simpletons and slaves of the ecclesiastical domination. The Count *(Frontenac)* would not have so many troublesome affairs on his hands if he had not abolished a Jericho, in the shape of a house built by Messieurs of the Seminary of Montreal, to shut up, as they said, girls who caused scandal; if he had allowed them to take officers and soldiers to go into houses at midnight and carry off women from their husbands, and whip them till the blood flowed, because they had been at a ball or wore a mask; if he had said nothing against the curés who went the rounds with the soldiers and compelled the women and children to shut themselves up in their houses at nine o'clock of summer evenings; if he had forbidden the wearing of lace, and made no objection to the refusal of the communion to women of quality because they wore a *fontange;* if he had not opposed ex-communications flung about without sense or reason; if, I say, the Count had been of this way of thinking, he would have stood as a non-pareil, and have been put very soon on the list of Saints, for Saint-making is cheap in this country." The confessional was also vigorously worked, and formed a very effective instrument of the social inquisition. "They will confess nobody till he tells his name, and no servant till he tells the name of his master. When a crime is confessed, they insist on having the name of the accomplices, as well as all the circumstances, with the greatest particularity. Father Chatelain especially never fails to do this. They enter as it were by force into the secrets of families, and thus make themselves formidable; for what cannot be done by a clever man devoted to his work, who knows all the secrets of every family; above all, when he permits himself to tell them when it is for his interest to do so?" These are the words of recalcitrants no doubt, but still of Catholics, and of men who could not fail to be well informed as to the facts. And what Protestant has said anything more severe?

The form of society conferred on the colony was like that of the mother country, an emasculated and essentially obsolete feudalism, with a noblesse full of pride and sloth, who became mendicants or bushrangers, and with that system of seignorial tenures which was happily abolished in our own day. The Government, under the military forms of feudalism, represented by the governor, was a bureaucratic despotism, administered through the Intendant, and penetrating, with the most searching and tyrannical minuteness, into all the recesses of private and industrial life. The commercial policy was protection with a vengeance—not the mere adjustment of tariff which is falsely called by the name, but the system of exclusion and monopoly which seemed economical wisdom in the days of Colbert. The very mode of increasing the population was that of breed-

ing under the king's command and the direction of his ministers, with royal bounties for fecundity and royal penalties for celibacy. The result was failure, political, social, industrial and commercial, as complete as was possible in the case of a hardy, enterprising and intelligent race. "A happier calamity never befell a people than the conquest of Canada by the British arms." Such are the words with which Mr. Parkman concludes his history of French Canada under the old régime.

## WELCOME TO WINTER.

NOW, with wild and windy roar,
Stalwart Winter comes once more,—
O'er our roof-tree thunders loud,
And from edges of black cloud
Shakes his beard of hoary gold,
Like a tangled torrent rolled
Down the sky-rifts, clear and cold!

Hark his trumpet summons rings,
Potent as a warrior-king's;
Till the forces of our blood
Rise to lusty hardihood,
And our summer's languid dreams
Melt, like form-wreaths, down the streams,
When the fierce northeasters roll,
Raving from the frozen pole.

Nobler hopes, and keener life,
Quicken in his breath of strife;
Through the snow-storms and the sleet
On he stalks with armèd feet,
While the sounding clash of hail
Clanging on his icy mail,
Stirs whate'er of generous might
Time hath left us in his flight,
And our yearning pulses thrill
For some grand achievement still!

Lord of ice-bound sea and land,
Let me grasp thy kingly hand,—
And from thy great heart and bold,
Hecla-warm, though all is cold
Round about thee, catch the fire
Of my lost youth's brave desire;
Let me,—in the war with wrong,—
Like thy storms, be swift and strong,—
Gloomy griefs, and coward cares,
Broods of 'wildering, dark despairs,
Making all life's glory dim,—
Let me rend them, limb from limb,
As the forest boughs are rent
When thou wak'st the firmament,
And with savage shriek and groan
All the wildwood's overthrown!

—*Paul H. Hayne.*

# THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

*(From the French of M. Edmond About.)*

*(Concluded.)*

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FLIGHT.

IN the midst of our farewell speeches the ladies' maid came to pray them not to forget her, and although she had proved far from useful, Madame Simons cordially regretted her utter inability to remunerate the girl for her services. She begged me to relate to the king how she had been robbed of her money. Hadgi-Stavros merely shrugged his shoulders and muttered between his teeth: "This Périclès! . . . bad education . . the city . . court life. . . I should have been prepared for this." He added aloud: "Request these ladies not to trouble themselves; it was I who furnished them with a maid, and it is my duty to pay her. Tell them that should they require funds to return to town my purse is at their disposal. I will have them escorted to the foot of the mountain, although they are in no danger whatever. They will find breakfast, horses, and a guide at the village of Castia; everything is provided and paid for. Do you think they would honour me by shaking hands in token of reconciliation?"

Both ladies shook hands, first with the king and then with me. Madame Simons said to me at parting: "Be of good cheer, my dear sir." Mary Anne did not utter a word.

When the last man of the escort had disappeared, Hadgi-Stavros took me aside and said: "You must have been guilty of some awkwardness?"

"Alas! I answered, I have not been very skilful."

"The ransom has not been paid, but it will be doubtless, for the ladies seem on the best of terms with you."

"Be easy, at the expiration of three days I will be far from the *Parnès*."

"So much the better, for I am in great need of money as you well know."

"Surely you need not complain after having just collected a hundred thousand francs."

"No, only ninety thousand, the priest has already deducted his tithe; and of the balance there will not be twenty thousand francs fall to my share. Our expenses are considerable I assure you."

"Did you ever happen to lose money in any of your transactions?"

"Once! I had just got possession of fifty thousand francs for the society, and one of my secretaries, whom I have hanged since, fled to Thessaly with the cash-box. I had to cover the deficit, for I am responsible. My share amounted to seven thousand francs, consequently my loss was forty-three thousand. But the scoundrel who robbed me paid dearly for it. I punished him according to the Persian mode. Before hanging him, his every tooth was extracted in succession and driven into his skull with a hammer. I am by no means ill-natured, but I never permit myself to be wronged."

I rejoiced that this man, who was by no means ill-natured, should lose eighty thousand francs in Madame Simons' ransom. and that the news of the loss would reach him when my teeth and skull were no longer within his reach. He caught my arm in a friendly way, saying:

"How will you manage to kill time until you take leave of us? You will doubtless miss the ladies, and the house will seem too large.

Do you care to see the newspapers from Athens? Here they are, the monk brought them; for me they possess little or no interest."

The papers contained glowing descriptions of various victories gained over the brigands and of their dispersion. I laid them aside, and while waiting the reappearance of the king, meditated on the position in which Madame Simons had left me, and formed a plan for my escape. Decidedly it was glorious to owe my liberation to myself alone, and better far to quit my prison by means of a stroke of courage than by a scholarly trick. I might in the course of twenty-four hours become a hero of romance, an object of admiration to all the young ladies of Europe. There could be no manner of doubt but that Mary Anne would be seized with passionate love for me on beholding me safe after so perilous an escape as mine must of necessity be. Yet my foot might slip in the formidable slide I contemplated! Were I to break an arm or leg would my idol still smile on a lame or one-armed hero? Besides, I must rely on being watched night and day, and my plan, however ingenious, could only be executed upon the death of my guardian. Killing a man is no small matter—even for a Doctor. It would be difficult to procure a weapon, and still more difficult to make use of it. After due reflection I began to think my future mother-in-law had acted rather coolly towards her prospective son-in-law. It would cost her but little to send me fifteen thousand francs for my ransom—she might deduct them from her daughter's dowry! I presently began to abuse Madame Simons as cordially as the greater number of sons-in-law abuse their mothers-in-law all over the civilised globe.

Hadgi-Stavros changed my ideas on the subject of escape, by putting within my reach far more simple and less dangerous means. The king arrived just as I was yawning wearily.

"You feel dull," said he, "you have been reading too long. I myself can never open a book without endangering my jaws, and I see with pleasure that Doctors can no more withstand it than I. But why do you not employ your time better? You came here to pick flowers on the mountain; would you not like to go on excursions, under supervision of course? Should you happen to meet with a strange and beautiful flower, unknown in your country, you must give it my name, and call it the 'Queen of the Mountains.'"

Truly, thought I, were I but a league from here between two brigands, it would not be so very difficult to outstrip them; danger would double my strength and speed. He runs best who has the greatest interest in running!

I gladly accepted the king's offer, and ere the meeting separated he placed me in charge of two life-guardsmen, with this simple recommendation:

"This milord is worth fifteen thousand francs! If you lose him you will either forfeit that sum or replace him."

My acolytes were in no manner disabled; they had neither wounds nor bruises—it was extremely improbable that they would be easily fatigued; and it was with some regret I perceived two long pistols in their girdles. Spite of all, however, my courage did not fail, and strapping my box on my shoulders I started.

"I wish you a pleasant excursion!" shouted the king after me.

"Adieu, Sire!"

"Not adieu, if you please! *Au revoir!*"

I led my companions in the direction of Athens, as they did not hesitate to let me select my own paths. These brigands were better mannered than the gendarmes of Périclès, and gave me all reasonable latitude; they herborized for the evening meal, while I, on my part, pretended great eagerness at my work; rooting up to right and left, and feigning to select a blade of grass and place it very carefully in my box, but taking good care not to overload myself.

Though my attention was seemingly all bestowed on the ground, it may easily be conceived that under existing circumstances I was simply a prisoner and not a botanist. Doubtless Pellissier would not have amused himself with spiders had he possessed a nail with which to saw asunder his iron bars. Possibly, on this memorable day, I may have met flowers unknown, which might have made the fortune of a naturalist; certainly I passed by a splendid specimen of the *boryana variabilis*, which, as it weighed half a pound, I did not even honour with a glance. I saw but two things: Athens in the horizon, and the brigands by my side. I watched their eyes in hopes of discovering some inattention on their part, but all in vain; whether gathering their salad or watching the flight of vultures, one eye was sure to be directed towards me. At last it occurred to me to invent some occupation for them. We were in a straight path evidently leading towards Athens; to my right was a beautiful shrub of the yellow broom which Providence had caused to grow on the summit of a large rock. Feigning great anxiety to possess the plant, I several times endeavoured to scale the steep declivity, setting about the attempt so awkwardly, however, that one of my guardians, taking pity on me, offered to let me mount on his shoulders. This was not exactly what I wanted, but while compelled to accept his services, I managed, with a blow from my spiked shoes, to wound him so severely that he howled with pain and let me fall to the ground. His companion feeling interested in my success, said, "Wait a moment, I will mount in the milord's place, as I have no spikes in my shoes." No sooner said than done, he leaped on his comrade's shoulders, seized the plant by the stalk, gave a tug, a shake, pulled it out by the root, turned, and uttered a cry. But I had already started on a run, and did not look round, and their stupefaction gave me a few seconds start. Without wasting time in fruitless accusations, the brigands set off in hot pursuit, and soon their steps were quite audible. I redoubled my speed; the road was good, and even as if made for flight, and we were going down a slope. I continued my way desperately, my arms glued to my body, never feeling the stones which rolled on my heels, or even looking where I placed my feet. But oh! the sound of those four relentless feet behind fatigued my ears. Suddenly they halt—I hear them no longer, can they be tired of the pursuit? Ten paces in front I see a small cloud of dust, two detonations resounding at the same moment. The brigands had fired! I had passed unscathed through the enemy's fire and was still running. The pursuit recommenced, two panting voices cry, "Halt! halt!" I lose the track, run on heedless of every obstacle, leap a ditch wide as a small river, which bars my way, and—I am saved! No! At the moment when freedom is almost won, an unfortunate fall decides my fate. The brigands gain upon me. Five minutes later they had caught up to me, placed handcuffs on my wrists, fetters on my feet, and were driving and pushing me towards the camp of Hadgi-Stavros.

The king received me like a bankrupt robbed of fifteen thousand francs. "Sir," said he, "I had formed a very different opinion of you. I believed myself a judge of men, but your physiognomy has strangely deceived me; I should never have thought you capable of injuring us, especially after my behaviour towards you. It cannot be matter of surprise if henceforth I adopt severe measures. You will remain a prisoner in your tent until further orders, where one of my officers will keep guard over you. This is merely a precaution; in case of a second offence you must be prepared for chastisement. Vasile, to you I commit the charge of this gentleman." Vasile saluted me with his customary politeness.

The three days spent in my allotted chamber were fearfully dull and tedious. Vasile bore me no malice; on the contrary

he had a sort of sympathy for me. His friendly demonstrations, however, troubled and annoyed me a hundred times more than ill-treatment would have done. Ere day began to break he wished me good morning, at night-fall he never failed wishing me a long list of blessings; in the midst of a sound sleep he would waken me to ascertain whether I was sufficiently covered. I desperately resisted all his friendly overtures, being by no means anxious to shake hands with a man upon whose death I had decided. As far as possible I hesitated to act treacherously, and wished to put him on his guard by my hostile and threatening demeanour. All this time I carefully watched my opportunity for escape, and here his friendship, more powerful than hatred, added to my difficulty.

What distressed me most of all was his confidence in me. One day I expressed a desire to examine his weapons, and he instantly placed his dagger in my hand. I drew it from its sheath, felt the point on my finger, then directed it against his chest, selecting the proper spot between the fourth and fifth ribs. He smilingly said: "Do not bear upon the blade, else you will kill me and lose your guardian!"

I could not have murdered him under such circumstances—it would have been impossible to stand his last look; better strike my blow at night. Unfortunately instead of secreting his weapons he placed them ostentatiously between his bed and mine. Finally I bethought me of a method of conducting the preparations for my flight without either waking or killing him. On Ascension Day I had observed that Vasile was fond of drink, and that it soon got into his head. I invited him to dine with me, which token of goodwill greatly overpowered him. Ægina wine did the rest.

Although I was no longer honoured by visits from Hadgi-Stavros since I had lost his esteem, he yet treated me generously; my table was better supplied than his own, and I might every day have consumed a leathern bottle of wine and small cask of *rhaki*. Vasile commenced his repast with touching humility, keeping three feet from the table, like a peasant invited by his lord; by degrees the wine brought him closer. At eight o'clock he began explaining his character; at nine he related his youthful adventures; at ten he became philanthropic, his adamantine heart was dissolved in *rhaki* as the pearl of Cleopatra in vinegar. He swore to me that it was for love of humanity that he had turned brigand, that he was desirous of making a fortune in the course of ten years, with which to found a hospital, and then to retire himself into a convent on Mount Athos. He promised to remember me in his prayers. Soon he lost his voice, his head rolled from side to side, he stretched out his hand, and in the act of grasping mine fell down in a sleep sound as that of the Egyptian sphynx.

I had not a moment to lose now: taking his pistol I hurled it into the ravine, but retained the dagger for use. The hands of my watch pointed to eleven. I extinguished the fires that had served to illuminate our table, fearing they might attract the king's notice; this done, I turned all my attention to my work. The night was fine, and although there was no moon the stars were numerous and bright. My plan was, by building a temporary dam, to turn the waters of the rivulet into what must have been its original bed, and thus leave the waterfall course dry and free for my escape. By careful examination on a previous occasion I had discovered that the chamber where we were lodged was nothing else than the bed of a dried-up lake. It was an easy matter to cut strips of turf with which to build my dam, and soon I had prepared a sufficient supply. Novice as I was, the stream was stopped in the space of twenty-five minutes. It was now a quarter to one. The noise of the waterfall was followed by a silence so profound that I was seized with

awe. Doubtless the king, like all old men, slept lightly, and this unnatural silence might wake him. I glided among the trees as far as the staircase, and cast a glance over the apartment of Hadgi-Stavros. The king was sleeping peacefully by the side of his *chibougdi;* I went further, to within twenty paces of his fir-tree—everything slept. Returning to my tent I took my tin box and strapped it on my shoulders, and on passing the place where we had dined took up part of a loaf of bread and some meat which the water had not yet reached; these provisions I placed in the box for next day's breakfast. The dam was good and the breeze must have helped to dry my road. It was now close upon two o'clock. Taking off my shoes I knotted them together by their laces and slung them to my box, then I stretched one leg over the parapet, seized hold of a shrub overhanging the abyss, and commenced my perilous voyage. My judgment of distances had been by no means correct; the points of support were few and far between. Hope often forsook me, though not my will. My foot slipped. I mistook a shadow for a ledge and fell a distance of from fifteen to twenty feet without finding anything to seize hold of. The root of a fig-tree finally caught in the sleeve of my coat. A little further on a bird, cowering in a hole, escaped so suddenly that the fright nearly caused me to fall backwards. I walked on my hands and feet, especially on my hands, my nails were aching cruelly and I felt my every nerve quivering.

At length my feet rested on a wider platform, and it seemed to me the earth was of a different colour. I was only ten feet from the river, having reached the red rocks. I took out my watch; it was only half-past two o'clock, but to me it seemed as if my journey had lasted three nights. I raised my eyes, not yet to thank Heaven, but merely to ascertain whether all was quiet in my former domicile, and only heard the drops of water filtering through my dam. All went well, I knew where to find Athens. Farewell, then, to the King of the Mountains!

In the act of leaping to the bottom of the ravine I beheld a whitish form standing in front of me, and heard the most furious barking which ever yet woke the echoes at such an hour. Alas! I had completely forgotten the king's dogs. These enemies of man prowled round the camp at all hours, and one of them had scented me. I should have infinitely preferred finding myself face to face with a wolf, a tiger, or a white bear—all noble animals, who would have devoured me without lodging information against me. I had some provisions and offered them to the brute, only regretting I had not a hundred times more. At first I threw down half my supply of bread—he swallowed it like a whirlpool; looking piteously at the small portion left, I perceived a small white parcel in my box which inspired me with a new idea. It was a supply of arsenic, destined for my zoological discoveries; there was no law, however, forbidding my devoting a few grains of it to a dog. "Wait," said I to my insatiable enemy, "wait and you shall have a dish prepared after a recipe of my own!" The package contained about thirty-five grains of a beautiful white powder; of these I poured five or six into a small quantity of water, and replaced the remainder in my pocket. After waiting until the poison was well dissolved in the water, I soaked a piece of bread in it, and throwing it to the dog had the satisfaction of seeing it swallowed instantly.

It was three o'clock past, and the effect of my invention was taking long to develop itself. About half-past three the dog began to howl furiously—barking, howling, cries of fury or anguish all went to the same goal, *i. e.*, the ears of Hadgi-Stavros. Soon the animal writhed in horrible convulsions, foamed, and made violent efforts to get rid of the poison. This was to me a pleasant spectacle—my enemy's death alone would

save me, and death seemed to require great entreaties. I hoped that, overcome by agony, he would let me pass, but he appeared implacable. The sky began to grow light; in another hour the brigands would be in pursuit! Raising my eyes towards the cursed chamber I had left without thought of ever returning, a formidable waterfall upset me, face downwards.

Pieces of turf, pebbles and fragments of rock rolled round me with a torrent of icy water. The dam was broken, and the entire lake was pouring down on my head. I quaked with fear; my blood ran cold. The dog was still at the foot of the rock, struggling with death, his eyes glued on me. I must put an end to this, so detaching my box and holding it by the straps, I struck the hideous animal so forcibly that he had to yield me the field of battle; the torrent swept him off I know not whither. Jumping into the water and holding on to the rocks, at last I reached the shore.

Four brigands seemed to spring out of the ground and seized me by the collar. "We have secured him! the king will be pleased! Vasile will be avenged!"

It seems that without either knowing or desiring it I had drowned my friend Vasile.

At that time I had not yet killed any one. Vasile was my first! Since then I have knocked down many, though always in self-defence, but Vasile is the only one who caused me any remorse, although his end was the result of innocent imprudence. No assassin could ever have hung his head more humbly than I did; I dared not raise my eyes to the brave men who had arrested me, I had not the strength to encounter their reproving glances; I dreaded having to appear before my judge in presence of my victim. How face the king after this act? How gaze upon the inanimate body of the unfortunate Vasile!

I traversed the deserted camp, the king's chamber, and descended, or rather fell, to the foot of the staircase leading to my room. The waters had retired, leaving spots of mud on every wall and tree. The brigands, the king and the monk were kneeling in a circle round a grey, slimy object, the sight of which caused my hair to stand on end. It was Vasile!

A growl of evil omen saluted my approach. Hadgi-Stavros advanced towards me, and seizing me violently by the wrist, hurled me into the centre of the group almost on the body of my victim. "See!" he exclaimed in thundering accents, "see what you have done! rejoice over your work! Who would have believed, the day on which I received you here, that I opened my doors to an assassin?"

I stammered some excuses, endeavouring to prove that I was guilty only of imprudence. I blamed myself severely for having intoxicated my guard, but I defended myself against the charge of assassination. Was it not amply proved that I wished him no ill by the fact that I had not wounded him when in possession of his weapons, and he dead drunk?

"Unfortunate man," said the king, "are you aware how excellent a being you have deprived of life? Courage and devotion are hereditary in his family. Vasile never failed in his religious duties, he gave to the church and the poor; he would sooner have died than violate the laws of fasting and abstinence. He was saving his money so as to retire into a convent. Were you aware of this?"

I humbly acknowledged that I knew it.

"He was the very impersonification of devotion, zeal and obedience; no work was too rude for him. He would have butchered the whole kingdom had I ordered him to do it! Poor Vasile! Who will replace you? Be comforted my poor friend, you shall be avenged! Were I to give ear to my grief alone I would offer to your ghost the head of the murderer; but that head is worth fifteen thousand francs, and the thought makes me forbear. Could you, as of yore,

take a part in our council, you would be first to advise me to spare his life, and forego so expensive a vengeance."

He hesitated a moment and I drew my breath.

"But," resumed the king, "I will endeavour to reconcile interest with justice, and chastise the guilty without risking the capital. His punishment will be the finest ornament of your obsequies, and from the height whither your soul has flown you will contemplate with delight the expiatory torment."

I was at a loss to divine what punishment the king had in store for me; my teeth chattered with fear, and the old scoundrel refused to enlighten me as to the torment he destined for me. He had so little sympathy with my anguish that he even compelled me to be present at his lieutenant's funeral.

The corpse was first carefully washed in the stream. The king and his *cafedgi* proceeded to attend to his toilet; they dressed him in a fine linen shirt, cambric shirt, and embroidered silk vest. His damp hair was covered by a cap, and his legs were encased in red silk gaiters and Turkish slippers of Russia leather. In all his life poor Vasile had never been so clean or so well-dressed. During all this time the brigands' orchestra was playing a lugubrious air.

Four brigands set about digging a grave on the site of Madame Simons' tent, on the very spot where Mary Anne had slept. Two others went in search of tapers, which they distributed among the by-standers, I receiving one along with the others. The priest began singing the funeral service, Hadgi-Stavros reciting the responses. When the last prayer had been offered, the king solemnly approached the litter on which the body lay, and kissed it on the lips. One by one the brigands followed his example. I shuddered at the thought that my turn must come, and hid behind such as had already played their part, but the king perceived me and said: "It is your turn now; proceed, you surely owe him that mark of respect."

Approaching the litter I gazed upon the face whose open eyes seemed to mock me; I stooped and touched his lips. A facetious brigand pressed his hand on the nape of my neck, and my mouth was flattened against those cold lips; I felt the contact of the icy teeth, and rose filled with horror. When the body was lowered into the grave they threw in flowers, a loaf of bread, an apple, and some drops of Ægina wine, and then filled it hastily. One of the brigands observed that they would require two sticks to form a cross, whereupon Hadgi-Stavros replied: "Be easy, the milord's sticks will be placed on his grave. Then he made a sign to his *chibougdi* who ran to the offices, and returned with two long switches cut from the laurel tree. The king, reading in my eyes an interrogation full of fear and anguish, turned towards me saying:

"For the last few days you have evinced a mania for escape, but I trust that after having received twenty blows on the soles of your feet you will no longer require a guard, and your love of travelling will be calmed for a time. I know the torture of this punishment, to which the Turks subjected me in my youth; it does not kill, but Vasile will hear your shrieks in his grave and be comforted."

On hearing this speech my first idea was to make use of my legs so long as they were still at my disposal, but ere I could put one in front of the other I was seized, bound, and deprived of shoes and stockings. I cannot say how my feet were supported, or how hindered from being drawn to my head after the first blow. I saw the switches turning in the air and closed my eyes. Assuredly I had not to wait the tenth part of a second, and yet I had time to send a benediction to my father, a kiss to Mary Anne, and ten thousand curses to be shared between Madame Simons and John Harris. My courage was sufficient to prevent my scream-

ing on receipt of the two first blows ; I yelled at the third, roared at the fourth, and moaned at each successive one until too weak to utter another cry. Though unable to raise my eyelids the slightest sound was distinctly audible, I did not lose a word of what was said around me. One young brigand said to the king : " He is dead, why further fatigue these men ? " Hadgi-Stavros replied : " Do not be afraid, I received sixty blows and danced the *Romaïque* two days after."

Suffering had well nigh paralysed me. They lifted me off the litter, untied the cords and enveloped my feet in compresses of cold water, and, as I was suffering from intense thirst, they made me drink a glass of wine. Wrath and indignation returned simultaneously with consciousness. The feelings of outraged dignity and violated justice breathed into my feeble body a swelling of hatred, revolt and vengeance. Forgetful alike of interest, prudence, future, I gave utterance to all the truths which were stifling me ; a perfect torrent of abuse poured from my lips ; indignation lent me a sort of savage eloquence for the space of a quarter of an hour. I told the King of the Mountains everything that could outrage a man in his pride, in his love, in his dearest sentiments. It would be impossible to repeat all I compelled him to hear, but in vain I watched for any signs of emotion. His behaviour exasperated me. I rose on my wounded feet, and catching sight of a pistol in the belt of one of the brigands I seized, aimed, and fired it off, then fell backwards exclaiming : " I am avenged ! "

The king himself raised me. I gazed at him stupefied as profoundly as if I had seen him emerge from the lower regions. He did not appear moved, and smiled tranquilly as an immortal. And yet my ball had hit him, but whether the weapon had been badly loaded, or the powder bad, or whether the shot had slipped on the bone of his skull, it only left a mark on the skin.

The invulnerable wretch seated me gently on the ground, stooped towards me, and pulling my ear said : " Young man, why do you attempt the impossible ? I told you I was ball-proof, and I never lie. Did they not relate to you that Ibrahim had me shot by seven Egyptians and yet did not get my skin. I owe you no grudge, and forgive your little burst of anger. Seeing, however, that all my subjects are not ball-proof, and that you might feel tempted to give way to some other imprudent act, we will apply to your hands the same treatment your feet have just undergone. Nothing hinders us from beginning at once, but in the interest of your health we will wait until to-morrow. Thoughts of the coming event will occupy you meanwhile. Prisoners never know how to employ their time ; it was idleness which put these wrong ideas into your head. Let your mind be at rest however, I will heal your wounds so soon as your ransom arrives."

Shaking my fist in the old villain's face, I shrieked : " Miserable man, my ransom will never be paid, *never !* I asked money from no one ; you will only get my head, and that is valueless. Take it now if it seem good to you ; it will be rendering us both a service, it will spare me two weeks' torture and the disgust of seeing you."

He smiled, shrugged his shoulders and replied : " Tut, tut ! the English ladies will pay. I understand women though I have been living out of the world so long."

" Ah ! you believe that the English ladies paid you ! Yes, they paid you as you deserve to be paid ! "

" You are very kind."

" Their ransom will cost you eighty thousand francs, do you hear ? Eighty thousand francs out of your own pocket ! "

" Do not speak in that way ; any one would think the cane had struck your head."

" I speak nothing but the truth. Do you recollect your prisoners' name ? "

" No, but I have it in writing."

"I will assist your memory—the lady was called Madame Simons."

"Well!"

"Partner in the house of Barley, London."

"My banker!"

"Precisely."

"How do you know my banker's name?"

"Why did you dictate your correspondence before me?"

"What matter after all; they cannot rob me; they are English, not Greek; the tribunals. . . . I would sue them!"

"And you would lose. They have a receipt."

"That is true. But by what fatality did I give them a receipt?"

"Because I advised it!"

"Miserable hound, you have ruined me! betrayed me! robbed me! Eighty thousand francs! I am responsible! If at least Barley were banker to the company I would lose only my share, but they have only my capital and I will lose all. Are you quite sure she was partner in the house of Barley?"

"Sure as I am of dying to-day."

"No, you will not die until to-morrow, you have not suffered enough. You must suffer eighty thousand francs' worth. What torture can I invent? Eighty thousand francs! Eighty thousand deaths would be a trifle. But there might be two houses of the same name?"

"No. 31 Cavendish Square."

"Yes, that is the place. Fool! why did you not warn instead of betraying me? I would have demanded double the amount. They would have paid. I would have signed no receipt. I will never sign another. . . . No, it is the last. . . . Why did you ask for a receipt? What did you expect from those two women? Fifteen thousand francs for your ransom. . . . Selfishness everywhere! . . . You should have confided in me. I would have set you free! I would have paid you even! If you are poor, as you say, you must know how precious is money. Can you even conceive what eighty thousand francs are? Wretched man, it is a fortune! You have robbed me of a fortune! You have plundered my daughter, the only being I love in this wide world! It is for her alone I work. If you know my business you must be aware that I wander a whole year on the mountain to amass forty thousand francs. You have wrested from me two years of my life; it is as if I had slept during two years!"

At length I had discovered the sensitive part! He was touched to the heart. I did not hope for pardon, and yet I experienced a great joy in seeing his stony countenance working with grief and passion. I said to myself with pride, "Though I perish in torture, I am the master of my master, and the tormentor of my tormentor!

## CHAPTER VI.

### JOHN HARRIS.

THE king gloated over his vengeance as a man who has fasted for the space of three days gloats over a good repast. He passed in review all conceivable tortures but found none sufficiently cruel. At length he exclaimed to his subjects: "Speak, advise me. Of what use are you if you cannot counsel me on an occasion of this kind? Find, invent some torture worth eighty thousand francs!"

The young *chibougdi* said to his master: "A thought strikes me, one of your officers is dead, one absent, and a third wounded; let us compete for their vacant places; promise that whosoever shall know best how to avenge you will succeed Sophocles, the Corfiote and Vasile." Hadgi-Stavros smiled complacently, chucked him under the chin, and said: "You are an ambitious young man! So let it be then—competition. It is a modern idea, and pleases me. As a reward you shall be the first to give your advice, and if

you propose something fine Vasile shall have no other heir than yourself."

"I would like," said the child, "to extract some of the milord's teeth, put a bit in his mouth, and make him run full speed until he fell down overcome with fatigue."

"His feet are too sore; he would fall at the second step. It is your turn now! Tambouris, Moustakas, Coltzida, Milotis, speak!"

Each one in turn proposed the most unheard of tortures, but none seemed to suit the king, who finally lost patience, and said:

"Get you gone, all of you. You would reason less calmly had this wretch robbed you of eighty thousand francs! Take him along with you to the camp and do with him what you please, but woe be to the clumsy fellow who might happen to kill him unadvisedly! He must die by my hand alone!"

It is wonderful how the most unfortunate man still clings to life. Spite of my desire for death, something within me rejoiced on hearing this threat coming from Hadgi-Stavros. I blessed the length of my torture, for it awoke a feeling of hope in my heart.

Four of the brigands now seized me, and carried me off through the king's chamber. My cries wakened Sophocles on his pallet; he called to his companions, made them relate the news, and asked to see me. This desire was the caprice of an invalid, so they threw me down by his side.

"Milord," said he, "we are both pretty low, but I will lay a wager that I will be on my feet before you. It seems they are already thinking of appointing my successor. Well, I too will compete; you will give evidence in my favour, and testify by your groans that Sophocles is not dead. You shall be bound hand and foot, and I will undertake to torment you with one hand as briskly as any one in perfect health."

My arms were bound and he was turned towards me. Then he commenced pulling the hairs out of my head one by one, with the patience and regularity of a professed depilator. When I felt what this new torture amounted to, I thought that the wounded man, touched by my misery, and softened by his own sufferings, had wished to steal me away from his companions to procure me an hour's respite. The extraction of a single hair is not so painful as the prick of a pin, and the first twenty left me without my feeling the slightest pain. Soon, however, a change came. The scalp, irritated by a multitude of almost imperceptible injuries, became inflamed. First a dull itching, which by degrees became more keen, and then intolerable, spread over my head, and wishing to put up my hands I understood with what intention the scoundrel had caused me to be bound. Impatience increased the evil, and all my blood rushed to my head. Each time the hand of Sophocles approached my head a painful trembling seized my whole body, inexplicable itching tormented my arms and legs. My nervous system, incensed to the highest pitch, enveloped me in a net-work more painful by far than the shirt of Dejanira. I rolled on the ground, screamed, and begged for mercy. My tormentor ceased his cruel work only when he had exhausted his strength. On finding his eyes grow dim, his head heavy, and arm tired, he grasped one handful of hair and fell back on his pillow, while I uttered a cry of agony.

"Come with me," said Moustakas, "you shall decide by the fireside whether I equal Sophocles, and whether I deserve a lieutenancy."

He lifted me like a feather, carried me into the camp, and laid me down in front of a heap of resinous wood and piled up brushwood. He untied the cords that bound me, and stripped me to the waist.

"You will be my assistant in the kitchen," said he, "we will light a fire and prepare the king's dinner."

He lit the pile and stretched me on my back two feet distant from the fire. The

wood crackled and the sparks fell in showers around me. The heat was intolerable. I dragged myself to a short distance, but on his return he shoved me with his foot into my former position.

"Look," said he, "profit by my instructions. Here is lamb enough to satisfy twenty men; the king will select the most delicate morsels for himself and distribute the remainder among his friends. You are not one of that number just now, and if you taste any of my cooking it must be only with your eyes."

The sight of the meat roasting reminded me that I had been fasting since the day before, and now my appetite was an additional torment. Moustakas placed the frying-pan under my eyes, and the sight and smell made me ravenous. Suddenly he perceived he had forgotten some seasoning, and went off to procure some salt and pepper, leaving the frying-pan to my care. The first thought that struck me was to purloin a piece of meat, but the brigands were only ten paces off and would have detected me at once. If at least, thought I, my parcel of arsenic were still within my reach! What could I have done with it? I had not replaced it in the box. Plunging my hand into my pocket I drew forth a piece of soiled paper containing a handful of that beneficent powder which, if it did not save me, would at all events avenge me.

Moustakas returned just as my right hand was stretched over the pan; he seized me by the arm, looked straight into my eyes, and said in a threatening voice:

"What have you done? You have thrown something into the king's dinner!"

"What?"

"A spell. But no matter, my poor milord, Hadgi-Stavros is a greater magician than you, it cannot hurt him; I will serve his dinner."

"He left me in front of the fire, recommending me to a dozen brigands, who were munching brown bread and olives round the fire. These Spartans kept me company for a couple of hours. They kept up the fire with the attention of a sick-nurse, and if at times I ventured to move away, they exclaimed: "Take care, you will catch cold!" and struck me with burning sticks. My back was marbled with red spots, my skin was blistered, my eyelashes were singed, my hair emitted an odour of burnt horn, and yet I rubbed my hands at the thought that the king would partake of my cookery, and that there would be stirring news on the *Parnès* before nightfall.

Soon the guests of Hadgi-Stavros reappeared in the camp, looking satisfied and happy. Come, thought I within myself, your joy and your health will be of short duration; they will fall like a mask, and you will curse every mouthful of the feast I seasoned for you.

My reflections were cut short by a singular tumult. The dogs barked in chorus, and a messenger out of breath appeared on the table-land with the whole pack at his heels. It was Dimitri, Christodule's son. Some stones hurled by the brigands delivered him from his escort, and he shouted from afar: "The king! I must speak to the king!" When he was twenty paces from us I called to him in a piteous voice. He was much shocked at the condition in which he found me. "My good Dimitri," said I, "whence do you come? Will my ransom be paid?"

"I have something else to think of besides ransom! However, do not fear, I bring good news for you, though bad for myself, for him, for her, for everybody! I must see Hadgi-Stavros; there is not a moment to lose. Do not let them hurt you until my return. She would die. Do you hear? Do not touch the milord, your life is at stake. The king would have you hewn in pieces. Take me to the king!"

There was so much authority in the voice of this servant, his passion was expressed in so imperious a tone, that my astonished and stupefied guardians forgot to keep me by the fire. I crawled to some distance and

rested my body on the cold rock until the arrival of Hadgi-Stavros.

He appeared no less moved and agitated than Dimitri. He took me up in his arms like a sick child, carried me straight to the fatal spot where Vasile was buried, and placed me with maternal care on his own carpet; then, stepping backwards, gazed at me with a strange mixture of hatred and pity. He said to Dimitri: "My child, this is the first time I will have left a similar crime unpunished. He killed Vasile; that is nothing; he wished to assassinate me, I forgive him that. But the villain robbed me! Eighty thousand francs less in Photini's dowry! I was meditating on tortures equal to his crime, and I would have discovered them. Unfortunate man that I am! Why did I not bridle my wrath? I treated him very cruelly, and she will have to suffer the penalty! Were she to receive twenty blows on the soles of her feet I would never see her again. Men do not die of it, but a woman! A child of fifteen!"

He turned away all the brigands who surrounded us, and gently untied the linens which enveloped my wounded feet. Then sending his *chibougdi* for some ointment, he seated himself on the damp grass in front of me, took my feet in his hands, and gazed at my wounds.

"Poor child," said he, "you must be suffering cruelly. Forgive me. I am an old brute, a mountain wolf! I was instructed in cruelty since the age of twenty; but you see my heart is good, for I regret my actions. I am more unhappy than you, your eyes are dry while I weep. I will set you at liberty without loss of time, but you cannot leave thus, I must first heal you. I will tend you as my own son; you will soon be well again. You must walk to-morrow. *She* must not remain another day in your friend's hands. Remember we were friends until after Vasile's death. One hour's anger must not cause you to forget twelve days of kind treatment. You do not wish my paternal heart to be lacerated. You are a good youth, and your friend must surely be equally good."

"Who do you mean?" I enquired.

"Who? Why that cursed Harris! that American hound! that execrable pirate! that robber of children! that infamous scoundrel whom I would like to have along with you to grind both to pieces and scatter to the winds of my mountain! Read what he has written, and tell whether there exist tortures cruel enough to chastise a crime like unto his!"

He threw towards me a crushed letter. At a glance I recognized the hand-writing, and read as follows:

"Sunday, May 11th, on board the *Fancy*,
SALAMIS ROADSTEAD.

TO HADGI-STAVROS:

Photini is on board, under guard of four American cannon. I will retain her as hostage so long as Hermann Schultz is a prisoner. As you treat my friend so shall your daughter be treated: she will pay hair for hair, tooth for tooth. Answer without delay, else I will come to you. JOHN HARRIS."

"Good, kind Harris!" I exclaimed aloud. "But pray explain to me, Dimitri, why he did not succour me sooner."

"He was absent, Mr. Hermann, but returned yesterday, unfortunately for us."

"Excellent Harris! He did not lose a day. But where did he hunt out the daughter of the old scoundrel?"

"At our house; you know Photini well, having dined with her more than once."

The daughter of the King of the Mountains was the young lady with the flat nose who sighed for John Harris. And I concluded in my own mind that the abduction had been carried into effect without violent means.

The *chibougdi* returned with a small roll of linen and a little box filled with yellowish ointment. The king dressed my wounds like an experienced practitioner, and I felt almost instant relief. Hadgi-Stavros was at that moment a fine subject for psychologica

study; there was as much brutality in his eyes as delicacy in his fingers. I scarcely felt his touch while he enveloped my feet in linen, yet all the while his look seemed to say: "How gladly I would draw a rope round your neck."

"Mr. Hermann," he said, "why did you not tell me that you lodged at Christodule's house? I would have instantly set you at liberty for Photini's sake. You will forbid your friend to harm her! Could you bear to see her shed a tear? I am the only one who ought to expiate your sufferings."

Dimitri checked this flow of words. "It is very vexatious," said he, "that Mr. Hermann is wounded. Photini is not safe among those heretics; I know John Harris; he is capable of anything."

The king frowned; the lover's fears at once entered the father's heart. "Go," said he to me, "if necessary I will carry you to the foot of the mountain, where you can procure a carriage. I will furnish everything. But let him know at once that you have been set at liberty, and swear to me by the memory of your mother that you will speak to no one of the harm I have done you."

Although doubtful of my ability to bear the fatigue of the journey, anything seemed preferable to the company of my tormentors, and fearing lest some new obstacle might arise between me and liberty, I said to the king, "Let us start. I swear to you by all that is most sacred that your daughter shall not be harmed."

He took me up in his arms, flung me on his shoulders, and ascended the steps leading to his room. Here the whole band rushed towards us, and barred our way. Moustakas, livid with passion, said to him: "Where are you going? The German cast a spell on the meat, and we are suffering the torments of hell; we must all suffer death on his account, and wish to see him die first."

I fell from the pinnacle of my hopes. The arrival of Dimitri had driven everything out of my head, and it was only on sight of Moustakas that I recollected the poisoning. I clung to the king, clasped my arms round his neck, and adjured him to carry me off without delay. "For the sake of your glory," I said, "prove to these madmen that you are king. Do not answer them. Your daughter loves John Harris; I am certain of it, she confessed her love to me."

"Wait," said he, "we must pass first, and then talk."

He laid me gently on the ground, and with clenched hands ran into the midst of the bandits; "you are mad," he cried, "the first of you who touches the milord will have to deal with me. What spell do you think he cast? I dined with you, and am not ill. Let him leave this place; he is an honest man, and my friend."

Suddenly his countenance changed, his legs tottered beneath him, and seating himself by my side he whispered, more in grief than anger:

"Why did you not warn me that you had poisoned us?"

I seized the king's hand; it was cold as ice. His features were discomposed, and his face had an ashen hue. At this sight all my strength forsook me. I felt myself dying, and letting my head sink on my breast, I remained dull and motionless beside the old man.

Already Moustakas and several others extended their arms to seize and make me share their agony. Hadgi-Stavros no longer had the strength to protect me. From time to time a formidable shudder convulsed his frame, and the bandits were convinced that he was yielding up the ghost, that their chief was at length being vanquished by death. All the ties which bound them to him, interest, fear, hope, gratitude, were alike broken like the threads of a spider's web. Now Hadgi-Stavros learnt to his cost that it is impossible to rule sixty Greeks with impunity. His authority did not by one instant survive his moral vigor and physical force. The brigands, in presence of their

legitimate king, grouped themselves round a coarse peasant named Coltzida, the most impudent and talkative man of the band, lacking both talent and courage, but in similar circumstances fortune generally favours such. Coltzida fairly hurled abuse upon his prostrate master, and finished up by saying: "The milord did not spare you; you also must die, and it is well. My friends, we are the masters, we will henceforth obey no one; we will pillage the kingdom! take Athens, and encamp in the palace gardens! I know where to lead you! Let us commence by throwing this old rascal along with his beloved milord into the ravine."

Coltzida's eloquence very nearly cost us our lives. Ten or twelve of the king's faithful old followers, who might have come to his assistance, were writhing in pain. But a popular orator never rises to power without causing jealousy. So soon as it appeared that Coltzida would become chief of the band, Tambouris and some other ambitious spirits wheeled round and joined our party, preferring one who knew how to lead to this presumptuous talker. Besides they had a presentiment that, as the king had not much longer to live, he would select his successor from among those who remained faithful to him. Ten or twelve voices were raised in our favor. I clung to the king, and he, too, had placed his arm round my neck. Tambouris and his friends consulted together, and a plan of defence was improvised. The two parties overwhelmed one another with abuse; our champions kept the stairway and protected us with their bodies, and pressed the enemy into the king's chamber. Suddenly a pistol shot resounded, and rocks were heard falling with a frightful noise.

Coltzida, with all his companions, rushed to the arsenal. Tambouris without loss of time seized Hadgi-Stavros, and in two strides was down the staircase, had placed him in a safe spot, and returned for me, carried me down and laid me by his side. Our friends entrenched themselves in the room, barricaded the staircase, and organized the defence ere Coltzida returned.

On counting our numbers we discovered that our army was composed of the king, his two servants, Tambouris, eight brigands, Dimitri and myself, fourteen men in all, of whom three were disabled. Our enemies had the advantage of numbers and position, but we had more rifles and cartridges. We did not know precisely how many they numbered; we had to expect at least twenty-five or thirty assailants, but we were protected to the right and left by inaccessible rocks.

If Coltzida and his companions had had the remotest notion of war, we would have been done for, but the fool, with his two men to our one, economized his ammunition. Our men, though no more skilful, were better commanded, so they managed to shoot down five or six before nightfall. As for me, stretched in a corner and sheltered from the bullets, I endeavoured to undo my fatal work and recall to life the King of the Mountains, who was suffering cruelly, and complaining of burning thirst. He said to me:

"Cure me, my dear boy; you are a doctor and ought to be able to cure me. I do not reproach you for your action; you had the right to act as you did, you would have done right in killing me, for had it not been for your friend Harris I would not have failed to kill you. Is there nothing to quench this intolerable thirst? I do not cling to life; I have lived long enough, but if I die they will kill you, and my poor Photini's throat will be cut. What were you saying just now? Photini loves him! Unhappy girl! After all it is well she loves this man, he will possibly take pity on her. If he only knew how rich she is, but the poor innocent is herself ignorant of the extent of her fortune. I should have told her that her dowry would be four millions. And now we are the prisoners of Coltzida! Cure me, and by all the saints in Paradise I will crush him!"

I remembered that poisoning by arsenic is cured by means similar to those employed by Dr. Sangrado. I tickled the sick man's œsophagus to deliver his stomach from the load which tortured him, and soon had reason to hope that the poison was in a great measure expelled. On inquiring whether one of his men was skilful enough to bleed him, he bandaged his arm himself and quietly opened a vein. After letting about a pound of blood flow, he asked gently what he should do next. I advised him to drink until the last particle of arsenic must have disappeared. He obeyed me like a child, and I verily believe that the first time I handed him the goblet his poor old suffering majesty seized my hand to kiss it.

Towards ten o'clock he was better, though his *cafedgi* had died and was cast into the ravine. All our defenders appeared in good condition, without wounds, but famished as wolves in December. I, not having tasted food for twenty-four hours, felt starved. The enemy, as if to tantalize us, spent the night eating and drinking about us, occasionally throwing down mutton-bones and empty leathern bottles. Our party retaliated with a few random shots. We could clearly distinguish the cries of joy and death.

Tuesday morning was dark and rainy; the sky was overcast at sunrise, and the rain fell impartially on friends and foes. We had been wiser than the enemy, and preserved weapons and cartridges, and so the first engagement was entirely in our favour. Feeling elated, I too seized a musket; Hadgi-Stavros wished to follow my example, but his hands were incapable of performing their office, and with my usual frankness I announced to him that probably he would be unfit for work during the rest of his life.

About nine o'clock the enemy suddenly turned their back upon us, and I heard a discharge of musketry which had no reference to us. From this I concluded that master Coltzida had allowed himself to be surprised from the rear. Who was this unknown ally who came so opportunely? All our doubts were soon dispelled. A to me well-known voice shouted: "*All right!*" Three young men armed to the teeth darted forwards like tigers, cleared the barricade, and fell into our midst. Harris and Webster held a revolver in each hand, and Giacomo brandished his musket like a club.

A thunderbolt falling at our feet would have produced a less magical effect than the entrance of these three men, who, intoxicated with victory, perceived neither Hadgi-Stavros nor myself; they saw only men to be killed, and hurried to the work. Our poor champions, astonished and bewildered, were disabled ere they had time to defend themselves. It was in vain I shouted from my own corner; my voice was drowned by the noise of powder and the exclamations of the conquerors. It was in vain that Dimitri joined his voice to mine. Harris, Giacomo and Webster fired, ran, struck and counted the blows in their several languages.

"*One*," said Webster.

"*Two*," replied Harris.

"*Tre, quatro, cinque*," shouted Giacomo.

The fifth victim was Tambouris. It seemed as if destruction had become incarnate in this panting trio. It was only on seeing that all the remaining enemies were two or three wounded men sprawling on the ground, that they stopped to take breath.

Harris was the first to remember me; he shouted with all his might: "Hermann, where are you?"

"Here," I replied, and the destroyers hastened forward on hearing my voice.

The King of the Mountains, feeble as he was, put one hand on my shoulder, leaned his back against the rock, gazed fixedly at these men who had killed so many people only to reach him, and said with a firm voice: "I am Hadgi-Stavros."

My friends had long been waiting for the opportunity of chastising the old brigand

they wanted to avenge the girls from Mistra, a thousand other victims, themselves, and me. Still I did not require to restrain their arms. There was such a remnant of grandeur in the ruined hero that their anger gave way to astonishment. I told them in a few words how the king had defended me against his entire band, the very day, too, on which I had poisoned him. I explained to them the meaning of the fight they had interrupted, and of the strange war in which they had killed our defenders.

"So much the worse for them; we, like Justice, wore a bandage over our eyes."

Meanwhile the enemy, recovering from their stupor, recommenced the attack. Coltzida did not know what to make of those three men who had struck friend and foe alike, but conjecturing that either they or the poison had delivered him from the King of the Mountains, he ordered his men to destroy our fortifications. The noise of falling materials warned my friends to reload their arms. Hadgi-Stavros waited till this was done, and then asked John Harris:

"Where is Photini?"

"On board my boat."

"You did her no injury?"

"Did I take lessons from you in torturing children?"

"You are right; I am a miserable old man; forgive me, and promise me to spare her."

"What would you have me do? Now I have found Hermann, she shall be restored to you whenever you desire it."

"Without ransom?"

"Old brute."

"You will see," said the king, "whether I am an old brute."

Passing his left arm round Dimitri's neck, he stretched his trembling hand towards the hilt of his sword, with difficulty drew the blade from the scabbard, and marched towards the stairway where Coltzida's insurgents were congregated. They moved back on beholding him—fifteen or twenty armed men, and yet not one of them dared defend, excuse himself, or take to flight. They all trembled before the awful face of their resuscitated king. Hadgi-Stavros marched straight towards Coltzida, who, more pale and scared than the rest, endeavoured to conceal himself, and with one blow severed his head from his body. Then, being seized with a fit of trembling, he let his sword fall by the side of the corpse, and did not condescend to pick it up.

"Let us go," said he. "I will carry my empty scabbard along with me; neither the blade nor I are of any value now. I have finished."

His old comrades approached to plead for pardon; a few besought him not to forsake them, they could never get on without him. He did not honour them even with a reply. He begged us to take him to Castia, where we could procure horses, and thence to Salamis to fetch his daughter.

The brigands let us start without opposition. On seeing that walking was painful to me, my companions supported me. Harris asked me if I was wounded, and catching an imploring look from the king, I told my friends that having attempted a perilous escape, my feet were wounded. We slowly descended the mountain paths; by degrees the weather cleared up, and the first ray of sunshine appeared very beautiful to me, but Hadgi-Stavros paid little heed to things external. It is a serious matter to break off from the associations of fifty years.

My friends' horses, along with the guide, awaited them by the fountain at Castia. Inquiring how they happened to have four horses, they informed me that M. Mérinay formed one of the party, but had alighted to examine a curious stone and had not re-appeared.

Giacomo Fendi lifted me on my saddle, the king, with Dimitri's assistance, got into his, Harris and his nephew mounted their horses, while the Maltese, Dimitri, and the guide proceeded on foot.

On the way Harris related to me how the king's daughter had fallen into his power.

"Just imagine," said he, "I was returning from my cruise, satisfied with myself, and proud of having run down half a dozen pirates. I cast anchor at the Piræus on Sunday evening at six o'clock, and on landing took a *fiacre* up to Christodule's, where I arrived in the midst of general consternation. They were all at supper, Christodule, Maroula, Dimitri, Giacomo, William, M. Mérinay, and the little Sunday guest, more gorgeously attired than ever. William related your misfortune to me, and I felt enraged at myself for my unfortunate absence, though he told me he had done all in his power. He scoured the whole town in search of fifteen thousand francs, but found no one to advance him the sum. In despair he addressed himself to M. Mérinay, but the kind and gentle M. Mérinay claims that all his money is lent to intimate friends at a great distance from here—doubtless farther than the end of the world."

"By Jove!" said I to Webster, "the old villain must be paid in leaden coin. Lay in a stock of powder and balls, and to-morrow morning we will start. Giacomo struck the table with his fist, but by far the most violent was M. Mérinay; he was so anxious to stain his hands with the blood of the guilty, that his services were accepted.

William, Giacomo, M. Mérinay, and I were the only lively ones of the party; however, the faces of the other guests were about a yard long, but the flat-nosed girl, she whom you christened *Crinolina invariabilis*, was plunged in ridiculous sadness. She sighed heavily enough to cleave rocks, and would not eat.

"She is a good girl, Harris."

"Well, she started for her boarding school at nine o'clock; ten minutes later, after agreeing upon our *rendezvous* for the following day, I bade my friends farewell and took my departure. Judge of my surprise on beholding *Crinolina invariabilis* and the pastrycook's servant seated in my carriage. She put her finger to her lips, so I took my seat without speaking, and we set off.

"Mr. Harris," she said, in good English, "Mr. Harris, swear to me to give up your project against the King of the Mountains."

I began to laugh, whereupon she wept, and protested I would be killed.

I told her it was I who killed; but she insisted no one could kill Hadgi-Stavros. Wishing to know the reason of this, she exclaimed:

"He is my father!"

Upon this I reflected seriously; it was impossible for me to recover one lost friend without risking two or three others, and so I said:

"Does your father love you?"

"Better than his life."

"Did he ever refuse to gratify any of your wishes?"

"Never!"

"And if you were to write that you wanted Hermann Schultz, would he send him by the return courier."

"No."

"Are you certain of this?"

"Absolutely certain."

"Then, my dear young lady, there remains but one thing for me to do; I must carry you off on board the *Fancy*, and keep you as hostage till Hermann returns."

"I was about to suggest that. For such a price papa will return your friend."

"Well," said I, interrupting him at this point, "do you not admire the young girl who loves you sufficiently to deliver herself into your hands?"

"She only wished to save her miserable father. I promised to treat her with every respect and consideration, yet she wept till she reached the Piræus, muttering 'I am lost.' I wrote the old brigand a plain letter, and sent it to town by the maid, as also a message to Dimitri. I waited for an answer till Monday evening, and when none was forthcoming I returned to my first plan, took my pistols,

and summoned my friends. Now it is your turn ; you must have volumes to tell me."

"In one moment," said I, "just let me whisper one word to Hadgi-Stavros."

I approached the king and said in a low tone: "I don't know why I told you that Photini loved John Harris—fear must have turned my head ; I have been conversing with him and find they are as indifferent to each other as if they had never met."

The old man thanked me with a gesture, and I proceeded to relate to John Harris my adventures with Mary Anne.

"Bravo," said he, "the romance would not have been complete without a love passage."

"Excuse me," said I, "there is not much love here, friendship on one side and a little gratitude on the other, but surely that is enough to constitute a reasonably happy marriage."

"Get married, my friend, and let me witness your happiness. When will you see her again?"

"I would like to meet her as if by accident."

"What a splendid idea ! Let it be the day after to-morrow, at the court ball; we are both invited, your letter awaits you at Christodule's. Till then you must remain on board and get over your fatigues."

It was six o'clock in the evening when we stepped on board the *Fancy*. Photini threw herself into her father's arms and wept; she found him looking twenty years older. Perhaps too she was wounded by the indifference of Harris, who returned her in the coolest manner to her father, saying, "We are quits ; you have returned me my friend and I restore your daughter. Short accounts make good friends. Now, whither are you bound? you are not the sort of a man to retire from business."

"I have bade an eternal farewell to the mountains," said the king. "What should I do there? all my men are either dead, wounded or dispersed. Some younger man must take my place. I have not yet made up my mind how to employ the rest of my days ; I have my daughter to establish, and perhaps ere six months have expired I may be president of the council of ministers."

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE COURT BALL.

ON Thursday, May 15th, at six o'clock in the evening, John Harris, dressed in full uniform, escorted me back to Christodule's. The pastry-cook and his wife welcomed me joyously, and I embraced them both heartily. Dimitri assured me that Madame Simons, her brother and daughter were invited to the ball, and I in anticipation enjoyed Mary Anne's surprise and delight.

In my own room I indited a letter to my father, a letter resembling an ode—a hymn. I invited the whole family to my wedding, not omitting kind aunt Rosenthaler. I besought my father to sell his inn at any price and to withdraw Frantz and Jean-Nicolas from the service, taking upon myself the charge of their future career. I sealed my letter and sent it by an express to the Piræus on board a steamer to sail the following day, so that they could all enjoy my good fortune as soon as possible. At a quarter to nine I entered the palace with John Harris.

The ball-room was tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted. On one side, behind the throne for the king and queen, were easy chairs reserved for the ladies. With a glance I took in the whole space. Mary Anne was not there as yet. At nine o'clock appeared the king and queen, preceded by the marshal of the palace, aides-de-camp and officers. The queen was admirably dressed in a toilet that could have come only from Paris, but every luxury and beauty could not prevent my mind from dwelling on Mary Anne. I fixed my eyes on the door and waited.

The members of the diplomatic corps and the principal guests stood in a circle round the king and queen, who addressed a few gracious words to them. John Harris and I were in the last row. An officer standing in front stepped back so awkwardly that he stepped on my foot and extracted a cry of pain from me. He turned and I recognised Captain Périclès decorated with the order of *Sauveur;* he apologised and inquired about my health. I could not resist telling him that my health did not concern him. Harris, who knew my adventures from end to end, said politely to the captain:

"Have I honour of speaking to Captain Périclès?

"Yes, sir."

"Happy to meet you. Will you be kind enough to follow me for a moment into the card-room, it is still unoccupied?"

"I am at your service, sir."

M. Périclès, more pale than a soldier newly dismissed from the hospital, followed us smiling. Once in the card-room he turned towards John Harris and said: "What do you want?"

For sole answer Harris pulled off his cross with the new ribbon and put it in his pocket saying: "That is all."

"Sir," exclaimed the captain, stepping back.

"No noise if you please sir. If you attach any value to this jewel pray send two of your friends for it to Mr. John Harris, Commander of the *Fancy*."

"Sir," said Périclès, "I know not by what right you take from me a cross valued at fifteen francs, which I will be compelled to replace at my own cost."

"Here is a sovereign; fifteen francs for the cross, ten for the ribbon. If there is any change I pray you drink to my health."

"Sir," said the officer pocketing the coin, "it only remains for me to thank you." He saluted us without another word, but his eyes foreshadowed evil.

"My dear Hermann," said Harris, "you would do well to leave this country with your intended as early as possible. As for me I will remain here a week longer to give this gendarme time to return me my change, afterwards I shall obey my orders and sail for Japan."

"I regret," said I, "that your zeal carried you so far, for I am unwilling to leave Greece without a couple of specimens of the *boryana variabilis*.

"Leave a drawing of the plant with Webster or Giacomo, they will make a pilgrimage to the mountain on your behalf, but for God's sake hasten to place yourself in safety."

Meanwhile my *fiancée* failed to make her appearance, and towards midnight I lost all hope. Leaving the ball-room I wandered into the card-room and stood dejectedly by a whist-table. Just as I was becoming interested in the game a peal of silvery laughter made my heart bound. Mary Anne was behind me. I did not see her, and dared not turn my head, but I felt her presence and my heart was filled with joy. There was a mirror in front of me, and at last on raising my eyes I saw her, without being seen, between her mother and uncle, more beautiful and radiant than the day on which I first beheld her. Her dress was such as is usually worn by young girls; her skirt was looped with natural flowers, and she wore flowers in her hair. But what flowers? I nearly expired with joy on recognizing amongst them the *boryana variabilis*. I was the happiest of men and naturalists. My excessive happiness made me entirely oblivious of the proprieties, and turning suddenly towards her with outstretched arms I exclaimed: "Mary Anne! It is I!" Would you believe that instead of throwing herself into my arms she stepped back as if terrified. Madame Simons raised her head so high that it seemed to me the bird of paradise she wore in her hair flew up to the ceiling. The old gentleman took my hand, led me aside, examined me as if I had been a strange animal, and said:

"Sir, have you been introduced to these ladies?"

"Why my dear Mr. Sharper! my dear uncle! I am Hermann! Herman Schultz, the companion of their captivity! their saviour!"

"English custom requires gentlemen to be introduced to ladies ere they relate adventures."

"But they know me, my dear Mr. Sharper, we dined more than ten times together! You know what service I rendered them!

"Very well, but you have not been introduced!"

"And then, sir, I am to marry her—her mother gave her consent. Did they not tell you so?"

"Not before being introduced."

"Introduce me yourself then."

"First of all you must be introduced to me."

"Wait."

I ran like mad across the room, stumbling against half a dozen couples, and finally, my sword getting entangled in my legs I fell full length on the ground. It was John Harris who assisted me to rise.

"What are you looking for?" said he.

"They are here, I have seen them. But English custom requires me to be introduced in the first place. Help me. Where are they? Did you not see a tall woman wearing a bird of paradise in her hair?"

"Yes, she has just left with a very pretty young lady."

"Left! Why, my friend, she is Mary Anne's mother."

"Be calm, we will find her again, and I will have you introduced by the American Minister."

"All right, now I want to show you my uncle, Edward Sharper. I left him here. Where can he be?"

But uncle Edward had disappeared, and I dragged Harris along with me to the square in front of the *Hotel des Etrangers*. There was a light in Madame Simons' room, which was extinguished after a few minutes. Every one was in bed.

"Let us follow their example," said Harris. "Sleep will calm you, and to-morrow I will arrange all your matters."

I passed a night more wretched even than during my captivity, it was about five o'clock ere I closed my eyes. Three hours later Dimitri entered my room saying: 'Great news!"

"What?"

"Your English friends have left."

"Left! whither have they gone?"

"To Trieste."

"Are you sure?"

"I escorted them to the boat."

"My poor friend," said Harris, taking my hand, "gratitude is enjoined, but love comes not at command."

"Alas!" sighed Dimitri. There was an echo in the heart of this youth. Since that day I have lived like the brute creation, eating, drinking and inhaling air. I sent my collection of plants to Hamburgh without a single specimen of the *boryana variabilis*. The night succeeding the ball my friends accompanied me on board the French boat; they considered it prudent to undertake the journey at night for fear of encountering the soldiers of M. Périclès. We reached the Piræus without hindrance, but when about twenty-five strokes from shore we heard, though we could not see, half a dozen rifles discharging shots in our direction. This was the farewell of the captain and his beautiful country.

I have traversed the mountains of Malta, Sicily and Italy, and enriched my herbarium more than myself. My father had the good sense to retain his inn; he sent me word that my consignments are well received at home, and that possibly on my arrival I may find a situation waiting me, but I have made it a rule never to expect anything any more.

Harris is on his way to Japan, and in a year or two I hope to hear from him. Little Webster wrote to me at Rome, he continues

to practise pistol-shooting. Giacomo continues sealing letters by day and cracking nuts in the evenings. M. Mérinay's great work on Demosthenes is to be printed some day. The King of the Mountains has made his peace with the authorities; he is building a large house and taking active measures to become a member of the ministry of justice, but that will take time. Photini keeps house for him, and Dimitri goes occasionally to sup and sigh in the kitchen.

I have never heard aught of Madame Simons, Mr. Sharper, or Mary Anne. If this silence continues I will soon think of them no more. Every day I give thanks that, owing to my natural indifference, my heart was not affected. How greatly I would have been to be pitied if unfortunately I had fallen in love!

## SONNET.

*Translated from the Italian of Fillicosa by the late Miss* AGNES STRICKLAND, *authoress of the "Queens of England."*

I SAW a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide
So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That ere their flight was noted they were past!
A river that to Death's dark shore doth fast
Conduct all living, with resistless force;
And though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its current with Creation's birth was born,
And with the heavens commenced its course sublime,
For days, and months, still hurrying on untired.
Marking its flight I inwardly did mourn,
And of my musing thoughts in doubt enquired
The river's name—
My thoughts responded "TIME!"

## THE GENTLEMAN EMIGRANT.*

ONE great mistake usually made by those who write about emigration is that they attempt too much. They set themselves to compile what they call a General Handbook for a Colony, or an Emigrants' *Vade Mecum*, or something comprehensive which they assume will be equally intelligible and equally beneficial to all classes. Few things are more deceptive—sometimes, it is to be feared, intentionally so—and few things really more utterly worthless than the average publication of this sort. That the picture which they present is highly coloured is—to use a common expression—putting it very mildly. They are written for a purpose; and that purpose is not primarily to tell the literal truth, but to attract emigrants to a particular colony. The statistics which appear to give them an air of irrefutable authority are, to the uninitiated, most misleading; they ostentatiously deal in averages and means, but somehow or other, the unfavourable seasons seem just not to be included in the one, nor do eras of depression or panic ever affect the other. To give an intending emigrant a really fair idea of the country he is coming to, and of the life which he will there lead, there is probably no plan better than that which has been adopted by the author of this very pleasant and withal useful book.

"'A Gentleman Emigrant!' cried an American backwoods farmer, to whom we were one day describing Australian bush life, 'A Gentleman Emigrant! Why, what on airth's that? Guess he's a British Institution.'" For this large class, whose name to us in Canada conveys a very distinct idea, Mr. Stamer writes, and his book, if only it conveys a really true picture of life in the Colonies, is well calculated to supply the information of which hundreds of young Englishmen are in want. There are many varieties of the species Gentleman Emigrant. They range from the educated, handy, laborious man, whose only object in leaving England is to be able to get more for his capital and a better opening for his children, to the lazy, sprawling ne'er-do-weel, who is packed off to Australia by an elder brother or a sorely-tried father, with the parental blessing and a cheque for £500. As a rule they are men of small means, and not averse to labour, but without any fixed profession or any mechanical or scientific training. For one reason or another they do not get on in England; the professions are overstocked, or their interest is *nil*, or their capital is too small, and their family too large for them to keep up appearances. They turn their eyes to the Colonies, vaguely in the hope that they can do better there. Very often, more often than not, they make a false step, and chiefly is this owing to the defective information, the delusive statements relying on which they have cast loose from their old anchorage and embarked on an unknown voyage. "Before advising any man to emigrate, we would first put to him the following questions:—If a gentleman by birth and education, have you a strong right arm and a sound constitution? Can you divest yourself of your gentility, and take it rough-and-tumble with those similarly circumstanced to yourself? No! Well, then, have you the equivalent of bone and muscle—Capital? You have not! Then stay at home. You would be almost certain to go to the wall in a new country." Having thus warned the would-be emigrant very emphatically, the author—whose remarks on emi-

* The Gentleman Emigrant: His daily life, sports, and pastimes in Canada, Australia, and the United States. By W. Stamer, author of "Recollections of a Life of Adventure," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1874.

gration in general we skip, not because they are not good, but because they are rather beside the purpose of the volume — next warns those who leave home of certain quicksands on which they may make shipwreck in the new land of their adoption—such as ruinous ideas about high farming ; the craving for good society ; superciliousness, greed and sport. "One more quicksand and we have done. That quicksand is sport. It is essential that there be some shooting and fishing in the vicinity of the settler's abode. The man who emigrates with the intention of combining farming with sport, may rest assured that his farm will never be the best paying one in the district, and that he should consider himself extremely fortunate if he do not go to the wall altogether. There may be, for aught we know, hundreds and thousands of instances to the contrary, but we can conscientiously say that in all our travels we have never met with a sporting settler who was a thriving one. In Canada and in the Northern States, the fishing season is the one in which he ought to be getting his crops in—the hunting season, that in which he ought to be getting them out, or to be doing his "fall" ploughing. In a country where farming operations can be carried on with little or no intermission during the entire year, the loss of a day or two, even in the busiest season, is a matter of small importance, but in a country where there are only six short months between the first spring ploughing and the setting in of frost, an hour lost is not to be recovered. We do not mean that the settler, in order to succeed, must lock up his gun and fly-rod in a cupboard, and throw the key into the river. What we would impress upon him is, simply, that he cannot be, at one and the same time, Nimrod and a thriving farmer. Shooting and fishing for a little relaxation is one thing ; going in for hunting as a pursuit is another. The settler who can content himself with whipping the adjacent streams for trout or with beating the surrounding woods for ruffed grouse or "rabbits" is all right : it is he who must have big game who is all wrong. The man who imagines that in the forest primeval one has only to take one's gun and beat about for an hour or so in order to bring home a fat buck or bear, or a dozen brace of wild-fowl, will find himself most grievously disappointed. With the exception of wild deer and the passenger pigeon in their respective seasons, ruffed grouse and the Virginia hare, game is not plentiful in the back woods. Unless systematically hunted, months—ay, years—may elapse without the settler's eye having been once gladdened by the sight of bear, deer, moose or cariboo. Does he want them, he must seek for them, not in his clearing, but away back in the heart of the wilderness. If he be a very good backwoodsman, and hard as nails, he may venture to start off unaccompanied ; if not, he must take at least one guide, an Indian, with him, and everything necessary for a prolonged camping out. All this time his farm is left to take care of itself, and as may be imagined, it is seldom the better for it. Autumnal hunting in the grand old North American forest is delightful, but it unfortunately does not pay. There is certainly some hunting to be had in the winter when work is slack, but it is not so pleasant as in autumn. It is not every man who cares to take up his night's lodging in a snow-drift, and snow-shoeing, although very jolly along the flat, is apt to grow wearisome when pursued amongst the windfalls and cedar swamps of the dense forest."

One more quotation before we come to description in detail of the lives of the two classes of settlers, through whose experiences the author tries to give to his readers an intelligible picture of the career of an emigrant. He is giving a warning against the too-great earnestness displayed usually by greenhorns in making a bargain. Our readers can decide for themselves, whether there is truth in these remarks. "There is a good deal of the Yankee about the Canadian. Let him think

you want anything real bad," and he is a very Shylock. Make him believe that you can do perfectly well without it, or better still, that you don't feel disposed to take it at any price, and to effect a sale he will let you have it a bargain. But to get to windward of him the Britisher must be wide awake, for he is a very subtle cross-examiner, and can detect a discrepancy in a statement as quickly as an Old Bailey Lawyer. The cute Yankee seldom commits himself; he lets his adversary do the talking, and whittles. He who believes that the American whittles with no other object than to whittle away the time is very much mistaken in his man. The Yankee whittles that he may the better think and listen, and not unfrequently that he may avoid having to look you in the face. You imagine that he is absorbed in his puerile occupation. Not a bit of it. The motion of his hand is purely mechanical; he is listening to every word you utter, and is at the same time revolving in his own mind what answer he shall give you. Inadvertently you contradict yourself or make some admission which had better been withheld. Master Yank looks up, smiles, and resumes his whittling. That smile means that he scores one point, and if, before the conclusion of the argument, he has not scored the remainder, and won the game, you will be smart—for a Britisher. Oh, Gentleman Emigrant! whosoever thou art, take the advice of one who has himself been whittled into many a foolish bargain—fight the enemy with his own weapons, buy a jack-knife, and whittle! When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war. Armed with stick and jack-knife, you will at least meet your adversary on equal terms, and if you lose the day, it will be superior strategy, not superior armour, that has conquered you."

Two fellow passengers on the Allan steamer are named by the author, Mr. Benedict and Mr. Cœlebs. The former, of course, is the typical married man, leaving England because he is unwealthy enough to remain there and keep up appearances, the latter, the young and not quite penniless offshoot of a family, who comes out to the Colonies to do the best he can. The one settles naturally on a farm in Western Canada, the other after leading a roving life for some months, eventually comes to an anchor in a rough backwoods clearing, in Nova Scotia. In following the very different fortunes of these two gentlemen-immigrants, Mr. Stamer tries to give a graphic picture of the fate which is likely to befall persons of their class in similar circumstances. Benedict is found, 18 months after his first arrival, on a farm somewhere in Western Ontario; for the author has no intention of advising the sort of people for whom he is writing to try their luck in the Maritime Provinces or in Quebec. There is no place in Canada for a gentleman farmer except in that which he describes as Canada Felix. "Draw a line on the map from Kingston to Lake Huron—the heart of the country lying south of that is Canada Felix. By calling it Canada Felix, we do not mean to imply that the rest of the country is a desert, but merely that from its geographical position, its superior climate, its advanced state of civilization, it offers more attractions to the gentleman settler than any other section of the Dominion." Somewhere, then, in this happy land—and, apparently, to the West of Toronto, Benedict is found by his friend, who comes on a bright wintry night to pay his long promised visit. The first glimpse of the interior of the emigrant's house is seen by the warm light of the fire as the traveller enters it, and in this picture, at least, he has perhaps had "too much colour in his brush." "A woman's hand, and that a cunning one, is everywhere visible—in the graceful folds of the window-curtains, in the simple, yet artistic arrangement of the furniture, in the laying out of the table and side-board. We are in a Canadian farmhouse, but for any difference we can see in the dining-room and its appointment, we might be in an English villa. The fare is excellent and mostly home-

raised. Mrs. B. it was who spiced the round, and, what is more, cooked it. The ham before us is of her own raising, and every other edible on the table of her own preparing, except the pickles. * * * Supper over, we repair to Benedict's den, a cosy little room at the back of the house, where guns, fishing-rods, gaffs, and landing-nets are suspended against the walls, where there is a table strewed with 'churchwardens,' cutties, and venerable meerschaums, and where there are two very comfortable armchairs and a roaring fire," and so on. Outside how do things look? Benedict has a 250 acre farm, for which he gave £2,500, two-story frame house, barns, out-buildings, &c. He has an idea that high farming, good stock and plenty of machinery pay well, and in that he has the expensive hobbies as well as the shrewd sense of an Englishman. His portrait is well drawn, but we venture to think that the success which has apparently attended the first venture in farming of a man who is new to the life, to the country and to the work, is a little too highly coloured. Discoursing on his implements, Benedict says, "Seth Jackson, from whom I bought the farm, gave me his account book before leaving, and when the year's work was over, I had the curiosity to compare his labour account with my own. Will you believe it? I was to windward of him by upwards of fifty pounds, and all through using these American patents yonder. Allowing fifteen per cent. for wear and tear, £50 represent a sunk capital of £350. They did not cost me more than two-thirds of that sum. But there is another calculation to be made. Hereabouts we do things on the reciprocity principle, and help one another in the busy season. I lend neighbour Wilson my reaper and threshing machine; he lends me his boys," &c. &c. "If it doesn't pay to have old-fashioned farming gear, still less does it pay to have poor stock. In a country where beasts have to be stall-fed for five months out of the twelve, to make any profit from them they must be good milkers. A little more or less a week don't signify, my neighbours tell me; I think otherwise. There is just the difference between feeding at a profit and feeding at a loss. My cows may only average one pound a week more than theirs during the summer months, but that one pound makes all the difference. It enables me to give them during the winter months more food than my neighbours can afford to give theirs. By feeding them better I get more butter from them at a time when butter is dear, and being in good condition when they are turned out to grass in the spring, I can depend upon having their full yield of milk weeks before farmer Brown's 'keows' have recovered the flesh they lost in winter." With all his apparent prosperity, Benedict, who is still an Englishman, of course does not forget to grumble. There are, he thinks, in Canada four great drawbacks to human felicity. Bad servants, uncultivated slanderous neighbours, the long dreary winter, and the comparatively small return on capital invested in farming operations. Of the first Mrs. Benedict has good reason to complain; but how could it be otherwise? She has brought with her all the English ideas as to the relative positions of mistress and menial, and she is prepared to forgive everything but familiarity. Bridget had said to her the morning of her guest's arrival, "Don't floy into a passion, Mrs. Benedic; it ain't lady-loike," and naturally she does not know how she is ever to get along with or without the "helps" of the country. As to the objection of uncongenial neighbours, our author can say but little in mitigation or remedy of the admitted evil, for it is one that cannot be denied and cannot easily be cured. But such a neighbourhood as a gentleman is likely to settle in must contain one or two families at least, with whom he must have some ideas and some interest in common. But one cannot have everything. The advantages of town society cannot be combined with the advantages and cheapness of a country life—at least in this

country. As to the return for capital, Mr. Stamer thinks that it is, at least, as much on an average as a new comer, and frequently a new hand at farming is entitled to expect, and considering the small amount of money put into the business and the small risk involved in it, a man has no great right to grumble on that score.

We must let the author make, in his own language, the comparison which he draws between the life of such a man as his Mr. Benedict in England and in Canada. "From what we have as yet seen, Benedict might have gone further and fared worse. He is certainly an exile, but a voluntary one. There is a good deal in that. He might have remained in England had he so desired. That it is possible to live respectably and bring up a family on the interest of £5,000 we are aware, for we have seen it repeatedly stated in the papers. We should not like particularly to make the experiment, but it is highly satisfactory to know that it can be done. Supposing he had remained in England, what then? With a wife and three children, and every prospect of a still further increase to his family, what sort of an "establishment" would he have been able to keep up? After paying house-rent, rates, taxes, servant's wages, tradesmen's bills, schooling, how much would there have been remaining for the *menus plaisirs* of himself and Mrs. B.? How about the ponies? How about sleighing by moonlight? those pleasant trips to Niagara and the Thousand Islands? those shooting excursions to Long Point and Rice Lake, which are now laid down in the yearly programme? Very little pleasuring, we fancy, for those worthy gentlemen who in England manage to live respectably and bring up a family on two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Their ponies, shanks'-mare; their outings, a "Saturday return" to the nearest watering place; their hunting, seeing the hounds throw off, or a tramp over fields and fallow in the wake of the coursers.

"In England how truly pitiable is the position of the poor gentleman, more especially if he be a married man. That he should be obliged to live in a very humble way and to look twice at every sixpence before spending it, is nothing. It is the indignity to which his poverty subjects him, the constant dread of being thought mean, that makes his life a burden to him. * * * * Poverty is a misfortune in any land; in England it is a disgrace. By emigrating, Benedict has escaped all the horrors of genteel poverty, and above all, his life is no longer an aimless one; for he is providing for his children."

After satisfying himself that Mr. Benedict is doing well on his farm, giving him of course a little advice, and helping to smooth over the little unpleasantness which had arisen with the family of his vulgar neighbour, the visitor takes his departure, and starts in search of Cœlebs. If the Benedictine farm life in the west is a little highly coloured, the celibate camp-life is a little improbable. Cœlebs is a young gentleman who is somewhat hard to please, and in this as well as in other respects, is not at all an unusual character. He does not like this place, he cannot live in that, this is too civilized, that is too far from everything. The greatest drawback which he found to settling in back-settlements was the uncongenial class of persons by whom he was surrounded. A cleared farm at a low figure, where patronizing boors would be few, and where game would be plentiful—this was Cœlebs' quest for several months. At last, on a sporting expedition, between Annapolis and L— (presumably Liverpool) in Nova Scotia, his Indian guide in answer to his enquiries, tells him of a cleared spot where there is "plenty lake — plenty river — plenty hard-wood — plenty beaver meadow." He finds the spot answers all his requirements; he purchases 400 acres for fifty pounds, puts up a shanty and settles himself. Is he going to farm? Where in that case will he get his farm hands? Is he going to clear his 400 acres? has he

calculated the cost of so doing? There is a certain shrewdness in Cœlebs; he knows that a market is not to be relied on in such a country for ordinary produce, but he discovers that three things, beef, pork and butter, always command a ready sale; and it is beef, pork and butter, that he intends to raise. "Were it not for the labour nuisance, there is nothing to prevent my having a couple of hundred head of cattle on the place, for so far as grazing is concerned, I am in an exceptionally good location. From May to November there is any quantity of feed in the woods, and hundreds, ay, thousands of acres of beaver meadow, where 'blue-joint' can be had for the cutting. The land is admirably adapted for root crops, and were it not for the flea-beetle, Swedes would give as large a yield as in England. For the pigs there are acorns in abundance, and I have only to put a weir in the river to catch them as many eels as they can stow away. I may be over-sanguine, but, for the life of me, I cannot see a possibility of non-success. It is not probable that I shall make a fortune, but if, with forty or fifty acres of land under cultivation, some fifty head of cattle in my barn, a good kitchen garden, a river teeming with fish, a forest where are moose, cariboo, grouse and hares, I cannot manage to keep the larder supplied, and earn sufficient money to purchase clothes, and such little luxuries as books and tobacco, I must either be very unfortunate or a great ass."

The account given of Cœlebs' life in his backwoods farm is exceedingly graphic, and in general, not overdrawn. This is a part of the volume that will, we fancy, be read with avidity by a large portion of the Gentleman Emigrant class; for it deals plentifully with sport of all kinds, over which it throws a dash of something that does duty for work, and the furtherance of which is supposed to be conducive to the furtherance of Mr. Cœlebs' worldly prospects. There is moose-stalking and moose-calling, there is fishing in abundance, and all the fur and feather that creeps, runs, or flies in Nova Scotian forests, finds a place in these pages. But pleasant as part of the picture is, and attractive as such a life is—for a time—to many of English descent, we take leave to doubt the wisdom of trying it. Cœlebs is putting up a frame house, for he intends to bring out a wife to share the pleasures of his backwoods farm. How she will like to be "only eighteen miles from L—," remains to be seen, and what is to be the upshot financially of all this hunting and shooting, of these united acres of 'blue-joint,' of these 60 head of cattle that are to be fed through the long winter, is left rather to our conjecture. On the comparative merits of a life in the clearings and one in the backwoods—for an English gentleman, for it must always be borne in mind that only for that class is the book written—we will let Mr. Stamer have his own say. "To compare the clearings with the backwoods: In the clearings we cannot, without giving mortal offence, select one's company—in the woods we can. In the clearings it is next to impossible to amuse a visitor—in the woods nothing is more easy. In the clearings, one is every moment watched and criticised by prying and gossiping neighours—in the woods one is almost as free as air. In the clearings the well-bred man or woman will not find a single advantage which cannot equally be found in the backwoods; but in the backwoods they will enjoy many advantages which cannot be enjoyed in the clearings. That is our opinion, and it is the opinion of many well-bred, well-educated men and women of our acquaintance. If one cannot live in the woods, one can at least vegetate luxuriantly. In the clearings one can neither live nor vegetate. The man who has the means to purchase a farm in a long settled district, would be a fool to locate himself in the woods, but when the choice lies between the clearings—and by the clearings we mean all new townships and sparsely populated districts—and the woods, the latter is certainly the more preferable of the two.

A very interesting portion of the second volume is devoted to the United States, and the several attractions or disadvantages which the several States offer to the Gentleman Emigrant. For the man with money in his pocket there are several locations in New York State, for instance, where life would be pleasant enough; soil fair, markets handy, society tolerably good, and sport to be easily had. But, looking out with the eyes of a poor gentleman, Mr. Stamer takes us over a very large tract of country before he can show us anything to our taste. Ohio he does not like at all. "To Michigan there is the objection that whilst the climate is just as severe as in Canada West, and the land neither better nor cheaper, the taxes are heavier and the luxuries of life much dearer than they are across the water. We cannot see the pull of settling in the dominions of Uncle Samuel when close at hand greater advantages can be had, and at a cheaper rate, in the dominions of Queen Victoria." The same applies to Minnesota and the northern part of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin." We have no space to follow him through his examination of the several States. Naturally he eventually selects Virginia as the one that offers most advantages to an Englishman with a small capital. Already a large number of such immigrants, officers and others, have found their way to the Old Dominion, and are, we fancy, mostly doing well there. Land is comparatively cheap, labour can be obtained by the man who goes the right way to work, and shooting is first rate. "Whether his home be in the Piedmont district, or in Eastern Virginia, or in the Valley of Shenandoah, we feel convinced that he will not repent him of having settled in the Old Dominion."

Life in Australia is depicted very much in the same style as life in the Nova Scotian backwoods, and certainly the prospect which is held up to the young Englishman, be he scapegrace, spendthrift, or merely a poor gentleman, is not very inviting. The experiences of Mr. Newchum on an Australian sheep station are in very many instances very much as Mr. Stamer depicts them—a rough, monotonous, profitless existence under the tyranny of harsh, uncultured taskmasters. A man with a large capital can, of course, make his way, and perhaps his fortune, in Australia as well as elsewhere; but for the poor gentleman its advantages are small indeed, while the risks of failure are very great. To Canada the author advises his readers to go. "Disadvantages it has, no doubt; so has every country under the sun. But taking everything into consideration, Canada, that is Western Ontario, will, as a home for the gentleman emigrant, compare favourably with the United States, the Cape, Australia, New Zealand, or any other field of emigration, be it in the Old World or the New."

## "ONLY AN INSECT!"

BY GRANT ALLEN.

(Professor of History, Queen's College, Spanishtown, Jamaica.)

ON the crimson cloth
Of my study desk
A lustrous moth
Poised, statuesque.
Of a waxen mould
Were its light limbs shaped,
And in scales of gold
Its body was draped;
While its delicate wings
Were netted and veined

With silvery strings
Or golden-grained,
Through whose filmy maze
In tremulous flight
Danced quivering rays
Of the gladsome light.

On the desk close by
A taper burned,
Towards which the eye
Of the insect turned.
In its vague little mind
A faint desire
Rose undefined
For the beautiful fire.
Lightly it spread
Each silken van,
Then away it sped
For a moment's span :
And a strange delight
Lured on its course
With resistless might
Toward the central source ;
And it followed the spell
Through an eddying maze
Till it staggered and fell
In the deadly blaze.

Dazzled and stunned
By the scalding pain,
One moment it swooned,
Then rose again :
And again the fire
Drew it on with its charms
To a living pyre
In its awful arms :
And now it lies
On the table here
Before my eyes
Shrivelled and sere.

As I sit and muse
On its fiery fate
What themes abstruse
Might I meditate.
For the pangs that thrilled
Through its delicate frame,
As its senses were filled
With the scorching flame.
A riddle enclose
That, living or dead,
In rhyme or in prose,
No seer has read.
" But a moth," you cry,
" Is a thing so small :"
Ah yes, but why
Should it suffer at all ?
Why should a sob
For the vaguest smart,
One moment throb
Through the tiniest heart ?
Why, in the whole
Wide universe
Should a single soul
Feel that primal curse ?
Not all the throes
Of mightiest mind,
Nor the heaviest woes
Of humankind
Are of deeper weight
In the riddle of things
Than this insect's fate
With the mangled wings.

But if only I,
In my simple song,
Could tell you the *why*
Of that one little wrong,
I could tell you more
Than the deepest page
Of saintliest lore,
Or of wisest sage :
For never as yet
In its wordy strife,
Could philosophy get
At the import of life ;
And theology's laws
Have still to explain
The inscrutable cause
For the being of pain :
So I somehow fear
That, in spite of both,
We are baffled here
By this one singed moth.

# SOME CHAPTERS OF THE HISTORY OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

SOUTH America is the land of experiments. It is, consequently, the land of failures. The more experiments are made the more failures follow; and as political and constitutional experiments are the most momentous of all, so the failures which follow them are usually the most disastrous and bloody. The Spanish Government of the South American Provinces was an experiment, and after years of effort, more or less spasmodic and unwise on the part of the "mother country," it failed. And the failure was disastrous. The independent rule of the Provinces themselves was an experiment; and after years of struggle and strife, of imitation and ambition, it also failed, as the disturbed condition and bloody history of the past quarter of a century abundantly proves.

In 1868, Domingo F. Sarmiento was elected President of the Argentine Republic. He was in many ways a very remarkable man. He was born in South America, and imbibed, with the air, the traditions, the history, the habits, and the passions of his people. He travelled in Europe, in North America, and in Africa. In England he was the friend of Cobden, and took an interest in free trade and education. In Africa he was taken for an Arab, and among the French in Algiers was wont to boast that, covered with a burnous, he could ride unmolested to the Pyramids. In North America he was the Consul of the Republic, the friend of Horace Mann, the lover of his country, and the student of systems of popular education. Traveller, editor, student, statesman, diplomatist and soldier, exile and patriot, at last he was elevated to the Presidency of the Republic in which he was born, and which he loved so well. This celebrated gentleman has published a volume, which has been translated into English by Mrs. Horace Mann. It is called, somewhat sensationally, "Life in the Argentine Republic in the days of the Tyrants; or, Civilization and Barbarism," and any reader desirous to hear more on the subject will find all he will require in this brilliant and valuable volume.

Buenos Ayres was formerly the capital town of all the Spanish possessions in La Plata, sharing that honour occasionally with Asomption. In 1734 it became the seat of a Spanish Vice-Royalty. The Viceroy had 40,000 Spanish dollars per annum, and maintained, in reduced measure, the etiquette and splendour of a court. Space does not suffice to trace up the history of the country, to recount its various fortunes and changes. The Viceroys were legion. Between 1777 and 1806 ten of them ruled in Buenos Ayres. In 1806 the English invaded it, as is well known, and sent one, the last, of these lords about his business in quick time. General Beresford, Sir Samuel Auchmuchty, and General Whitlocke, each tried his hand in keeping Buenos Ayres; but the latter was defeated, and capitulated, and all the territory of La Plata returned to Spain. From this time till the country declared and won its independence there was no peace, and there is no peace yet. There had formed two such parties as have for years past been fighting in Cuba, the Spanish or loyal party, and the American or national party. Theories of freedom and republicanism had come over the sea, and had come down from the north, and the unwisdom with which the Spanish Colonies had always been governed from Spain, had precipitated the conflagration which these sparks from

abroad had been inducing. One after another the Colonies of Spain had revolted and set up for themselves. Buenos Ayres declared war in 1810, and proclaimed its independence accomplished, in 1816, at a general congress. Don Juan Martin Puyrredon was the first Director.

It would be interesting, but long, to recount the internal history of the Argentine Confederation or Republic (blood has been spilled like water to determine which it should be called), the quarrels of rival leaders, the struggles of violent factions, the wars of the *Unitarios* and *Federals*, the despotisms which followed and destroyed each other. It was such a story as reminded one of the oft-quoted stage directions in Hamlet —a struggle in which Hamlet and Laertes exchange daggers; Hamlet wounds Laertes, Laertes wounds Hamlet. Experiment after experiment was tried and failed. The *Unitarios*, meaning those who were for a Republic, one and indivisible, with a central government, had their day of triumph; and the Federals, or those who were for a Confederation of Provinces, had theirs. But permanent peace, law and order, had fled the country; there were only two social forces, the Civilization of the cities and the Barbarism of the plains, and between these two there could be no compromise and no political union. The country is, let us suppose for a beginning to this recapitulation, in its condition of disorder of 1810. Let us see what sort of a region it is, and what manner of people they are who inhabit it. Between the Chilian Andes and the South Atlantic, all the vast region of plain and river, with the exception of a portion of enormous Brazil, and the whole of diminutive Uruguay, is called, as you will, the territory of La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, or the Argentine Republic. This vast region has one peculiarity. It has no "country" such as we know of and in which we delight. Retired grocers would be unable to waste their substance in fancy farming in this southern land, and gentlemen there are not partial to "out-of-town villas." Outside of the cities all is barren and barbarous. Thus the Argentine Republic means a Republic of cities, and the Argentine Confederation means a Confederation of cities. Country members are not familiar objects therefore, and thus the daily journals lose much food for satire. Monte Video, on the north side of the mouth of the Rio de La Plata, and Buenos Ayres, on the south side, are the great commercial cities. Buenos Ayres, having behind it the whole vast territory, has greatly the advantage over its rival. It sucks towards itself the trade of the country, as also it has drawn to itself at different periods all the political power, and thus suffered all the pangs of political disturbance. Between the sea-board cities and the foot of the Andes there is the plain with its wood and water and desert. Here and there is a city at wide distances—Cordova, Saltas, Santa-Fe, Carrientes Entre Rios and Incuman—the map will give you an idea of their separation. The plains are like the prairies of the North and the deserts of the East; they are inhabited in the same way. The Eastern deserts have their Bedouins; the Northern prairies have their Indians. The Argentine plains have their Guachos. The Argentine plains have one great advantage over desert and prairie; they have rivers which all unite at last to form the Rio de La Plata. But, till lately at least, these rivers were useless to the people of the plains, who would rather ford or swim them on their horses than cross them in boats or canoes, and who never, or seldom, thought to use them as the means of profitable commerce. "Thus," says Sarmiento, "is the greatest blessing which Providence bestows upon any people disdained by the Argentine Guacho, who regards it rather as an obstacle opposed to his movements than as the most powerful means of facilitating them; thus the fountain of national growth, the origin of the early celebrity of Egypt, the cause of Holland's great-

ness, and of the rapid development of North America, the navigation of rivers or the use of canals, remains a latent power, unappreciated by the inhabitants of the banks of the Bermess, Pilcomayo, Parana and Paraguay." Travelling on these plains is much the same sort of excitement that travelling across the western prairies was before the days of Phil. Sheridan and the Union Pacific Railway. The travellers are all armed, as are all the people. Force is the supreme ruler; and human life is far less regarded than animal life. To steal a horse is death. To kill a man is, locally, fame. Stock-raising is the chief pursuit—hides and wool still form eighty per cent. of the exports of the country, which is thus in the lower stage of artificial life as yet. And as a matter of course habitations are like the cities, few and far between; manners are the roughest of the rough, morals are unrecognized, quarrels are settled by the knife, and appearances in dress, equipage and household are not thought of where there are none to rival and none to criticise. Drink and the chase are the chief excitements, horses are the best friends, and a fight or a foray arouses the enthusiasm of all. It is not strange, after all this, even to say that music is a passion with this people, and that they will listen to a story with the patience of a crowd of Mussulmen, and grow excited over a ballad like any gathering of old Greeks. Both music and poetry are peculiarly cultivated. An Argentine is always expected to play the piano or finger the guitar, and his recitation of poetry of his own composition is no more remarkable than it was in the days when the minnesingers sang their songs in baronial halls or among peasant festivities. Of course among such a people the possessors of qualities, mental or physical, which contribute to their amusement or assistance, are held in peculiar respect. Colonel Sarmiento mentions four, 1st, the Rastreador, or Track-finder; 2nd, the Baqueano, or Path-finder; 3rd, the Guacho Outlaw; and 4th, the Cantor, or Minstrel. In a country of herds and plains the profession of the track-finder is natural enough. Herds will wander and mix, and some one must have skill to follow, find and separate them. The skill with which the Argentine track-finder does this is remarkable. Sarmiento mentions an incident. "I once happened to turn out of a by-way into the Buenos Ayres road, and my guide, following the usual practice, cast a look at the ground. 'There was a very nice little Moorish mule in that train,' said he directly. 'D. N. Zafata's it was—she is good for the saddle, and it is very plain she was saddled this time; they went by yesterday.' The man was travelling from the Sierra de San Luis, while the train had passed on its way from Buenos Ayres, and it was a year since he had seen the Moorish mule whose track was mixed up with those of a whole train in a path two feet wide."

The path-finder is a step above the track-finder. He is the topographer, the military guide, the leader of explorations. He knows all paths that lead anywhither, where water is to be found, where any house, village or city is, where the fords of the rivers, and the best grass of the plains are; he can travel by night as well as by day; he knows the hour of the day by the position of the sun, and of the night by the stars; by the birds of the air he tells if an enemy is approaching, and by the dust that they raise he discovers their numbers. The Argentine generals of the revolution were possessed of these qualities; Rosas and Facundo Quiroga were *Baqueanos*.

The outlaw is the natural product of the plains. He has a power of his own. He has avenged an insult, or gratified a passion with the knife, and the law, so-called, denounces him. In reality he denounces the law. He lives in the saddle. He levies cheerful contributions. He falls on careless soldiers and slays them. He carries off a mistress from a festivity, and returns her at his will. He has his code of honour, too,

and is faithful to his promises, like an Outlaw of Romance. He gambles gaily, and pays his debts of honour like a gentleman. He is not hated by the men, he is half-loved by the women, and his prowess is praised in sounding stanzas by the *Cantor*.

The cantor is a minnesinger, a troubadour, a minstrel. He goes from house to house, from village to village, singing his songs of love and battle, celebrating the Pampa hero of the day, or of a day gone by. He throws himself upon the hospitality of those to whom he sings, and never wants to eat or drink in vain. Of course the improvisations of these cantors are wild and rough, but there must be among them some gleams of the gold of poetry which the early English poet discovered among the ballads of the Irish.

One other character remains to complete the list of notorieties—the Country Commandant. His title and power are conferred by the governments of the cities. He is generally chosen, of course, for his power and prowess. And as power and prowess are generally possessed by the "dangerous classes," and as the cities have no means of putting the "law" in force, the Commandant is a dictator and despot. He is (or rather *was*, for all this must be understood of a time twenty or thirty years ago—though such a country does not change much save for the worse in that time) often an outlaw who is reconciled to the law by being made the master of it. From the ranks of these Country Commandants come the generals and chieftains of revolution. They acquire ferocity and renown as Guacho outlaws; they command influence and followers as Commandants; and they have often ended by spilling the blood, and destroying the order and prosperity, of the citizens by whose goodness they were appointed. In the revolutionary war the Commandants of the country districts became the chiefs of the armies.

The revolutionary war is thus graphically described by Sarmiento:—"The Argentine Revolutionary War was two-fold: 1st, a civilized warfare of the cities against Spain; 2nd, a war against the cities on the part of the country chieftains with the view of shaking off all political subjection, and satisfying their hatred of civilization. The cities overcame the Spaniards; and were in their turn overcome by the country districts. This is the explanation of the Argentine Revolution, the first shot of which was fired in 1810, and the last is still to be heard."

Naturally then we turn to see which were the cities destroyed, and who were the men who destroyed them. Sarmiento gives some interesting particulars.

La Rioja was once a city of some fame and importance. It had given famous names in that country to divinity, law and arms; it had a high civilization; it sent many young men to college; it had educational and charitable institutions of great value. In 1853, after the intestine struggles in which the barbarism of the plains had swept over it, there were only six or eight men of note living in it, there were no lawyers' offices, no young men sent to college; there were no schools, and only one teacher, a Franciscan friar; there were no charitable institutions, five churches were in ruins, no new houses, only two priests, the people were all poor; a terror was upon the inhabitants, and the coin of the city and country was debased. Says Sarmiento: "These facts speak with all their sad and fearful severity. The only example of so rapid a decline towards barbarism is presented by the history of the Mahommedan conquests of Greece. And this happens in America, in the 19th century, and is the work of but twenty years."

The story of La Rioja is a copy of the story that might be told of Santa-Fe, San Luis, and Santiago del Estero; it is needless to repeat their disaster and decay. And what has been the cause of all this melancholy decadence? The nature of the double strife between the civilization of the cities and

Spain, and between the barbarism of the plains and the cities—as indicated by Sarmiento—might suggest the cause. But to be more particular, let us gather up all the series of events which produced it, in dealing with the life, exploits, and death of the outlaw chief, general and despot, FACUNDO QUIROGA.

One of the latest literary comets, Joaquin Miller, has described in a really strong and striking poem, the men who rode with Walker on Nicaragua, as men

> "Dark-browed as if in iron cast,
> Broad-breasted as twin gates of brass,—
> Men strangely brave and fiercely true,
> Who dared the West where giants were,
> Who erred, and bravely dared to err,
> A remnant of that early few
> Who held no crime or curse or vice
> As dark as that of cowardice;
> With blendings of the worst and best
> Of faults and virtues that have blest
> Or cursed or thrilled the human breast."

To be the leader of such men this Argentine Chief was wonderfully and fearfully fitted. Sarmiento has a positive hatred for him, and impales him mercilessly and often. But at his best he must have been a rare ruffian, black-hearted and bloody beyond imagination, and with fewer of those softer moments that are sometimes accorded even to pirates, than the cruellest captain of them all. He was "a stoutly built man, of low stature, whose short neck and broad shoulders supported a well-shaped head, covered with a profusion of black and closely curling hair. His somewhat oval face was half buried in this mass of hair, and an equally thick, black, curly beard, rising to his cheek-bones, which, by their prominence, evinced a firm and tenacious will. His black and fiery eyes, shadowed by black eyebrows, occasioned an involuntary thrill of terror to those on whom they chanced to fall; for Facundo's glance was never direct, whether from habit or intention. With the design of making himself always formidable, he always kept his head down to look at one from under his eyebrows, like the Ali Pacha of Monovoisin." This picture is drawn by an enemy, but even to a friend—if this awful man had a friend—it must be too correct a likeness. He was the son of an inhabitant of San Juan, and in that city he received his education. At school he was reserved, haughty and revengeful; and the boy was father to the man. At twelve years he assaulted his schoolmaster. At fifteen he gambled. At seventeen he drew the first blood of his bloody career, by shooting at a comrade over the cards. He soon became tired of being ruled, and he determined to "frame a world of other stuff." He gambled, toiled, drank, quarrelled and stabbed himself into notoriety. He robbed his father of his goods and grain to gratify his passion for gambling. In 1810 he is a recruit at Buenos Ayres. Subsequently he is found among the Mounted Grenadiers of the Andes. And he had been making himself known by his turbulence and his knife. He burned his father's house for revenge on being refused money to gamble with. Once being imprisoned in San Luis, he broke his chains, seized a bar of iron, and on his own showing killed or maimed eleven men before he stopped in his murderous work, and escaped. Hundreds of stories are told of this man, of his lust, his cruelty, his falsehood, his demoniacal courage. At last, in 1820, we find him in the position of Sergeant-major of the Militia of the plains, with the powers of a Commandant. The Government of Buenos Ayres had found him to be dangerous, and so gave him office on their side. His first act was to severely subdue an insurrection of just such men as himself, and to prove his authority as well as his prowess. His next was to attack the city of La Rioja, overturn the Government, and threaten all with death, in the very wantonness of rebellion. Yet in performing this act he did one humane thing. He stopped the ringing of the bells by his friends, to spare the feelings of the widow of the gene-

ral whom he had slain. To such a man money was a prime necessity; and two admirable ways were adopted to obtain it. He assumed the right to supply the markets with meat; and he gambled. His cattle he obtained from pastures which had come to him by confiscation or by enforced sale; his customers had to pay him the price he demanded. And in gambling he played with unlimited means; it was death to leave the table till he gave the signal of cessation, and it was only given when he had won, no matter how long the play continued.

In 1825, Rivadavia, who was the Governor of Buenos Ayres, invited the Provinces to a Congress, to form a general Government for the Republic. The invitation was accepted generally; and from his conquered stronghold at La Rioja, Facundo Quiroga came to the Congress. The result was the establishment of a species of Federal Government, both the Central and Provincial Governments of the Republic being at Buenos Ayres. The President-General at first was Don Juan G. las Heras. After him came Rivadavia in 1826. The first test of strength was the Brazilian war; and the Congress determined to raise regiments from each Province of the Confederation. Colonel Madrid was sent to Incuman to raise troops in that city and district. Not meeting with immediate success he swept aside the local authorities and proceeded to manage things for himself. This was a violation of the new constitution, and Facundo was, with circumstantial satire, sent to enforce order. Madrid, like a true outlaw, resisted. This man was as brave as Quiroga, and as reckless. He bore about the wounds of a hundred and fifty encounters. He was a track-finder, a path-finder, a general, and a cantor; but he was rash beyond calculation. This time he rushed upon his fate. His brother outlaw, turned constable for the occasion, fell upon him, and at the head of his small force he fell, pierced with many balls. His last words were "I do not surrender!" and then he surrendered—to death. At this battle Facundo had raised a flag of his own, a black flag with a skull and cross-bones—the pennon of the pirate of the plains. His other colour was red. The Argentine flag had been blue and white; Facundo and Rosas, President, had put a band of red about it. Red was the colour of the Federals and of Facundo. It was necessary in Buenos Ayres to wear a red ribbon, otherwise you would be shot. Women were slashed with cowhides if they did not wear it, or if it was hidden or carelessly tied. Says Sarmiento: "One day a grocer put out a small flag to attract custom; his example was followed from house to house and from street to street—until banners floated over the whole city, and the officials thought that some great news had come unknown to them. And this was the people who once forced eleven thousand Englishmen to surrender in the streets, and who afterwards sent five armies against the Spaniards!"

After the murder of Don Manuel Dorrego by Lavalle in 1827, fresh disturbances broke out between the city party and the country party, the party of civilization and the party of barbarism. General Paz was the military chief of the former; Facundo Quiroga of the latter. The battle of Tablala followed, near Cordova, the monastic city of South America. Facundo attacked Cordova, which was bravely defended; he threatened to burn it, and it was surrendered. Then he marched to meet Paz with a great force of cavalry. Does the reader remember that scene in the Lady of the Lake, of the contest between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, who "showered his blows like wintry rain," but—

> "As firm as rock or castle roof
> Against the wintry shower is proof,
> The foe, invulnerable still,
> Foiled his wild rage by steady skill,
> Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
> Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
> And backward borne upon the lea,
> Brought the proud chieftain to his knee."

So it happened with Facundo. In vain his horsemen hurled themselves upon the force of General Paz. That wary veteran had well marshalled his little force, and after an obstinate battle Facundo was defeated, losing horses, men, arms and honour. Fifteen hundred dead bodies, slain mostly by the sword, were left upon the field. A list of his acts after this reads strangely cruel and bloody. He went to La Rioja and compelled all the citizens to emigrate to the plains. They were impressed forcibly under his banner. Hostages were arrested and money extorted from them for the purposes of the war; those who could not pay were whipped; those who would not were shot. In Rioja, San Juan, Mendoza, and San Luis he rioted, gambled and recruited by force. In a year he was ready for the field, and his point of attack was Cordova. Cordova was a Spanish city transplanted to South America. It was at this time the counterpart of what Florence was in the days of Savonarola, as described by "George Eliot" in Romola. The shoemakers and barbers babbled Latin and Polemics. The town was full of convents and nuns, monks and monasteries. The air was full of learning and Conservatism. General Paz marshalled his forces to meet the bandit chief. Crossing the Sierra de Cordova, Paz assaulted Facundo and his forces, broke them in pieces, and at a loss of seventy men scattered his enemies and took seven thousand prisoners. Civilization was clearly on the advance. Cordova, Mendoza, San Juan, San Luis, La Rioja, Catamarca, Incuman, and Salta, were all freed from the nightmare which Quiroga had thrown upon them. He himself fled to Buenos Ayres, and to his friend Rosas. After a career of debauchery in Buenos Ayres, he was enlisted in an expedition against Cordova and Conservatism. He undertook an attack on Rioja and Mendoza, where he had formerly ruled by terror. He took Rio Quinto and San Luis. He defeated General Castello at Mendoza, and took Rioja and Cuyo. He began his old career. He shot, and robbed, and ravished, and rioted as of old. He kicked the Governors, and cuffed the Captain-General, and shot at any one who annoyed him. He shot thirty-three captive officers in Incuman, and their bodies were given to the dogs. At last he returned to Buenos Ayres, and to his death, for his cup was full. He began his riotous career of drunkenness, gambling, and debauchery; and he even spoke contemptuously of his patron, the President Rosas, a man as cruel as himself. He accepted a mission to settle some difficulties in the provinces, and on his return was assassinated at Baranca Yacco by Santos Perez, with a company of men. Perez was long pursued by the Government of Buenos Ayres, and at length taken and executed. But Sarmiento charges them with having instigated the assassination.

Thus ends one chapter, at least, in the history of the Argentine Republic. Neither space nor time permits of further discussion of the recent history of the country, which can easily be collected; perhaps we may do do so on another occasion, since the events of the past few weeks seem to bring the country again before the public as a theatre of a war of social forces, in which all the old elements will prevail, and all the old cruel, bloody and barbarous conditions of contest exist.

M. J. G.

## IN MEMORY OF BARRY CORNWALL.

(October 4, 1874.)

IN the garden of death, where the singers whose names are deathless
One with another make music unheard of men,
Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips long breathless,
And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not or change again,
Who comes now crowned with the blossom of snow-white years?
What music is this that the world of the dead men hears?

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were honey,
Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet,
Like summer gone forth of the land his songs made sunny,
To the beautiful veiled bright world where the glad ghosts meet,
Child with father, and bridegroom with bride, and anguish with rest,
No soul shall pass of a singer than this more blest.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were filled and brightened,
As a forest with birds, with the fruit and the flower of his song,
For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their cares were lightened,
For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered his name so long,
By the living and dead lips blest that have loved his name,
And clothed with their praise and crowned with their love for fame.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers that close not,
That shrink not by day for heat or for cold by night,
As a thought in the heart shall increase when the heart's self knows not,
Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our eyes as a light;
Shall wax with the years that wane and the seasons' chime,
As a white rose thornless that grows in the garden of time.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with another,
And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet songs' sake;
The same year beckons, and elder with younger brother
Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we all shall take.
They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows be come;
And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsang them dumb.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death;
But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,
Nor the lips lack song for ever that now lack breath.
For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

# THE FRENCH CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY OF 1830:

## AN ENQUIRY INTO THE CAUSE OF ITS FAILURE.

[' 'I may not live to see it, but I cherish the conviction that Constitutional Monarchy (the cause to which my political life has been devoted) will be permanently re-established in France."—These words were written by M. Guizot, after the fall of King Louis Philippe, to a friend of the present writer. These words were the burden of all the letters to his English correspondents in which M. Guizot then alluded to the events of 1848. M. Guizot did not live to see Constitutional Monarchy re-established in France, but he lived to see France miss the opportunity of re-establishing it; and he closed his eyes upon a political situation apparently destitute of all encouragement to that faith in Constitutional Monarchy which he cherished to the last.

The immensity of the change effected, during the lifetime of the present generation, in the international condition of Europe, is marked by the effort it now costs us to recall from the oblivion of a very recent past those incidents of M. Guizot's foreign policy which were the cause of such strong emotion among the contemporaries of his political career. But the name of this illustrious man is associated with a great political experiment, which is still universally interesting, notwithstanding the failure of it. For the maintenance of a monarchy, exclusively by the support of the middle class, is an experiment of which the result cannot be unimportant to any modern state wherein the preponderating political power is possessed by its middle class. That the experiment failed in France we know. But the fact is not, in itself, conclusive: for the question remains, whether the failure be attributable to exceptional circumstances, or to the universal conditions of the problem.

It is this question which suggested the following reflections. They were written many years ago, as part of a work never published or even finished. Nor, indeed, were they then written with a view to publication; but, rather, as private records of an endeavour to ascertain what organic elements of durability have been either preserved or produced by the chief European communities (and more especially our own) in the present stage of their social development.]

IT would perhaps be easy to prove that the great things achieved by some nations have often been due to their faults, and that the sufferings of other nations have as often been caused by their virtues. There is, in any case, much to moderate self-satisfaction, and mitigate self-reproach, in the praise and blame which history distributes. Neither individuals nor nations can unite in themselves all the virtues. Some virtues are incompatible with each other; some are the beneficent accompaniments of inevitable defects. The best instruction, therefore, which can be offered to a nation, in the choice of its intellectual attitude towards other nations, is that which enables it to recognize the good qualities not natural to its own character; and to utilize, for its own preservation or improvement, those nations in which such qualities are found. Hence, in our study of political problems at home, there is always something to be learned from the experience of our neighbours, however greatly it may differ from our own. It is, at least, under this impression that I now propose to examine the practical conditions of Constitutional Government in continental communities; and, of those communities, the first to claim attention is the French.

In surveying the condition of Europe, the eye first fastens upon France, just as, in examining the mechanism of a watch, the first object of inspection would be the mainspring. It is not only the geographical position of that country which gives to the phenomena of its social and political life an exceptionally cosmopolitan importance. Nor is it exclusively, or even mainly, owing to any peculiarity in the temperament of the French People, that modern France has become the busiest and most conspicuous theatre for the performance of those audacious political experiments which Europe

contemplates, sometimes as an admiring, always as an interested, spectator. For the rapid and popular diffusion of political ideas, the French nation has, no doubt, peculiar qualifications, intellectual, social, and geographical; and, perhaps, the assertion may be as true, as it is certainly common, that, of all European communities, the French is the most susceptible to the reception of new ideas, and the most impulsive in the practical prosecution of them. But it must be evident, even to the most superficial observation, that the phenomena of French politics are in no wise explained by this statement of French character, even if the statement be accepted as indisputable. Why is it that we now hear so much about the political restlessness, the fickleness, the turbulent inconsequence, of the French? Why is it that, in the past history of this people, we find nothing to justify such a description of their characteristic qualities? Whatever was specially political in its most brilliant epochs, that history identifies with a man, rather than with a party, and ascribes less to the political activity of the people than to the personal energy of the monarch or the minister. However great may have been, at all times, the social vivacity of Frenchmen, it is certain that, down to a comparatively late period, their history is a record of political patience; and, if their social revolution was disastrously premature, was not their political revolution as tardy?

No; it is not in the political temperament, it is in the political condition, of France that we must seek the explanation of these phenomena. Nor need we go far to find it, amongst the powerful and promiscuous solvents of 1793. It is not the character of a patient, it is the character of a disease, which we have here to study; and every wise physician knows that sensuous excesses are oftener the consequence, than the cause, of disordered health. A state in which all the organic elements of political durability have been dissolved is, necessarily, driven fast along the path of political experiment. There is no help for it. It is not a matter of popular preference or national temperament; it is a stern political necessity. Organs are developed; they cannot be created. Institutions may be *thrown up*, they cannot be *kept up*, in a vacuum; and, when thus thrown up, they often fall, like bread and butter, on their best side. The future is the correlative of the past: faith in the former is paralysed by infidelity to the latter. The idea of duration cannot be expressed if either of these terms be excluded; yet both of them are wanting to the political condition of France; and, in such a condition, the most ingenious legislation, the most powerful executive machinery, are like the levers of Archimedes, without a *Pou sto.*

But every European state is interested in the political experiments of its neighbours; and more especially is this the case as regards the political experiments of France. For the changes which have been violently and prematurely effected in the body politic of this country differ rather in degree than in kind from those which naturally belong to the phase of political development common to modern societies in all old communities. Life has been said to be an incurable disease. Every organism carries in itself the germs of its own dissolution. History forbids belief in the immortality of nations; and Europe is growing old in all her members. France, indeed, has used up in fifty years the life of five centuries; but the astonishing vitality which enables her not only to survive the decomposition of her chief political organs, but to make way, from generation to generation, upon a succession of splendid make-shifts, with so much pomp, power, and material prosperity, is a phenomenon which should command our admiration, and certainly does not deserve our disparagement.

It may be thought, however, that in the theory of constitutional government, English statesmanship can have nothing to learn from the results of French empirics. This

would be true if, in England, the history of constitutional government had not now reached that chapter with which it commonly opens in continental communities; a chapter in which we find it identified with the preponderating power of the middle class, and specially distinguished from all other forms of government as the one most congenial to middle class interests, and best calculated to carry a nation safely along the path of material progress, unretarded by the reactionary prejudices of an aristocracy, unconvulsed by the revolutionary impulses of a demos. This connection between the monarchy and the middle class was effected in England by the great Whig Reform Bill of 1832; and in France, much about the same time, by the Constitution which accompanied the establishment of the Orleans dynasty in 1830.

The reign of Louis Philippe was characterised by a remarkable display of intellectual activity and splendour. Every department of human genius was represented in France with a vigour amply justifying the boast of that generation which called itself *la jeune*. For the first time, since the revolution of 1793, a literature and an eloquence, born out of that revolution, flourished under the most favourable conditions, and with the most brilliant effect. In the French Chambers, so newly trained to the liberty of speech, Europe admired an assemblage of orators unsurpassed in debating power even by the ancient Parliament of England. And what animation their eloquence imparted to the whole social life of the nation! The public interest in a fine speech was passionate and universal. It was the fine speech itself which then absorbed the public interest, whether the subject of discourse were law or liberty, peace or war, the guilt of a criminal, the character of a minister, the career of an academician. It was all one to the public. Eloquence was the text, fact only the pretext. Words became things. Lamartine, after minutely describing to us the process of concocting that phrase, *Plutôt que de cesser d'être Français je cesserai de vivre*, suggested by Berryer to Ney, when the latter, on his trial, *se retira avec son avocat, pour concerter son attitude*, exclaims with great gravity, and in perfect good faith, *ce mot fut sublime!* Society itself had become a brilliant debating club. Round every dinner table, in every salon, conversation was indirectly animated by the eloquence of the tribune or the bar; and the gossip of the evening revived the emotions of the day.

It was the same passion for duelling which had pervaded the age of Louis XIII. But small swords had gone out of fashion. The duellists no longer belonged to the noblesse; they were the sons of the bourgeoisie; and their weapons were not rapiers but phrases. The artistic side of the French bourgeoisie, or at least of that period which we identify with the reign of the bourgeoisie in France, expressed itself in rhetoric. It is easy to laugh at this exaggerated love of phraseology; but let us remember that the middle class of most countries is absolutely impenetrable, by any means, to the ideas and sentiments of which phraseology is, at least, one vehicle. This æsthetic susceptibility of the French middle class to the influence of oratory, and the charm of finished expression, was perhaps derived from the fact that, in the France of the old régime, wit had been the one only possible means of introduction to the Court, at the command of those members of the bourgeoisie who were so fortunate as to possess it. It was, in fact, the fine sharp needle through which was passed the thread of intelligence that served to connect the tiers état with the noblesse.

In the French Chambers, during the reign of Louis Philippe, every political party found a voice which vibrated throughout Europe. The Legitimists obtained in Berryer the *verba togata* which gave stately utterance to all noble sentiments lingering among the traditions of the past. In the speech of Odillon Barrot, so grave and masculine, the

opinion of the more ardent Liberals found expression, not only forcible but dignified. The principles of that revolution which had placed the House of Orleans upon the throne had their luminous expositor in Guizot; and by the oratory of Thiers the art of reply was carried to a consummate finish, uniting the readiness in argument of a Fox with the verbal liveliness and sparkle of a Shiel. Later in the same reign, Alphonse de Lamartine enthralled the audience he had begun by disappointing, and became the most persuasive orator, not only of his country, but of his age. M. Thiers was the lively and impressionable, M. Guizot the austere and dignified, representative of the French bourgoisie. The one was not more vivacious, supple, swift, ardent, full of enthusiasm, youthful-minded, and even boyish, in his passionate patriotism and love of national glory, than the other was stately, decorous, formal, inflexible, frigidly intellectual. "*Montez, montez, Messieurs! Jamais vous n'arriverez à la hauteur de mon dédain.*" These words are eminently characteristic of the man who uttered them.* Between Thiers and Guizot, however, a more attractive and interesting position belongs to Berryer, in the parliamentary portrait gallery of the reign of Louis Philippe.

"Victrix causa Diis placuit sed victa, Catoni."

The cause which found in Berryer so eloquent a champion was perhaps not particularly beautiful; and, had it been a successful cause, it would have lost the poetry with which he invested both it and himself. But how that cause became him, and he it! Berryer was a consummate artist; and the beauty of his art was irresistible. The image of this delightful orator is the last and loveliest that lingers in the recollection of that great age of parliamentary eloquence which was outlived by so many of its most brilliant representatives.

In 1852 the Constitution of France was again, as usual, under revision. The majority of the Chamber, which had voted the law of May, was anxious, from fear of the Red Spectre, to prolong the powers of the President of the Republic, Prince Louis Napoleon. Throughout the provinces, the Councils General had pronounced in favour of the prolongation; and there can be no doubt that it was generally desired by the country. But the Mountain did not desire, and was resolved to oppose, it. The measure could not constitutionally be carried without a majority of two-thirds of the Chamber; and as the Mountain disposed of more than one-third of the total number of votes, it was well known that the measure would be outvoted. This debate on the Revision of the Constitution was, therefore, nothing more than a great parliamentary display, a magnificent political sham fight. It was not on that account, however, any the less interesting to the public; and the triumph of the day was certainly reserved for Berryer. When he rose, the deputies on all sides of the House quitted their benches, and grouped themselves around the Tribune. The Mountain was as attentive and respect-

* M. Guizot, however, was not deficient in wit. What Frenchman is? But his wit was, like all his other gifts, stately and cold, even when scathing. Judge *ex ungue leonem*. An Orleanist nobleman, who had accepted from the Empire a high post abroad, returning to Paris, called on M. Guizot, who received him in solemn silence; replying only by a bow, as significant as Lord Burleigh's, and as stately, to all he said. M. Guizot's visitor, disconcerted, and at last indignant, took his leave, exclaiming, "Fortunately I have many other old friends in the Orleanist party, *qui me recevront d'une bien autre façon.*" Then Guizot, speaking for the first time, replied, "*Vous vous trompez, Monsieur, ils seront plus cruels, ceux-là; car ils parleront.*" Again: Guizot and Thiers happened to be travelling together on board the same steamboat. The night was fine. All the passengers remained upon deck. Guizot, wrapped up in his cloak, on a bench, was half asleep; Thiers in his most talkative humour. Some one said to Guizot, "Thiers, who has been explaining the science of navigation, is now telling us how the ship's course ought to be steered." "*Comment?*" muttered Guizot, drowsily, "*n'est-il pas encore sur le mât?*"

ful as the rest of the Chamber. M. Berryer spoke of 1789; of the Tennis Court at Versailles; of the noble ardours, the generous aspirations, of the young generation of that day; when he, Berryer, and his contemporaries still dreamed that the reign of universal liberty had begun, and still filled the future with their golden visions. He described the enthusiasm and assiduity with which he and his young companions used to attend the debates in the assembly for the purpose of writing down the speeches as they were spoken, before the days of shorthand reporters; he painted the rapture of civic and patriotic purpose with which all those young hearts and heads were filled by the contemplation of the great events passing around them; and whilst the speaker thus gave utterance to his own recollections, tears were literally streaming from the eyes of the old Marquis de Grandvilliers, who was amongst the deputies gathered around the steps of the Tribune.*

Those who were then present still recall with emotion their sensations when Berryer, suddenly pausing and stretching out his arm to the old man, dropped his voice into the accents of an affectionate familiarity, and exclaimed, "T'en souviens tu, Grandvilliers?" The old Legitimist rose to his feet, and answered, "Oui, oui, je m'en souviens!" The effect of this scene is indescribable. There was no applause; but a nameless sound, a sound between a sigh and a sob, went round the whole House. It was a fitting echo to the last accents of the oratory of an age which had already passed away.

It has been often said that the House of Orleans was kept upon the throne of France by the cohesive force of parliamentary corruption. But admitting, to a certain extent, the truth of this assertion, we can find in it no adequate explanation of the fall of Louis Philippe.

Under the auspices of an energetic, patriotic, and unscrupulous minister, the House of Hanover was kept upon the throne of England by means of parliamentary corruption. But the House of Hanover remains upon the throne of England; identified by the grateful loyalty of the English nation with that period of its history in which liberty and order have been most harmoniously combined. In a country harrassed, as England once was, and as France still is, by incompatible dynastic pretensions, and irreconcilable dynastic parties, it is extremely doubtful whether parliamentary government (a government involving considerable relaxation of executive force) can be carried on without corruption. History, at any rate, furnishes no example of the successful maintenance of parliamentary government by other means under such conditions. It is doubtless true that, during the reign of Louis Philippe, the management of parliament was practically the management of the personal interests of its members. If we take the average of the parliamentary majorities of that time, we find that from eight to twelve votes were generally sufficient to turn the scale. The deputies were, nominally, unpaid, and most of them were provincial lawyers or metropolitan journalists. Tobacco monopolies, local post offices, decorations, commercial concessions, and official employments, constituted the convertible currency in which they transacted their dealings with the Cabinet, giving it credit for "value received." But whose the fault? The Government was committed by its constitution to exclusive re-

* Two very opposite appreciations of Berryer's speaking have quite recently been recorded by Mr. Evelyn Ashley, in his interesting continuation of the life of Lord Palmerstson. General Jacqueminot told Lord Palmerston that Berryer had nothing but a good voice, and that his speeches contained little matter; adding, "If any man had Berryer's voice and manner, with the matter of Thiers or Guizot, he would be irresistible." Lord Palmerston, however, says, "This account of Berryer does not tally with what Peel told me. . . . . Peel says he once asked Talleyrand who was the best French speaker he had ever heard. Talleyrand said the best, decidedly, was Mirabeau, and the next best Berryer." —Life of Lord Palmerston," vol. iii., pp. 151–152.

liance upon the support of the bourgeoisie; and the bourgeoisie set a commercial value upon its political support of the government with which all its political interests were identified! A foreign diplomatist calling on M. Guizot after a lengthened debate in the chamber, found that Minister in a condition of extreme physical exhaustion. "I am grieved," said the courteous envoy, "to be obliged to trouble you after a day of such fatiguing parliamentary labour." — "Ah," groaned M. Guizot, "it is not the parliamentary nor the diplomatic business that fatigues me; but—" (pointing to a long list of applications for posts, pensions, promotions, orders, offices) "*c'est le personnel qui m'achève!*"

Yet, when all has been said that fairly can be said against the French Parliament under Louis Philippe, its impartial historian must affirm that the character of this illustrious assembly was not unworthy of the genius it displayed. Like all chambers popularly elected, it had its alloy; its political adventurers, its intriguing jobbers, its extravagant fanatics, its selfish schemers. But, on the whole, it was an assembly eminently creditable to the enlightened age and great people which had called it into being. It was patriotic and intelligent.

And here it is worth while to notice a curious, and somewhat paradoxical, phenomenon in parliamentary history. The character of a popular assembly is generally patriotic, and the pervading sentiment of it national in the inverse ratio of the extension of the suffrage from which it is elected. I know of no instance to the contrary. But, without searching for examples so remote as the ancient parliaments of Castile, we may find one to the point in the English Parliament previous to 1832, as compared with the same Parliament subsequent to that date. And, indeed, there is an obvious reason why this should be the case. A legislative assembly elected by a restricted suffrage instinctively regards itself as the specially responsible representative of the national interests in their *ensemble*. And justly so. Because, if the paramount object of its existence were the representation of local interests in their separate groups, such an assembly would be differently constituted. If its debates be adequately reported by a tolerably free press, or otherwise amenable to public comment, the contact thus maintained between the whole of its members and the collective sentiment and opinion of the whole nation must necessarily be closer, stronger, and more constant, than the contact between each of its members and each of the small groups of local interests which they separately represent. But, when the magnitude and importance of the constituency has been greatly increased, its claims upon the sympathy and attention of its representative are proportionately increased. Not so, however, his capacity of sympathy and attention: and thus, in his mind, the image of the nation would inevitably be displaced by that of the constituency, even if it did not commonly happen that the representatives of large and important constituencies are selected rather on account of their local sympathies and experience than for any general knowledge of imperial affairs, or proved capacity to deal with such affairs in an imperial spirit.

What is needed, therefore, to maintain the salutary current of instinctive sympathy between the nation as a whole, and its parliament as the articulate expression of the nation's imperial unity, is not so much a wide suffrage as a wide publicity, and unrestricted freedom of debate.

The suffrage represented by the French Chamber during the reign of Louis Philippe was, no doubt, a very restricted one. But the patriotism and the ability of the Chamber itself were not thereby restricted. What the result did prove to be too restricted, was the political intelligence of the bourgeoisie, who failed to perceive that this restricted suffrage was essential to their reten-

tion of that political monopoly which they eventually surrendered without even the merit of a conscious sacrifice of self-interests.

But this is a point to which I shall presently have occasion to recur. It is enough to indicate it here.

If we turn from the oratory to the literature of the reign of Louis Philippe, still more brilliant and imposing is the aspect of the age. In the graver schools of literary thought we recognise a vigorous activity, and high level of attainment. The philosophy of Idealism obtains in Maine de Biran no mean convert from the sensationalism of Condillac; and the barren field of metaphysics is adorned by the literary culture and talent of a Jouffroy and a Victor Cousin. History receives from the intellect and erudition of Guizot a scientific method and direction, steadied by the writer's great experience of practical politics. From the genius of Thiers it takes a rare beauty of style, and a narrative charm which gives the glow of romance to the exposition of fact. Elsewhere, this province of research is illuminated, from the most opposite points of view, by such illustrious writers as Barante and Thierry, who paint the feudal past in its own gothic colours,—or Mignet, Michelet, Quinet, and others, who philosophise or poeticise facts into illustrations of systems. Everywhere thought abounds, and rushes, exulting, into new-found channels.

I know of no literary epoch in which so many writers of popular fiction have simultaneously attained to so high a degree of literary excellence, and so wide a range of literary influence, whilst preserving, each of them, from the conventionalities of a school, the individuality of their own genius. A complete list of all the eminent poets, novelists, and dramatists, who flourished during the reign of Louis Philippe would be almost interminable; and any criticism of their works from a literary point of view would carry us beyond the scope of the present enquiry, which is only concerned with literature in its direct relations to politics.

A common fallacy is, perhaps, involved in the assumption that literature is the expression of a contemporary public opinion. The literature of the day is the last word of yesterday, and the first word of to-morrow. That is to say, it is the expression of the opinion which has been public, and of the opinion which is about to become public. But it does not directly express contemporary opinion, which is silent. The public mind, formed by the opinions and sentiments of the majority of the nation, is in constant conflict with the private mind, formed by the sentiments and opinions of the minority of the nation. The majority is always triumphant in the present. It is already in possession; and, being under no obligation to prove its title to the ground it holds, it has no inducement to break silence. The minority, differently situated, is not a proprietor but a claimant; and it is compelled to plead its cause at the bar of opinion. On the one side is power; on the other, force. The power of the majority is mute. It has no occasion to speak. The force of the minority is in its expression. When the necessity of self-defence obliges the majority to break silence, the majority is already half defeated, and must soon become a minority. The literature of such a minority, however young, is the literature of the past. The writers of the majority rarely, if ever, constitute the literature of a nation. They are, so to speak, executive, not legislative, writers. They may govern, but they do not teach. They may impose laws, they cannot make them. Still, I think we are justified in seeking from the popular literature of any particular period important indications of its intellectual and political tendencies. For the life of an age is made up of its relations to the past and the future. Each has its party in the present. And, indeed, what makes so often sanguinary the passage over from the old to the new time, is the extreme

narrowness of the way. Between the past and the future flows a broad stream of time ; but over it is thrown only a single bridge, a narrow one, the present. Those who move, and those who stand still, the going and the coming, the men who rush forward and the men who fly back, all jostle each other midway. Each hinders his fellow ; and a thousand combatants fall momently under the feet of their comrades, without helping the battle.

Now, in the popular literature of the reign of Louis Philippe, we find, no doubt, a tendency to agitate practically insoluble questions, and to riot in the indulgence of morbid sentiments ; we find this tendency, moreover, carried to an excess which is incompatible with the serenity of elevated art, and antagonistic to that critical *beau idéal* wherein poetry seeks images of grace and beauty. Some of the most powerful writers of this period strove, with a vain expenditure of prodigious effort, to dignify what is intrinsically mean, to adorn what is ugly, sentimentalise what is cynical, and extract a sort of romantic ethics from social theories which all sober understanding perceives to be baneful to domestic morality. Still, in this imaginative literature, all wrong in its conceptions of art, all false in its philosophy of life, there was a force, a hardihood, a zest of animal spirits, a fulness and freshness of power, out of which it seemed impossible but what something lovely and noble, as well as strong and salient, must eventually issue, if only the genius of the age were permitted to filter itself by the mere process of flowing on. And, after all, it is not for long that what is pernicious in the influence of imaginative writers can endure. There is sure to come a reaction from the blind admiration of their faults which, for a while, obliterates even their merits. We had a literature, on the whole, far more coarsely adapted to demoralize society, under Charles II. But it passed away, innocuous to the succeeding generation ; and, instead of a Congreve, an Addison became the fashionable model of taste, and arbiter of letters. Lord Byron, a genius immeasurably more potent in his intellectual and personal influence than all the imaginative writers of young France put together, could not long charm youth

> "To make frowns in the glass, and write odes to despair."

Even before his untimely death, the eyes of the young generation turned, in dislike of his defects, from the study of those superlative beauties in his work, which a distant posterity will assuredly appreciate. And, if ever the influence of Byron again dominates a school or an age, it will be an influence purified, like that of an ancient classic, from all that can alloy delight in the critical study of an irregular but splendid genius.

The real question for the political enquirer, however, is not the literary sins or merits of the imaginative writers of the age of Louis Philippe. It is the cause, and character, of their influence upon the political temperament of their time. Never, I think, was there a time when purely imaginative writers exercised so immediate and powerful an influence over the thoughts and feelings of their contemporaries. The battle of æsthetic principles, waged between the classic and romantic schools of French literature, agitated the whole of France as deeply as if it involved the most momentous political issues. A new play by Victor Hugo was an event that convulsed a generation. Even the venerable and stately repose of the Academy was invaded, and violently shaken, by the tumultuous wave of passionate personal emotion which followed, and marked, the literary movement of the time. Nor was this all. Literature was not only in itself a political power, it was the means of placing political power in the hands of literary men. In the politics of countries where government has gradually become representative from the growing claims of

great properties or great industries, the purely literary intellect is at a discount. In the political history of our own country there are, no doubt, instances, from Burke to the present day, of men famous in letters who have also occupied a conspicuous position in public life. But they have not attained to this position by means of their literary fame, or their literary turn of mind. They have attained to it in spite of both, and by means of other qualifications. Moreover, both the political and literary world in England have practically (and I cannot but think justly, if rules be not invalidated by their rare exceptions) assumed that the intellectual qualities necessary for the highest success is purely imaginative literature, are incompatible with those which are requisite for active public life. If we admit that the political novelist or essayist is not disqualified, by his literary habits of thought, for the labours of practical politics, we are certainly not predisposed to believe that, because a man is a great poet, he must have it in him to be a good politician. In France it was otherwise.

The periodical press enlisted some of the profoundest, and some of the most brilliant, writers of this remarkable epoch. Unquestionably it erred in its redundant vitality. It was defiant, petulant, provocative. It was also too much inclined to that most unsatisfactory and pernicious of all processes in political reasoning, the research into eternally just principles of social government, and deduction therefrom of abstract speculations on ultimate conclusions. Sound political sense shuns the indefinite; and to no political society is there any definite commencement remounting beyond its acknowledged history, or any definite prospect extending beyond the sequences which can be logically deduced from the actual condition of the day. Politics admit of no myths in the past like the Social Contract of Rousseau, and no star-reading in the future like the Human Perfectibility of Condorcet. No doubt, the French Press under Louis Philippe had its grave defects. But they were the defects of youth; defects which time and experience suffice to reform, when youth has, on the whole, cultured intelligence and noble aspiration. And in that press each opinion had, at least, its champion as well as its destroyer. The press did but share the general freedom accorded, in all other fields of argument, to disputants for truth. Its soldiers fought without mask, mantle, or secret dagger. They gave to their cause the responsibility of their names, and defended it at the hazard of their lives. The power which the press thus acquired might be too great, its influence too inflammatory; but it could only be the legitimate power of talent, backed by the influence of whatever authority the name of the writer carried with it. In a press so singularly open, the rulers could at least see the full front of every opinion, and calculate the worth of every foe.

And certainly, for the writers of the periodical press itself, the reign of Louis Philippe was the Golden Age. To achieve a reputation in the leading article of a journal was the readiest means to fortune and to power. The journal was a career. It led to the chamber, to the senate, to the administration. It certainly seems to us, looking back upon it, that the system of Constitutional Monarchy, under Louis Philippe, was precisely the political system which a periodical press would have felt a common interest in defending against all combinations for its overthrow. But it is the condition of a periodical press to have no instinct of a common interest; and the journalism of the day was, itself, employed in loosening all the grounds in which its own roots were interwoven with those of the monarchy. The same remark applies to the imaginative literature of the time. Never again, in all probability, will imaginative writers, nor yet the literary class as a whole, enjoy so large a share of political power as

that to which they were admitted by the character of the monarchy whose foundations they did their best to undermine. But, as I have said, it is not with the literary sins of these writers that we are here concerned. The question before us is this. How far does the imaginative literature of the reign of Louis Philippe really represent the political spirit of that time, and thus furnish some evidence of the latent causes of a revolution that paralyzed the literature and swallowed up the reign?

Now, I think it must be allowed that nothing could be more antagonistic to the principles of monarchy represented by Louis Philippe than the whole tone and spirit of the popular poetry and fiction which had full career during his reign. For the French monarchy of 1830 was essentially, and avowedly, THE CORONATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASS. Its most lucid and competent expositor proclaims, and advocates, it as such. "On l'appelle," says M. Guizot, "le parti de la bourgeoisie, des classes moyennes. C'est, en effet, ce qu'il était, et ce qu'il est aujourd'hui." (*Guizot, De la Démocratie en France*, p, 94.) But, according to the same champion of that monarchy, and according to the logic of every disciplined political reasoner, a political system based on the ascendency of the middle classes must rest on the popular respect shown to those principles with which a bourgeoisie, or middle class, most identifies its social interests and moral sentiments. The recognized sanctity of property, the sober regard for practical business, and for the regulated duties of life —that which M. Guizot calls "l'esprit de famille, l'empire des sentiments et des mœurs domestiques"—in short, practically, a quick but steady progress which does not shake the funds or drain the tills; and, theoretically, a decorous homage to the stability of those bulwarks of social order, the altar and the hearth: such, if a middle-class is to be the governing power of the country, must be the permanent character of its policy and the persuasive tenderness of its social example.

From the moment in which a middle class welcomes, as liberal and enlightened, notions that assail the established rights of property, or the received code of domestic morals, its political ascendency is doomed. Not more surely was it among the signs of coming destruction to the peerages of the French nobles, when their favourite authors were Rousseau, Diderot, and Voltaire, than it became a sign that the bourgeoisie of France were about to resign their sway, when their favourite writers were Balzac, Georges Sand, Victor Hugo, Eugène Sue.

The common characteristic, not of these writers alone, but of the great majority of their less renowned contemporaries, is a defiance of all the principles upon which the moral power of a middle class can rest. In their works, sober probity is made to look mean by the side of some fantastic paradox of honour; the sanctity of marriage is ridiculed and denied; the wronged husband represented as a brute or a fool, the faithless wife as an *ange déchu;* the convict is portrayed as a prodigy of natural goodness made bad by artificial laws; the trader as a knave; the priest as a hypocrite or a dullard; the noble as a blackleg; the *ouvrier* as a hero.

Now, whatever the influence which such literature may have had on the reading public, it is quite clear that it could have had none at all if the reading public had not felt a sympathetic gratification in conceding it. The cultivators of that literature cultivated it as a profession. Their object was to please and to sell. If the reading public had recoiled from the subjects they selected and the sentiments they uttered, those writers would have struck into other subjects and expressed other sentiments. Romance writers are not, like saints and martyrs, willing to die for the holiness of their doctrines. The most impressionable of human beings are the children of Fancy;

and they only give back to their age and country, in imaginative forms, what their age and country have instilled into them. That the writers of a Middle Class Monarchy should attack the received interests and morals of the middle class, would prove nothing politically. But that such writers should be popular, admired, and famous with the middle class itself, is a grave political symptom. Against death by suicide, the gods themselves cannot defend their favourites; and political power soon abandons a class that betrays its own cause.

Such was the romantic literature of the monarchy of the middle classes in France. But, behind this light though formidable artillery were arranged heavier forces against the sway of the bourgeoisie. The working class was not only idealized and poeticized by wayward genius, it was invoked by the eloquence of a false philosophy as the founder of a new and more perfect organization of the social world. The dreamers of the first revolution revived in visionaries more plausible, and far more seductive to the honest poor. It was no longer now the vague cry of the Rights of Man, but the distinct, intelligible appeal to the man who works for wages—the special proclamation of the Rights of Labour. The enemy of the working class was not now the aristocracy. Aristocracy was no more. It was the Bourgeoisie. It was the employer by whom the employed was being wronged and robbed; it was the storekeeper who ground down the journeyman, the manufacturer who oppressed the artisan. It was the original sin of Capital *versus* the redemption of Bone and Sinew.

The main cause of the revolution which annulled the Orleans dynasty is here; or, at least, the immediate determining cause of it. Substantially, that revolution was a revolt of the working class against the middle class; but be it always remembered that *the revolt was fostered and encouraged by the middle class itself.* Thinking to increase its power, the bourgeoisie arrayed itself against the monarchy which represented and protected it; pressed for that extension of the electoral suffrage by which the acute old king saw that it would be admitting the agencies bent on its destruction; and, disappointed of the reform that would have slowly undermined, joined in the revolution that immediately engulfed its ascendency.

Undoubtedly there were many other causes of discontent with the latter portion of the reign of Louis Philippe. But these were not among the primary causes of its overthrow. The king's foreign policy was extremely unpopular; and the French care much about their foreign policy. In the intrigues of the Spanish marriages they beheld the nepotism of a royal egotist rather than the policy of a patriot king. France had not been as glorious as Frenchmen wished to see her, during the pacific reign of that humane monarch. The national pride was mortified, the military ambition damped and thwarted. The revolution which had placed Louis Philippe on the throne had excited, as all such revolutions must, hopes of some impossible progress to some indefinite end. The unhappy death of the king's eldest son, and his own advanced years, presented to the popular mind those images of feebleness and insecurity in dynasties yet unconsolidated by time—a regency and an infant. Corruption had been one of the engines of power by which necessity endeavoured to replace institutions; corruption through numberless *employés* in all the provinces. Reforms were, doubtless, needed. But when all the worst that can be said of his character and his reign has been freed from exaggeration, and is calmly summed up against all that can be said, not only in defence, but in praise, of both, the retrospective thinker, contemplating the reign of Louis Philippe, still murmurs, "Yes, reforms were necessary, but not a revolution; and, if a revolution, certainly not the rash surrender, to mob rule, of so grand an

experiment as Constitutional Monarchy with a free Chamber and a free Press."

In England—let us hope also in the younger constitutional systems of Belgium and Italy—had the offences of the reign been two-fold what they were, there would have been a change of ministers, but not of dynasties.

It must, however, be acknowledged that Louis Philippe himself had thrown away the great personal safeguard of Constitutional Monarchy, when he excluded from it the salutary principle of ministerial responsibility.

A constitutional throne is an arm-chair; an absolute one is a stool with no back to it. Princes are, by temperament and position, liable to giddiness; and a constitution is even more helpful to their own security than to that of their subjects. Could the first Napoleon have afforded to accord to France the constitution she obtained from Louis XVIII., perhaps he would not have fallen from his throne when the giddy fit was on him. But the main defect of the position occupied by a popular despot, or democratic dictator, is that his only intelligible title to it lies in his supposed exceptional fitness for governing. Every system of government rests upon some necessary fiction. Constitutional government reposes upon many. The fundamental fiction of Cæsarism is infallibility, just as that of Constitutionalism is impeccability. Hereditary sovereignty is strengthened by the surrender of personal power and responsibility; because, the less important the part personally taken by the sovereign in the making of the laws, and the practical ordering of the public interests, the less excuse there is for periodically agitating the country for the choice of a sovereign, and the more obvious becomes the convenience of the hereditary principle. A Hapsburg, or a Bourbon, can afford to adopt the principle of ministerial responsibility; a Napoleon, or a Cromwell, cannot. Louis Philippe, however, neglected the advantage offered him by the constitutional character of his crown. Representative states must not expect to enjoy a perpetual spring-time. The advantage they do enjoy is that, in the open plain of popular government, the snow melts every year and soon disperses; whereas, under the cold shade of a personal throne, it accumulates in glaciers which continually threaten, and sometimes crush, the people who live under them. And, although it may take ages to collect the materials of an avalanche, the tinkle of a mule bell, or the bray of an ass, is often sufficient to bring one down.

Louis Philippe did not govern solely through his ministers; he governed too much himself, and this was known. So that, in assuming the functions of a minister, he lost the immunity which constitutional theories accord to a monarch. Thus, instead of a change of government, when the government became unpopular, the king himself was swept away; because, in the king was the government.

Thus passed from the throne of France the dynasty of Orleans; and with it the monarchy of the middle classes.

That monarchy, however, was expelled by the mob of Paris, not by the nation. The nation did not expel, it abandoned it. The National Guard, the Chamber, the Army, abandoned the choice of the Bourgeoisie, because the Bourgeoisie had already abandoned its own cause. The monarchy had based itself exclusively on the middle class. It had no props in institutions congenial to monarchy; the loyalty of nobles, the sympathy of masses, the interest of armies. To reign by, and through, the middle class, it had neglected all other aids. Its ostensible and immediate offence, the refusal of electoral reform, was in reality a proof of its care for the middle class, with which it had identified its cause, and by which it was betrayed in the hour of danger.

Thus, the fall of the House of Orleans was virtually the abdication by the middle

class of its own sovereignty. And therefore was the revolution of 1848 a great blow to the principle of Constitutional Monarchy; or, at least, to all the popular theories about Constitutional Monarchy. For it proved that a Constitutional Monarchy cannot safely depend on the exclusive support of that class with which Constitutional Monarchy is inevitably most connected by the circumstances, as well as by the sentiments, of modern society. It cannot rest on the middle class alone. For its duration it must have with it classes that will brave a mob in support of the principle of monarchy, even though they may not approve of the monarch actually on the throne. There is no life in institutions longer than the life of a single man, if they depend, not on the value at which the community assesses the institutions themselves, but on the personal popularity of an individual.

It is commonly believed that a more timely and energetic employment of military force would have saved the monarchy. So far as it is possible for a distant and retrospective inquirer to form any opinion on such a point, I share this belief. But it is wholly immaterial to the subject and object of my present inquiry. Had the monarchy been so saved, its salvation would have been due to the energy of a man, not to the soundness of a system. And it is only with political systems that we are here concerned; not forgetting, of course, how greatly the natural effects of any political system are susceptible of modification by the influence of personal character.

Regarded intellectually and socially, that monarchy of Orleans was not a failure. Far from it. Never has France enjoyed a longer lease of that rational liberty, which consists in the management of public interests and affairs by the active co-operation of the nation with its government, and the general diffusion of political vitality. The reign, as we have seen, was characterized by an extraordinary display of intellectual vigour. Voice and thought were free. It was the fault of the time, not of the monarchy, if freedom ran into license. Religion was respected, whilst science was encouraged, by the attitude of the government and the example of the Court. The members of the royal family were blameless in their lives, and rarely in any single family has so much intellect and intellectual culture been as felicitously united with so high a sense of civic duty.* Years of peace had been bestowed upon Europe, adding largely to the national prosperity of France. The wealth and industry of the nation had made great and steady progress, without so absorbing the national spirit in the prosecution of purely material interests as to lower the intellectual tone of it. The administration of justice was pure, and tempered by the known humanity of the sovereign.

Yet through the whole political tissue of the time there ran a thread of unreality, which snapped, at last, under the first strain of revolutionary pressure. This thread was woven, neither by the monarchy, nor yet by the bourgeoisie, considered as apart from each other. It was woven by the union of them both in the *monarchy of the bourgeoisie*, a fiction! For a middle class has not in itself the necessary elements of sovereignty. It is born satisfied, and can never attain to anything; not even to a starting-point. Its proper place in the community is that which its name implies, a middle one. Louis Philippe virtually said to the Bourgeoisie of France, "I am not a king; I am a *paterfamilias*, a man of business,—like yourselves." His monarchy, therefore, was like an arch without a keystone. The keystone need not be of a different material from the other stones, bnt it must be always of a different shape; and, without it, no arch can stand.

* This was written many years ago. The conduct of the Princes of the House of Orleans, under many trying circumstances, has since then been such as to entitle them to the sincere respect of every impartia critic and every honourable gentleman.—L.

Far back in the past however, lie the inexorable first causes of this, as of all the other political failures of modern France. For the past may be good or bad; but, for well or ill, it will always be the fatal master of the future. The People and the Aristocracy are the two first conditions of any great and durable political structure. The third is the Dynasty, in which their traditions and interests are united. The dynasty may be extinguished by the sterility of a race, or the accidents of civil war; but it will always revive again in some form or other, either by importation or production, so long as the two primary conditions of national life are left. For they engender their complement. The people will always remain: but a people which cannot produce an aristocracy is a plant without sap, a field without seed, an image of sterility.

In France Richelieu decapitated half the aristocracy, and Louis XIV. degraded the remainder into courtiers. Then, the people decapitated the dynasty, and remained alone—alone and infructuous. Having left itself nothing to unite with, it can engender nothing but the germs of its own gradual exhaustion by barren emotions and abortive effort.

There are some causes which, in their overthrow, overwhelm their representatives. In a great earthquake the first thing to disappear are the lofty things—temples and palaces. It was not accorded to the revolution of 1848 to overthrow one of those causes.

Charles X. embarked at Cherbourg, surrounded by all the grandeurs of royalty. Louis Philippe fled from Paris in disguise. 1830 impeached the members of the "Ordonnances." 1848 did not deign to notice the king's subservient advisers. The bourgeoisie is never heroic: and in the fall of the bourgeois monarchy there was no tragic incident. But it has left behind it some lessons still worth studying; and, if ever constitutional monarchy be again established in France, it must be upon some broader and safer foundation than the exclusive satisfaction of a middle class.

LYTTON.

## THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—*Longfellow.*

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# CURRENT EVENTS.

BEFORE the fate of Lepine is decided we shall probably have gone to press. We may safely say that his sentence will not be carried into effect. To avenge the murder of Scott may be a great object, but to preserve the honour of the country is a greater. No one can read the report of the Manitoba Committee without seeing that Archbishop Taché gave an assurance of impunity to the rebels with the tacit acquiescence of the Government, which did not repudiate him after the death of Scott ; and the assurance was practically confirmed, in the most decisive manner, by the political connection which Sir George Cartier, with the full knowledge and consent of the Premier, formed with Riel, and by the conduct of Governor Archibald. It is true that the acts of the Ministers were irregular and culpable ; still, the Ministers were the representatives of the country, and if the country chooses to put at its head men who are not trustworthy, it must be prepared to take the consequence of its error. Our name would be forever tarnished if, after what has taken place, Lepine's blood were shed. Riel may be a murderer ; but if he is, the late Prime Minister of the Dominion is an accomplice after the fact. He is so, we apprehend, even legally, as he provided the criminal with money wherewith to escape from justice : but morally he is still more manifestly so, inasmuch as he stayed and paralysed in Riel's favour the arm of the law. In truth it would be almost impossible to devise a case of complicity after the fact more heinous than that of a Minister of Justice who secretly enters into collusion with a criminal for the purpose of baffling justice, while he covers the transaction by solemn protestations in public of his earnest desire to do his duty.

Perhaps looking to the net result of these machinations, the passionate admirers of political tacticians may be led to consider whether, on the whole, real sagacity may not sometimes be evinced by simply following the plain dictates of truth and honour. The most recluse student, the simplest peasant, guided by the promptings of an honest heart, could scarcely have got into such a mess, in the Riel case, as have men who for their cunning were worshipped by their followers as gods, and the example of whose immoral success was rapidly demoralizing the youth of this country.

A lurid light has been thrown by the Lepine case on the wide fissures of sectional interest which still yawn in the edifice of our Confederation. British feeling on one side, French feeling on the other, has broken forth with almost unabated intensity. The excitement in Quebec has been at once extreme and unmistakably national ; nor did the sectional antagonism appear to be at all tempered by regard for a common country. It is too evident what would ensue if, by any great shock or pressure from without, a severe strain were laid on Confederation. There is but one cement which can bind together heterogeneous masses into a solid and durable structure, and that cement is nationality. If, in our case, loyalty forbids that thought, Canadian union is almost hopeless, for an Act of Parliament may consolidate territories, but it cannot blend hearts.

Those unsuccessful candidates at the last election who did not protest, must be now

filled with poignant regret at their pusillanimous omission. With scarcely an exception, those who have tried their fortune have been successful. Had all the elections been protested, it seems that the Legislature might have involuntarily performed a feat like that of the conjuror who undertook to conclude his performance by jumping down his own throat and leaving his audience in total darkness. A deposed Parliament would have received from the Judges the report that the whole of it had ceased to exist. Bribery on a large scale has not been proved in more than two or three cases, though the imperfect character of the evidence, which stops short where a case sufficient to oust the respondent has been made, forbids us to assume that the whole extent of the evil has been brought to light. But it is clear that, with lax and untrustworthy tribunals, bad practices had become almost universal, which a stricter and more trustworthy tribunal is in a fair way to eradicate. To get an unbribed constituency into a polling booth is as essential to the working of free institutions as it is to get twelve honest men into a jury box; and the judges deserve the thanks of the country for the conscientious care, the impartiality, and the inflexibility with which they have administered the law. Besides the direct benefit, a good lesson in public morality has been most seasonably given to the people. A singular expression of laxity on this vital subject has been ascribed to no less a person than the Prime Minister of Ontario; but the reports differ, and it would not be easy to believe that Mr. Mowat had countenanced electoral corruption.

By the result of the Kingston election trial the author of the Pacific Railway Scandal and of the Riel intrigue, as well as of a general system of political corruption which would soon have poisoned the very life-blood of the nation, is consigned, we may fairly hope at least, to a period of much needed quarantine. It is a high proof of his tact and address that his party has been ready so completely to sacrifice itself, as well as the country, to his personal ambition; and he has unsparingly taken advantage of their devotion. But we must repeat what we said before: had he thought less of himself and more of his party, to say nothing of the country, his position would be far better than it is now. The door of moral rehabilitation and of possible return to power was open, but he passed it by, or rather closed it against himself. When the fatal evidence of his delinquencies in the Pacific Railway case came to light, chivalry and policy alike urged him to say: "Of this money not a cent has stuck to my hands; in that respect I again protest that they are clean, and have always been so; but I must own that, under the pressure of a desperate struggle for political existence, I have done in the interest of my party, which I regard as identical with the interest of the country, what I can neither justify myself nor call upon my colleagues and adherents to defend. And now my course is clear: I ask no advice of friends or followers when my own honour clearly points the way. I peremptorily resign, and leave my colleagues, who are unaffected by these disclosures, to do the best they can for the party and the country." This, as we have said before, was the road to sympathy, and the road to sympathy was the road to political restoration. Public morality would have been satisfied and might have relented. But the oracle which gives such counsels has no seat in Sir John Macdonald's breast. He clung desperately to office, and when he was torn from it by the just indignation of the country, he pulled down everything and everybody belonging to him in his fall. If he now departs, he will bequeath to us the happy legacy of exclusive Grit domination, which might have been averted if, at the fatal crisis, he could have thought of anything but himself.

A partial change seems to have come over

the feelings of the employing classes in England on the subject of emigration. A year ago, no topic could be more unpopular either with landowners or manufacturers; but it appears that Mr. Arch's movement has rendered the landowners, at all events, willing to deport some of the less submissive spirits to a happier land. Nevertheless, emigration to Canada falls below the mark of last year. We pointed out some time ago that the point had been reached at which, instead of regarding the Colonies with complacency as outlets for her surplus population, England must begin to regard them as competitors for labour essential to the increase of her own wealth. The fact could not be doubted by any one who had the opportunity of testing English opinion last spring.

This renders it more than ever desirable that we should take a rather more rational and comprehensive view of the subject. Our position at present is practically somewhat absurd. The Government and its agents are only doing their duty in pursuing with zeal and energy a traditional policy, to which they are always being urged by the country. But they are all the time pouring water into a cask with a hole in it. Allowing for great exaggeration in the reported numbers of French-Canadian emigrants to the United States, we fear that for two emigrants, whom at great expense and with much labour we bring over, we probably lose three. But little account is taken of the emigrants who are lost, because they are mainly withdrawn from manufactures, and agriculture is the Government's sole care. That agriculture for the present should be the chief care of Government is reasonable; that it should be the sole care is not. As we have often had occasion to remark, a great development of our manufactures may reasonably be expected in the future, and the relative importance of the two branches of industry may thus undergo a material change. Even at present the manufacturing interest is not so contemptible as politicians, who draw their support exclusively from the farmers, choose to suppose. A manufacturer, who ventured to remonstrate against the provisions of the Reciprocity Treaty, was told that his order was a mere fraction of the community, and did not employ ten thousand people. There must be a population of at least double that number dependent on manufactures in Montreal alone. To enable the Canadian manufactures to compete successfully with the Americans for Canadian labour, if it can be done by a mere adjustment of the tariff, without imposing any duties for the purpose of protection, is surely at least as legitimate a mode of keeping up the numbers of our population as all this elaborate apparatus for alluring labourers from the other side of the Atlantic. It is at all events not to the principle of Free Trade that the advocates of the present system can appeal. Free Trade means letting everything alone and allowing nature absolutely to take her course; not making the manufacturer pay to import labour for the farmer, while he is being deprived of the same commodity himself.

Attention has also been called to the subject of the distribution of emigrants on their arrival, and not without good reason. The British farm labourer is at once the most efficient and the most helpless of mankind. In doing a hard day's work he has no rival; but he has lived in such a state of vassalage, and has been so accustomed to act mechanically under the guidance of his master, that power of self-guidance in him there is none. He must be taken to the actual place where he is to work, and shown the work he is to do; if it is work to which he is unaccustomed, his intelligence will require more than the average length of training to accommodate itself to the change. Moreover take what care you will—and we have no doubt that the Ontario Emigration office takes the greatest care—not a few will emigrate who had better have staid at home.

We shall have a certain proportion of mere discontent, restlessness, laziness, and vagabondage; and the tendency of this element will be, instead of going to Manitoba, to linger in the purlieus of our cities, where it will not only be a burden to their inhabitants itself, but may form the fatal germ of a pauper class. It is a fact not to be learned from the common statistics, but one well known to those who have had occasion to inquire specially into the cause of English pauperism, that it is to a great extent hereditary. We might have in Montreal or Toronto a race of beggars. It is needless to say that we should soon have a criminal population also.

The last session of the present Parliament of Ontario has commenced with the old actors, and with an immediate renewal of the sputtering altercation in which the Assembly has wasted a large portion of the public time. The Government acts judiciously in bringing forward little public business of moment at a time when, the thoughts of every member being engrossed by the coming election, it would command about as much attention as a sermon preached to a congregation which has heard the fire bell and does not know whose house may be on fire. The Redistribution Bill is a matter of practical interest, and will no doubt give rise to a warm debate, if any charge of gerrymandering can be made against the Government; any occasion of making campaign capital will be eagerly seized; but otherwise the session will be only a death-bed scene.

Strong things have been said of late in the English papers about the condition of our Provincial Legislatures, no doubt on the testimony of Englishmen who have been sitting beside the Speaker's chair. That the Provincial Legislatures are the special seats of corruption is an assertion for which we see no ground; but in other respects we must own with sorrow that the character of the Parliament of Ontario could hardly be lower than it is. Its legislation for some time past has been hardly above the level of a village conclave, and its debates have been brawls. Indeed we may partly console ourselves with the reflection that the country must be strong if it can prosper with such a Parliament. The English critics imagine that the source of the evil is a dearth of men; and among ourselves there are some who now bitterly lament the abolition of dual representation. To us we confess it appears that there is no dearth of men; that on the contrary the proportion of men in this Province fitted to be legislators is unusually large; and that the fault lies in the constituencies and the noxious influences under which their choice is made. In addition to localism, which has now reached almost as high a pitch here as in the United States, and the shibboleths of two unmeaning factions, one of them rendered still narrower by the personal prejudices of an autocratic wire-puller, a man of mark seeking to enter Parliament would have to encounter a number of petty sections, interests and associations, each fighting for its own kind, among which he is sure, if he has been before the public at all, to have at least one mortal enemy. Through so intricate a network of impediments only very small and flexible creatures can possibly make their way. The present Parliament is bad: we confidently predict that its successor will be worse. Indeed another step downward is already foreshadowed by the announcement of a new Orange pledge.

The Premier, in the first Session of the present Parliament, showed that he at all events thoroughly entered into the spirit of party government, by avowing his wish that there were a stronger opposition. Of all conceivable forms of government, party government, with a weak opposition, is about the worst, since even in the case of an autocrat there is a certain sense of individual responsibility which is wanting in the case of an uncontrolled faction. The pre-

sent weakness of the Opposition in Ontario is therefore a serious evil; and people who care little for either party, or for anything but the public service, though they may not desire to see the Government overturned, will desire to see the Opposition strengthened. In fact, there being no important question at issue, and the parties being based on no intelligible distinction of principle, the object of trimming the Parliamentary balance, and restoring the efficiency of the constitutional check on Government, is about the most rational motive which can determine an independent vote.

The Opposition, however, must do its part by endeavouring to obviate the causes of its weakness, and to put itself on a more responsible footing before the electors. Chief among the causes of weakness is the want of men, which, great as it is on both sides, is most conspicuous on the side of the Opposition, where only one man shows himself whom any one would care to bring into the administration, while even that man leads in such a fashion that if he had a party of Pitts and Peels behind him, he would keep them on the Speaker's left hand. "Dear Brother," said the Duke of York, afterwards James II., to Charles II., "there are plots against your life, take my guard." "Dear Brother," replied Charles, "don't be alarmed; nobody will kill me to make you king." This is the great security of the present Government. If the Opposition have any man of higher stamp in reserve among the candidates whom they have nominated, no time should be lost in bringing him to the front. Let the venerable trunk of the Family Compact muster whatever sap it has, and try to produce one shoot more. At present Grittism, though somewhat dry and gnarled, is in comparison a green bay tree. The people, if they are asked to give a vote which may put the Opposition in power, must, at least, be assured that they are not calling down upon themselves administrative disaster. A cry, however, is indispensable, as well as a man; and what cry the Opposition can raise it is difficult to see. Like its adversary, it has a ticket, but the two tickets differ in colour rather than in the inscription. The professions of purity are equally loud on both sides, and on both sides must be construed with the necessary qualifications. To pre-eminent loyalty the Tories might be thought to have a patent right; but an article equally strong and equally disinterested is clamorously advertised by the rival firm. Still it may reasonably be urged that if an armed revolution is impending, we ought to take refuge under the protection of the Conservatives, who are above suspicion, rather than under that of a party whose associations are questionable, whose antecedents are more than questionable, and the very obtrusiveness of whose present enthusiasm indicates to the vigilant loyalist that there is something to be concealed. In the department of finance an issue is certainly not wanting, since the surplus of five millions claimed by the Government is by the arithmetic of their antagonists reduced to four dollars; a remarkable proof that the distinction between the mathematical and the moral sciences is not so complete as is commonly supposed. But so long as there is a surplus even of four dollars, the cry of economy will not be effective. The people do not realize the fact that the money is their own; they think it is the money of the Government, and rather like to see it freely spent. Among the special charges made by the Opposition against particular members or departments of the Government, there is hardly one which could influence a vote, even if the moral fibre of the people had not been deadened as it has been by the incessant use of vituperation as a mere engine of party war. The strongest case is that against Mr. McKellar, whose proper place, unquestionably, is on the stump rather than at the council board; but its strength has been frittered away by exaggeration, by repetition, by the betrayal of factious mo-

tives, and by the mixture of mere trumpery, such as the story of "little Mrs. B.," with really grave matters of accusation. The case of Mr. Crooks may come before a Court of Justice, and we will therefore abstain from saying more than that it is unlikely to excite any strong feeling among the people. About the best point the Opposition has, is the use made of the power of the Crown for the purpose of securing a conviction in the Whellams case. The defence made by the Government organ was tardy, blustering, and technical. It threw the whole responsibility on the counsel; but it is hardly credible that a political case, about which party feeling was so strongly excited, should not have attracted the special attention of the Government. Mr. McKellar, in shaking hands with some of the jurymen after the verdict, committed a great and characteristic blunder; we may be sure that it was nothing more.

As the Dominion and the Ontario Government are the same concern, one being, in fact, a sort of tender to the other. Dominion questions may be expected to influence some Ontario votes. The party offended by the decision of the Dominion Government in the case of Lepine, whichever it may be, will be inclined to vote with the Opposition in the Province. So probably will the commercial interest, which, having been treated by the Grit leader not only with indifference but with contumely, has about as good a warrant for righting its peculiar wrongs by the exercise of the ballot, as it is possible for a special interest to have. Indeed, when an interest, however limited, uses its political power to enforce not special favour but bare justice, it may be said to be really acting for the good of the whole community. Churches as well as interests may possibly find reasons for standing on the defensive. The connection—religious, national and political—between the Grit leaders and a certain powerful denomination, appears to have created in other quarters a fear lest Grit ascendency should bring Presbyterian monopoly in its train. Our experience of the Ballot in this country, however, has so far failed to confirm the English experience, which is adverse to party allegiance and favourable to influences of a more personal or sectional kind. Here party allegiance seems to hold its own.

Pessimism is always a mistake. Wise men and good citizens, though they may wish institutions changed, make the best of them as they are. We hold the system of party to be unsuitable to the circumstances of this Province. But it exists, and it seems likely to continue. We therefore loyally acquiesce, and as legislation and government are to be an everlasting cockfight, we help, as far as in us lies, to supply sharper spurs and the stimulating ginger to the vanquished and the weaker bird.

A stronger Opposition happens in the present case to be specially desirable, not merely as a check on the Government, but as the means of emancipating the Government itself, the Legislature and the Province generally, from the extra-Parliamentary influence by which at present they are controlled. It is not necessary on this subject to say anything offensive. The present relation between the proprietor of the dominant journal and the Governments, Central and Provincial, may have been brought about, and no doubt has been brought about, without intentional subserviency on one side or intentional usurpation on the other. But its existence is questioned by no human being. The pretence that it is no more than the ordinary influence of a successful journal can hardly mislead even the rustic mind. In England, happily for that country, journalism is separated by a sharp line from public life, and there is comparatively little danger of the evils which must arise when a powerful newspaper becomes the tool of a particular politician. But let us suppose that in England the proprietor of a journal was also the leader of one of the parties; that having been discomfited in the open

field of public life he fell back behind his journal, retaining at the same time the real power and all his political connections; that the policy of his party continued to correspond exactly with that of the journal, whatever errors the journal might commit; that when the party came into power the men selected for the chief places were just those most likely to be under his personal influence; that the identity between the policy of the journal and that of the party remained as complete in power as it had been in opposition; that the Government did everything which the journal advocated, and the journal defended everything which the Government did; who would be so simple as to believe that this was nothing but an ordinary instance of the power of the Press? The Premier of Ontario tells us that no influence is exercised. Of course, he is not conscious of it, any more than King James I. was conscious of being under the influence of Buckingham, or than George III. was conscious of being under the influence of Lord Bute. He tells us that Mr. Brown does not interfere with the administration personally, and that the only way the Ministry have of learning his wishes is by studying, like the general public, the expression of them in the *Globe*. No doubt the sun itself is the chronometer of science; still for ordinary purposes a clock will do. The practical question is, whether the Premier of the Dominion or the Premier of Ontario would venture to adopt any measure of which the proprietor of the *Globe* disapproved, or to confer an appointment on any one who had fallen under his displeasure. Every one will answer that question in the negative. Not that Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Mowat is of a servile disposition, or wanting in anything that belongs to a patriot and a man of honour; but neither of them has the control of the party; and under the system of party government, the man who has not the control of the party is inevitably the subordinate of the man who has.

No personal reflection is involved in saying that this is a bad state of things, and one subversive of the dignity of Parliament and of the ends of Parliamentary institutions. An irresponsible dictatorship is *almost* certain, even in the best hands, to be tyrannical and narrow. A singular compliment was paid the other day by a gentleman belonging to the staff of the *Globe* to Mr. John Bright, who, if the advertisement chanced to fall under his notice, must have felt much as Alexander the Great might feel on seeing an announcement that a public lecturer was going to compare him with Alexander the Coppersmith. Mr. John Bright is intellectually somewhat haughty, but he is no bully: he has a really noble nature as well as a mind of first-rate power; he is too strong himself to fear independence of mind in others; he is incapable of abusing power for the purposes of petty and vindictive tyranny; he cordially hates injustice; he, as cordially loves liberty of opinion; and the very thought of holding up to social odium, or threatening with personal consequences any one who should take the opposite side to him in public discussion would curl his proud lip with scorn. Yet, we should be sorry to place Mr. John Bright in the position now occupied by the proprietor of the *Globe*. An avowed and responsible leadership—a leadership in Parliament and not in a Journal Office—this is the great reform which the country desires at the hands of the Reform Party. It willbe fruitful in improvements of all kinds.

The series of attacks made about the time of our last issue, by the governing organ, ostensibly on the President of the National Club, were generally understood to be really directed, in some measure at least, against the Great Insubordinate of its own party; and the articles seem to have suffered, in point of veracity, from the special exigencies of this oblique movement as well as from the general habits of the writers.

We hear it said that the position which the *Globe* gave Mr. Blake, the *Globe* can take away, and even that it could now exclude him from Parliament. The boast is too near the truth for the honour of the country; yet we do not believe that it is true. Mr. Blake's reputation is not founded on sand; it is not the mere gift of any political patron, or the artificial creation of a demagogue's arts. His position (to compare our small politics with the great politics of England) somewhat resembles that occupied by Chatham and afterwards by Chatham's son, when the heart of the nation turned to them for relief from a reign of jobbery and corruption, of small men and petty aims, of parties without principle and hypocritical combinations. It signifies little whether his particular views about Imperial Confederation, the Reform of the Senate, the Representation of Minorities, or any other subject, are sound and practicable or not; his general character, his courage, his disinterestedness, his loftiness of purpose, represent the better spirit and respond to the higher sentiments of the nation. He represents also the more vigorous life and the growing confidence in its own destinies, which the nation has begun to feel since Confederation, and which, if the authors of that measure did not foresee, they but ill understood the necessary effects of their own policy. To him Canada is not a log drifting blindly down the stream, it may be to be stranded in a swamp, it may be to be engulphed in a cataract; she is a nation endowed with life, with consciousness and with forecast, rejoicing in the hopes, and prepared cheerfully to solve the problems of the future, alive to her responsibilities and willing to accept them, knowing that greatness entails burdens, and yet desiring to be great. His Canada is not the Canada of those who mean to sell out, a thing to last for some twenty or thirty years, and which may then go to pieces as soon as it likes; it is the Canada of a Canadian, to be handed down as a noble heritage to our children and our children's children. It is instinctively understood by the people that his partial divergence from his old associates is the inevitable result of a difference of political character and aim, not the policy of a self-isolating ambition. So long as he remains what he is now, and the popular feeling towards him continues unchanged, the thunderbolts of managing directors will be launched against him in vain. He evidently does not seek power, but when the country is thoroughly sick of the two old parties, power will be forced into his hands.

Through the mist of this controversy begin to loom the lineaments of a new Liberal party, which, though the organizations are at present in the hands of its opponents, will probably, if the party system is to continue, assume corporate consistency and form an organization of its own. Liberalism is not easily defined; but at all events it means faith in progress. It abjures finality, whether the attempt to fix a bound to the onward course of a nation be made by the regular advocates of a reactionary policy, by the apostasy of some sated demagogue, or by the decrepitude of an exhausted party. It may avoid precipitation, eschew anything tending to revolution, which is in truth almost invariably the wreck of progress, but it never can say, "rest and be thankful." The Tories (we must be allowed without any disrespect, to use a familiar and intelligible name) frankly avow themselves the party of Reaction. The Grits (we employ the term with the same qualification) have received from the master of their destinies the order to stand still. Progress therefore must find a new organ, and a new organ it will find. The two old parties alike desiring a stationary policy and a sealed future will be gradually drawn into a tacit, and ultimately into an actual alliance, of which indeed, in spite of the showers of stones and mud which they are still flinging at each other, the first symptoms have

already appeared. In the end we shall have a scene between them like that between Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The two doughty duellists will half embrace, then cuff each other again, then embrace without reserve and walk off together arm in arm. The lamentable memory of the Double-Shuffle, which the *Globe* has so often bewailed like Philomel with its breast against a thorn, will be laid asleep forever, and the culprit of the Pacific Scandal will combine with its avenging Fury against the attempt of armed revolutionists to reform the Senate.

We have named the question on which the new line is likely to be for the first time drawn. In resistance to reform of the Senate the Grit leader has distinctly taken his stand by the side of the Tories, and his lieges will of course do the same. We need not now anticipate the discussion which is pretty certain to arise in the next Session of the Dominion Parliament. But the debate would be simple and brief if only the veil of plausible words could be taken away, and the people could be brought distinctly to see the fact that the nominations are not made by the Crown in the general interest, but by the Minister in his own interest and in the interest of his party.

Those who hold that the position of "a Province" is the highest to which Canada ought ever to aspire, have derived much comfort from a speech of Mr. Disraeli, proclaiming an era of Colonial aggrandizement. The hollowness of Mr. Disraeli's postprandial rhetoric is a little betrayed by its pompous reference to the involuntary and somewhat farcical annexation of Fiji. There is reason in the remark that Mr. Disraeli, his vision not being clouded by principle, is likely to see more clearly than most politicians what is the most popular and profitable doctrine of the hour. He in fact professes that his great aim as a statesman is "to study the spirit of the age;" in homelier phrase, to watch how the cat jumps. Indeed, not six months have passed since he was repudiating the annexation of Fiji, which at that time appeared to be unpopular. His calculations, however, are not infallible, as appeared when, having taken his stand on opposition to the disestablishment of the Irish Church and reform of the Irish land law, he went to the country and found himself in a minority of a hundred. The plutocratic reaction, which has now borne him into power, arose from causes which he did not foresee and which were entirely beyond his control; it has proved nothing, so far as he is concerned, except that the abandonment of principle into which he led his party in 1867 was entirely gratuitous. But granting that he reads correctly the present mood of England, the stability of character which once belonged to the British people has of late been greatly impaired; the pleasure-hunting and the indulgence of excitements of every kind, attendant on the sudden influx of enormous wealth, have begotten political levity; and opinion changes like an April day. If we stake our destinies on the permanency of the sentiment which happens just now to prevail, we shall be like the mariners in *Paradise Lost* mooring their ship to a whale and taking it for an island. Moreover, nobody can doubt that the power of England, though positively at least as great as ever, has relatively declined. There is a consciousness among the people of this, and a somewhat Byzantine tendency to cover it by boastful and menacing language. Boundless aggrandizement breathes through the rhetoric of a Lord Mayor's feast. But the solid though unpleasant fact is that Russia tears up with impunity the Treaty of Paris, and all that the consummate address of Lord Granville can obtain is that the pieces of the treaty shall not be flung in England's face.

A remarkably daring and skilful express robbery, coming at the same time with a number of burglaries, has proved that crime

amongst us has attained the arts and appliances of the highest civilization, while prevention is still in the pioneer state. This evil is likely to increase as communication with Europe grows easier and more constant. The skilled crime of the lower kinds in the United States is generally imported. The country police here, as in the States, is totally incompetent to deal with the large and daring gangs which in the States sometimes descend upon a town or village, rendering life and property unsafe. Yet our people would not endure the burden of a country police like that which has been found necessary in England. Perhaps if crime multiplies it may be worth while to consider the expediency of establishing, at the expense of each Province, a small central force, with detectives attached, to be thrown upon any point where a formidable gang may appear. The same force would be useful in case of riot or disturbance, a danger which, in a community so much divided into hostile sections as ours, is unfortunately never very remote.

In an autumnal drought, disease has been stalking triumphantly through the realm prepared for it by sanitary misgovernment. The town of Over Darwen has been distinguishing itself in this way in England; but considering the comparative facilities of drainage it can hardly compete with Montreal or even with Toronto. We have blindly imported from a country organized on a medieval basis, among other things, the fatal confusion between political and municipal government, and the consequence is the rule of ward politicians, who, to say nothing of their liability to corruption, are totally destitute of the science and experience requisite for the administration of great cities. The only guarantee for public health and for public well-being generally in cities, is skilled and permanent administration, with proper responsibility of course, but clear of the pestilent influence of ward elections. We know it is said that there is no use in dwelling on this subject; that the people will not resign their power however noxious their exercise of it may be to themselves. Nevertheless, it is well to understand the real nature of the malady. The opportunity for reform sometimes comes like a thief in the night, and everything depends on your being prepared to take advantage of it. In the United States the good sense of the people has consented, in some of the recent revisions of State Constitutions, to the abrogation or reduction of popular powers, such as the power of electing the judiciary, which experience has shown them they could not exercise beneficially, and which, in truth, while nominally belonging to the multitude, were the mere engines of political sharpers. Surely if it is a question of rhetoric, typhus ought to be an effective answer to the demagogue's cry of municipal self-government.

It was supposed that the appellants in the Guibord case were going on a forlorn hope. But their perseverance has been justified by the result. The Privy Council has decided that a citizen of Quebec shall not be branded as a social outcast, and buried with the burial of a dog, because he has been a member of a literary institution not sanctioned by the priesthood. The decision will, no doubt, create a profound sensation, and may lead to further commotion in a community which, owing in a great measure to the political alliance of Protestants with Ultramontanes, is now so priest-ridden that, as we are credibly informed, the disinherited heirs of a man who had made a will under priestly influence found a difficulty in procuring a lawyer to take up their cause. It is suggested that if the clergy are recalcitrant, as no doubt they will be, there will be no means of giving effect to the decree. It is to be presumed, however, that the friends of Guibord saw their way when they entered on the struggle, and that having asserte

the principle and repelled the outrage, they will not provoke an embarrassing conflict merely for the sake of eclesiastical formalities. At the same time, the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, being virtually established, and empowered by law to levy tithes and other eclesiastical imposts, will not be in a position, till she divests herself of those privileges, to claim the immunities of a Free Church. It is not impossible that the Guibord case may prove the commencement of a conflict which will end in the extension of religious equality to the Province of Quebec.

It is instructive to see with what anxiety the Grit organ contemplates a movement which, as it shrewdly perceives, threatens its political relations with the Roman Catholics. It will be found that an alliance formed with Ultramontanes for the purpose of keeping Presbyterians in power, however statesmanlike in its conception, is not free from difficulties of execution.

England still witnesses the unresting course of that great theological controversy, which, when it is considered to how large an extent the civilization of Christian communities is founded on their religion, may well appear, even to the politician, the one object of transcendent interest, dwarfing to the insignificance of an insect war the petty and ephemeral struggles of local factions. It was known that Mr. Mill had left for publication some essays containing his last thoughts on the subject of religion. His dismal autobiography, by recording the inauspicious influences under which his mind and character had been formed, had considerably impaired his authority; but the appearance of the essays has still been an event in the discussion. Their purport is pretty much what it was expected to be by those who knew Mr. Mill and had watched the course of his thoughts during the later period of his life. The grim hostility to religion, as a mental illusion fraught with moral and social evil, which the writer had inherited from his father, an infidel stoic, is laid aside; a certain moral value is allowed to the religious sentiment, and even a certain philosophic importance to its indications: but there Mill's revelation ends. In enjoining us to cultivate religious hope without intellectually believing in religion, he enjoins, as it appears to us, a mental impossibility. His position here, singularly enough, is fundamentally the same as that of the religious philosophers who defend prayer as a spiritual exercise independently of any hope that the prayer will be answered. In a passage instinct with his vigorous hatred of moral fallacies, he smites down the shallow Optimism which pretends to quibble away the existence of Evil, and to represent Nature as exhibiting at once the Omnipotence and the absolute benevolence of the Creator. The same thing had been done, in a strain adapted to the light and sensual scepticism of the last century, by Voltaire. But it must be manifest to every one familiar with Mr. Mill's history and writings, that his point of view even to the last was one fatal to a clear apprehension of this part of the question. He was bred a Utilitarian and of the straightest sect. Afterwards as his mind grew, and his tastes and sympathies expanded, he gradually extended his notions of the Useful, so that it ultimately embraced all good, and his Utilitarianism, losing all distinctness of outline, was divided from ordinary theories of morality only by a name. Certainly no one showed less of the calculating coldness which is the logical appurtenance of a disciple of Bentham, when a battle was to be fought against injustice or any form of wrong. In the Eyre case, Mill persisted with passionate obstinacy, even when men who shared to the full his indignation at the butchery of the Jamaica peasantry, were satisfied that all that duty required had been done. But his views of the world, of its presiding power, and of human destiny, were still bounded by his original

Utilitarianism. There were things in heaven and earth of which to the last his philosophy never dreamed. He had no conception of the formation of character as an end distinct from the immediate effects of any action, or of any dispensation, on our present happiness. It is conceivable that this world may not be the best place for happiness, and yet that for the formation of character with a view to a life beyond, it may be the best. The highest thing of which we can form a notion from our experience is an excellence attained by moral effort, and to the attainment of which, therefore, contact with evil is essential. Our angels are insipidities with wings. Of the details of the dispensation, the special uses of this or that form of trial, we obviously cannot be judges, but fearfully as they interfere with our present happiness, not only natural but mtaerial, they need not disturb our faith if we are satisfied as to the general object of the dispensation. This, we repeat, is the point of view at which Mr. Mill's ingrained Utilitarianism prevented him from ever arriving, though without arriving at it he could not, to say the least, exhaust the philosophy of the subject. If it be the true point of view, all fancied oppositions between the power of the Creator and His benevolence are a mere clash of words. The Creator has willed the existence of an excellence such as is produced by moral effort; of course He has not also willed the contrary.

Mr. Gladstone has launched a strong and, it appears even denunciatory, pamphlet against the encroachments of Rome on the civil power. A cry at once arises against his imprudence. No doubt it would be imprudent on the part of a political tactician to risk the loss of a single vote, even though it were that of Guy Fawkes. But Mr. Gladstone is not a political tactician, and though a square may be a prettier figure than a circle, there is no use in quarelling with a circle for not being a square. His character and abilities give him a position independent of place; salary is no object to him; and his attitude has always been that of a man who cared more about the great interests of humanity than for his own continuance in power. This, no doubt, makes him an indifferent leader of a party, and so all partisans and office-seekers think. That he is not an indifferent legislator or administrator, a vast mass of legislative improvements now ratified by the universal voice of the nation, and the state of the English finances, prove. And after all, considering that in these days of wirepulling and caucuses and platforms, tacticians great and small swarm over the face of society like the frogs in Egypt, and considering also what the net results of their sagacious activity are to society, it may be as well to have now and then, a man who is not always building platforms, but who tries, on any great question that may emerge, to tell his fellow-citizens the truth, and, if this is held to disqualify him for the service of the public, resigns, without repining, the burden to other shoulders. It does not always happen, however, that the consequences of straightforwardness are so disastrous. Professional politicians, much as they plume themselves on their knowledge of men, are very apt, like other people who ply special trades, to live in a little world of their own, and to rely too implicitly on its maxims and traditions. When Mr. Gladstone published his appeal to Europe against the cruelties of the Bourbon Government and its priestly confederates at Naples, all the politicians stood aghast at his impulsiveness and pronounced that he had done himself serious mischief. It soon appeared that the world in general thought it perfectly natural that an eminent man should uplift his powerful voice against wrongs of which he had been a witness, and that Mr. Gladstone had done himself no mischief at all. In 1867, when the Conservatives had outmanœuvred him by throwing over all their own principles

and carrying household suffrage against his moderate measure of Reform, the political hacks as one man wanted to depose a leader who had shown himself inferior in cunning; but to their surprise it was found that the people sympathized with integrity though defeated, against successful dishonesty, and Mr. Gladstone was borne back to power with a majority of a hundred, the men who had been conspicuous in attempting to depose him being compelled as the one condition of their own election to swear allegiance to his name.

It is not very likely that Mr. Gladstone will be again a candidate for power; the plutocratic reaction will probably last his time. But even were it otherwise, he could not do a better thing for himself or his party than break finally with the Ultramontanes and all that they command. The alliance never did the Liberals anything but harm. It tainted them before the nation, and when the hour of trial came it failed them. Priests, while the people continue to believe in them, will have their own sphere of action, and be entitled to respect so long as they confine themselves to it. But in politics their name is perfidy. The sole object which they have in view is the aggrandizement of their order; whoever serves that object will for the moment have their support, whoever declines to serve it, and to sacrifice the interests of society to it, will be betrayed by them, whatever benefits they may have received at his hands, however loud their professions of amity may have been. In them the worship of corporate ambition, which they identify with the glory of God, swallows up all faith, all gratitude. This, every political party which tampers with them will in the end learn to its cost. But for Liberals especially nothing can be more suicidal than association with a power which justly regards freedom of thought, the essence of all Liberalism, as its deadliest enemy, and has waged against it, through all ages, an internecine war. The cast of Mr. Gladstone's mind and the tenor of his previous history are enough to convince us that his motives on the present occasion are ecclesiastical, not political. Probably the interest of his party in the Church, imperilled at once by the propagandism of Rome, and by an affinity which compromises it in the eyes of the nation, chiefly impelled him to take strong ground. But had he been acting from political considerations, the step he has taken, though tardy, would not have been unwise. His position is morally a strong one. He can say with truth to the Roman Catholics, "The nation under my advice has given you a full measure of justice; if you are now going to make war on our nationality, I owe a duty to the country." Archbishop Manning is roused to arms. But the "Apostle of the Genteel" has a harder task before him than that of converting female members of the aristocracy to a religion of confessors and incense, or figuring in full pontificals at the marriage of the Marquis of Bute. He will not find it easy to prove that when a Roman Catholic nobleman professes himself "An Englishman if you will, but above all things a Catholic," he means that his allegiance to the Pope will never be allowed to interfere with his allegiance to the Queen. He will not find it easy to prove that when Father Braun proclaims that in all cases of disputed jurisdiction the Church is to decide and the State is to submit, much independent power is really left to the State. He will not find it easy to prove that the priests in South Germany, when they invited French invasion for the purpose of overthrowing Protestantism, showed a strong sense of their duty to their country. He will not find it easy to prove that Rome has not, ever since she commenced her career of ambition, cherished, and whenever she dared proclaimed doctrines utterly subversive of civil allegiance and of national independence. What he will find it easy to prove is that she ventures to press those doctrines only on the weak and timid; and, when confronted by the strong and re-

solute, at once gives way. Hildebrand, from whom Papal aggression dates its course, seeing the Germany of his day enfeebled by feudal anarchy, trampled on the Emperor, and when the Emperor resisted, filled the country with civil and parricidal war; but that same Hildebrand swallowed with the utmost tranquillity the proud answer of William the Conqueror to the demand that he should do homage for his kingdom. John was weak as well as wicked; and for his weakness, not for his wickedness, he and his kingdom were reduced to a vassalage which, if the Popes could have wrought their will, would have been the lot of all kings and nations. Edward I. was not weak, and he, having to deal with a similar question, settled it promptly and for ever. Bismarck has, at all events, shown the hollowness of the bugbear, and taught us that the guardians of national and civil rights have only to be firm in the defence of their trusts. The extension of the conflict to other countries would be calamitous, but if we wish to avert it, we must not tempt aggression.

Most people would be relieved by hearing that the man given up by Scindiah is not Nana Sahib, but about the twenty-first involuntary claimant of that undesirable name. We do not want a sanguinary renewal of the evil memories of the mutiny, the less so since the Diary of Lord Elgin and other too credible testimony has shown that the balance of atrocity was not ultimately on the side of the mutineers. The massacre perpetrated at Delhi by Nadir Shah is one of the horrors of history. But Lord Elgin has endorsed the statement that the British reign of terror was worse. This is a heavy price to pay for Empire, at least in the case of a Christian nation; and the missionary must be eloquent who can persuade the people of Delhi that the religion of the conqueror is the religion of mercy.

The tendency of victorious parties and especially of parties victorious in civil wars to abuse their victory, grow unpopular and fall, is so invariable that it may be almost called a physical law. The case of the Republican party in the United States has been no exception to the rule. By dallying, as they unquestionably did, with the anti-republican project of a Third Term, Grant and his office-holders have brought to its climax the public indignation, already raised to a great pitch by years of abused patronage, jobbery, support of carpet-bagging iniquity in the South and general misrule. The best men of the Republican party had struggled hard to obtain timely reforms; but they had decisively failed, and they now probably acquiesce, if they do not rejoice, in the punishment which has overtaken those who disregarded their wise and patriotic counsels. Not that Grant himself is a bad man; probably he has always wished to do right; the corruption with which he has been personally charged by the fury of party amounts at worst only to indelicacy; and in vetoing the Currency Bill he proved that when he clearly saw the path of duty he would take it. But his only proper sphere is war, and even in that he is a mere sledge-hammer. Like the Duke of Wellington, and even in a still greater degree than the Duke of Wellington, he wants the amplitude and flexibility of intellect which enabled Cæsar to pass without loss of ascendency from the camp to the Senate and the Council Board. He is not less ignorant of political character than of the science of politics; and the attempt which, to his credit, he made in the formation of his first Cabinet to rid himself of the political hacks and party managers totally failed from the absurdity of the appointments which he tried in their place. A successful dry-goods merchant was named (though from a legal impediment he could not be appointed) finance minister, and the navy was consigned to a personal friend and a pleasant dinner companion. At the same time Mr. Washburne, Grant's old political

patron, was allowed, as a reward for his support, to loot the patronage of the Foreign Office in a style that reminded us of Napoleon giving one of his marshals leave to raise a requisition for himself upon a conquered country. The result was that the President fell back at once into the hands of Butler and other unscrupulous adventurers of the class which is generated by revolutions as certainly as malaria is generated by swamps, and the noxious influence of which would be in itself a sufficient warning to put up with many evils and submit to a long postponement of the remedies rather than allow the revolutionary spirit to prevail over that of constitutional reform. By these guides he has been led along the usual path, and with rather more than ordinary rapidity to the inevitable bourne. In the affair of New Orleans, which forms the heaviest count in the national indictment against him, his personal responsibility has been greater than in most of the acts of his administration, and his family connection with Casey, the chief satellite of the carpet-bagging usurper, adds a shade of nepotism to conduct the hue of which needed no aggravation. General Grant may appeal to the charity of history as a man who did not seek political greatness but had it thrust upon him. The paradoxical passion of the Americans for military glory has been noticed by De Tocqueville, and it was not likely to be least prevalent on the morrow of a great war. After their experience of the political administration of the victor in a "mammoth" conflict, and the general whose "butcher's bill" was the largest in military history, they may perhaps begin to feel that there is truth in the homely adage, "the cobbler to his last."

It is true that every administration in the United States has been weak in its second year, because every administration fails to fulfil all hopes and, still more, to satisfy all appetites; but the present revolution of public feeling is no ordinary oscillation; it is deep, general and decisive. When the new elections take effect, the Government will lose its control over Congress; and it will then be unable, supposing it to be willing, to enter on the long-deserted path of administrative reform, or to bring forth any fruits of the repentance with which, since its defeat, it has no doubt been filled. There will be one of those critical situations, ignored by the framers of the constitution, who, if they at all foresaw, failed to provide for, the influence of party and the exigencies of party government. The executive power and the legislative veto will both belong to the outgoing party, the legislature to the incoming, and there will be no means of restoring unity of action to the political machine. Under these circumstances President Johnson, having a policy of his own, struggled violently and was coerced by impeachment; President Grant, having none, will probably take to his team and his cigar.

By the victory of that party at the North which sympathizes with the South, the danger of a political schism between North and South, which was imminent, will be partly arrested. Partly, but not wholly; while the negro element remains, and till all traces of the social character formed under the old régime have been effaced, there will be a radical difference between the texture of society at the South and that at the North, which will be a most serious addition to the perils of a vast democracy already teeming with elements alien or imperfectly assimilated to the republican character. Those who at the outbreak of secession advised the North to let the South go in peace, had geography as well as the universal love of aggrandizement against them; but they had some strong political considerations on their side. In the development of industry, and especially in the growth of manufactures at the South, lies the best hope of a complete fusion, and the most effectual preservative from the reign of force, whether under the name of Imperialism

or any other name, the form of which was seen the other day with sinister distinctness through the smoke of civil conflict at New Orleans. Actual trouble from the negro is not to be apprehended, provided that he is let alone by Northern adventurers; nor on the other hand is it likely that he will be deprived of any of his legal rights, though he will certainly fall into a state of political subordination. The demand for his labour, which is indispensable, is his best security for that industrial liberty which alone he is in a condition to enjoy, and which need not in any degree be impaired by the loss of the factitious ascendency given him by political swindlers, who, having used negro suffrage as their oyster knife, ate the oysters themselves and with tears of philanthropy in their eyes handed Sambo the shell.

The sky grows very lowering over Turkey. It appears that Russia is seeking an occasion for a quarrel which Turkey can hardly help affording. Under foreign pressure, religious toleration and equality of civil rights have been so completely conceded to the Christian subjects of the Porte, that in theory Turkey is a more liberal country than Russia, or than Spain was before the late revolution. But in practice, the country being hardly organized, it is impossible to restrain Moslem fanaticism at a distance from the capital. More than once it has broken out with sanguinary fury in Montenegro. A recent renewal of the outrages has given Russia an opportunity, in concert with Austria, (who is probably afraid to allow Russia to act alone,) of demanding the condign punishment of the aggressors; and this seems almost to be beyond the power of the Porte. At the same time a question has been raised as to the commercial relations of the tributary principality of Roumania with the Christian powers. It is probable that the Sultan and his advisers would be ready to consent to any concession, and to undergo any humiliation. To prolong for their lifetime the gross and lethargic sensuality to which the Court of Constantinople has long abandoned itself, is most likely the only thing to which they aspire. But the army is still formidable and fanatical; in unscientific valour it has no equal in the world; and it is possible that its energy may fix a limit to the sufferance of its masters. At all events if Russia has made up her mind that the time has come for swooping on her prey, the cunning of her bureaucrats will no doubt find the means of getting up some semblance of a dispute by way of a nominal deference to international morality. But if Russia moves upon Constantinople, what will England do? We may confidently answer—nothing. It is true that the Crimean war was entered upon, partly at least, from the inveterate, though ungeographical, belief, that Constantinople commands the approach to India; and assuredly the approach to India is more than ever an object of vital importance to England. But England can neither put fifty thousand men upon an European battle-field nor pretend to protect her scattered dependencies in a war with a maritime power. Whatever has been determined in the councils of Bismarck and Gortschakoff has been determined without reference to her wishes, and in the conviction that she can in no case interfere. It is probably written in the book of Fate that the enormous military power of Russia shall some day come into mortal collision with the equally enormous power of Germany: but a shock of which even bystanders cannot think without awe will no doubt be put off as long as possible by the antagonists themselves. Connivance at each other's aggrandizement will be carried to the utmost possible length. A glance at the map will show that Russia could not venture to cross the Balkan without having secured the forbearance of the great powers on her right flank. The price to be paid for the forbearance of Austria is easily named, and would include with other

western provinces of Turkey that of Montenegro, which is the scene of the present dispute. The price paid to Germany might be Denmark, if Russia could afford to see the key of the Baltic hang at the girdle of her antagonist. A far-sighted policy might however commend to Bismarck, independently of any immediate compensation, connivance at the advance of Russia to Constantinople, since her power would thereby be almost inevitably drawn southwards, and its centre would be shifted from the point where it threatens Germany, and where the collision is likely to occur.

In the meantime it is doubtful, as we said before, whether Bismarck will remain long upon the scene, and whether Germany will not have soon to look, perhaps in vain, for his successor. The violence, which we can hardly be wrong in calling impolitic, of his proceedings in the Von Arnim case, may be regarded as another symptom of the combined effects of prodigious labour and carelessness in matters of health upon one of the most powerful of mortal frames and brains. A wit has traced it to a present of the very finest Catawba sent by an American admirer to the Prince; but the Catawba, like the tough shoulder of mutton on which the worshippers of Napoleon cast the blame of one of his great military miscarriages, must have found a subject prepared for its deadly influence. On the conduct of Count Von Arnim no man who respects the rules of honour can have much difficulty in pronouncing an opinion. The letters which he has carried off, and which he was apparently intending to publish, in order to make mischief, and to gratify his hostility to Bismarck, may or may not have belonged to any pigeon-hole in the Embassy; but it is perfectly clear that they were letters written in official confidence by the Minister to his subordinate in relation to the public service. There are other men in the world besides Count Von Arnim who are high aristocrats without being gentlemen. This, however, did not render it wise, in recovering the letters, to proceed with violence or harshness. Behind the personal quarrel evidently lies the antagonism between Bismarck, as a national chief, and the old nobility, which, like all aristocracies, thinks, even at this great crisis of the nation's history, of nothing but the privileges of its own order. Bismarck's character is not the most attractive of moral phenomena; it belongs to an era of force, of dark councils, of intrigue, which, it is to be hoped, is not the ultimate condition of humanity. But at least he has lived and wrought for greater ends than the privileges of the caste in which he was born, and to which he is doubly odious as an apostate from its interest. The quarrel has revealed other difficulties, with which the founder of German unity has had to contend. Germany, it seems, as well as France, is blessed with a meddling Empress, though the solid character of the heavy but sensible William has resisted the noxious influence better than the waning intelligence and failing nerve of Napoleon III. There is reason to believe also, that Bismarck has a mortal enemy in the Crown Prince, and another in the Princess, who shares the devotion of her family to the Ex-Empress of the French. The more we learn of the history of this man's career, the more do we marvel at the load which he has borne.

Our people are brought up in an almost studied indifference to everything that happens on this continent, to which, nevertheless, Canada belongs, and the destinies of which she must share. Few readers of our newspapers would take the trouble even to peruse the brief notices of an abortive revolution in the Argentine Republic. A paper which we give in another part of this number throws the light of history on the causes and nature of these events. The ready reflection, whenever disturbances occur in Mexico or the communities of South America,

is that such always has been their state, and such it always will be so long as they have free institutions, which it is complacently assumed are the exclusive heritage of Englishmen. These nations set out in poliitcal life under every conceivable disadvantage. They had been swaddled almost into imbecility by the worst of all colonial systems: they were under the dominion of a priesthood which was the sworn enemy of education, and their population was heterogeneous and disunited. Having got rid of the superstition by which they found themselves strangled, they have been left for the time almost entirely without religion. Respect for government must be the offspring either of tradition or of intelligence. The thread of tradition had been broken by revolution, and intelligence could not supply its place without public education. A long period of factious struggle and unsettlement was morally certain to ensue. But those who have watched the tottering steps of these young nations, not with disdain but with sympathy, will allow that they have gradually gained political strength; that the commotions, though they have not ceased, have, even in Mexico, diminished both in frequency and in violence; that the governments are better supported by the people; and that on the whole the period of revolution seems to be drawing to a close. We need not despair of seeing Mexico and the South American Republics flourishing in freedom, and linked by a prosperous commerce to ourselves.

In Spain the death throes of Carlism are cruelly prolonged by the weakness of the National Government, while the war, on the part of the Carlists at least, seems to be growing more butcherly every day. In France the Republicans and the Bonapartists stand out clearly as the parties between whom the final struggle is to take place; and the curtain is now rising for what can hardly fail to be an important act in the drama.

We have arrived at the close of the year. It has been a good year, in the most important respects, for our country. The attention of those who chronicle and civilize is necessarily directed, in a disproportionate degree, to occurrences which interrupt the general course of national well-being; but these interruptions are almost insignificant compared with the quiet and unrecorded flow of prosperous industry and domestic happiness.

# CURRENT LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY takes occasion, in the *Fortnightly*, to express again the favourable estimate he has formed of Descartes as a biologist. It is the fashion with the prevailing school of philosophy to undervalue the services rendered by the French thinker to more than one department of human knowledge. When his name is mentioned it is always to link it with the untenable theory of "vortices." The article "On the Hypothesis that Animals are Automata" appears to have been written with two objects in view: first to vindicate the reputation of Descartes, and secondly to point out such modifications of his biological theories as modern scientific discovery suggests. On the former point we may quote a sentence:—Descartes "took an undisputed place not only among the chiefs of philosophy, but amongst the greatest and most original of mathematicians; while, in my belief, he is no less certainly entitled to the rank of a great and original physiologist: inasmuch as he did for the physiology of motion and sensation that which Harvey had done for the circulation of the blood, and opened up that road to the mechanical theory of these processes which has been followed by all his successors. Descartes was no speculator, as some would have us believe; but a man who knew of his own knowledge what was to be known of the facts of anatomy and physiology in his day." Prof. Huxley then states, in a series of propositions, the views of modern physiologists on motion and sensation, and proves that Descartes originated those views by citations from his works. The philosopher held that the lower animals are *unconscious* automata, whereas the professor regards them as *conscious* automata. A very curious case is that of a French sergeant who at intervals of fifteen or thirty days lost apparently all his senses except that of touch, and all consciousness and power of will, for hours and yet ate, drank, smoked and walked about as usual. The paper concludes with a repudiation of the charges of fatalism, materialism and atheism made against him, and quotes orthodox authorities from St. Augustine to Leibnitz and Jonathan Edwards as holding similar views.

Mr. Grant Duff publishes an address delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in reply to the Cassandra forebodings of Mr. Greg. From the nature of this contribution to the controversy it would be impossible to give a summary of it here. It is certainly written with a clearness and vigour of expression which often approach eloquence. We may observe that whilst Mr. Grant Duff contends that Christianity is gaining instead of losing ground, he is very careful not to pin his faith to any existing dogmatic system. He thinks that when we are satisfied that any of our old beliefs will not stand the test of modern research, we are bound manfully to revise or, if need be, to discard them. As for the attitude of religion towards science he shall speak in his own words:—"The worst antichrists of our day are the bungling sophists who denounce science and historical criticism, because they do not square with the vile little systems which they, and others like them, who have built on those immortal words—who yelp at our modern masters of those who know—our Darwins, our Huxleys and Tyndalls, as if these were not doing in their own way the work of God in the world as much as even those who have in our times most perfectly echoed those divine words."

Prof. Beesly concludes his essay on the "Third French Republic," taking as his motto a sentence from Comte, which, being translated, reads thus:—"The union of republican Conservatives with Conservative republicans ought soon to deliver the West from the yoke of retrogressive demagogues and that of demagogic re-actionists *(rétrogrades)*." If anything comprehensible can be made out of this jingle of words it is certainly not the meaning Prof. Beesly would convey by it. Comte and he are wide as the poles asunder in political opinion, and therefore a quotation like this is misleading. Conserservative republicanism was not the writer's first love, and even yet he cannot refrain from setting up Danton and Gambetta as idols for popular worship. M. Thiers is "damned with faint praise" and then abused for resigning the presidency in a pet. The yoke of McMahon and the crooked stratagems of De Broglie are no doubt intolerable, but they must be endured, because Prof. Beesly's model statesman Gambetta chose by joining the Extreme Right to leap out of the frying-pan into the fire. The impetuous blood of the Frenchman has been cooled of late, but whether his return to moderate measures be the result of conviction, repentance or despair, does not yet appear. The Professor is very anxious to prove that France is at last seriously and unchangeably republican. We wish we could think so, because we

have no desire to see the establishment of a Third Empire. Still we cannot forget that Mr. Beesly himself tells us that France prefers "a personal to a parliamentary government," and that preference must be fatal to any government which is republican in fact as well as in name. We do not believe, moreover, that the peasantry have grown so enlightened in four years as to deliberately prefer the republic. If Napoleon IV. should land on the shores of France when he comes of age, we believe that the moneyed classes, the *bourgeoisie* and the peasantry would receive him with open arms. If they approve of the establishment of the republic just now it is only as a disagreeable but on the whole a necessary interregnum.

"Free Land," by Mr. H. R. Brand, M.P., deals with a question which is gradually coming to the front in England. The writer shows from premises supplied by the Lords' Committee that the present law of settlement is an insuperable obstacle to any attempt at land improvement. The remedy proposed by that committee of "giving power to the limited owner to act for some purposes as if he were the owner in fee" to this extent, that he may "spread the repayment of charges on the estate over a period equal to ten years more than his own expectation of life," Mr. Brand regards as inadequate. He suggests in lieu of it that land should be settled only upon a life in being and not upon unborn children of a living person.

"Mr. Mill's Three Essays on Religion" are reviewed by the editor with his usual vigour of thought and lucidity of expression. As however we have only a portion of the review in the current number we can hardly give Mr. Morley's views upon the book as a whole. The essay on "Nature" occupies his attention almost exclusively, the other two essays on the "Utility of Religion" and "Theism" being reserved for a future occasion. Mr. Mill's general propositions are stated in form, and, if we may venture to abridge the statement, they may be shortly expressed as follows:—That God cannot be all-powerful and at the same time purely benevolent, but is possibly, and, perhaps probably, limited in His powers; and that a belief in "certain supernatural potentialities" (including revelation and miracles) are proper objects of rational hope, though not capable of demonstration—a hope which may be a legitimate aid and an effective support to duty. Mr. Mill further allows that Christ, though not God, may have been what he supposed himself to be, "a man charged with a special, express and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue;" also that it may be satisfying and useful to hope for a life beyond the grave. Now, as Mr. Morley clearly shows, these admissions open the door to the entire Christian system. Mr. Mill abuses that system without stint, and yet ends by welcoming it by another door. If the "rational hope" which he approves, though incapable of demonstration, be salutary and praiseworthy in its indulgence, on what does it rest? If it has a foundation in the spiritual or emotional nature of man, what becomes of Mr. Mill's philosophy? If it be merely an amiable delusion why not call it by its right name, absurd though it would be to speak of a rational delusion? The problem of the origin of evil is solved in the Essay on Nature after a fashion. There are four ways in which that terrible enigma may be dealt with. The Deity may be endowed with omnipotence and beneficence, as Christians believe, though not exactly as their belief is stated by Le Maistre. Both attributes and conscious intelligence may be denied and the universe regarded as "thoroughly miserable"—as something "which had better not have been." That is the pessimism of Hartmann and Schopenhauer. Thirdly, omnipotence may be conceded with maleficence for beneficence. This is devil-worship. Or lastly, omnipotence may be denied and beneficence admitted in a qualified sense. This is Manichæism and also the belief of Mr. Mill. The first view does not untie the knot certainly, but the last three cut it in a way satisfactory to those who hold it. Mr. Morley is surprised that Mill should have left the door open to the orthodox by leaving hope to be transformed successively into belief, faith, assurance, and finally into knowledge. The inconsistency is evident, but it is in perfect keeping with the gradual development of Mr. Mill's views in other departments, and seems to indicate that the "mystic" portions of the book were the most recent expressions of his progress towards a spiritual creed. In the evolution theory Mr. Morley sees another enemy, and that the danger is that "the Nature of science" is merely stepping to the throne of "the Nature of theology," because both are sketched upon the Optimist plan. Mr. Pater's "Fragment on *Measure for Measure*" is a short but thoughtful view of Shakspere's comedy from artistic and ethical stand-points. Mr. Stanton's review of Prof. Cairnes' latest work on Political Economy, is in the main eulogistic, although he differs with the author on the economic effects of trades-unions. The modifications made by the Professor in Mill's theory of wages and on other important points are approved by the writer without qualification.

The *Contemporary* has no *pièce de resistance* this month. The first paper is an instalment of Prof. Tyndall's experiments in the value of various methods of fog-signalling. These experiments were conducted at and off South Foreland, near Dover. The instruments used were two huge trumpets

of brass, eleven feet long, air and steam whistles also large in size, at the top of the cliff, and others of a similar kind at its base. The results, as compared with each other as well as with those obtained from the discharge of artillery, are clearly noted, although in this number Prof. Tyndall has not formulated them into distinct conclusions. The experiments were not attended by uniform results, the guns having at first a superiority over the horns they did not afterwards maintain. Canon Jenkins breaks comparatively new ground in his paper on "The Christian Patriarchate, in its influence on Doctrine and Rites." The term Patriarchate is not applied exclusively, as it ordinarily is, to the Eastern Church, but includes primarily the Patriarchal Sees of Antioch, Alexandria, and Rome, and in a secondary sense to Constantinople and Jerusalem. The synoptical Gospels are affiliated to Jerusalem (St. Matthew), Rome and Alexandria (St. Mark), Antioch (St. Luke as interpreter of St. Paul's theology), and the the fourth to Ephesus (St. John). There were thus five great schools of doctrine and rite (excluding Constantinople) in which Christianity was separately and co-ordinately developed. In the course of time Jerusalem lost a primacy which was always one of honour rather than of fame, and Ephesus was afterwards absorbed in Constantinople. There thus remained three patriarchates of Asia (transferred to the European shores of the Bosphorus), Africa and Western Europe. Canon Jenkins traces the points of agreement and difference in the creeds, liturgies, and such of the patristic writings as deal with distinctive features in rite or Scripture interpretation. This interesting paper concludes with an application of the facts to proposed schemes of re-union. We need not refer at length to Lord Lytton's essay on the French Monarchy of 1830, because we give it *in extenso* elsewhere.

The Rev. Jno. Hunt, whose name will be familiar to theological students as that of the author of a valuable contribution to English Church History, gives an account of the discussions at the Bonn Conference which he attended. Mr. Hunt belongs to the Broad Church, with a strong bias towards the Evangelicals. His record of the attempts made, under the direction of Dr. Döllinger, to construct a "platform" for Greeks, Old Catholics, and Anglicans, is not very encouraging to ardent Unionists; still, as an effort to promote a better understanding amongst professing Christians, the movement will no doubt be productive of good. One thing was made tolerably clear—that the Old Catholics have no sympathy with the English Ritualistic party, but desire to co-operate rather with the Evangelicals, Presbyterians, and Non-comformists. The paper on "Professor Whitney and the Origin of Language," by Mr. George H. Darwin, a son of the distinguished naturalist, has nothing particularly new in it. The views of the American are, as we might expect, defended as against Prof. Max Müller, a rather formidable antagonist for a débutant to break a lance with.

Mr. Bayne concludes his sketch of the first two Stuart kings of England. He has contrived to put the facts of that pregnant period in a fresh light and in an attractive style. "Saxon Studies," by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, is commenced in this number. His first chapter relates to Dresden, the Saxon capital, known to us chiefly for its picture-gallery and its articles of *vertu*. It gives a graphic account of the city and its environs, its cottages, gardens, and home-life, as well as the scenery around it. Mrs. Synnot, on "Little Paupers," sufficiently explains itself. The paper is merely an abstract of reports given to the Local Government Board, with suggestions from the writer. There is nothing new in Mr. Greg's rejoinder, in his *rôle* of Cassandra, except the announcement that he has amplified his essay, and published it, with replies to objections in a separate form. Mr. Matthew Arnold's defence of "Literature and Dogma" is concluded, but its length forbids us to attempt a summary which of necessity would be incomplete.

# MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE two performances of the *Creation* by the Philharmonic Society, last Tuesday and Wednesday, have added to the renown which their concerts enjoy. If aught were needed to disprove the assertion that is often made that the citizens of Toronto are indifferent to the charm of such sacred music as has been left us by Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn, it would be found in the fact that the

Music Hall was crowded on each occasion. The concerts were additionally interesting owing to their being the means of introducing the Beethoven Quintette Club, who gave their valuable assistance in the orchestra. As the main features of the two performances were the same, it is with the second of them that weshall deal. As, however, the daily press have commented on both with fairness and at length, it will be unnecessary for us to go into details. The soloists were Mrs. Osgood, of Boston, Mr. Tandy (tenor), of Kingston, and Mr. Egan (bass), of Hamilton, the duty of sustaining the reputation of our local talent devolving upon Mrs. Cuthbert, Miss Scott, Miss A. Corbett and Mr. Warrington. The principal soprano solos were allotted to Mrs. Osgood, who proved herself to be possessed of a fresh and pleasing voice, in compass extending upwards to C in *alt*, and very equal in tone throughout its registers. She gave a conscientious and careful interpretation of the airs "The marvellous work," "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," and created a very favourable impression. Her phrasing is artistic, although perhaps here and there a slight sentimental exaggeration was noticeable. The other parts were scarcely so ably sustained. Mr. Tandy, who appeared to be suffering from a severe cold, was unable to make more than an average effort in the celebrated air "In native worth," while Mr. Egan, who has a ponderous and rather unmanageable bass voice, showed a great want of taste, and perpetrated atrocities that would have been more in keeping at an ordinary music hall concert. We cannot but agree with the comments that have been made in reference to certain departures from the text indulged in by both these gentlemen. The practice, now far too common, of tampering with the score of the great masters, is deserving of the severest censure, and admits of no justification. If this species of vandalism is to be encouraged, or even tolerated, there is no knowing where it will end. Every singer, to whom is assigned an important part, will feel at liberty to alter, or make additions to, the score at the dictates of his own caprice or fancy, and the result will be a total perversionof the intention of the composer, and a deplorable mutilation of the greatest inspirations. It is to be hoped that the time will come when audiences will receive these tasteless exhibitions with the most marked expression of disapproval, then; and not till then, will the evil cease. To Mr. Warrington, who sang the bass solos and the first portion of the oratorio, must be given the credit of endeavouring to do his best; his rendition, however, was void of style, life, or expression. Miss Scott, who sang in the exquisite trio "Most beautiful appear," and in the final quartette with chorus, is without doubt the best representative of our amateur talent that the Society put forward. Her voice is fresh, and though not full in tone, is nevertheless pleasing. Her delivery improves upon every appearance. The choruses were worked up admirably, and were often marked by precision of attack, excellent intonation, and equality. The popular "The Heavens are telling" went without a hitch, and throughout, the choral singing was far superior to anything of the kind before heard in Toronto. The string portion of the orchestra was comparatively brilliant, and had the "wind" been supplied by good professionals, there would not have been so many unpleasant defects in the accompaniments. The conductor was Mr. Torrington, who wielded the *baton* with his usual ability.

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Last Thursday evening the Beethoven Quintette Club gave one of their high-class concerts at the Music Hall. The most interesting numbers on the programme were the "*Andante Scherzando* and *Adagio*," from Mendelssohn's string quintette, Op. 87, "Theme and variations," from Beethoven's string quintette, Op. 104; the "*Andante* and *Molto Allegro Vivace*," from Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto, Op. 25, and Schumann's Träumerei, arranged for a string quintette. The movements from Mendelssohn's quintette, a posthumous publication, and one of the most exquisite inspirations of the master's maturer years, perfectly entranced the audience. The *adagio* in D minor, the surprising beauty of which it would be impossible to describe, was interpreted with fidelity by the Club, whose playing appears to be always neat and finished. The principal violin was Mr. Allen, an artist of considerable merit, and whose delivery, if not characrised by that marvellous solidity and firmness for which the leaders of the best European quartet unions are distinguished, was sufficiently finished and just to give a fair idea of the magnificent composition above mentioned, which was but slightly modified or coloured by his own individuality. The second quintette, "Theme and variations," Op. 104, is Beethoven's own arrangement of the third (C minor) of his early trios (Op. 1) for piano, violin and violoncello. It was this very trio that is said to have been the cause of the coldness that existed betweeu Beethoven and Haydn. Beethoven considered the C minor trio to be the best of the three, but on submitting them to Haydn for his approval, that celebrated *maestro*, while warmly praising the first and second trios, advised him not to publish the third. Beethoven, we are told, suspected the sincerity of this advice, and from that time lost all confidence in Haydn. However, the trio in C minor is now universally acknowledged to be the finest, the opening

*allegro con brio* and the *finale prestissimo* foreshadowing that strength of grasp and originality of idea which Beethoven afterwards exhibited in the composition of his third period. The movement played by the Club, the *Andante cantabile con variazioni*, although exceedingly melodious, is perhaps the least original, and suffered by contrast with Mendelssohn's quintette, which, as we have stated, was written during the period of the composer's greatest musical productivity. In the performance of this number, J. C. Mullaley assumed the lead; his style, however, in our opinion, although good, is scarcely polished enough to constitute him a quintette player of a high order. Mendelssohn's piano concerto, Op. 25, was played by Miss Crowle, an amateur of some executive ability. Her effort was a very promising one, but it was evident that both the "grand" and the *concerto* were too much for her. This *concerto* was written at Munich perhaps in the year 1830, and was played for the first time in London by the composer himself at the Philharmonic Concert of the 28th May, 1832. The delicate *cantabile* of the *andante*, the forcible and impetuous character of the *allegro* require an artist of the very highest order even to do them barely justice, while the innumerable difficulties of the rapid passages demand execution nothing short of complete mastery of the key-board. It is, therefore, no disparagement to Miss Crowle to say that, clever as her performance was, it merely served the purpose of introducing to the notice of a Toronto audience this wonderful concerto, and for this alone we are indebted to her. The Club, evidently fearing to hazard the experiment of giving in Toronto a purely classical programme, introduced a number of pieces with which the public are familiar, and which, therefore, need no comment thereupon. In conclusion it might be added that the vocalist was Mrs. Osgood, who was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and who sang charmingly.

# BOOK REVIEWS.

THE OLD REGIME IN CANADA. By Francis Parkman, Author of "Pioneers of France in the New World," &c., &c. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1874.

This admirable historical work, although, strictly speaking, only one volume of a series, is complete in itself. To its author Canadians are deeply indebted; for he has done for us, what, we are almost ashamed to say no historical student here has had the courage to undertake on so complete a scale. It is not too much to claim for Mr. Parkman that he has made the field of early Canadian history entirely his own. Not content with studying the documents printed by Provincial or State Governments, or by Historical Societies, he has explored the unpublished sources of information oral or written. Every Canadian whose name has been heard of in connection with the subject has been consulted, and the French archives, particularly those of the Department of Marine and Colonies, have been laid under tribute. Our author's industry has been untiring, and his power of digesting the *congeries* of material at his disposal, and of presenting it in a graphic and entertaining style, are qualifications which he shares with only a few modern historians. The volume before us is divided into parts entitled, not with the author's usual felicitousness of arrangement, we think, "The Period of Transition," and "The Colony and the King." The first three chapters of the former are devoted to the perils and self-sacrifice of the missionaries and the *religieuses*. Each of these chapters contains a romance in itself. The hazardous mission of the Jesuits to Onondaga, and their narrow escape from massacre; the holy wars of Montreal, which are like a chapter from the history of the Crusades, but far surpassed these mad expeditions in the rational objects in view and the rare self-devotion of priest and nun. The stories of miracle and portent, of Divine and angelic interposition, read like the legends of mediæval saints. And then there is the grand episode of Daulac des Ormeaux and the heroes of that forlorn hope at the Long Sault. In reading of the alacrity of the Jesuit fathers to go where duty called, over the ice and through the forest, and into the midst of savage camps, with their lives in their hands—lives not worth a day's purchase—it is impossible to withhold our tribute of admiration. They are but counterparts to another scene enacted in North Simcoe, at the massacre of the Hurons, when the gentle Lalemant and the lion-hearted Brébœuf, after suffering the most fearful tortures, perished at the stake, mar-

tyrs to their faith and zeal. There is another and less pleasant side to the Jesuit character, upon which only a regard to historical truth induces Mr. Parkman to dwell. We can dwell with pleasure on the indomitable courage and piety of Dollier de Casson, Curé of St. Anne's, as a labourer of no ordinary kind in the missionary field, but what shall we say of the dissimulation and dishonesty of the Society to which most of the missionaries belonged? Surely, as our author remarks, "their self-devotion, great as it was, was fairly matched by their disingenuousness."

The remaining six chapters of this part are devoted to the manœuvring and counter-manœuvring between the Pope and Louis about the appointment of the Bishop; the appointment of Mgr. Laval as Bishop of Petræa *in partibus infidelium*, and the contest between the Bishop on the one hand and the civil authorities and the Montreal Seminary on the other. Laval, whose name is deservedly held in reverence by our French-Canadian fellow-citizens for his services to religion and education, was, at the same time, the first champion of Ultramontanism in the sister Province. The Governors and Intendants were constantly warned to keep the Church in its place and, as French law and custom are now pleaded for the Routhier judgment, for example, or for any other ecclesiastical assumption, we may translate a few passages, not hitherto published, the originals of which are in Mr. Parkman's appendix as extracted from the French archives. Colbert to Duchesneau (15th April, 1676), "You are to shun these disputes (*i. e.* with the clergy), nevertheless, without prejudice to those precautions which must be taken, and those measures which are to be enforced, to prevent the ecclesiastical power from infringing upon the temporal power, to which ecclesiastics are too prone." Again (Same to the Same, 28th April, 1677), "His Majesty wishes you to take care that they (the ecclesiastics) do not trespass in any respect upon so much of the royal authority *as relates to justice and police*, and that you tie them up strictly within the authority they possess in the kingdom, without suffering them to overstep it in any way or manner, and this maxim is to serve you in all difficulties of this kind that may arise." Finally, the King himself (1692), after commanding Frontenac and Champigny to assist the missionaries, adds, "without, nevertheless, permitting them to exercise ecclesiastical authority, much less to extend it." These extracts might be multiplied, and it may be curious to compare them with the pretensions of to-day. In a sermon delivered in the Church of Notre Dame, Montreal (Nov. 1st, 1872), by Father Braun, S. J., occurs the following passage:—"The supremacy and infallibility of the Pope; the independence and liberty of the Church; *the subordination and submission of th State to the Church;* in the case of dispute between them, the Church to decide, the State to submit: for whoever follows and defends these principles, life and a blessing; for whoever rejects and combats them, death and a curse" (p. 166). We are happy to be able to think that a Jesuit alone could be found to utter such language in a free country.

We have no space to refer to the second portion of Mr. Parkman's valuable contribution to Canadian history; it is a storehouse of information on the social and religious life and habits of the French settlers, the feudal system, and the other institutions of the early régime. It only remains to commend the work to the careful perusal of our readers.

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CAMPAIGNING ON THE OXUS, AND THE FALL OF KHIVA. By J. A. MacGahan, Correspondent of the *New York Herald*. New York: Harper Brothers. 1874.

What man has done man can do: where an army can go, a newspaper correspondent can follow. So the world reasons; but when the army is Russian, and when the scene of operations is that mysterious region called Central Asia, such reasoning does not hold good. When the Czar's Government determined upon attacking Khiva in 1873 they also determined *inter alia* that the press—especially the English press—should not be represented in the expedition. How it came to pass that the *New York Herald* obtained permission for its correspondent to penetrate to the scene of the war we are not told; nor why, if the permission was given at all, the said correspondent started so long after the troops; but it was very lucky for the credit of that enterprizing journal, and indeed for the curiosity of the world at large that such a person as Mr. MacGahan was selected for the post.

Making his way down South as far as Kasala, a Russian fort on the Tyr Daria (Jaxartes) a few miles east of the Sea of Aral, Mr. MacGahan found that he was so far behind the invading columns that a short cut across the desert of the Kyzil-Kum would possibly bring him up to General Kaufmann's headquarters before the attack and fall of Khiva. This terribly dangerous alternative he resolved upon attempting, and what he attempted he carried out, despite two vetos put upon his proceeding further by the commandants at the Russian posts, despite the danger, no slight one, from the roving and hostile Kirghiz and Turcomans, and above all, despite the dangers of the great and terrible desert. The adventure was indeed a daring one, and richly did the adventurer deserve the appellation which General Kaufmann bestowed upon him, of 'molodyetz,' or brave fellow. After many narrow escapes and very

acute sufferings, he at last, on the 29th day of his quest, reached the shores of the Oxus, but even then his anxieties were only increased; for where was Kaufmann? The dead ashes of many camp fires testified his having been there, but no news could be gathered and nothing could be seen of the Russian army. Following, however, the stream, the traveller eventually comes within sound of an action going on; and then came the most critical period of the whole journey. It was impossible to tell whether he was in the rear of the Russians, or whether the Turcomans were between him and his friends. Fortunately the former is the case, and the traveller at last finds himself in safety, but hardly in plenty; for short commons were, at that time, the lot of all.

The second part of this volume is devoted to the military operations preceding and involving the fall of Khiva. The resistance of the Khan was comparatively trifling at the best. He had trusted so much to the deserts, which had in former years so effectually befriended his predecessors, that he seems to have made, or to have been incapable of making, any very serious efforts to stop the invaders when they reached the vicinity of his capital. Whatever efforts he might have contemplated were, however, to some extent paralyzed by the divided attack which was made on him from two quarters. The Russians, to make their conquest sure, despatched four columns against Khiva. One came down from the north, one from the north-west, one from the west, and one, that of General Kaufmann, from Tashkeat, on the east or south-east; that from the west had succumbed to the desert, and had retreated, after great suffering and serious loss, to the Caspian Sea; but the two corps from the north and north-west united and were now advancing up the Oxus; and even if the Khan had been able to oppose one Russian corps he certainly could not meet two advancing from different directions. As a consequence, General Kaufmann's attack was hardly opposed at all, while Colonel Lamakin and General Verëokin did meet with some resistance, but it was very trifling, and the Khan surrendered after a very slight bombardment.

The third part of Mr. MacGahan's book—the Turcoman campaign—is the most spirited of all. The Russian commander imposed a subsidy on these wild tribes, which he made a very vigorous effort to collect. If the money could not be obtained, at least he would teach the force of the Russian arms and break their power. A flying column was, therefore, sent out, and the account given of their operations is deeply interesting. One here sees what a fearful thing war really is. This was an expedition of destruction, and well was its object accomplished. Villages were burnt, farms destroyed, men slaughtered, women and children left utterly destitute, even if they escaped with their lives. On one occasion the Russian General planned a surprise of a Turcoman camp, and about 3 a.m. he was mustering his men "when all at once a wild fierce yell, a horrid confused sound of frightened shouts, scattering shots, and a trampling rush of horses breaks upon our startled ears. Everywhere—before, behind, around—the air is filled with a wild revengeful yell, the plain is alive with Turcomans. Our expectations of a surprise are fulfilled in a somewhat unexpected manner." The suddenness of the attack very nearly resulted in the entire destruction of the Russian corps. A little more pluck and the Turcomans would have swept General Golovatchoff, his men, and the American corespondent out of the world altogether. But, thanks to coolness on the part of the commander, the discipline of the men, and their breech-loaders, the well-planned attack only entailed destruction on its planners. The short sharp campaign against the Turcomans is brought to a close; their submission is given in; the treaty of peace is signed with the Khan, and the troops march out of Khiva, having increased enormously the prestige of the Russian arms in Central Asia.

If we say that Mr. McGahan gives us a little too much of the Grand Duke Nicolas, Prince Eugene of Leuchtenburg, and other celebrities, we notice the only blemish in the book to which we care now to call attention. The author has a field all to himself; the novelty of a book on such an out-of-the-way place as Khiva naturally is in itself attractive; and those who are thus attracted will not, we think, be disappointed either in the matter which Mr. MacGahan lays before them or the manner in which he tells his story.

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A History of Germany from the Earliest Times. Founded on Dr. David Müller's "History of the German People." By Charlton T. Lewis. New York: Harper Brothers. 1874.

Apart from the special interest all English-speaking people should feel in the history of Germany, there are weighty reasons why it ought to occupy a prominent place in any course of historical study. Conceding to English history as being peculiarly our own, an educational precedence, we should be disposed to rank next and, if possible parallel to it, the tangled web of German story. It is to the great Teutonic stock we owe the back-bone of our language and of our laws, the freedom of our political system and of our religious worship. Without, however, going farther back than the Carlovingian dynasty, what a record is that of Germany for more than a millennium. Of the four early dynasties, each

had its distinctive feature and its representative man. Leaving Charlemagne out of the reckoning, Arnulf is the man, and the final severance of the Frank and Teuton powers, the characteristic. Of the Saxon Emperors Otto III. whose fanaticism led him to seek a foothold in Italy, is the foremost figure. Under the Franconians, the deadly struggle with the Popes for supremacy, the war concerning the episcopal investitures with the names of Henry and Gregory VII., and then with the Hohenstaufen house, we encounter the crusades, the rise of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, and the gradual breaking up of German unity. These were the days of Frederic Barbarossa, Richard Cœur de Lion, Saladin, Innocent III., and Arnold of Brescia. Following the old dynasties we arrive at the purely feudal period, the independence of the barons, their private wars and their oppressions ; the rise of the cities ; the emancipation of Switzerland and its struggles for liberty. These were the days when there were at one time three rival emperors, and two and sometimes three rival popes. The House of Hapsburg had risen in the person of Rudolph. Sigismund and the Council of Constance, the violated safe-conduct and the burning of Huss, pass before us as precursors of the dawn. Everywhere there was disintegration. The Empire was powerless, the nobles uncontrolled, the Judicial circles and the Imperial Court of Justice impotent, the Diet an additional cause of confusion. Then follow in grand succession the Reformation, the Peasants' Wars, the Thirty Years' War, the rise of Prussia, with the great Elector and the greater Frederic, the Seven Years' War, the Partition of Poland, the wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon I., the humiliation of Germany at Austerlitz, Jena and Wagram, the war of Liberation in 1813 and Waterloo. Finally the grand epoch which culminated in the establishment of a new German Empire and consolidated German unity upon the ashes of France. Varied, however, and interesting as the incidents of this history are, they only form a portion of its value. The social life of a people where serfdom continued to exist till Stein put an end to it at the beginning of this century, the religious struggles and controversies, orthodox and rationalistic, the philosophy and science, the poetry and romance of this deep-thinking and hard-reading people—all form in combination a subject unequalled perhaps as a study of individual, social and national life.

Mr. Lewis's book, in addition to being a handsome volume, is a most praiseworthy effort to supply a want long felt by English readers. Perhaps with the exception of Kohlrausch, which was accepted *faut de mieux*, we had no fairly readable and fairly accurate elementary manual of German history. Mr. Lewis has produced a most interesting and valuable compendium of that history. It is not too much encumbered with detail ; it is clear and lucid in style, orderly in arrangement, and so far as we have been able to examine it, accurate in statements of fact. The author did well to take a good German manual; by doing so he has imparted to the narrative the warmth of colour and the glow of patriotism which give life to the soulless chronicle of historic deeds. Mr. Lewis will pardon us if we remark that had his history been compiled upon the principle he lays down in his preface it would have fallen far short of its purpose. That it is so useful and so animated we owe to the strong national feeling of Dr. Müller. No man can write a country's history as a native can write it. He may be prejudiced and, consciously or unconsciously, warp the facts occasionally in the interests and for the reputation of his nation. These are blemishes which must be corrected by more extended study ; but, after all, they are cheaply purchased when they are attended with the warmth and vitality of a deep, an almost religious love of country. When we read the story of the War of Liberation in this volume, we know that Dr. Müller has left his mark there. In Germany at the present time the fire of patriotism is at its height, and men write history with vigour because they have acted it in earnest, sword in hand. We can read the history of our great civil war of the Revolution of 1688 and even the triumph at Waterloo with cold-blooded equanimity, without a quickening of the pulse. It is not so in Germany. The struggle of 1813 is not forgotten, and Sadowa, Woerth, Weissembourg, Gravelotte, Sedan and Paris represent in contemporary events the battle for national unity and national independence and their final triumph. We may partly appreciate if we fail to realize the feelings of Germany when it has at length secured the boon for which generation upon generation has sighed and prayed and bled in vain.

Amongst the merits of Mr. Lewis's history we must not forget to mention the chapters on the state of society at the close of each period. The sketches given of the social condition of the people, the progress of science, art and literature, are models of accuracy and conciseness. Every notable name is represented by a short biography and, in the case of literary men, a brief account of their chief works. The volume is illustrated by engravings of the effigies of all the Emperors from Charlemange A.D. 800 to William I. A.D. 1871. There are also two maps, representing Germany as it was under the Hohenstaufen dynasty and as it is under Wilhelm I. A word or two on the other side. It seems to us that the space allotted to the Reformation and to the Thirty Years' War is inadequate. By retrenching the preliminary book, which attempts to cover a vast subject

which cannot be fully considered in a work of this sort, the periods of which we speak, infinitely more interesting to the reader, might have had more elbow-room. We do not think that Wallenstein's character has full justice done to it. That he was as bad as Mr. Lewis pourtrays him there can be no doubt, but we do justice to the Corsican and why not to the Bohemian adventurer. One thing is certain, that to this day Wallenstein is remembered with gratitude by Germany as the first apostle of national unity, and when Schiller, in his two dramas, selected him as the hero of the historical drama, he did so advisedly. It would perhaps be hypercritical to complain that Mr. Lewis has followed the older writers in censuring Frederic the Great for the first partition of Poland. It is proved beyond question that Frederic's own account of the matter was the correct one. He wanted peace after the terrible struggle of the Seven Years' War, but he wanted the Russian alliance to secure peace for him. Even Catharine II. cared little for Poland ; she wanted to take possession of Turkey. Maria Theresa opposed the transaction throughout. To use her own words : "I am an old woman, I can do no more ; but I never saw a more sinful negotiation." Frederic had been approached on the subject four or five times without success, and it was only when Catharine's designs on Turkey were too plain, and that mar-plot Joseph II. entered the Zip's territory of Poland that Frederic yielded. He had either to face a European war in a crippled state or consent to the partition. Certainly he was not the instigator of it.

We have only to add our earnest commendation of this history, because we believe it to be, on the whole, the best manual of German history at present before the public.

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FOR KING AND COUNTRY ; A STORY OF 1812. The "Canadian Monthly" Prize Tale. By A. M. M., author of "Katie Johnston's Cross," &c. Toronto : Adam, Stevenson & Co., 1874.

The regular subscribers to this Magazine need not be reminded that this is a re-print, in a very neat form, of the story for which the premium offered by our publishers was awarded. It appeared originally in a serial form in our pages, and was received by our readers with unqualified approval. It is, perhaps, difficult for us to commend to others a story to which we, in some sort, occupy the position of sponsors. If we venture to do so, it is because we have reason to believe that there are many who object to reading a work like this by instalments, and yet who are prepared to hail with pleasure any worthy contribution to Canadian literature, when it appears in omplete and finished state. As re printed, "For King and Country" appears with such corrections as the author deemed advisable, and with the addition of a few explanatory or commentatory notes.

The scene of the tale is the Niagara frontier immediately before and during the war of 1812 ; and it concludes with the death of Sir Isaac Brock in scaling the heights at Queenston. After the victory gained by British prowess and the tragic event which dimmed the general joy, our author had only to gather up the threads of individual destiny, and the epic was complete. To have protracted the story over the somewhat desultory warfare which followed would have been to spread thinner and more watery colours over a broad desert of canvas, and to destroy all the intensity of action and passion gained by presenting one powerful and absorbing landscape to the view. The straggling method of depicting great events did well for the artists of ancient monuments, or even for the workers of Bayeux tapestry ; for us, concentrated essence, and not solution, has become a necessity.

It is not our intention to sketch our author's plot —not because it is intricate, but because it depends for its interest on the gradual unfolding of personal character. The opening chapter, which unfolds for us the state of Canadian society immediately before the war, is graphically drawn. The fratricidal character of that conflict appears, from the indissoluble links which knit together the people on both sides of the frontier, and the querulous discontent of the colonists at being left almost to their own resources is characteristic of the period. Self-reliance in a colony had as yet no existence, and when a newly-arrived British officer pleaded an apology for England, because of her death-struggle with Bonaparte, it was deemed unsatisfactory.

Major Meredith, half soldier, half yeoman, is boldly drawn, and the story of his home-life is quietly but faithfully represented. His sweet daughter, the heroine, or one of the heroines, for we must call Marjorie McLeod one also, if only for her love of heroes from Fingal to Brock ; Captain Meredith, the type of all that is honourable and admirable in the British officer, save his Gallio-like indifference to spirituality ; Ernest Heathcote, the pale-faced, but not craven school-master, and even the old negress with her quaint minglement of philosophy and religion, are all real living and recognisable presentments of the flesh and blood common to us all. The sad episode between the frivolous Lieutenant and poor Rachel is natural, and fortunately ends, as such an episode does not always end, in the discomfiture of vice. Finally, we have the noble figure of Colonel McLeod—the strange apparition of Colonel Talbot, the laird of the western settlements—and more stately

than any of the rest, a glimpse of the hero himself, whose monument surmounts the heights and overlooks the place where he fell. To the reader who takes the story up for the first time, we commend especially the intelligent literary criticisms in it, the splendid description of the Falls, and the graphic, yet concise, account of the battle of Queenston. Above all there is a healthy tone of morality and a warm, though not obtrusive vein of practical piety, which ought to secure for it a wide circle of readers, apart from merits of a purely æsthetic character.

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A History of American Currency. By Wm. G. Sumner. New York: Holt & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

Of all branches of political economy, the currency question is, in some respects, best adapted for inductive treatment; and a history of the currency of any nation, if it embraces the various phases of paper money, is sure to be full of practical lessons for the guidance of the present and future generations. The history of the continental paper money, which in the end became worthless, should have been a warning against the repetition of so ruinous an experiment. But the particular facts are in time forgotten; and the popular ignorance of general principles makes it easy to repeat an experiment which had before led to nothing but disorder. When the first issues of irredeemable paper are made, the belief is generally entertained that it will be possible to keep them within bounds; and attempts to limit the amount are made, without success, from time to time. In the end the continental paper money becomes worthless. But there was then an excuse for resorting to financial expedients, even somewhat desperate in their character, in the fact that the Congress of the Confederation did not possess the power of taxation; but it ought to have been foreseen that evidences of indebtedness issued by a legislative body which was denied the means of making its promises good, must be valueless. People would not consent to be taxed when it was so much easier to send to the printing-office and get a cart-load of paper money. And so low was the popular intelligence that there was only one man in Congress who foresaw the danger of the alternative adopted. At the present time, there is scarcely less need for a book like this in which sound principles on the currency question are inculcated; which are not set up as theories, but come as inductions from facts, showing the widespread ruin caused by paper money. In the present day the Inflationists, in and out of Congress, are numerous and powerful; and they have hitherto been able to prevent any serious attempt to return to specie payments. They are continually clamouring for more currency; and if they got all they ask for now, they would only have to wait till the additional currency had been absorbed by a further inflation of prices and an additional excess of credit, which would be sure to follow, to find things practically in the same condition they were before, and we should then find them clamouring for still further additions to the currency. If the demand were submitted to, there would be no point at which it would be possible to stop. A man might, in the words of Mr. Sumner, "as well jump off a precipice intending to stop half way down." Inflation now could not but mean repudiation to-morrow. Mr. Sumner's work is emphatically a need of the times; and if it sets men to thinking on the past, it may save a world of trouble, disaster and ruin in the future.

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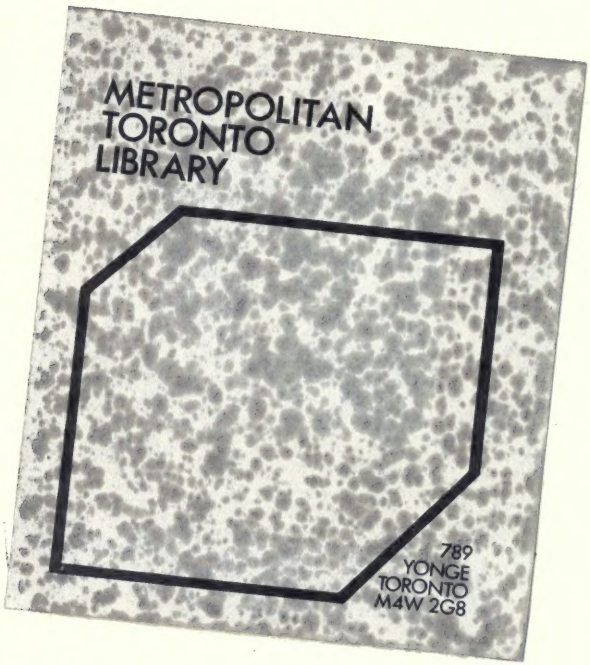
The Expanse of Heaven: A Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. By R. A. Proctor, B.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Mr. Proctor has added another to his already long list of works on astronomy—the noblest, and in many respects the most profoundly interesting of all the sciences. Mr. Proctor's great merits as a popular expositor of his favourite subject are so familiar to the reading public, that it is a work of supererogation on our part to dilate upon them. He has the happy knack of imparting the maximum of actual knowledge with the minimum of mere technical detail. His success in this direction is mainly owing to his surprising facility in illustrating abstruse and complex scientific facts by means of familiar similes and every-day analogies, combined with an almost unrivalled clearness of style, and a diction that is both simple and at the same time highly poetic. Nor does he lose anything by his unaffected manifestation of a deep religiosity and profound feeling of reverence everywhere pervading his treatment of this most sublime of sciences. The present work may be regarded as a collection of popular essays upon the more striking celestial phenomena, the mere enumeration of which would lead us too far on the present occasion. We can only say that Mr. Proctor has lost none of his ancient fire, and his latest production shows no falling off in those qualities which, in the lapse of a very few years, have raised him to the first rank of living astronomers.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